GOOD WORDS

1897

EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

"Good Words are worth much and cost little"

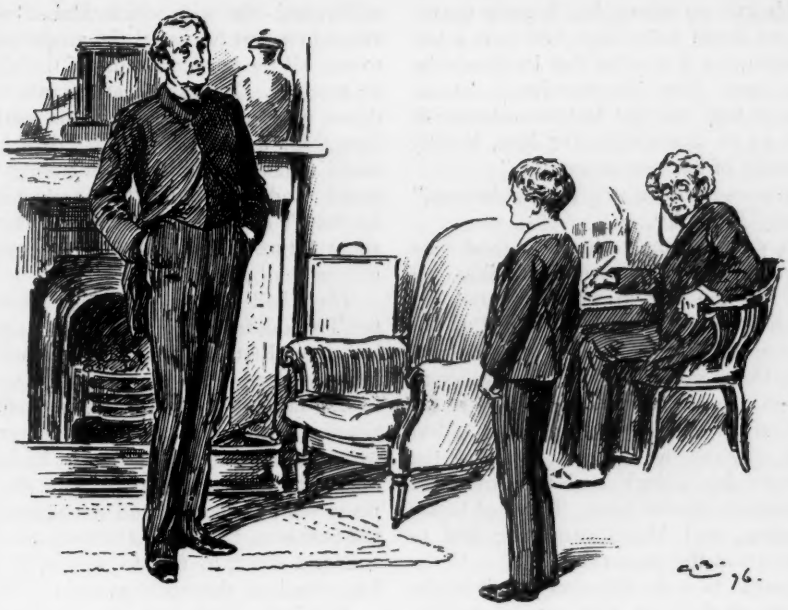
HERBERT

LONDON

ISBISTER AND COMPANY

LIMITED

15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN



"Well, my boy, I'm glad to see you"

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days and many ways
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song,
Many a road and many an inn,
Room to roam, but only one Home,
For the whole world to win."

ANON.

CHAPTER I

"So is detached, so left all by itself,
The little life, the fact which means so much.
Shall not God stoop the kindlier to His work,

* * * * *

Now that the hand He trusted to receive,
And hold it, lets the treasure fall perforce?
The better; He shall have in orphanage
His own way all the clearlier."

R. BROWNING.

"I WONDER what will become of Ralph Denmead," said Lady Tresidder. "It is one of the saddest cases I ever heard of; the poor boy seems to be left without a single relation."

"Yes," said Sir John, musingly. "Just the way with these old decayed families, they dwindle slowly away and then become extinct. There was no spirit or energy in poor Denmead, the man was a mere hermit and knew nothing of the world or he wouldn't have made such a mull of his affairs."

"Yet Ralph seems to have the energy of ten people," said Lady Tresidder, glancing as she walked at the river which wound its peaceful way through the park and reflected in the afternoon light the early spring tints of the wooded bank on its further side. At no great distance a boat glided swiftly over the calm water: in the stern sat a dark-haired handsome girl of nineteen, while the vigorous little rower seemed to be not more than eleven.

"Poor little chap," said Sir John. "He

is terribly cut up about his father's death. I wish we could have kept him here a few days longer, but it is better that he should be put at once into his guardian's hands. There's no fear that Sir Matthew Mactavish will not do all that's right for him, if only for the sake of his own reputation."

"I suppose he is a very charitable man," said Lady Tresidder.

"Oh, yes, extremely charitable, and very well thought of. For myself, I frankly own I don't like the way in which he mixes up speculation and philanthropy, and I'm not at all sure that he was always a good adviser to poor Denmead. But he'll be kind enough to Ralph I've no doubt. The boy is his godson, and Denmead was one of his oldest friends. By the bye he was to be at the Rectory by five o'clock, and the boy ought to be there to receive him. They had better be landing, and Mabel can drive him to Whinhaven in the pony chaise."

He began to make vigorous signals to the occupants of the boat, who somewhat reluctantly came ashore and slowly mounted the rising ground to the house.

"You must have some tea while they are putting in Ranger," said Lady Tresidder, kindly. "Sir John thinks you ought to be at the Rectory when your guardian arrives, and Mab will like a drive with you."

Ralph grew grave at the thought of a return to the desolate Rectory with its darkened windows and awful stillness, he sighed as he followed comfortable motherly Lady Tresidder into the drawing-room where flowers and well-used books and a cosy tea-table, and some needle-work, just put aside, gave a curiously homelike air to the whole place.

"Come and sit by me," said his hostess in that friendly voice which more than anything helped him to forget his troubles. And perhaps it was the thought of the hard future confronting him which made Lady Tresidder glance so often at the little fellow who had outgrown the stage for petting, and who in spite of his smallness was really thirteen, innocent and ignorant of the world, and with a touch of the chivalrous gentleness of manner that had characterised his father, but in other respects just a high-spirited, enthusiastic, hungry boy.

His honest brown eyes grew less wistful as he waded blissfully through the huge slice of Buszard cake with which Mabel had provided him, but he found the good-byes hard to say, all the harder because of the kindness he received. It was only afterwards, as they drove up the steep hill in the park, and turned for a last look at the river, that he could remember without a choking in his throat Lady Tresidder's motherly kiss, and Sir John's kindly farewell and cheery words about future visits, and the half sovereign with which he had "tipped" him.

There had been no particular reason why the Tresidders should have been so good to him. Sir John was not the Squire of Whinhaven, indeed Westbrook Hall was not even in his father's parish: but they had been practically Ralph's only friends ever since he could remember, and some of his happiest hours had been spent with Mab, who being many years his senior and a country girl of the best sort, had been able to teach him to ride and drive, to fish, to row, and to care for animals as devotedly as she herself did.

Mab had a frank, hail-fellow-well-met manner which contrasted rather curiously with her beautiful womanly face and delicately chiselled features; the world in general considered her somewhat off-hand and brusque, but she had in her the making of a very noble woman, and the boy owed much to her companionship. They were very silent as they drove through the park, but it was the comfortable silence of friends who have perfect confidence in each other. Ralph seemed to be looking with wistful eyes at every familiar turn of the road; his eyes rested lingeringly on the grey walls of the house down below, and the gleaming silvery river, and the old hawthorn bushes, and the fine old chestnut trees.

"Mab," he said at length, "may we stop for a minute, and just see the bullfinches? Look, there is one of them out of the nest and trying to fly; the cats will get hold of it."

"Why, to be sure," said Mab. "Will you care to take it with you to London? It is fledged and I think you could rear it. Would you like it?"

"Rather!" said Ralph emphatically. "And I have a cage at home that would do for it."

So the young bullfinch was carefully placed in a covered basket, and half an hour later Mabel Tresidder put down the two forlorn

young things at the door of Whinhaven Rectory wondering how they would prosper in life.

A severe-looking old housekeeper came out at the sound of the wheels.

"So you've come back, Master Ralph," she said looking him over critically to see that he was clean and presentable. "That's a good job, for Sir Matthew has been here ten minutes or more, and the lawyer from London with him. Are you coming in, miss?" she added, glancing, with no great favour at Miss Tresidder, and calling to mind how often in past days she had led Ralph through bush and through brier to the great detriment of his clothes.

"No, I will not come in," said Mab, "and this is not my real good-bye to you, Ralph, for I shall stay and speak to you to-morrow morning after the service."

She waved her hand to him, and drove swiftly off, while old Mrs. Grice muttered something uncomplimentary about "new-fangled" ways, and not liking females at a funeral.

Ralph, meanwhile, had carefully hidden away the basket containing the bullfinch, and now stood in the little hall with a heavy heart. The quiet of the house was terrible, and the low murmur of strange voices in the study accentuated the misery and desolateness, which seemed to grow more and more oppressive every moment.

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed old Mrs. Grice, "don't stand there staring at nothing, like a tragedy actor, but go in and make yourself agreeable to the gentlemen; wait a bit, wait a bit, your hair's all rumpled up, not seen a brush since the morning, I'll be bound."

Ralph, made meek by his misery, obediently turned into the room to the right of the door, his own special sanctum where he had worked and played ever since he could remember, and having brushed his wavy brown hair into a state of immaculate order, went slowly back once more to the silent little hall which was not even enlivened now by the presence of old Mrs. Grice. Nothing was to be heard save the ticking of the clock and the low murmur of voices from the adjoining room, not a creature was there to take compassion on the shy desolate boy. He looked up at the black representation of Lord John Harsick and Katharine his wife, which hung upon the wall above the old oak chest, and the tears started to his eyes as he remembered how he had helped his father to mount this rubbing from a brass, some two or three years before. The stately old couple stood there holding each others' hands, he fancied that they looked down on him with a sort of pity because he was left so utterly alone. He stood hesitatingly on the threshold of the study, dreading to enter, but at length impelled to move by a worse fear.

"If they come out and catch me here they'll think I'm eavesdropping!" he thought to himself, and therewith manfully turned the handle, and walked in.

The study was in reality the drawing-room of the Rectory, a pretty room with a verandah and French windows opening on to it, and upon one side of the fireplace there was a cosy little recess where the Rector had been wont to keep his choicest flowers, and where the light from a little western window fell upon the marble bust of a sweet-faced woman —the mother whom Ralph could remember just in a vague dreamy fashion. Seated now at his father's writing-table was an old gentleman with a kindly, astute face, and remarkably thick white hair. Standing with his back to the fireplace was a middle-aged man whom Ralph at once recognised from the photographs he had seen as his godfather, Sir Matthew Mactavish. He looked up anxiously into the shrewd Scottish face with its reddish hair just touched with grey, its keen steel-coloured eyes, its somewhat wrinkled forehead and ready smile. It was a powerful and an attractive face, but with something about it curiously different to the faces to which Ralph had been accustomed; the genial country squires, and the country parsons had nothing in common with this brisk, managing man of the world.

"Well, my boy," he said with a kindly greeting, "I'm glad to see you. You'll not remember me, for you were but a little fellow when I was last here. Let me see, they call you Raphe, don't they?"

"Not Raphe, but Ralph," said the boy, and into his mind there darted the recollection of a scene that had once been funny but now seemed pathetic, of a discussion upon his name between his father and two old antiquaries, and of how one of them had patted him on the head with the gruff-voiced

injunction, "If any one calls you 'Raphe' tell him he's a fool."

It was impossible to call such a man as Sir Matthew a fool, and the boy turned to greet the lawyer, and was surprised to find that unlike the typical solicitor of fiction he was a very noble-looking man of the old school, gentle and courtly in manner, and evidently understanding how embarrassing the interview must be to a lad of thirteen.

"Sit down, Ralph," said Sir Matthew, motioning him to a chair, "there are several things I must talk to you about."

Ralph obeyed, not without a curious sensation at being ordered about in his own home by a perfect stranger.

"Mr. Marriott and I," resumed his godfather, "have been looking into your father's affairs on our way from London, and as a matter of fact they were pretty well-known to me before. I grieve to say, my boy, that he has left you quite unprovided for."

"I—I knew," said Ralph, "that father had lost a great deal of money lately—it was through some company that failed: he told me he never would have speculated, but he wanted very much to make money and send me to Winchester and then to Oxford; he couldn't do that, you know, only out of the living. But he blamed himself for having done it; he said it was no better than gambling."

Sir Matthew had paced up and down the room restlessly during this speech, he seemed to be moved by it, and it was the lawyer who first broke the silence.

"You are happy," he said to Ralph, "in having the memory of a father who was just enough to recognise his own mistakes, and noble enough to confess them. Be warned, my boy, and never in the future dabble in speculation."

Sir Matthew returned to his former position on the hearthrug. "In the meantime," he said with displeasure in his tone, "his more useful study will be how to live in the present."

"That," said Mr. Marriott gravely, "is a matter which you, Sir Matthew, will no doubt help him to consider."

Ralph, with a child's quick consciousness that something lay beneath these words which he did not altogether understand, glanced from one to the other in some perplexity. He saw that Sir Matthew was angry with the lawyer, and that the lawyer disapproved somehow of Sir Matthew.

"I wish Mr. Marriott had been my godfather," he thought to himself. "I like him twice as well. Sir Matthew orders one about as though he bossed the whole world."

And then, as often happens, he was forced to modify his rather severe criticism of his godfather, for Sir Matthew with a genuinely kind glance drew him nearer, and laying a hand on his shoulder, said in the most genial of voices:

"Don't you be afraid, my boy, I'll see you through your trouble. Leave everything to me. We'll have you a Wykehamist as I know your father wished, and then make a parson of you, eh?"

"Oh no, thank you," said Ralph, "I couldn't be a clergyman, I don't want to be that at all."

"Eh! What! you have already some other idea? Come tell me, for it's a real help to know what a boy's tastes are."

"I want to be an actor," said Ralph quietly.

"What!" cried Sir Matthew, "go on the stage? Oh, that's just a passing fancy. No gentleman can take up play-acting as a profession. No, no, I don't send you to Winchester to fit you for such a trumpery calling as that. If you'll not be a parson, what do you say to trying for the Indian Civil Service? I'm much mistaken if you have not very good abilities, and for a man who has to make his own way in the world, why India is the right place."

"I should like to go to India," said Ralph, thinking of certain tales of jungle life and thrilling adventures with man-eating tigers that he had lately read.

"Very well," said Sir Matthew briskly, "that's decided then. To Winchester for six years, then a choice of the Church or the Indian Civil Service. There's your future, my boy, and I will see you fairly started in life whichever line you choose. To-morrow you shall come back with me to London, so run off now and let them get your things together, and Mr. Marriott and I will make all the necessary arrangements with regard to your father's effects."

Not sorry to be dismissed, Ralph made his way upstairs, where he found the house-

keeper already busy with his packing. She made him collect what few possessions he had, two or three pictures, some tools, some books and a toy boat; but what she termed "the rubbish," such as bird's eggs, mosses, fossils, imperfect models of engines, and such like, she entirely declined to handle. "The rubbish" must be left, and Ralph with an odd sinking of the heart, as he remembered how short was the time remaining to him, began his sad round of farewells. He stole quietly up to the attic from which the harbour could best be seen, and watched the stately ships going into port. Then he walked through the garden with lingering steps; he had worked in it with his father so long and so happily that every plant was dear to him; to leave it just now in this May weather, when the Gloire de Dijon on the south wall was covered with exquisite roses, when the snapdragons, which as a little fellow he had delighted in feeding with spoonfuls of sugar and water, were just coming into flower, when the bedding out plants which but three weeks ago they had planted were actually in bloom—this was hard indeed! Could it be only three weeks since that half-holiday when, with no thought of coming trouble, they had worked so merrily together?

Passing through the green lauristinus arch he paced slowly on between the strawberry-beds now white with blossom. That Saturday had been their last really happy day, for the next morning's post had brought the news of his father's great losses, and though the Sunday's work had been struggled through, the Rector had never been the same again, the burdened look had never left his face.

Ralph thought it all over as he rested his arms on the little iron gate leading into the glebe, his eyes wandering sadly over that distant view which he had always loved, with its stretch of gorse and heather, and to the right the beautiful woods of Whinhaven park, just now in the full perfection of their spring tints. Well, it was all over now, and the place was to pass into the hands of strangers, and somehow he must get through his good-byes. Making his way to the stable, he flung his arms about the neck of old Forester the pony, choked back a sob in his throat as he unfastened Skipper the Irish terrier, and picking up in his arms a scared-looking white cat, ran at full speed down the drive, across the common, with its golden gorse and dark fir trees, until he reached the coastguard station. Beneath the flag-staff, with a telescope tucked under his arm, there stood a cheery-looking official in trim reefer and gold-laced cap. It was Langston, the head of the coastguard station, and one of Ralph's best friends.

"I have come to say good-bye, for to-morrow I'm going to London," said the boy hurriedly. "And I want to give you Skipper, if you care to have him. He's of a very good breed, father said, and he's an awfully friendly dog. And if you had room for Toots as well I should be awfully obliged. I know he's not worth anything, and ever since Benjamin was lost Toots has been sort of queer, always mewing and roaming about looking for him. But I think if you buttered his feet he would stay, and he's a real good mouser."

Langston promised to adopt both dog and cat, but he would not allow all the giving to be on one side. He went into his house and returned in a few minutes with a little pocket compass.

"I'll ask you to accept that, Master Ralph," he said, as he gripped the boy's hand in a friendly grasp. "You'll maybe have rough times in life, but steer well, my lad, steer well, and be the man your father would have had you."

"How does one steer if one doesn't know which is the right way to go?" said Ralph with a sigh.

"Why it's then that you'll hear your captain's orders," said the coastguardsman. "Cheer up, Master Ralph, it don't all depend on the man at the wheel."

CHAPTER II

"Ill is that angel which erst fell from heaven,
But not more ill than he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a traitorous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feather masks a raven,
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn.
Hypocrisy, Almighty God doth scorn."

WM. DRUMMOND, 1616.

DINNER proved a trying meal that evening, although Sir Matthew and Mr. Marriott exerted themselves to talk, and were both of them very kind to their small companion. Afterwards they adjourned once more to the study where for the sake of the old lawyer a fire had been lighted.

"The nights are still cold," he said, drawing a chair towards the hearth, and warming his thin white hands; May is but a treacherous month in spite of the good things the poets say of it. I understand that your father's illness was caused by a chill," he added, glancing kindly at Ralph.

"He caught cold one night when they sent for him down in the village," said Ralph, tears starting to his eyes. "He was called up at two o'clock to see a man who was dying; there was an east wind, he said it seemed to go right through him. But then you know he had been very much troubled because of his losses; for the last ten days he had scarcely eaten anything, and had slept badly.

Sir Matthew paced the room restlessly, but when he spoke his voice was bland and calm.

"A noble end!" he said, "dying in harness like that; carrying comfort to the dying and then lying down upon his own death-bed; a very noble end."

Something in the tone of this speech grated on Ralph, he shrank a little closer to the lawyer.

"Why do I hate him?" thought the boy. "He's going to send me to Winchester with his own money, I ought to like him, but I can't—I can't!"

At that moment old Mrs. Grice appeared at the door asking to speak to Mr. Marriott. He followed her into the hall, returning in a minute or two and approaching Ralph.

"My boy," he said, laying a kindly hand on his shoulder, "if you want to see your father's face again it must be now."

Together they went up the dimly lighted staircase to the room overhead, Sir Matthew following slowly and with reluctance, a strange expression lurking about the corners of his mouth. Many thoughts passed through his mind as he stood looking down upon the still features of his dead friend; if the pale lips could have spoken he well knew they might have reproached him; and yet it was less painful to him to look at the stern face of the dead, than to watch the grief of the little lad as, through fast falling tears, he gazed for the last time on his father's face. It was a relief to him when the old lawyer drew the boy gently away, and persuaded him to return to the study fire.

"I will be good to his son," thought Sir Matthew as he looked once more at the silent form. "I will make it up to Ralph. He shall have the education his father would have given him. And then he must shift for himself, I shall have done my duty, and he must sink or swim. The very sight of him annoys me, but it will be but for a few years, and, meantime, I must put up with it."

So Ralph for the last time slept in the only home he had ever known, and woke the next day to endure as best he might all the last painful ceremonies through which it was necessary that he should bear his part. When the funeral was over he left Sir John Tresidder to talk with the lawyer and Sir Matthew, and drew Mab away into a sheltered nook of the walled kitchen garden where stood a rabbit-hutch.

"These are the only things left," he said, mournfully. "Should you care to have them, Mab? I should like them to be at Westbrook, for I know you would be good to them. Rabbi Ben Ezra is the best rabbit that ever lived, and he'll soon get to care for you. Sarah Jane is rather dull, but I suppose he likes her, and she doesn't eat her little ones or do any thing horrid of that sort like some rabbits."

"I will take no end of care of them," said Mab; "but it seems a pity that you should leave them. Could you not take them with you?"

"If I were going to live with Mr. Marriott I wouldn't mind asking leave," said Ralph; "but there's something about Sir Matthew—I don't know what it is—but one can't ask a favour of him. I'd far rather give up the rabbits."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mab. "And by the by, Ralph, let me have your new address; you are to live with your guardian, are you not?"

"They say Sir Matthew is not exactly my guardian. But father's will was made many years ago and he was named as sole executor, and father wrote to him the day before he died asking him to see to me. Here comes the man to say your carriage is ready."

"Very well," said Mab. "And tell Mrs. Grice I will send over for the rabbits. Goodbye, dear old boy. Don't forget us all."

She stooped down, and for the first time in her life kissed him, and Ralph having watched at the gate till the carriage was out

of sight, suddenly felt a horrible wave of desolation sweep over him, and knew that he could not keep up one minute longer. Running down the road he fled through the churchyard, never stopping till he found himself in a lovely sheltered fir grove—his favourite nook in the whole park; and here, while the nightingales, and the cuckoos, and the thrushes sang joyously overhead, he threw himself down at full length on the slippery pine needles that covered the warm dry ground, and sobbed as though his heart would break. They had always called this particular nook the "Goodly heritage," because whenever friends had been brought to see it they had always said to the Rector: "Ah, Denmead, your lines are fallen in pleasant places." Poor Ralph felt that this saying was no longer true, he thought that the pleasantness had for ever vanished from his life, and the prospect of going forth into the world dependent for every penny upon a man whom he vaguely disliked was almost more than he could endure. The boy had a keenly sensitive artistic temperament, but luckily his father's strenuous endeavours had taught him self-control; he did not long abandon himself to that passion of grief but pulled himself together and began to pace slowly through the grove, crushing into his hand as he walked a rough hard fir-cone. And then gradually as he breathed the soft pine-scented air, and watched the sunbeams streaking with light the fir trunks, and glorifying the silvery birch trees in a distant glade which sloped steeply down to a little murmuring brook, he realised that the past was his "goodly heritage," his possession of which no man could rob him, and in thankfulness for the home which had been so happy for thirteen years he set his face bravely towards the dark future.

* * * * *

"Waterloo, first single, a child's ticket," said Sir Matthew Mactavish, entering the booking-office an hour or two later.

"But I am thirteen," said Ralph quickly.

"Then he must have a whole ticket," said the official, and Sir Matthew frowned but was obliged to comply.

"You are so absurdly small," he said, glancing with annoyance at his charge as they passed out on to the platform, "you might very well have passed for under twelve."

Ralph felt hot all over, partly because no boy likes to be told that he is small, partly because he was angry at being reproved for not standing calmly by to see the railway company cheated. How could it be that a man as wealthy as Sir Matthew could stoop to do a thing which his father in spite of narrow means would never have thought of doing? He could as soon have imagined him stealing goods from a shop as attempting to defraud in this meaner, because less risky, fashion. However, Mr. Marriott happily diverted his thoughts just then.

"Are you fond of Dickens?" he said kindly. "Have you read his 'Tale of Two Cities,' or his 'Christmas Tales?'"

Ralph had read neither, and was soon leaning back in his corner of the railway carriage, forgetful of all his wretchedness, cheered and fascinated, amused and filled with kind thoughts by the story of Scrooge and Marley's ghost, and Tiny Tim, and the Christmas turkey.

It was with a pang of regret that he bade old Mr. Marriott farewell when they reached London, and illogically yet naturally enough he felt far more grateful for the parting sovereign and the kindly glance which the lawyer bestowed on him, than for his adoption by Sir Matthew. A sense of utter desolation stole over him as Mr. Marriott disappeared, and he followed his guardian into a hansom and found himself for the first time in the heart of London. To his country eyes the crowded thoroughfares, the grim houses, the bustle and confusion, and the sordid misery seemed absolutely hateful; it was not until they happened to pass a theatre, and he caught sight of the name of a well-known actor, that his face brightened and his tongue was unloosed.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "does Washington act there? Is that his own theatre?"

"Yes, to be sure," said Sir Matthew; "you shall go some night and see him."

"Oh, thank you!" said Ralph rapturously. "How awfully good of you. Father took me once to hear him at Southampton, he was playing in 'The Bells,' one Saturday afternoon. It was splendid; there was the dream, you know, you saw it all before you. He dreamt of the court of justice, and all the time it was his own conscience that was killing him, and his remorse for having murdered the traveller in the sleigh. I

thought I should have choked at the end when he believed they were hanging him; he just says, you know, in a sort of gasp, 'Take the rope off my neck!' and then he falls back dead, and the play ends. It felt so jolly to get out of the dark theatre into the street, and to find the sun shining, and everything as jolly as usual, and to know that all that dreadful misery wasn't really true."

"Not true?" said Sir Matthew reflectively. "H'm!" he looked with a sort of envy at the boy's clear innocent eyes, then he turned away; whether he were absorbed in his own thoughts or in the observation of the dingy crowd, it would have been hard to say.

They paused at a house in Bow Street where he had to make some inquiry, and Ralph fell into a happy dream about his latest hero the great actor, returning with a pang to the uncomfortable present when the hansom at length drew up at a house in Queen Anne's Gate. Feeling very small and desolate he followed his guardian up the broad steps and into the imposing entrance hall.

"Wipe your shoes," said Sir Matthew, in his brisk authoritative tone.

Ralph obediently complied, and saw somewhat to his amusement that the same command was printed in large black letters on the mat.

"When I have a house of my own," he reflected, "there shall be a doormat with 'SALVE' on it. Then the chaps will know I'm awfully glad to see them, and that I'm not thinking first of my carpets."

Sir Matthew, meantime, had been talking to a grey-headed butler; Ralph only caught the closing remark: "And let someone show Master Denmead up to the schoolroom."

The butler looked at the small lonely boy in his black suit.

"Fraulein and Miss Evereld are out, sir," he replied, unwilling to send this sad-faced little lad into the utter solitude of the upper regions.

"Oh, very well, then you had better come with me, Ralph," said Sir Matthew, and he led the way upstairs. The boy glanced nervously round as they entered. This was not one of the homelike, comfortable, used

"I have come to say good-bye"

"And now let us rescue the boat"

drawing-rooms such as he had grown to love at Westbrook Hall, but a great saloon upholstered in the best style of a well-known firm, and as lacking in soul and individuality as a Parisian doll.

There were several people present. Lady Mactavish, a peevish-looking woman with small suspicious blue eyes and a nervous manner, shook hands with him and looked him over in a dissatified way as though mentally reflecting what in the world she was to do with him.

"Janet," she called, turning to her elder daughter, "this is poor Mr. Denmead's son."

Janet, a somewhat sharp-featured clever-looking girl of four-and-twenty, came up and shook hands with him, but her cold light eyes beneath the fringe of red hair looked to him unfriendly. She just passed him on to her younger sister who was enjoying a comfortable little flirtation at the other side of the room with a middle-aged officer.

"This is Ralph Denmead, Minnie," she said, returning to her former place, and resuming the interrupted conversation with a lady caller.

Minnie, who was also red-haired, had a more friendly expression, she smiled at him as she shook hands.

"Fraulein has taken Evereld to her French class, but they will soon be home, and then they will look after you," she said, motioning him to a chair at some little distance from herself and the Major.

It was a modern imitation of an antique chair, very hard in the seat, very high from the ground, and with rich carving all over the back which made any sort of comfort impossible. As he sat on it with his legs uncomfortably dangling he saw the lady who was

talking to Janet put up her long-handled eye-glass, and inspect him critically as if he had been some strange animal at the Zoological Gardens. However, small schoolboys were not interesting, she soon put down the eye-glass, and turned to Miss Mactavish with a question which arrested Ralph's attention.

"By-the-bye, have you read 'The Marriage of Melissa'? It is the book of the season, you must get it, my dear, at once, every one is talking of it, and it is an open secret that Sir Algernon Wyte and Mrs. Hereward Lyne wrote it, though of course it appeared anonymously."

"What is it? A society novel?"

"Yes, and such a plot! There's a tremendous run upon it they say, and wherever you go you hear people discussing it."

Then followed a graphic account of the chief characters, and the most difficult situations; it was a plot which made the boy's ears tingle. He wriggled round in his chair and tried to become interested in the vapid talk of Major Gillot and Minnie, it was doubtless very interesting to them, but to him it seemed the most insane interchange of bantering compliments and teasing replies that he had ever heard. Was this love making? he wondered. If so, they did it much better in books. It was not in this fashion that Frank Osbaldistone wooed Di Vernon, or that John Ridd made love to Lorna Doone.

He looked wearily across to the hearthrug where Sir Matthew was shouting unintelligible jargon about the money market into the ear of a deaf old Scotsman; then in desperation tried to listen to Lady Mactavish's grumbling voice as she related her difficulties to a soothing and sympathetic friend.

"You are always burdening yourself with other people's affairs," said the purring voice of the adept in flattery.

"Well," said Lady Mactavish, "you see my husband is one of those men who inspire confidence. They all turn to him naturally. And I do assure you he has a perfect passion for adopting children. There's this boy to-day. To-morrow it will be some other sad case. A little while ago it was Evereld Ewart, poor Sir Richard Ewart's little girl. You must see her by and by. Yes, we have taken her in and her nurse and her German governess. It's been a very great anxiety to me, a great responsibility, though I make no complaint of the child. Still one likes to have one's house to oneself."

"And dear Sir Matthew," remarked the friend, "is fast turning it into an orphan asylum. But there, it's just like him! so noble-minded! So ready to give and glad to distribute!"

There came a little interlude with the tea. Ralph handed about cups and hot scones which looked very tempting he thought. But there was no cup for him; evidently boys of his age were not supposed to feed in the drawing-room. He returned to the mock antique chair with its bony back and thought wistfully of the drawing-room at Westbrook Hall, and wondered whether Mab was at this very moment finishing that particularly good Buszard cake to which she had so lavishly helped him yesterday. At lunch he had been too miserable to eat, but now he was ravenous, and to be at once hungry and lonely and unhappy was a sensation he had never before experienced. How was he to bear this detestable new life? How was he to take root in this uncongenial soil?

His dismal reverie was interrupted by Lady Mactavish's voice: "Just ring the bell, Ralph. By this time she must surely be in." Then as the butler appeared, the welcome news came that Miss Evereld was at that moment on the stairs. Orders were given that she should come in at once.

Ralph looked eagerly towards the open door, and watched the entrance of a little girl who was apparently about a year or two younger than himself. She was dressed in a short black frock trimmed with crape, but nothing else about her was mournful, her nut-brown hair seemed full of golden sunbeams, her rosy face was dimpled and smiling; she seemed neither shy nor forward, but stood patiently listening to the remarks of Lady Mactavish and old Lady Mountpleasant as long as was necessary, then having received a warm greeting from Sir Matthew, who appeared to be genuinely fond of her, she caught sight of Ralph, and crossing the room shook hands with him in an eager friendly way. The tide of general conversation rolled on, but the two children stood silently looking at each other for a

minute or two. At last Evereld had a happy intuition.

"Are you not hungry?" she said.

"Yes, starving," said Ralph, with a pathetic glance at the scones.

"It's no good," said Evereld, noting the look. "We never have anything down here, but we'll try and slip away quietly. No one really wants us you see. And I'll beg Bridget to make us some hot buttered toast. She is the dearest old thing in the world."

"Does she live here?" said Ralph, as though he doubted whether anything superlatively good would be found beneath Sir Matthew's roof.

"She is my nurse," said Evereld. "We came from India, you know, last February. Her husband was a soldier, but he died, and then she came to be our servant. Look, some more callers are coming in, now is our time to slip out."

Ralph gladly followed the little girl as she glided dexterously from the room, and it was with a sense of mingled triumph and relief that they found themselves outside on the staircase.

"Fraulein Ellerbeck and I have been talking all day about your coming," said Evereld, as they toiled up to the top of the house. "The telegram only came at breakfast."

"They must all have thought it an awful bore to have me," said Ralph, remembering Lady Mactavish's preference for having her house to herself.

"We schoolroom people didn't think it a bore," said Evereld, gaily. "You can't think how dull it is to have no one to play with. I could hardly do my French this afternoon for wondering about you, and once when the master asked me something about the difference between *connaitre* and *savoir*, I said, by mistake, 'Ralph Denmead.' It was dreadful! Every one laughed." She laughed herself at the remembrance. "But, you see, I had been thinking how well we should get to know each other."

A comforting sense of comradeship crept into Ralph's sore heart; he forgot his troubles for a while as he looked at the merry face beside him. It was what he would have called an "awfully jolly" little face, with soft curves and a dainty little mouth and chin, a rounded forehead from which the hair was unfashionably thrown back, and a pair of clear blue eyes that made him think of speedwell blossoms.

Evereld led him in triumph to the schoolroom to introduce him to her governess, and Miss Ellerbeck's warm German greeting, so unlike the chilly reception he had met with in the drawing-room, at once set him at his ease. Bridget, too, accorded him a hearty welcome, and brought him enough toast even to satisfy a hungry schoolboy. She was a motherly person, with one of those rather melancholy dark faces of almost Spanish outline which one meets with among the Mayo peasants. But not all her wanderings or her troubles as a soldier's wife and widow had robbed her of that delicious quaint humour which brightens many a desolate Irish cabin, and which brightened some parts of this great desolate London house.

CHAPTER III

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

PRECISELY why the house seemed to him so dreary Ralph would have found it hard to say. It did not usually strike people as anything but a model English home. Something had, however, given the boy a clue, and already he vaguely guessed, what none else suspected, that there was a skeleton in the cupboard. Little enough had fallen from his father's lips during those last days, yet Ralph had gathered an impression that in some way Sir Matthew was connected with that disastrous speculation which had ruined his father. He was far too young and ignorant to understand the matter, and even had he been sure that Mr. Marriott knew all the facts he could not have asked the old lawyer to explain things to him, for was not Sir Matthew his godfather?—a godfather, moreover, who had generously undertaken to provide for him till he was grown up? He was ashamed of himself for not being able to feel more grateful, but that vague dislike and distrust which he had felt during their first talk at Whinhaven Rectory only grew stronger each hour.

When the last guest had departed, Sir Matthew was beset by eager questions.

"Why did you adopt that horrid little schoolboy, papa?" said Janet, reproachfully. "You are far too generous."

"My dear, you forget; he is my godson, and I couldn't leave him without a helping hand. His father entrusted him to me."

"They are all ready to sponge upon you, papa," said Minnie. "A reputation for generosity is a terrible thing."

"For a man's daughters, eh?" he said, laughingly. "Well, my dear, I don't want you to be troubled in the least. The boy will be going to Winchester in September, and we shall only have him in the holidays. As for little Evereld, we shall not be keeping her after her first season unless I'm much mistaken."

"It's true she is an heiress," said Lady Mactavish, critically, "but I doubt if she will make a very stylish girl. And she's far too conscientious to get on well in society."

"Well, well, we shall see," said Sir Matthew, easily. "Already she has one fervent admirer. Bruce Wylie makes himself a perfect fool about the child."

"He's old enough to be her father," said Janet.

"But she couldn't have a better husband," said Sir Matthew, in the voice that meant that no more was to be said. "Nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to see poor Ewart's daughter safely under the protection of a man like Wylie, before the heiress-hunters have had time to torment her."

"You remember that he dines with us this evening?" said Lady Mactavish.

"Yes, to be sure; let me have a list of the guests. And, my dear, remind me that I promised Lady Mountpleasant to open the bazaar for the Decayed Gentlefolk's Aid Society at the Albert Hall next month."

"We are no sooner off with one bazaar than we are on with another," protested Minnie. "Bazaars seem to me the curse of the age."

"Blessings in disguise, my dear," replied her father, with a smile. "The days of simple humdrum giving are over, and nowadays, with great wisdom, we kill two or more birds with one stone. To my mind, the bazaar is a most useful institution, and I should be sorry to see it abandoned."

"Ah, you would ruin yourself with giving, if I allowed you to do it," said Lady Mactavish, glancing up at him with an air of pride and admiration which for the moment made her hard face beautiful.

The words touched him, and as he left the room he stooped and kissed her forehead. Yet, on the way down to his library, an odd sarcastic smile played about his lips, and he thought to himself, "They have yet to learn that, had St. Paul been a man of the world, he would have added a postscript to his famous chapter, and said, 'For charity is the best policy.'"

In the meanwhile the schoolroom party were snugly ensconced in the window-seat overlooking St. James's Park. Ralph had been cheered by the sight of a regiment of Horse Guards, and Miss Ellerbeck had been beguiled into telling them stories of the Franco-Prussian War and of her brother's adventures during the campaign. By and by, as the evening advanced, they were interrupted by the appearance of old Geraghty the butler.

"Sir Matthew would like you to be in the drawing-room before dinner, Miss Evereld," he said, "and I was to say there was no need for the young gentleman to come down. Maybe he's tired after the journey," concluded the Irishman, adding these polite words of his own accord, for Sir Matthew had curtly remarked, "Not Master Denmead, you understand."

"That means that Mr. Bruce Wylie is coming!" cried Evereld, joyously. "He's such a nice man, and he always brings me chocolate—real French chocolate. I never go down unless Mr. Wylie is there. You'll like him, Ralph; he has such nice kind eyes, and such a soft voice."

"Well, you must run and dress, my child," said Miss Ellerbeck; "and I, too, must be wishing you both good-night, for I go, as you remember, with a friend to the Richter concert. We will light the gas for you, Ralph, and then you must, for a short time, make yourself happy with your Charles Dickens. Evereld will soon come back to you."

She bade him a kind good-night, and Ralph took up "The Cricket on the Hearth" and tried to read. But it would not do; the book had ceased to appeal to him. He threw it down, lowered the gas, and returned to the open window, leaning his arms on the sill and looking down through the bars at the dim road beneath, with its endless succession of cabs and carriages. For a little while it amused him to count the red

and yellow lamps as they flitted by, but soon his sorrow overwhelmed him once more. It was the first time he had been alone since that morning hour in the fir-grove at Whinhaven, and now once more all the misery of his loss forced itself upon him; he was well fed, well housed, and his immediate future was provided for, yet, perhaps, in all London there was not at that moment a more desolate little fellow. To be violently plucked up by the roots and for ever banished from that goodly heritage that had so far been his, was in itself hard enough; but to belong to no one in particular, to be planted down and expected to grow and thrive among loveless strangers seemed intolerable, and no ambitious dreams of a future in India came now to his help! He saw nothing before him but an endless vista of this same pain and aching loss. To-morrow would be as to-day, and all real happiness had, he fancied, gone from him for ever. There is nothing quite so poignant as a child's first great grief, though mercifully, like all acute pain, it cannot last long.

The passing lights down below had long ceased to interest him, but presently through his tears he happened to notice the pointers and the Pole Star, and found a sort of comfort in what had for so long been familiar. At any rate the same sky was over Whinhaven and London, and the motto which he could remember puzzling over in his childhood, illuminated in one of the Rectory rooms, returned now to his mind—"*Astra castra, Numen lumen.*" It was true that the stars were his canopy, but was God his light? Had He not plunged his whole life in darkness, and set him far away from love and help and all that could keep a boy straight?

The Westminster chimes rang out just then into the night air, startling him back from his perplexed wondering. Ralph was not of the temperament that is liable to doubt. He took life very simply, and it would have been almost impossible seriously to disturb the faith into which he had grown up; the wave of wretched questioning passed, and he knew in his heart that just as over the great city with its debates and crimes, its sorrows and struggles, the bells ring out their message, so heavenly voices are ringing through the consciences of men, guiding, controlling, influencing all. Had not his father always said it was mere miserable cowardice to believe that darkness would triumph over light, that selfish competition would in the end conquer? Love was to be the victor. Love was to rule. And the great deep bell as it boomed out the hour seemed to his fancy to ring—"Love! Love! Love!" over the restless crowd of hearers.

In the meantime, however, his heart was still aching with the loss of the man who had been friend and companion, teacher and father in one. Surely since God loved him He would send some one to comfort him? Some one whose voice he could hear, whose hand he could grasp. For after all it was the outward tokens of love and comfort that he craved, as all beings of a threefold nature must crave them. A spiritual love could not as yet suffice him.

Now as Ralph leant on the window-sill crying quietly, much as a soldier slowly bleeds on a battlefield because there is no one to staunch his wound, the schoolroom door opened. He had expected some one to be sent to his great need, but had pictured to himself a man. He glanced round into the dim room and started when he saw, instead, only a little white-robed figure.

"Of course," he thought to himself in his disappointment, "I ought to have known. It is only Evereld come back."

"Oh, it's you," he said, with profound dejection in his voice.

"Are you all in the dark?" said Evereld.

"I've been looking at the carriage lamps," he replied, evasively.

Evereld made no comment, she knew quite well that he had been crying, and a great shyness stole over her—a terror of not being able to reach him, and yet a consuming desire somehow to comfort him. She remembered that in her own grief grown-up people had always tried to soothe her with the adjuration, "Don't cry, darling." She had never found any comfort in the words, and of course they would vex a boy. Dick would have hated them.

"Do you know," she said suddenly, "in some ways you do so remind me of Dick."

"Who is he?" asked Ralph, still in the dejected voice.

"Dick is my brother," said Evereld. "He died last winter. There was an outbreak of cholera. On the Thursday father

and mother died, on the Friday Dick and I were taken ill, and when I got better they told me he was gone. I was the only one left." Her voice quivered a little. She ended abruptly.

"Oh!" cried Ralph, like one in pain, and instinctively he caught her hand in his and held it fast. There was a silence. It seemed as if they did not need words just then.

Ralph had not found the strong man of his dreams; he had found instead a little girl with griefs greater than his own, and he felt a longing to comfort her and care for her, and as far as possible to be to her what Dick would have been.

"Was he older than I am?" was his first question.

"He was thirteen," said Evereld. "His birthday was in last September—on the 15th."

"And I was thirteen in September, too—on the 9th," said Ralph.

"Only a week between you—how strange!" said Evereld. "And about soldiers he was just like you. When you rushed to the window this afternoon and saw all the little details about the Horse Guards' uniforms, that I never much noticed before, you made me think of Dick directly. He was crazy about uniforms, and Bridget used to make them for him. We'll get her to make you one."

"Do you think she would?" said Ralph, forgetting his troubles. "We could act all sorts of things then, you know. Do you like acting?"

"I love the dressing-up part," said Evereld, "I don't much care about the talking, Dick used to do most of that."

"I'll do that part," said Ralph blithely, for although shy and reserved with his elders, he was never at a loss for words in a charade, and the two instantly fell to discussing future plans, forgetting every grief and care in the bliss of perfect companionship.

"Let us come down now," said Evereld, presently. "Geraghty promised to bring us whatever we liked. We'll sit on the lowest flight of stairs, you know, and he'll help us as the dishes come out of the dining-room. It's such fun. I always do it when there's a dinner-party."

Ralph consented willingly enough, and found something cheering in the general air of excitement that pervaded the house. They sat cosily on the rich stair carpet with its soft eastern colouring, a funny little pair, he in his deep black, she in her white Indian muslin, watching the servants as they hurried to and fro, and enjoying what Evereld termed "that nice sort of late-dinner smell."

"But it makes one awfully hungry," said Ralph, and the good-natured Geraghty, catching the words, murmured a comforting assurance as he passed by, "I'm coming to you directly, sir," and in a minute or two with a beaming face he reappeared with two delicious oyster patties.

"How clever you are, Geraghty," said the little girl. "You always know just what will be nicest."

Whether Geraghty had much regard for their powers of digestion may be doubted, but he took a rare delight in tempting them with every delicacy, from prawns in aspic, to that curious dish called "angels on horseback."

Ralph was half way through a huge helping of ice pudding when a momentary pang of doubt and reproach seized him. Ought he to be feasting on the very day of his father's funeral? Evereld saw the change in his face, and, helped by what she had lately lived through, was able to read his thoughts.

"Dick will be so glad that I've got you," she said, smiling, though Ralph fancied three were tears in her eyes. "I somehow think your father and mine will be talking together to-night."

And those few comfortable words were more to the boy than any number of sermons on the resurrection; all his vague beliefs were freshened into living parts of his every-day existence, and for the first time he knew for himself what had been to him hitherto merely things that others told him.

A sudden lull in the roar of voices from the dining-room now took place, after which the babel of many tongues rose once more. "They are just beginning dessert," said Evereld. "That was grace, and in a few minutes the ladies will be coming upstairs. I think we had better go to bed now."

So they parted, after having arranged that in the walking hour on the next morning, they would go together and sail Ralph's little schooner in St. James's Park.

CHAPTER IV

"Of my grief (guess the length of the sword by the sheath);
By the silence of life, more pathetic than death's!
Go—be clear of that day."
E. BARRETT BROWNING.

THE Park seemed dull and well-nigh deserted when, at about ten o'clock on the following day, Fraulein Ellerbeck and the two children made their way to the water's edge. Fraulein said she would establish herself on a seat in a sheltered nook not far off, and the children carried her book and her knitting-bag for her, chatting as they walked. Pacing slowly towards them was a figure which somehow arrested their attention.

"Why," said Evereld, lowering her voice, "it is surely the man we saw as Benedick, last March, Fraulein. It's Hugh Macneillie, the actor."

Ralph looked curiously and with great interest at a member of the profession which had such charms for him.

Macneillie was a man of about seven and thirty, with chestnut-brown hair, strongly marked features, and a muscular, well-knit figure. About his clean-shaven face there was an air of profound gravity which surprised Ralph, who could not conceive how a man capable of acting Benedick, and noted for his subtle sense of humour, could wear such an anxious and melancholy expression. He glanced at them with dreamy, absent eyes and paced slowly by.

Yet the little group had not been altogether lost on Hugh Macneillie in spite of the unseeing look in his eyes. He had carried away a curiously vivid impression of the two children, their black garments and their fresh young faces. He gave an impatient sigh, and paced on with quicker steps, yet turned again to walk by the side of the water, every now and then glancing at his watch with an air of vexation. He had been waiting there for a good hour, and he was in a mood which made waiting specially irksome.

"I will give her till half-past ten," he thought to himself, and walked doggedly on, his face growing more and more haggard as the time passed by. At last the Westminster chimes rang out the half hour; he mechanically took out his watch again to verify the time, and setting his teeth hard turned to go.

At that moment there suddenly appeared, walking towards him, a very beautiful woman. It was difficult to say precisely in what her great charm lay. Her every movement was full of grace, and although she was dressed with scrupulous quietness—indeed with a simplicity that was almost severe, no one could have passed her by without a lingering glance. Her complexion was pale but very fair, her hair was like spun gold, contrasting curiously with the brown, deep-set eyes; and though the mouth was a little too wide and betrayed a not over strong character, both face and manner were full of that indescribable fascination which carries all before it.

Macneillie, though he met her in the company of other people every day of his life, though he had known her for at least ten years, went to meet her now with his heart throbbing painfully. She gave him a charming little greeting, and apologised prettily for being so unpunctual.

"It is Elizabeth's fault," she said, glancing at the maid who accompanied her. "She allowed me to oversleep myself. You can wait for me on that bench, Elizabeth, I shall not be long."

The maid walked back to the seat where Fraulein Ellerbeck sat with her knitting, and Macneillie, who had scarcely spoken a word as yet, broke the silence as they paced on together. "I had almost given you up," he said, a world of repressed impatience in his tone.

"That's the wisest thing I ever heard you say, Hugh," she replied lightly, though with a secret effort. "But you must go further. It must be not only almost, but altogether."

"Don't let us talk in parables," said Macneillie, passionately. "You can't compare an hour's waiting in a park with ten years waiting through the best part of a man's life."

A look of pain flashed across her face: there was remorse and tenderness in her voice as she replied. But there was not the love he had once heard there, and he knew it well enough.

"Poor Hugh!" she said, "I have treated you very badly. But how am I to help myself. We have waited for each other, as you say, these ten years, but you know well enough that my father and mother will never consent. They have made up their

minds that I shall make a very different marriage."

"In other words," said Macneillie between his teeth, "they have made up their minds to sell you to the highest bidder."

"No, no, you are so exaggerated, Hugh. Every one can't look at the matter as you with your religious education in the Highlands look at it. Marriage is, after all, an arrangement affecting many people and interests. We are not living in a romance but in the prosaic nineteenth century. And I must not just please myself. I must think of what will best help on my career; my first duty is undoubtedly to help and to please my parents who have done so much for me."

"You didn't think so ten years ago," said Macneillie.

"Ten years ago I was a foolish girl of seventeen. You had been very good to me when the year before I had been taken straight from school and set down alone and friendless in a travelling company. It was natural enough that I should love you then, Hugh—you who shielded me and helped me."

"But later on," said Macneillie, clenching his hands, "when you no longer were lonely and friendless, when fame had come to you and all the world was at your feet, you very naturally needed me no longer, and your love died. Mine was never that sort of love—it will always live."

Christine Greville looked down with troubled face. Ambition and the importunities of her parents had for the time stifled her love. She felt cold and hard. His passionate constancy annoyed her. "I wish," she said plaintively, "you would not speak like that, Hugh. I hate to think that I have pained you, or spoiled your life; but what am I to do? What am I to do?"

He turned to her eagerly.

"Be true to your best self, Christine. Trust the man who loved you long before this Sir Roderick Fenchurch had ever seen you. I'm not blind! I can see the advantages you might gain by marrying him! You would be very rich. You could have your own theatre, you would leap at once to a much higher position. But do you dream that such a marriage would be happy? Why, you have hardly a taste in common, and he is old enough to be your father."

"Oh, as to happiness," she said, impatiently, "I have long ceased to expect that. Don't think me brutal if I speak plainly. I have had your love all these years, and it has not made me really happy. And if I married you, Hugh, I should not be happy at all. You are much too good for me, your standard of life is far too high. You would not be able to draw me up, and I should be always longing to drag you down to my level. It would be a life of perpetual strain and tension."

"No, no," he cried passionately, and as he spoke he caught her hand in his as though he felt that she was slipping from him. "Together, darling, we should be happy, we should be strong to work for art's sake and for truth's sake—strong to fight all that is evil."

They had paused, and were standing now beside the railing that fenced off the grass and bushes, and within a stone's throw of Ralph and Evereld; half unconsciously Macneillie watched the progress of the toy boat as the soft summer wind filled its white sails. At a little distance the ducks swam about the wooded island, and in the golden haze Queen Anne's Mansions loomed up impressively like some great fortress.

"But I don't want to toil and to struggle like that," said his companion, petulantly. "Every word you say only proves to me how far we have drifted apart, Hugh. You have a sort of ideal of me in your mind not in the least like the true Christine. I tell you I am tired of all your ideals and aims and dreams of raising the drama. That is not what I care for. I care for success and applause—yes I do, don't interrupt me. I care for them, and I must have them. And I want a better position, and I want much, much more money. I want other things, too, which you can never give me. You'll never be a rich man, Hugh, it's somehow not in you; you'll never push your way to the very front of the profession. But I must do that, nothing but the very first place will satisfy me. I have ten times your ambition."

"By that sin fell the angels," said Macneillie.

"Don't quote Shakespeare, we have enough of him every evening," she said, forcing a laugh. "And for me, I am not an angel, as you very well know. Come, let us make

"They sat cosily on the rich stair-carpet"

an end of this useless talk. My father is at this moment discussing settlements with Sir Roderick, and in a day or two all the world will know that the marriage is arranged."

Macneillie's lips moved but no words would come—he breathed hard.

"Don't look like that, Hugh," she exclaimed. "We shall often see each other; we shall be the best of friends; and when I have my own theatre, why you shall be the first to find a place in the company."

A look of hot anger flashed across Macneillie's haggard face.

"Do you think I would accept such a post?" he said, indignantly. "For what do you take me?" Then, his tone softening to tender reproach, "You don't understand a man's love—you don't understand!"

"Perhaps I don't understand it," she said, looking rather nettled; "but I have met plenty of men who were dying for love of me one month and raving about some one else the next. There, I must go home. Talking only makes matters worse. Go and take a good walk, Hugh, or you will act abominably to-night. *Au revoir!*"

She beckoned to her maid and turned away abruptly, anxious to put an end to an interview which had been trying to both of them. Her face was grave and downcast as she walked, and more than once she sighed heavily. She had never been formally betrothed to Macneillie, but there had been a private engagement between them, and she had spoken quite truly when she said that his care during her girlhood had shielded her from many perils. Her love for him had been very real; she had struggled long against the opposition of her parents, but at last her strength had failed, and little by little she had yielded to the influence

which by degrees had paralysed her powers of loving.

"Poor Hugh," she thought to herself, remorsefully. "He is terribly cut up. But I was never good enough for him. Sir Roderick and the low level will suit me much better."

After he was left alone, Macneillie did not move for some minutes. He just leant on the iron fence with clenched hands and set face, despair in his heart. The voices of the two children to the right fell on his ear, mingling strangely with his miserable thoughts.

"I shall lose her! I shall lose her!" cried the boy in a tragic voice.

"How came you to let go of the string?" asked his small companion.

"I had forgotten all about it; I was thinking of those people. Hurrah! the wind is shifting; she is coming nearer. I do believe I could reach her with my stick."

Macneillie watched the boy's strenuous efforts to recapture the tiny craft, which seemed almost within his reach, yet somehow always eluded him. Suddenly, at the very moment when his stick had touched the boat, he lost his balance and fell headlong over the low foot-rail into the water.

Macneillie had hurried to the rescue before Evereld's cry of terror had reached Fraulein Ellerbeck. He lifted out the dripping boy and laid him on the path, and Ralph, recovering from the shock and rubbing his wet eyelashes, looked up to find a grave face bending over him and to meet the inquiry of the kindest blue-grey eyes he had ever seen.

"None the worse for your bath, I hope?" said Macneillie, smiling a little.

"No, thank you," said Ralph, struggling to his feet and looking very much like Johnny Head-in-air when "with hooks the two strong men hooked poor Johnnie out again." "It was awfully good of you to help me," he added, gratefully.

"And now let us rescue the boat," said Macneillie, winning golden opinions from the children by the real pains he took to capture the *Rob Roy*, and the same from Fraulein Ellerbeck by his courteous farewell.

"So few Englishmen," she remarked, "know how to bow. You must take a lesson from him, Ralph."

"And, oh, Fraulein," said Evereld, as they walked briskly home, that Ralph might change his clothes, "did you see what a long time Miss Christine Greville stayed talking to him? And part of the time they were quite close to us, and we heard her say that soon every one would know she was to be married—I think, to some very rich man—and she would have a theatre of her own, and Mr. Macneillie should act there."

"You should not have listened, my dears," said Fraulein Ellerbeck, uneasily.

"But indeed, Fraulein, we couldn't help it; her voice was so very, very clear, it reached us every word just like raindrops pattering on leaves."

"And so did his voice too," said Ralph. "He seemed quite angry when she said that. He said he would never accept such a post, and that she didn't a bit understand how he loved her."

"Well, well," said Fraulein, "let us say no more about it now; and be sure you never repeat what you accidentally overheard. It may be a secret from people in general, and it would be more honourable if you treated it as a secret."

The children promised that they would do so, but, like the celebrated parrot, though they said nothing, they thought the more, and Macneillie became their great hero. Through him they had both received their first glimpse into the unknown region where men and women loved and suffered; and, since they both were missing the familiar home life and the close companionship of parents, they seized eagerly on this new outlet for certain feelings of reverence and hero-worship which they both possessed.

Could the actor have known what sympathy and devotion these two felt for him, or how real was their childish love and admiration, he would have felt, even at that bitter time in his life, a touch of amused gratitude and wonder. Wholly unknown to himself he was filling the minds of two somewhat desolate little mortals, brightening their tedious days, and drawing them out of themselves and their own troubles.

Often, in after years, they would laugh to think what pleasure they had found in running downstairs before the breakfast gong had sounded, that they might get possession of the *Times* and see the announcement of "Hamlet," in which Macneillie was appearing. And one morning it

chanced that their two smiling faces were still bent over the paper when Sir Matthew came into the room.

"Well," he said, kindly, "what good news have you found?"

For once Ralph forgot the shy stiffness of manner which usually crept over him at his guardian's approach.

"Oh," he said, in an eager boyish way, "We were just looking at the cast for 'Hamlet.'"

"To be sure. I had quite forgotten that you were stage-struck, and that I had promised you to go to see Washington. You must get Fraulein Ellerbeck to take you some day."

"We would much rather see Macneillie," said Evereld, "for it was Macneillie, you know, who helped Ralph out when he tumbled into the water."

"Very well," said Sir Matthew, "then do that instead. Fraulein Ellerbeck, will you take tickets for them?—and the sooner the better, for I hear there has been a great run on the seats there since the announcement of Miss Greville's marriage. She's to marry Sir Roderick Fenchurch at the end of the season."

Ralph and Evereld having poured forth delighted thanks, discreetly kept silence when the conversation turned on Miss Greville's betrothal.

"They say, you know," said Janet, "that it is a great surprise to every one, and that it was always supposed she would marry Macneillie."

And in response to this every one had something to say about the probability or the improbability of such a story, save the two children who, with a proud pleasure in feeling that Macneillie's secret was safe in their keeping, went on eating bacon with the most absolute control of countenance.

When the eagerly awaited day at length arrived and the two hero-worshippers were sitting in bliss at the theatre, they found some difficulty at first in recognising Macneillie. He was just the Danish prince and no one else. It was only at the close of the second act when both hero and heroine were called before the curtain, that they could at all think of him as the same man they had seen a few weeks before in St. James' Park.

As he led forward Miss Greville the contrast between them was curiously marked. She, with her smiling face, her air of perfect case and content, seemed thoroughly to enjoy the warm reception. He, on the other hand, merely bowed mechanically, and looked as if this interlude were highly distasteful to him; the children could have fancied that he was positively nervous, though they doubted whether an experienced actor could really know what nervousness meant.

After that call before the curtain they lost the sense that Hamlet himself was actually present; always through the passionate scenes and the tragic death which followed, it was not entirely Hamlet, but Macneillie with his own personal troubles that they saw; they wondered much how he could get through his part, and more and more after that day his name continually recurred in their talk, in their games, and even in their prayers.

Just at the close of the season they saw him once again. Fraulein Ellerbeck had promised that on the first fine Saturday they should go to Richmond Park, taking their lunch with them. They had learnt from the conversation of their elders at the breakfast table that it was the very day on which Miss Christine Greville was to marry Sir Roderick Fenchurch. The marriage was to take place at a small country church, and was to be of a strictly private character. They had talked of it more than once as they sat at lunch under the trees in the park, and early in the afternoon as they wandered along the quiet paths and watched the deer grazing peacefully, their minds were full of their hero and his trouble. Suddenly Evereld gripped hold of her companion's arm.

"Look!" she exclaimed, in a low voice. "Is it not Mr. Macneillie?"

Ralph's heart beat fast as he glanced at the approaching figure. Had their incessant thought of him conjured up a sort of vision of the actor? Or was it indeed himself? Nearer approach answered the question plainly enough. It was undoubtedly Macneillie, but there was something in his ghastly face which struck terror into the boy's heart, it reminded him of that awful shadow of death which he had seen stealing over his father on that last never-to-be-forgotten day. Apparently quite unconscious of their presence, Macneillie passed by, but in a minute Ralph, to the amazement of Fraulein

Ellerbeck and Evereld, had rushed back and overtaken him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, panting a little; "but I am the boy you saved the other day in St. James' Park. And—and please will you take this knife as a remembrance."

He thrust into Macneillie's hand a little old-fashioned silver fruit knife which had belonged to his father.

The actor evidently dragged himself back with an effort to the world of realities. He looked in a puzzled way at the boy and at the embossed handle of the knife.

"You are very good," he said in a perplexed tone. "Yes, yes, I remember you now—you and your boat. But I don't like to take your knife away from you."

"But, indeed, I never use it; I always eat peel and all," said Ralph with an earnestness which brought a smile to Macneillie's face. "We went to see you as Hamlet, and you were splendid! Please take it. You don't know how awfully I like you."

Macneillie's eyes gave him a kindly glance and his cold fingers closed over the boy's small hot hand in a hearty grip.

"Then I will certainly use it," he said. "It shall travel in my pocket for the rest of my life. But only on condition that you take this. Don't get into mischief with it."

And with a smile he put into his hand a clasp-knife, and while Ralph was still lost in admiration of the longest and sharpest blade he had ever seen, Macneillie passed rapidly on and disappeared among the trees.

"Oh, Ralph, how delightful!" cried Evereld, as the boy rejoined them.

"How could you be so brave as to go up and speak to him?"

"I'm awfully glad he took the fruit knife," said Ralph. "But I wish he hadn't given me this. It's such a beauty and I had done nothing for him."

"Perhaps you had," said Fraulein Ellerbeck, thoughtfully. "The unseen and unrealised help is often the most real help of all."

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CARLYLE'S TALK

By WILLIAM BLACK

I

IN a somewhat shabbily furnished room (but on the walls there was a large copy of the Berlin picture of Frederick the Great dressed as a drummer-boy; and on the table a number of Frederick's snuff-boxes were strewn about) in a dingy little street in Chelsea, an old man, worn, and tired, and bent, with deeply lined, ascetic features, a firm under-jaw, tufted grey hair and tufted grey and white beard, and sunken and unutterably sorrowful eyes, returned from the fireplace, where with trembling fingers he had been lighting his long clay pipe, and resumed his seat in front of the reading-desk.

"I do not think," he was saying, in an absent kind of way, "that I shall see Scotland again. To me it has become a sad and strange and solemn country; now that all my kinsfolk and friends are gone. And then there is the fatigue of the long journey; and the noise and the sleeplessness make travelling almost impossible for me. As it is, I suffer a great deal of physical misery, and also of mental gloom."

But presently he had resumed in a lighter strain:

"I well remember my first voyage to Glasgow. I was early up on deck; and I found that all around me was no atmosphere, nothing that could be called an atmosphere, but just a vast immensity of smoke and yellow vapour; and through the yellow vapour there pulsated an extraordinary light—a red glare that flashed up and across the skies, as if the whole world were in conflagration. I turned, and asked the man at the wheel what it meant. 'Dixon's Ironworks,' said he. This Dixon family were of enormous wealth, according to popular repute; and yet there was a wild story of one of them, supposed to be worth nine

millions, being suddenly confronted with the question whether he was worth nine pence. A story that gave rise to much talk and foolish wonder at the time. Doubtless he has long ere now gone down to Erebus and Nox. . . . . The Glasgow merchants seemed to me a shrewd, well-to-do, plain, kindly, and hospitable folk; but their wives—I cannot recollect having ever taken notice of women's dress before—but I thought when I saw them in the streets that their gowns were just a little extravagant—a little marked and extravagant. . . . . Glasgow is the 'west country' to the Edinburgh people; and I got to know something of the west-country, chiefly through the long excursions that Edward Irving and I used to make through the Trossachs, and round by Loch Katrine, and Wordsworth's Inversnaid. Well I mind those walks; almost the individual trees down by the side of the water, the brown burns, the blue hills over Loch Lomond way. We had much to talk of in those days."

The pipe is laid aside; an afternoon stroll is proposed; and the old man suggests that the window should be opened, to let in the fresh air and let out the tobacco-smoke. His visitor would fain perform this little office for him; but no. With a gentle, old-fashioned courtesy one seldom encounters nowadays, the offer is declined; though the trembling hands find difficulty with the sash. But eventually the window is raised. Then he goes off to exchange his grey woollen dressing-gown for the cloak and slouched hat familiar to Chelsea thoroughfares; and in a few minutes the house in Cheyne Row is left behind.

II

Now, in endeavouring to place on paper a few of Carlyle's *obiter dicta*, it is impossible to convey to the reader how immeasurably they lose in the process. Carlyle did not talk Scotch—not any dialect of it*; but he spoke with a strong South-of-Scotland insistence of emphasis; then he had a fine abundance of picturesque phraseology; and, above all, he liked to wind up a sentence with something—a wild exaggeration, it might be, or a sardonic paradox, or a scornful taunt—but, anyhow, with something that sounded like the crack of a whip.* It was rather startling to be asked, as a preliminary inquiry as to what was afoot in the literary world.

"Is that young man —— still going about vomiting forth blasphemy and the fires of Tophet?"

One was happy to be able to assure him that the young man —— was not doing anything of the kind; that, on the contrary, he was fast winning his way to a proud and honoured position in the very front rank of English poets.

But it was different when he came to talk of Tennyson; for he had somehow formed the impression that Tennyson was being ousted from his throne by the younger men; and this appeared greatly to concern him. It was a difficult matter to convince him that the "banjo Byrons" had not displaced Tennyson from the affections of the English people; and then, of course, the irrefragable argument—an appeal to Tennyson's publishers—could not be mentioned; for in these days, to say of a man that his books are bought by the public, is to convict him (at least the whipper-snappers of criticism appear to think so) of having sinned the unforgivable sin. How this delusion about Tennyson's waning popularity got implanted in Carlyle's mind, it is hard to say; but I venture to make a guess. It is well known—though it sounds incredible enough—that Tennyson was sensitive to newspaper comment—he who ought never to have looked

* I have frequently seen put into Carlyle's mouth, as his native dialect, that strange and fearsome speech that for centuries has done duty among English humorists as the Scotch language. Shakespeare was an early offender. His Captain Jamy says: "It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you with gud leve," &c. It is needless to observe that gibberish of this kind bears no relation whatsoever to any speech spoken anywhere outside the Zoological Gardens; but it—and the various emendations of it that have been handed down, and are now extant—may serve: gud feith, as a specimen of southern wit.

* It is amusing to notice how the chief of Carlyle's disciples—Ruskin, Froude, Kingsley, to name no others—have been now and again led away by the temptation of this trick of reckless climax. I have before me, as I write, a letter from Mr. Froude, in which he says that Victor Hugo is not worth notice, "except as illustrative of the tendencies of modern productiveness"; and he goes on: "The soil and atmosphere are unfavourable to high genius; and gifted men, for the most part, remain silent, or else go mad." Now, what does this mean? It means nothing at all. It is merely the crack of a whip, lashing the harmless and unresisting air.

at a line of it; and it is just possible that he may have made complaint to Carlyle of the treatment he was receiving at the hands of some of the obscurities of the press. But that was not the treatment liberally and generously accorded him by the public—the great public of the English-speaking peoples; which, after all, to an English author, is the sole important thing.

About certain novelists: "There's that woman they call Miss ——, and there's that other woman who calls herself ——; God forbid that I should read their trash; but if what I am told of it be true, then when they go before Rhadamanthus, I should think their sentence would be forty stripes save one."

About Disraeli: "There's that man Disraeli. They tell me he is a good speaker. Perhaps I do not know what a good speaker is. But I read a speech of his that he delivered at Glasgow a year or two ago; and it appeared to me the greatest jargon of nonsense that ever got into any poor creature's head!"

Nevertheless, he was not always grumbling and growling.

"This Chelsea Embankment now is about the cheerfullest place I know of: the brightness and general liveliness of it; the river flowing and shining; those small eager steamers puffing on their way, and carrying their loads; the open sky; the trees; the people walking up and down, to breathe the fresh air; the nursemaids and the perambulators and the children—the young generation coming on; even those brats o' laddies——"

But at this point one of the brats o' laddies got a swift surprise. He had been twirling himself round the iron rail overlooking the Thames; and threatening every moment to pitch himself into the stream; when, of a sudden, he was gripped by the scruff of the neck, and hauled on to the pavement.

"You young rascal, do ye want to throw yourself into the water?"

That tatterdemalion, if he is alive, must now be a man of five-and-twenty: one wonders where he is, and whether he knows that in his youth he got a friendly word (and grip) from the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century.

III

He appeared to be greatly interested in the Chelsea Pensioners, and in the various gardening occupations and amusements with which the ancient warriors managed to pass the time.

"There are two of them—I do not see them at the moment—who serve as an excellent example of the economy of human force. One of them is a helpless cripple, and cannot get about by himself; the other has lost his eyesight, and cannot get about by himself; so the lame man places himself in a Bath chair, and directs it, while the blind man pushes behind; and together they have their small rambles, doing no harm to any living creature, and each of them profiting by lending to the other what the other lacks." . . . . "We had fine men for soldiers in those days; look at their stature even now, old and shrunken as they are."

But here the talk wandered away into Germany, partly perhaps Carlyle had been reading a very frivolous little book of mine, the characters in which are supposed to have espoused the side of Germany at a time when Germany was not popular in England. Carlyle's personal experiences of Germany, however, seemed to have been distinctly disappointing; and although he did not expressly say so, one somehow gathered that the chief reason was a conclusion he had formed that the Germans did not properly appreciate Goethe.

"The most notable man in literature for two hundred years. . . . . The one man who has shown us what Christianity might be without the husks and cloaks that have been heaped upon it. . . . . But there is no real religion at the present day. And the man or the nation that has no religion will come to no thing."

It was a matter of keen regret to him that he had never seen Goethe face to face.

"Thackeray's recollection of Goethe was vague and inaccurate; Thackeray had a confused memory of Goethe's being a dark man."

And then, as the conversation wandered on to other German authors, and when one was challenged to say which of them one had the greatest affection for, there was nothing possible but an honest answer, though it was easily to be foreseen that it would prove the letting in of waters. And it did. It proved to be the letting in of many waters. For the next quarter of an hour poor Heine had a bad time of it—

"That slimy and greasy Jew fit only to eat sausages made of toads."

Thunders and lightnings raged round the head of poor Heinrich, and struck out at all his race as well—"no real fun in the Jews—a cynical grin—no honest laughter."

But at last the dispensation of wrath came to an end.

"After all, let us remember that he wrote the *Lorelei*. And there was good-humour in his satire of Börne."

This mention of the *Lorelei* in mitigation of punishment was somewhat remarkable. Mr. Allingham—an old friend and frequent companion of Carlyle's—assured me that he, Carlyle, had no sense whatever of the magic of lyrical poetry; while he had unmistakably a magnificent disdain for anything, whether in art or literature, that he could not personally appreciate. He had himself tried verse-making; conspicuously he did not succeed; and ever thereafter he kept repeating, "If you have anything to say, say it: why sing it?" In like manner he tried novel-writing; he failed; and ever thereafter he scoffed at fiction—fiction, which from the time of Homer to the time of Thackeray has been the one beautiful and resplendent feature of the mental world. The same anthropometric tendency is clearly traceable throughout his article on Scott. If Carlyle mistook the agonies of dyspepsia for a mysterious and imperious call urging a man to go out into rocky places and wrestle with the Mystery of Existence; Scott, on the other hand, having a perfectly happy digestion, found it no part of his duty to wander into dark regions and fight imaginary dragons anywhere: much good it would have done either the world or him!—none the less the *Westminster* article had to be written, the one man measuring the other by himself; and if there was any hurt done, it was not done to Scott. However, with regard to the *Lorelei*, it is quite possible that Carlyle was crediting Heine, not with the strange lyrical enchantment of these verses, but with merely having written a universally popular song; for he can have travelled but for a short time in Germany who has not heard German mothers and their daughters sing the *Lorelei* duet, when the "Luft ist kühl, und es dunkelt, und ruhig fliesset der Rhein."

IV

Thereafter the talk was of a more private and personal nature; for this man appeared to have the kindliest and humanest interest in the family relationships and circumstances of any one he might chance to be talking to, however unimportant; and more than that, he had frank words of sympathy and encouragement for literary aims and ambitions that must to him, at his age, have seemed trivial enough. "I wish you well," he said, in earnest tones, at the parting of our ways. One could not help lingering for a moment or two, regarding that solitary and pathetic figure as it passed away along the grey pavement. I saw him no more.

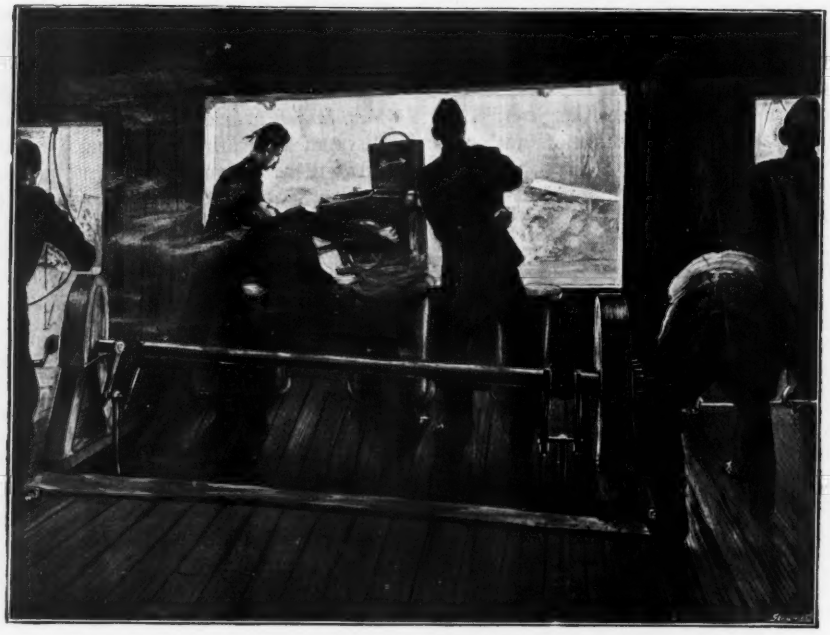
BY SEA AND BY LAND

THE R.M.L.I. AT FORTON BARRACKS

By FRED. T. JANE, Author of "Blake of the 'Rattlesnake,'" etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

FORTON Barracks, Gosport, Hants, though comparatively few people seem to know it, are the headquarters of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and the marines, so some of them would say, are the oldest naval force in existence, for they fought battles thousands of years ago, whereas bluejackets are a comparatively new invention. New, that is, in that the militant "sailor" of the old days, in the days of Salamis, Arginusæ, Actium, and right on till after the times of Elizabeth, was a *marine*. He fought either on shore or at sea; like Joe, the marine of to-day, he was a man "to



HOW MARINES GET THEIR SEA-LEGS. NORDENFELT PRACTICE ON THE ROLLING-MOTION PLATFORM AT FORTON

go anywhere or do anything." Then, as now, the marines were primarily a sea-force.*

In some navies—the Russian for instance—the marines have a sailor-like uniform, and it is hard to distinguish Joe from Jack; but in our own Service they are dressed much as soldiers, and only distinguishable from them by their superior physique, their blue-pointed cuffs, and a few small details not noticeable to a casual glance. The superior physique is due to the fact that marines are still recruited on the old long-service system: a man enters the force and remains there till he has passed his prime, whereas in the army he may, and generally does, leave when still quite young.

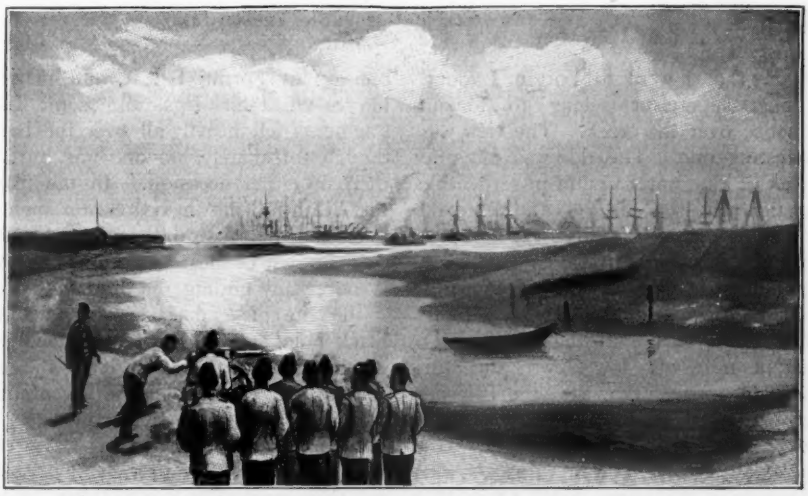
However, since this article is not a dissertation upon the glories of the R.M.L.I., but only an account of how they live and learn upon land, I must hasten onward and describe Forton. The barracks themselves are a fine block of buildings, but they call for no general attention, since all barracks are more or less alike, and were they all that is to be seen at Forton there would be little to write about. Not but what there are a thousand little things to interest one in all the evidences of a paternal government there to be found, for Forton is a veritable little city in itself. In the "dry canteen," where they sell eatables and hardware stuff, the marine can purchase everything, from a pipe to a scent sachet, from a pint of peas to a *pâté de fois gras*, the best of everything at cost price. Near at hand is the theatre, officially known as the lecture hall, where a very good stage is rigged up, and interesting dramatic performances take place fairly frequently; around are gardens bright and cheerful: everything, in fine, is done to make the barracks a home to the men who live there. Behind the stables, where are kept the horses of the mounted marine officers

* The Royal Marines were embodied by Charles II. in 1664. Until comparatively recent times naval officers held commissions in the force. Previous to this soldiers were taken on board ship, but so far back as the Peloponnesian war we read of Epibatæ—sea-going soldiers—marines; and, earlier still, the Egyptians maintained an amphibious force—they never, in fact, had either soldiers or sailors, but always marines.

(*not horse-marines*, as my guide explained), and hard by the married-quarters of the two Sergeant-Majors and the Provost-Sergeant are wash-houses with wonderful inventions for the speedy drying of clothes, for the convenience of the men's wives who do the regimental washing. There is also a recreation room, a veritable club-house, containing billiard tables and all other allurements such as Joe may fancy, and proud the R.M.L.I. are of this place, for no other barracks have its equal. Here, too, the honoured remains of the regimental goat repose in a glass case.

This goat has a history—a romantic one. During the Soudanese campaign the marines made a long forced march to Tokar. They tramped across the burning sands, mile after mile, hoping to relieve the beleagured town, but they reached it too late to save the wretched inhabitants; the dervishes of Osman Digna had captured and sacked the place: when the marines reached it they found it in flames, and the only living thing was a terrified goat. The "jollies," like blue-jackets, love dumb animals, and the goat was carried away on the shoulders of a burly marine, to become the pet of the troops, and, after the return to England, the regimental darling. At Forton it used to mount with the guard every morning, but fate was averse to its becoming an "old soldier," the English climate was very different to that of its native land, despite all the care and attention lavished upon it, it died the second winter after its arrival.

Ere we pass beyond the barracks we may well peep into the officers' quarters, glancing into "The Silent Room" where books abound, and the portrait of Hannah Snell, sometime of the Royal Marines, who fought many battles and was often wounded without her sex being discovered, is placed in a prominent position. Hard by is the mess-room, with the plate in great glass cases and the tattered Colours hanging over the door; here is also an equestrian portrait of George the Third—said to be the only one extant—which the Queen has wished to purchase more than once. As, however, the officers value the painting beyond gold, and Her Majesty has carefully abstained from any royal command in the matter, the picture still remains over the mantelpiece, and before it stand quaint semi-circular tables with silk curtains running on a raised rod in the front of them; tables that a hundred years ago, in the old five-bottle days, did duty round the fire on winter evenings, when, with faces shielded by the screen from the glare, and feet stretched out underneath to be warmed by the cheerful blaze, men drank long and deep as the custom was in the "good old times."



MAXIM PRACTICE GROUND, FORTON

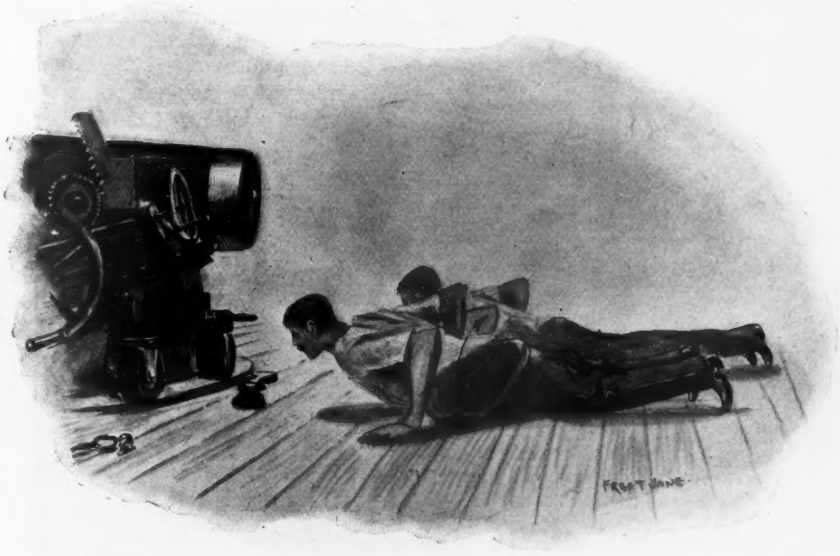
Above "The Silent Room" is a fine billiard-room, the walls of which are adorned with caricatures of the officers belonging to the division, and very funny and clever some of these are, though remarkably unflattering occasionally. There is a melancholy interest in some of these "portraits," for more than one of the men so humorously depicted has since given his life for his country. Our soldiers only go out for little wars occasionally, but marines are always being shot at in some part of the world.

Behind the barracks lies the naval-gunnery quarter, where, under the supervision of Captain G. D'Arcy Anderson and Lieutenant Farquharson, Joe the marine learns the art of killing. Effectually he learns it, too; for not only does he acquire the ordinary military methods, but also the nautical ones with Nordenfelts, Hotchkiss, 4·7- and 6-inch quick-firers, and big guns as well, the largest of these being a huge 8-inch breech-loader of a rather antiquated pattern, that no longer obtains in the Navy, and which is now mounted in very few ships.

THE OLD BURIAL-GROUND OF FRENCH PRISONERS

The day that I went to Forton, I found the gunnery-supervisor seeing to Maxim gun practice over the creek. The view was an interesting one. The tide was out, and the streak of blue water wound in serpentine curves through the brown and emerald weedy mud, away towards the distant harbour, where great battleships lay alongside the jetties or in the basins beyond, till they faded into an infinity of haze, a forest of masts dimly visible in the smoke. To the left, a mile off, low down and surrounded by earthworks are the powder magazines, where are stored explosives of one sort and another, enough, did they blow up, to lay all Portsmouth in ruins. Twice have there been explosions, small affairs that luckily did not spread; but, even so, every one up at Forton felt it, and many were blown off their legs, and some burning fragments fell heavily all over the barracks, though fortunately, no one was hurt much there on either occasion. In the magazine the death-roll was heavy, eleven men being killed and many wounded in one disaster.

The worst of these explosions is that there is never any finding out how they occurred —the site of a magazine becomes a big, black hole, and, of course, no trace remains of the men who were in it at the time it "went up." Still there is no doubt that familiarity with powerful explosives breeds contempt, and many men grow careless despite the severe and stringent rules framed for their protection; and there are always some, who in an idle moment will play with



LYING DOWN IN THE ORTHODOX FASHION

the fuse of a loaded shell, just as the skipper of a powder ship will sit on a barrel of gunpowder and smoke.

Behind the creek lies an interesting memento of the old French War, a walled-in space where lie buried countless prisoners who died during captivity. Most of the graves are nameless mounds, but there are three headstones. The inscriptions upon these are nearly undecipherable; one bears the name of Eugene —— (the remainder cannot be read). This spot is sacred, no one ever enters it; but alongside, in a smaller walled space, convicts were buried, and this is utilised as a practice-ground for buglers, for here is the most out-of-the-way corner obtainable for practice, and diabolical are the noises that the learners make. A hundred years is a long time; it is interesting, therefore, to note the respect still paid to the graves of brave Frenchmen in a place where space is very valuable.

All sorts of legends crowd around this lonely spot. It is, of course, haunted; and in the old days, no sentry there would keep at his post at midnight. Flogging as a preventive of the terror was useless, and eventually the sentries had to be doubled. Nowadays the ghost is seldom seen, and even when it appears no two accounts agree as to what its form may be. Its latest authenticated appearance was at the time of the last Fenian scare, about fifteen years ago, when a guard was established to look after the magazine hard by, and the sentries had orders to shoot any one who did not halt at the challenge.

It was on a winter evening, deep snow upon the ground, and all had gone well till after midnight. Then, suddenly, there came a sentry's challenge, and almost immediately the report of a rifle, followed shortly by another. The guard turned out, racing hither and thither in the snow, raising a hue and cry first in this direction, then in that. At last things settled down, and when the captain of the guard investigated the matter, he learned from the sentry that a large, black "Thing" had jumped over the graveyard wall, and run at him on all fours when he challenged. He fired, whereupon the "Thing" rose to its feet, and running sometimes on all fours, sometimes upright, rushed towards the creek followed by the sentry and the guard. Arrived at the creek it plunged in, breaking the ice, and though the pursuers waited long nothing was ever seen of it again. The captain, but half

MAXIM GUN AND CREW

believing the story, yet thinking that some attempt may have been made, went and looked for the traces of the footsteps, which were visible enough in the moonlight. And now comes the extraordinary part of the story. *For some twenty yards there would be a man's footprints, then, for a space, those of a large animal; sometimes the one, sometimes the other, but never the two together!*

Thus the Forton mystery. The ice was broken and the creek dragged the next day, but nothing was ever found. No satisfactory solution has ever been discovered, for the footprints began suddenly in the centre of the old burial ground, and led thence towards the magazine, sometimes man and sometimes beast, until they ended on the shores of the creek.

There are other ghost stories hanging around this spot, but they are mostly gruesome and horrible, rather than interesting. One, however, is worthy of mention since it has a pathetic tenderness about it, not usual in the ghost story, though it is only remembered nowadays by "five badgers" after the second gallon. Once, long ago, the two sentries were surprised to see a woman coming toward them in the twilight. It seemed early for a ghost, and while they still pondered and hesitated she came up to them and said something in a foreign tongue. Spanish, they took it to be. They tried to explain that they did not speak her language, but she only smiled sweetly and sadly, and walked on. They lost her in the gloaming, but presently as they argued whether or no she were a ghost, one of them, the bolder of the two, peeped over the wall into the burial ground, and saw her standing over one of the graves. And beside her stood a French officer in uniform, so near that they could see his face, and they saw him kiss the woman as she came to him, and they heard him speaking words of love. Thereupon the other sentry, who was not a sentimental man, plucked up courage and looking over the wall, too, shouted out some coarse joke; and with the shouting both the officer and the lady vanished. Thereupon he fired, and both of them ran for it, meeting the guard before they had gone many steps, and the sergeant of the guard, coming back with

them, looked over the wall, too. No one was visible, but on one of the graves were some tall white flowers that had not been there before. They dared not go nearer then; but in the daylight they went to look closer. The flowers had vanished; and all that they ever found was a soiled piece of paper on which was written *Jusqu' à la morte—et après.*

However, ghosts are never seen nowadays; and they say that the buglers and the vicious rattle of the Maxim have driven them away.

The Maxim firing at Forton is entirely with blank ammunition; the ball practice being carried out on board the R.M. launch at Spithead. It is a wonderful weapon, the Maxim, with which it is possible, as most people know nowadays, to fire either single shots or a stream at the rate of several hundred a minute, the loading and firing being performed automatically by the force of the recoil. All that the operator has to do is to keep his thumbs pressed upon a lever and a button, and aim, then the weapon will blaze away till the band of cartridges is emptied. The only objections to a Maxim are that it is impossible to control the rate of fire, and that with careless operators "jams" are frequent. With intelligent men working it, however, anything wrong can be righted in a few seconds. Stops have to be made occasionally to allow the water chamber which surrounds the barrel to cool; it boils in quite a short while, so great is the heat of the firing!

(G. West & Son, photo, Gosport)

CAPTAIN ANDERSON, R.M.L.I.

MRS. HANNAH SNELL

The most curious feature of a Maxim—to a layman—is the stream of empty cartridges shot out in front of the gun; they fall so rapidly that they appear a solid mass of metal.

In various side-sheds instruction classes go on; in some, verbal lectures on guns and explosives, in others, big gun drill. There is a popular idea that "red marines" (as the marine light infantry are termed from the colour of their uniforms), are, to all intents and purposes, mere soldiers who go to sea in men-of-war. There could be no greater mistake. Every form of big gun exercise is learnt as well, and the only difference between "red marines" and "blue marines" (artillery), is that the

latter do field gun exercise also. The curious thing about it is that, notwithstanding all these extra duties, the Marines always march past infinitely better than ordinary infantry. Bluejackets generally "go past like a wall," too; but the jovial Jack is rather out of court in these matters, from a military point of view —since the left hand of every sailor on these occasions is hitched into the sleeve of the man next to him, whereas the soldier and marine march with arms free.

In the sheds, which internally bear a very close resemblance to gun-decks of men-of-war, are mounted guns of various types, the now antique 9-inch muzzle-loader that only our obsolete ironclads carry, breech-loaders, and quick-firers of all sorts. The gun-ports of these sheds are fitted just like man-of-war ports, and after the "firing" of the gun, there comes the bang of the hastily-shut port, just as on ship board. Number One of the gun directing the broadside, raises and lowers his hand, allowing in imagination for the roll of the ship putting the gun on and off the target; and he is taught to stand in the curious nautical attitude, appropriate to his duties, which is more useful than picturesque. Here may be seen men running, dragging behind them the heavy shell for the gun; there a party desert their gun and rush to put out a fire that in fancy burns the foke's'le where an enemy's shell has burst. Elsewhere, the men are lying around their gun; a drill as important as any, for lying down is likely to save many a life in action, and it is necessary to know how to lie, a thing that there are many ways of doing—the correct and orthodox one being so to lie that the hands will afford an instant leverage for springing up again at the order.

So the drill goes on, the men stripped to the waist, for it is hot work in the summer-time, and above the din sound the loud voices of the sergeant-instructors bawling out a seeming unintelligible cataract of instructions *à la* drill-book.

The most interesting shed is that which contains a Nordenfeldt gun mounted upon a "rolling-motion platform." This platform is so constructed that by turning a couple of handles it can be given a motion similar to that of a rolling ship, and a realistic motion it is, especially when the handle-turners work with a will. It is trying to the recruit on such occasions, at times, indeed, more than trying, if all accounts be true!

While the platform is thus moving the men fire the Nordenfelt, using of course, the Morris-tube.* Facing them is a target painted dark, and along a gutter at the base of this runs a dummy torpedo-boat, white-washed to represent a boat under the search-light. It is not an easy target, for, mounted upon crank wheels, it "bobs" in a most natural fashion, and this, combined with the everlasting motion of the platform, makes straight shooting a difficult thing.

Rifle practice with the Morris-tube is carried on in another shed, a long narrow one, with the men lying at one end and the targets at the other.

No description of Forton Barracks would be complete without a reference to *The Globe and Laurel*, the journal of the Royal Marines. There are several editors at different depôts, but the editorial headquarters are at Forton. It is a brightly written little paper with a few illustrations, published monthly at a penny, and it has the rare experience, for a regimental concern, of being self-supporting. It deals largely with matters having to do with the "sea-soldiers," but it also contains readable stories and other matters of general interest, and so energetic are the editors that they have publishing, for the benefit of the magazine, as a half-crown volume under the cheerful title of "The Petrified Eye," a reprint of naval stories that have appeared in their pages.

The multifarious duties of marines afloat and ashore do not enter into the scope of this article, it is enough to quote the words of the great St. Vincent, who, speaking of them, said:

"There never was an appeal made to them for honour, courage, or loyalty, that they did not more than realise my highest expectations. If ever the hour of real danger should come to England, the marines will be found the country's sheet-anchor."

Someone—a linesman, possibly—has said that the admiral also added in a loud voice:

* A Morris-tube is practically a small rifle barrel of diminutive bore, that is inserted inside the barrel of a Nordenfelt or rifle. The bullets are about the size of those from a rook-rifle, and practice at handling the larger weapon is thus obtained for a trifling cost. It can also be fired in a confined space where the ordinary bullet could not be used.

'Tell that to the marines," and hence the origin of the famous phrase! But this is doubtless a *canard*.

For the rest, any marine officer will tell you that it is a common thing on shipboard to hear: "Send me twenty blue-jackets or half-a-dozen marines," and will go on to show you how this proves St. Vincent's opinion of the force. On the other hand, any naval officer will explain that the order is always the other way about; however, since both sides ought to look at the matter from their own standpoint and with a jealous regard for their own "arm," we need not cavil or investigate, but say, like the fabled Irishman, "They're both right!" Be that as it may, the marines are always to the fore when anything is to be done, and the marine officer, who grumbles that he does not get enough work to do, is so common that he is no longer remarked on. *Per Mare, per Terram*—by sea or by land—they are ever ready to do their duty for the Empire and the Queen.

THE FORTON BARRACKS GHOST

A WALK IN ATHENS

By M. GARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL AND ANTHONY FOX

IN Athens in November it is warm and sunny. The sun goes down over Salamis a rayed disc, or bathes the west in a sea of blood to commemorate the old battle-day.

Stand on the slope of Lycabettus, and look towards Ægina across the sea. The steamers and warships come and go constantly.

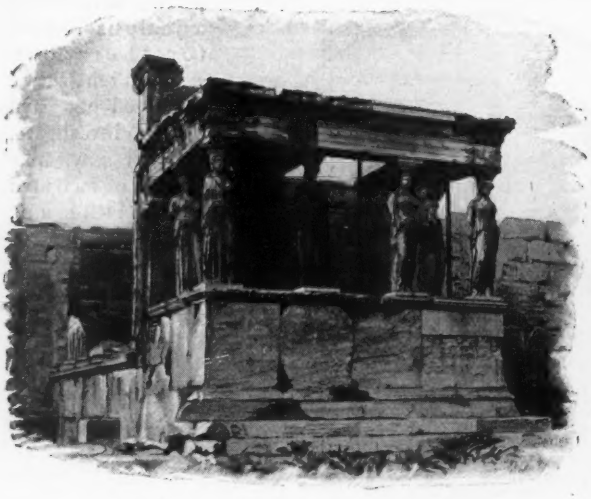
On Ægina itself on the sky-line the columns of the temple appear. Behind the island runs the long line of the mountains of the Peloponnese, ending to the south in the island Hydra, the cradle of the free Greece of to-day.

Feel the sunshine, look at the roses and chrysanthemums in the gardens. Here on the hillside see the yellow crocuses and the cyclamen. This morning at daybreak the dawn was as rosy-fingered as in the early days. The birds burst out singing at the coming of day.

The young trees planted on both sides of the street are flourishing, the pepper-trees are heavy with the strings of red pepper, hiding among the leaves.

That explosion that you heard was the sound of blasting up in the quarries on Lycabettus. It shook the ground beneath our feet almost as much as the earthquakes in the spring.

From where you are sitting the Acropolis



CARYATID PORCH OF ERECHTHEUM

stands out against the sky. It is warm now, and you do not care to walk so far. For sixpence or so, you can have an "ámaxa," not a Homeric chariot, but a rather tumble-down hackney carriage with two horses.

Your carriage stops at the Acropolis gates. How the sun blazes down on the sea and the marble! That is Salamis right before you. The break in the line of hills further north is Daphne which you pass on your way to Eleusis. The building at the extremity of the plain is a lunatic asylum.

The peak behind Daphne is Cithæron, where Œdipus was cast away. There is hardly a tree on it now. It looks a bleak desolate place.

Parnes stretches away from the sea in a long ridge covered with vines. The coarse red wine you had at dinner last night was called Parnes.

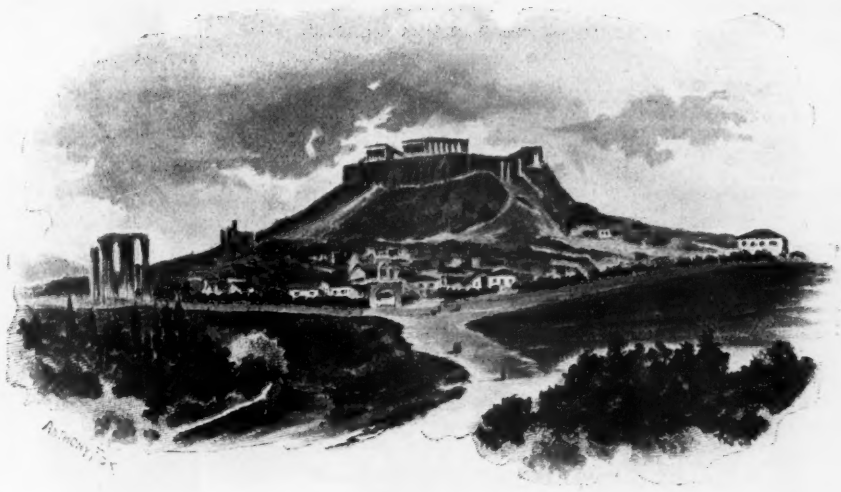
The little bay at Phalerum shines like a mirror in the sun. Round on the other side of the little promontory rise the masts of the ships in the Peiræus harbour. There is the road you drove up yesterday, and running almost parallel on the one side is the line of the old city wall, and on the other the track of the railway. From the sea a great belt of olives stretches up the Attic plain, and marks the bed of the Cephisus.

Turn round and come up the Propylæa steps. This is the old sacred road winding up the middle, and there is the roughing on the rock for the ancient chariot-wheels. Pass through the columned gateway! How the shadows on the marble columns change colour! They were purple a moment ago, and now they are black. This left wing was the ancient picture gallery.

On this little terrace on the right is the temple of the Wingless Victory, one of the trophies of the Persian wars. Here we look down on the sea, and think of the poor old king looking out for the sail of his son's ship, only to hurl himself down when he saw its colour. The ancient balustrade that ran round this dangerous edge is in the museum close by. But the frieze is still up there, looking towards the field of Marathon on the one side and the strait of Salamis on the other.

The Parthenon is standing majestically looking down on the world, her lovely

TOMB OF DEXILEOS, ATHENS



ACROPOLIS FROM S.E.; OLYMPICUM AND ARCH OF HADRIAN IN FOREGROUND

columns browned with time and the smoke of the great explosion of two hundred years ago. Little brown hawks flutter round her broken pediments. Stand at the end here, and look through the frame made by the two end columns! Do you see how they bulge at the middle in a gentle curve? Look along the top step here! It is not a straight line either, but swells up in a similar billowy curve. There is not one straight line in this simple, severe-looking building; it is full of the most gracious and cunning curves. Its majesty is not stiffness, but consummate grace.

These fallen columns are lying across the devastating path of war. They stood two thousand years, waiting for gunpowder to be invented to blow them down. On the walls inside are the faint remains of the frescoed saints of the Christian times when the temple of the virgin goddess became the church of the virgin mother. The minaret that marked its Turkish occupation is gone, with all the other minarets of Greece; the traces of the oppressor had to be destroyed, and with them went nearly all that was mediæval in Greece; so that the classic and the modern stand out in sharp relief against one another.

On the north side of the Acropolis stands the Erechtheum. The marble ladies holding up the porch are the Caryatides. That black one is of terra-cotta, and a substitute for the real one, which is now in the British Museum. It was as long ago as 1846 that the French rebuilt the Caryatid portico, and the whole side wall of the temple. Since then the Greek archæologists have been at work, trying to ferret out the mystery of the plan of the curiously compound building, where Poseidon and Athena were at such close quarters, though on different levels apparently.

The great north door, with its exquisite marble relief work, stands close by the three marks in the ground which the temple attendants showed Pausanias as the print of the trident of Poseidon, but the olive of Athena is not now to be seen. The dainty ornateness of the design round the door suggests the time of Louis XVI. to the modern mind.

In between the two temples, cut on the rock, is an inscription to Mother Earth. The whole space between and around the temples is strewn with blocks from fallen columns and other débris. These have been arranged in painful rows, which would give the place the appearance of a builder's yard, were it not for the vegetation.

Come and look down on the modern city. On the south side of it you see the modern cemetery. The tall white monument so visible from here is to the memory of Henry Schliemann, the finder of Troy.

TEMPLE OF WINGLESS VICTORY ON THE ACROPOLIS

There is a funeral going to the cemetery now. If you were near enough, you would see that the bier is open and the face uncovered, the corpse dressed as in life, with flowers strewn on it. The priests walk in front with banners, and sing a dirge.

The practice exists here of digging up the bones after a few years, and placing them in a box in the bone-house in the cemetery. Before they are put in the box they are carefully washed; and you may meet a woman smilingly carrying in a basket the bones of the parent at whose funeral, two years ago, she nearly died of grief.

Between the cemetery and the Acropolis there are still standing some columns of the great temple of the Olympian Zeus; one is fallen, shaken down by a gale. At the foot of the columns there are the chairs of a café. A hermit used to live upon the top of the columns, never coming down, only letting down a basket for charitable passers-by to put food in. He is still remembered in Athens.

From the eastern part of the Acropolis you have another view. Lycabettus faces you, conical and bare, within recent years disfigured almost past recognition by the enormous slices quarried out of it for building material. Behind it Pentelicus stretches its giant pediment, and the sun lights up the great white patches on its side that mark the old marble quarries.

Close under the Acropolis are the remains of two theatres. The one with the back wall still standing dates from Roman times. It was built by Herodes Atticus to the memory of his wife Regilla. The other was originally a Greek structure, dating probably from the beginning of the fifth century. The great stoa of Eumenes runs from the Roman theatre towards the Greek one.

The theatre is silent now. A washerwoman has spread her linen to dry on the upper tiers of seats, where they are cut out of the rock, the spot anciently devoted to the Athenian ladies. Down in the orchestra an old bent crone is gathering herbs for salad, which she digs from between the stones with a knife.

Here between the two theatres stood the temple of Asclepeus, the god of healing. There is a small cave in the rock which still has a spring of chalybeate water which you may go and drink. The tradition of sanctity is handed down to to-day, for there is a picture of the Panaghia in the cave, and a light burning before it.

Do not look too attentively at the woman passing us carrying a child. She will think

that you have the evil eye, and will do her child harm. Better spit on the ground, or make the sign of the cross, or, if you would prefer it, say, "God bless the child." Then she will look grateful.

Turn your thoughts again to the Acropolis! Here between the Parthenon and the Propylæa stood the great statue of Athena—not that "brétas" to which Orestes fled for protection; that stood in the Erectheum, and to it yearly the Athenians brought a new peplum—but that great bronze maiden whose glittering spear and helm the sailor saw as he came towards the Peiræus from Sunum. There is no trace of her now. We can hardly ascertain the exact spot on which she stood.

The Areopagus, this nearest hill, has no buildings left, only memories. The only trace of man's handiwork is a small flight of steps cut in the rock, and not now leading either to or from anywhere. Here sat the august tribunal to which Athena referred Orestes for justice when he fled to her altar from the avenging furies.

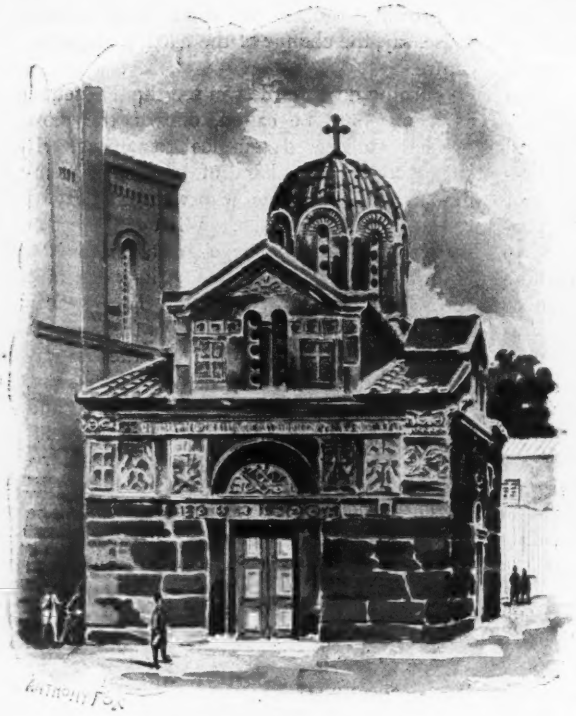
It was standing here, looking at the surpassing beauty of the temples made with hands, that St. Paul delivered his wonderful speech to the Athenians. One member of the tribunal at least was present.

The spring that flowed in Christopher Wordsworth's time from under the rock has dried up, though a railing round the chasm still invites the ubiquitous laundress.

On the hill of the nymphs there now stands the observatory. The result of the careful observations taken there declare the climate of Athens to vary more than that of any other capital in Europe. As the ancient Athenians often refer with pride to their temperate climate, we are led to suppose that the climate has altered, either from the loss of growing timber or some more occult cause, say, the change of the earth's magnetic centre.

Turning northwards you see the Theseum, as it may still be called, one of the most perfectly preserved temples remaining. It has a comfortable look of having been intended for the people who were too lazy to toil up to the Acropolis. What the effect of its appearance can have been when the golden shields still hung on its architrave can scarcely be imagined. The spaces where the shields hung are still faintly visible on the marble. Behind it is the railway station with the inscription over the doorway, "Zito o Vasilefs," "Zito to Ethnos," and the trains running to the Peiræus every half-hour. Beyond the station is the old cemetery, the Cerameicus. Here on their original sites are some ancient Athenian tombs. The young Dexileos rides down his enemy in battle. The lady Hegeso sits with one hand

TOMBS IN THE CERAMICUS, ATHENS; THAT OF HEGESO ON THE LEFT



OLD CATHEDRAL, ATHENS

on the jewel-case which her maid is just handing her. She is attiring herself for her final journey. This two-handled vase, archæologists tell us, marks the grave of some young person who died unmarried.

This was the spot where the Athenian who died in battle was buried, and a speech made over him. It was his Westminster Abbey, where his tomb would announce his fame to posterity, and proclaim him one of the illustrious dead for whom, as Pericles says, the whole earth is the sepulchre, and the hearts of men the monument.

Close under the north side of the great citadel, at the foot of the rocky part, are the caves of Apollo, Pan and Aglauros. In the Ion, Euripides makes Creusa refer to the cave of Apollo as the scene of her meeting with the god, and also as the place where she exposed their child. Between the caves of Apollo and Aglauros, a mysterious staircase leads down from the Acropolis. It was down here probably that the Arrephori carried their mysterious burdens out to the precinct of Eileithyia, near that of Aphrodite in the gardens. The popular imagination, which always delights in the idea of a long subterranean passage, supposes this to run down to Phalerum. It ends now in a square chamber used by the Turks as a guard-room during the siege of the Acropolis by the Venetians.

Flights of steps lead down through the houses on the lower slope of this side of the Acropolis, which has an unpleasant smell after heavy rains. The whole quarter is covered with small houses belonging to poor people, and it is difficult to realise that in King Otto's time this was the fashionable quarter, where all the English Philhellenes lived.

The house where Sir Richard Church lived, where so much was planned for Greece that has hardly even yet been realised, is now a boys' school, and the children drill in what was once Sir Richard's garden, and often thronged with Clephtic chiefs.

Finlay, the historian, lived in the house close by, where the two tall palms are still standing. The profusion of antique remains lying about, when his house was built, may be inferred from the number of reliefs and inscriptions built into the wall. His name calls up those of all the Philhellenes of his day—Lord Byron, Sir Charles Napier, Frank Abney Hastings, Sir Richard Church. It seems strange that the Greece of to-day has forgotten them so entirely, with the exception of Lord Byron.

We pass through the stoa of Attalus to get to the modern prison. The prisoners are behind a grating, through which their friends pass them food and tobacco. At one corner there is a little shop where you may buy through the bars little articles made by the prisoners. The law about imprisonment seems in a curious state. If you cause a man to be imprisoned, you must pay for his food while he is incarcerated.

You turn past the stoa again into the shoe bazaar. This is a quaint little street, like a bit of Smyrna. The red flat-soled shoes, with their fat tassels on the toes,

dangle at each door, and within the men are sitting working at shoe-making. A medley of knives and scarves and tobacco-pouches are hanging up, mixed with carpets and fustanellas.

In University Street you see the unfinished building of the library; a little further up the road the university, with its pictured porch. At present there are five hundred law students out on strike against a tyrannous edict, as they think it, exacting from them a knowledge of Latin, and written examinations. But the Ministry of Education, to whom they have appealed, shows no signs of relenting.

Above it is the white and gold academy, suggestive of a French drawing-room in its smart prettiness, dominated and extinguished by two tall columns bearing statues. Inside is one of the finest collections of ancient coins that exists.

You come back to the Palace Square, and turn into the King's garden, to see the mosaics of the Roman baths, and to rest a while among the orange-trees and roses, and to look at the sunset.

The great red feathery clouds are strewn over the daintily pale blue sky. Out over the sea the blue faints into a strange green, before it melts into the golden blaze. On the other side of the sky the great stars are beginning to hang out their lamps, and you have not seen the stadium, once a blaze of white marble, where the runners strove for their laurel crowns, so long a desert place where the lovely little wild flowers of Attica ran riot, and now again clothed in marble, and used for athletic competitions. You have not seen the institution for training the elementary women teachers, whose efficiency and good position are such a credit to modern Greece. You have not noticed the Byzantine churches; you have not even seen Hermes Street and Stadium Street, with their bright semi-Parisian shops. You have missed even the wonderful sculptures of the National and the Acropolis museums; the sepulchral reliefs where grief and comeliness strive together, the votive statues in their superb, if archaic, dignity; the golden treasures brought from the city of Mycenæ.

The sun sinks slowly in the west, and for a short time the whole of Hymettus is steeped in a purple glow. Athens has still her violet crown, after all.

WINTER

FAR in the north, the wandering moon looks down
Upon a frozen sea and frozen land,
A dreary, barren waste, where strange fires play
Across a sunless sky, among the keen,
Clear-glittering stars: and far to southward drive
The snow-clouds, and the bitter north-winds howl
Through mountain-glens, and break the forest-trees.
The furious waves tear at the crumbling cliffs,
And many a prayer is said for those at sea,
And many a ship goes down in sight of shore,
In dim grey twilights of December days.
And with December days comes that glad feast
We keep to Him who brought our life to light.
So, when the night is darkest, dawn is near!

MARY A. M. MARKS.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By FRANK T. BULLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

NEVER, within the history of mankind, does there appear to have been a time when dwellers by the sea did not believe in some awful and gigantic monster inhabiting that unknown and vague immensity.

Whether we turn to Genesis to find great sea-monsters first of created sentient beings, or ransack the voluminous records of ancient civilisations, the result is the same. What a picture is that of the Hindu sage in the Fish Avatar of Krishna, finding himself and his eight companions alone in their ark upon the infinite sea, being visited by the god as an indescribably huge serpent extending a million leagues, shining like the sun and with one stupendous horn, sky-piercing.

In the brief compass of this article I do not propose to *réchauffer* any sea-serpent stories, ancient or modern. More especially because my subject is the Kraken, and while I hold most firmly that the gigantic mollusc which can alone be given that title is the *fons et origo* of all true sea-serpent stories, it is with facts relating to the former that I have alone to deal. As might have been expected, all stories of sea-monsters have a strong family likeness, showing pretty conclusively their common derivation, with such differences as the locality and personality of the narrative must be held accountable for. But among sea-folk, as among all people leading lives in close contact with the elemental forces of Nature, legends persist with marvellous vitality, and so the story of the Kraken is to be found wherever men go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters.

Substantially the story is: that long low-lying banks have been discovered by vessels, which have moored thereto, only to find the supposed land developing wondrous peculiarities. Amid tremendous turmoil of seething waters, arms innumerable, like a nest of mighty serpents, arose from the deep, followed at last by a horrible head, of a bigness and diabolical appearance unspeakably appalling. Fascinated by the terrible eyes that, large as shields, glared upon them, the awe-stricken seamen beheld some of the far-reaching tentacles, covered with multitudes of mouths, embracing their vessel, while others searched her alow and aloft, culling the trembling men from the rigging like ripe

fruit, and conveying them forthwith into an abysmal mouth where they vanished for ever.

Such a story, especially when embellished by professional story-tellers, has of course met with well merited scepticism, but sight has been largely lost of the fact that from very early times much independent testimony has been borne to the existence of mighty molluscæ in many waters, sufficiently huge and horrific to have furnished a substantial basis for any number of hair-raising yarns. And having myself for some years been engaged in the sperm whale fishery, all over the globe, I now venture to bear the testimony of another eye-witness to the truth of many Kraken legends, however much they may have been, and are now doubted.

To eager students of marine natural history, nothing can well be stranger than the manner in which, with two or three honourable exceptions, the sperm whale fishers of the world have "sinned their mercies." To them as to no other class of sea-farers have been vouchsafed not glimpses merely, but consecutive months and years of the closest intimacy with the secret things of old ocean, embracing almost the whole navigable globe. And when, unpressed for time, they have leisurely entered those slumbrous latitudes so anxiously avoided by the hurried, worried merchantmen, how utterly have they neglected their marvellous opportunities of observation of the wonders there revealed. It may not be generally known that during long-persisting calms the sea surface changes its character. From limpid blue it becomes greasy and pale, from that health-laden odour to which the gratified nostrils dilate, and the satisfied lungs expand there is a gruesome change to an unwholesome stench of stagnation and decaying things, such as the genius of Coleridge depicted when he sang:

> "The very deep did rot, O Christ!
> That ever this should be;
> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy sea."

Strangest of all the strange visitors to the upper world at such times is the gigantic squid, or cuttle-fish. Of all the myriad species of Mollusca this monster may fairly claim chief place, and neither in ancient or modern times have any excited more interest than he. Upon his awe-inspiring and uncanny bulk the ancients, gazing with child-like fear, have done their best to transmit their impressions to posterity. Aristotle writes voluminously upon the subject, as he did about most things, but his cuttles are such as are known to most of us. Pliny leaves on record much concerning the Sepiadæ which is evidently accurate in the main, mentioning especially (lib. ix. caps. iv. and xxx.) one monster slain on the coast of Spain which was in the habit of robbing the salt-fish warehouses. Pliny caused the great head to be sent to Lucullus, and states that it filled a cask of fifteen amphoræ. Its arms were thirty feet long, so thick that a man could hardly embrace them at their bases, and provided with suckers, or acetabula, as large as basins holding four or five gallons. But those who have leisure and inclination may pursue the subject in the works of Ælian, Paulinus (who describes the monster as a gigantic crab), Bartholinus, Athanasius Kircher, Athanæus, Olaus Magnus, and others. Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, in his "Natural History of Norway," has done more than any other ancient or modern writer to discredit reports, essentially truthful, by the outrageous fabrications he tells by way of embellishment of the facts which he received. Least trustworthy of all, he has been in this connection most quoted of all, but here he shall be mentioned only to hold his inventions up to the scorn they so richly deserve.

The gigantic squid is, unlike most of the cephalopoda, a decapod, not an octopod, since it possesses, in addition to the eight branchiæ with which all the family are provided, two tentacula of double their length, having suckers, or acetabula, only in a small cluster at their ends. This fact was noticed by Athanasius Kircher, who describes a large animal seen in the Sicilian seas which had *ten* rays, or branches, and a body equal in size to that of a whale; which, seeing how wide the range in size among whales, is certainly not over-definite. Coming down to much later days, we find Dénys de Montfort *facile princeps* in his descriptions of the Kraken ("Hist. Nat. de Molluscs," tome ii. p. 284). Unfortunately, his reputation for truthfulness is but so-so, and he is reported to have expressed great delight at the ease with which he could gull credulous people. Still the best of his stories may be quoted,

"Seizing two of the men, drew them below the surface"

remembering that, as far as his description of the monster is concerned, he does not appear to have exaggerated at all.

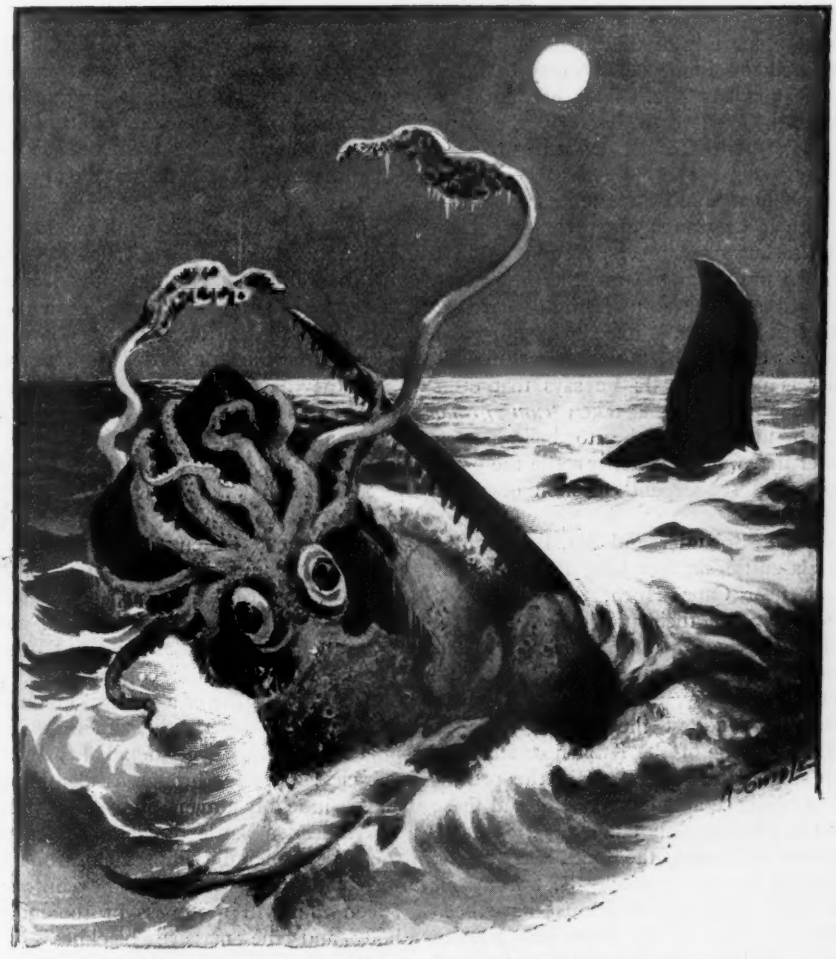
He records how he became acquainted with a master mariner of excellent repute, who had made many voyages to the Indies for the Gothenburg Company, by name Jean Magnus Dens. To this worthy, sailing his ship along the African coast, there fell a stark calm, the which he, even as do prudent shipmasters to-day, turned to good account, by having his men scrape and cleanse the outside of the vessel, being suspended near the water by stages for that purpose. While thus engaged, suddenly there arose from the blue placidity beneath a most "awful monstrous" cuttle-fish, which threw its arms over the stage, and seizing two of the men, drew them below the surface. Another man, who was climbing on board, was also seized, but after a fearful struggle his shipmates succeeded in rescuing him. That same night he died in raving madness. The mollusc's arms were stated

to be at the base of the bigness of a fore-yard (*vergue d'un mât de misaine*), while the suckers were as large as ladles (*cueillier à pot*).

One who should have done better—Dr. Shaw, in his lectures—calmly makes of that "fore-yard" a "mizen-mast," and of the "ladles," "pot-lids," which may have been loose translation, even as the scraping "*gratter*" is funnily rendered "raking," as if the ship's bottom were a hayfield, but looks uncommonly like editorial expansion, which the story really does not require.

Another story narrated by Denys de Montfort relates how a vessel was attacked by a huge "poulp," which endeavoured to drag down vessel and all, but the crew, assisted by their patron, St. Thomas, succeeded in severing so many of the monster's arms from his body that he was fain to depart, and leave them in peace. In gratitude for their marvellous deliverance, they caused an *ex voto* picture to be painted of the terrible scene, and hung in their parish church, for a testimony to the mighty power of the saint.

In the Phil. Trans. of the Royal Society (lxviii. p. 226), Dr. Schewediawer tells of a sperm whale being hooked (*sic*) which had in its mouth a tentaculum of the Sepia



"They wound and gripped about the columnar head of the great mammal"

Octopodia, twenty-seven feet long. This was not its entire length, for one end was partly digested, so that when *in situ* it must have been a great deal longer. When we consider, says the learned doctor, the enormous bulk of the animal to which the tentaculum here spoken of belonged, we shall cease to wonder at the common saying of sailors, that the cuttle-fish is the largest in the ocean.

In Figuier's "Ocean World," he quotes largely from Michelet, that great authority on the Mollusca, giving at length the latter's highly poetical description of the vast family of "murderous suckers," as he terms the cephalopoda.

In the same work, too, will be found a most matter-of-fact description and illustration of the meeting of the French corvette *Alecton* with an immense calamary between Teneriffe and Madeira. This account was furnished by Lieutenant Bayer to the Académie des Sciences, and is evidently a sober record of fact. The monster's body was hauled alongside, and an attempt was made to secure it by means of a hawser passed round it, but of course, as soon as any strain was put upon the rope, it drew completely through the soft gelatinous carcass, severing it in two. The length of this creature's body was fifty feet. But M. Figuier is not satisfied; he says that even this account must be taken *cum grano salis*, so unwilling is he to believe in a monster that would evidently settle the great Kraken and sea-serpent question once for all.

Even Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, after finding a cuttle six feet long floating upon the sea near Cape Horn, the which was quite beyond all their previous experience, could not bring themselves to believe in the existence of any larger. So at the beginning of this century, while people had largely consented to accept the sea-serpent, they would have none of the Kraken or anything which might reasonably explain the persistence of evidence about him. But had these scientific sceptics only taken the trouble to interview the crews of the South Sea whalers, that sailed in such a goodly fleet from our ports fifty years ago, they must have been convinced that, so far from the Kraken being a myth, he is one of the most substantial of facts, unless, indeed, they believed that all whalemen were in a conspiracy to deceive them on that point.

Any thoughtful observer who has ever seen a school of sperm whales, numbering several hundreds, and understood, from the configuration of their jaws, that they must of necessity feed upon large creatures, can never after feel difficulty in believing that, in order to supply the enormous demand for food made by these whales, their prey must be imposing in size, and abundant in quantity.

On my first meeting with the cachalot, on terms of mutual destruction, I knew nothing of his habits, and cared less. But seeing him, when wounded, vomiting huge masses of white substance, my curiosity was aroused, and when I saw that these masses were parts of a mighty creature almost identical in structure with the small squid so often picked up on deck, where it falls in its frantic efforts to escape from dolphins (coryphæna), albacore, or bonito, my amazement was great. Some of these fragments were truly heroic in size.

Surgeon Beale, in his book on the sperm whale, only credits the cachalot with being able to swallow a man, but with all the respect due to so great a writer, I am bound to say that such masses as I have seen ejected from the stomach of the dying whale could only have entered a throat to which a man was as a pill is to us. We can, however, only speak of what we have seen, and perhaps Dr. Beale had never seen such large pieces ejected.

In an article in *Nature* of June 4, 1896, I have described an encounter which I witnessed between a gigantic squid and a sperm whale, in the Straits of Malacca, which, as far as I am concerned, has settled conclusively the Kraken and sea-serpent question for me. This terrific combat took place under the full glare of a tropical moon, upon the surface of a perfectly calm sea, within a mile of the ship. Every detail of the struggle was clearly visible through a splendid glass, and is indelibly graven upon my mind. It was indeed a battle of giants—perhaps all the more solemnly impressive from being waged in perfect silence. The contrast between the livid whiteness of the mollusc's body and the massive blackness of the whale; the convulsive writhing of the tremendous arms, as, like a Medusa's head

"Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks finding a cuttle six feet long floating upon the sea, near Cape Horn"

magnified a thousand times, they wound and gripped about the columnar head of the great mammal, made a picture unequalled in all the animal world for intense interest. The immense eyes, at least a foot in diameter, glared out of the dead white of the head, inky black, appalling in their fixity of gaze. Could we have seen more nearly, and

in daylight, we should have also found that the sea was turned from its normal blue into a dusky brown by the discharge of the great cephalopod's reservoir of sepia, which in such a creature must have been a tank of considerable capacity. Each of those far-reaching arms were of course furnished with innumerable acetabula, or sucking discs, most of them a foot in diameter, and, in addition to the adhering apparatus, provided with a series of claws set round the inner edges of the suckers, large as those of a grizzly bear. Besides the eight arms, there were the two tentacula, double the length of the arms, or over sixty feet long—in fact, about the length of the animal's body, and quite worthy of being taken for a pair of sea-serpents by themselves. But the whale apparently took no heed of the Titanic struggles of this enormous mollusc. He was busy wielding his mighty jaws, not in mastication, but in tearing asunder the soft flesh into convenient lumps for being swallowed. All around were numerous smaller whales or sharks, joining in the plentiful feast, like jackals round a lion. Every fisherman worth his salt knows how well all fish that swim in the sea love the sapid flesh of the cephalopoda, making it the finest bait known, and in truth it is, and always has been, a succulent dainty, where known, for mankind as well. But it is evident from the scanty number of times that the gigantic cuttle-fish has been reported, that his habitat is well beneath the surface, yet not so far down but that he may be easily reached by the whale, and also find food for his own vast bulk. Probably they prey upon one another. From what we know of the habits of those members of the family who live in accessible waters, it is evident that nothing comes amiss to them in the way of fish or flesh, dead or alive.

The Prince of Monaco, who is a devotee of marine natural history, was fortunate enough to witness some bay whalers at Terceira early this year catching a sperm whale. He and his scientific assistants were alike amazed at seeing the contents of the whale's stomach ejected before death, but their amazement became hysterical delight when they found that the ejecta consisted of portions of huge cuttle-fish, as yet unknown to scientific classification. The species was promptly named after the Prince, *Lepidoteuthis Grimaldii*, and a paper prepared and read before the Académie des Sciences at Paris. So profoundly impressed was the Prince with what he had seen, that he at once determined to convert his yacht into a whaler, in order to become better acquainted with these wonderful creatures so long known to the obtuse and careless whale-fishers. One interesting circumstance noted by the Prince was the number of circular impressions made upon the tough and stubborn substance of the whale's head, hard as hippopotamus hide, showing the tremendous power exerted by the mollusc as well as his inability to do the whale any harm.

But were I to describe in detail the numerous occasions upon which I have seen, not certainly the entire mollusc but such enormous portions of their bodies as would justify estimating them as fully as large as the whales feeding upon them, it would become merely tedious repetition.

As I write comes the news that an immense squid has just been found stranded on the west coast of Ireland, having arms thirty feet in length, truly a formidable monster.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to know that these molluscs progress while undisturbed, literally on their heads, with all the eight arms which surround the head acting as feet as well as hands to convey food to the ever-gaping mouth; but when moving quickly, as in flight, or to attack, they eject a stream of water from an aperture in the neck, which drives them backwards at great speed, all the arms being close together. Close to this aperture is the intestinal opening, a strange position truly. Strangest, perhaps, of all is the manner in which some species grow, at certain seasons, an additional tentacle, which, when complete, becomes detached and floats away. In process of time it finds a female, to which it clings, and which it at once impregnates. It then falls off, and perishes. It is probable that the animal kingdom, in all its vast range, presents no stranger method than this of the propagation of species.

CHESS AND CHESS CLUBS

By THOS. H. ALLBUTT, Hon. Sec. of the Cheshire Chess Association

THE growing popularity of chess in this country has naturally led to the formation of a large number of clubs, great or small, devoted to the game. To tell the reader something about such clubs is one of the objects of this article. But I should obviously be wanting in respect to a pastime known as "the Royal Game," were I not first of all to say some little about chess itself.

"If I ever thought of taking a partner," said a very successful business man to the writer, a few months ago, "I should like to set him down to chess, with a 'bustling' opponent, and watch him." And certainly, in no game—not even excepting whist—is character so clearly shown as over the chess-board. Let us look into the smoke-room of this large café, and take a glance at the players. Here is the rash, sanguine man, moving hastily, and so intent upon his own scheme that he cannot see the snares and pitfalls which are preparing by his opponent. Here, at another table, is his converse, the over-cautious man, who is always dreading a hidden snare and is afraid to pursue an advantage lest he should be led into some trap. He is content with a "draw" where he could easily score a "win." Here, again, is the "bustler," trying to frighten his opponent by the rapidity of his moves, and the confident aggressive way in which he bangs down his pieces. If, as his appearance would indicate, he is a "Commercial," that is the way in which he bustles timid customers into buying. But here he has met his match; for the quiet-looking man with whom he is playing (and whom he challenged, not knowing him, because he looked a likely victim), is a master of the game, and is leading him on that he may make his overthrow the more sudden and complete. Whereat there will be great rejoicing, for the bustler is not liked.

Then look at these two games. In the one, the player who is losing has lost his nerve and is flurried, and is getting into a worse mess with every move he makes. In the other, "Black" has had to give a piece for a pawn, and to most men it would mean a lost game. But he is just as cool and collected as if the loss mattered not at all; and it is an even chance that, by taking advantage of some little bit of over-confidence on his opponent's part, he yet pulls the game out of the fire. Then how different are the ways of victors and vanquished when the games are over. Vulgar elation at winning, active ill-temper at losing; these are happily very rare; but it is not every one who can so school himself as to display entire indifference to the result. Still less is it every one who can give a jovial, hearty laugh when well beaten; or who can, like the secretary of a well-known Lancashire club, so soften the blow of defeat to an opponent by happy commentaries on the game, when finished, as to make him forget that he has been beaten.

But there are some who can go a step further. The writer well remembers watching a game in which one of the combatants was an old man who had been a fine player in his day, the other a promising juvenile just graduating in what is termed second class. The latter was playing well, and had decidedly the best of it when he made a slip—slight, but enough to give his antagonist the advantage. This the elder player followed up; and, eventually winning, he went off in high spirits.

Then the game was talked over, and various suggestions were made to the loser as to what he ought to have done at a certain point; all of which he took good-humouredly. Presently he too left the room.

Then a man who had preserved a discreet silence while the would-be advisers were at work spoke out.

"What a lot of bats you are," he said. "Couldn't you see that X. made that slip on purpose. He knew the old man wouldn't sleep to-night if he lost."

"Not a bit of it," said another man, known to be a little jealous of X. "If a fellow means losing on purpose he takes care to make a worse slip than that. He gives a piece or a pawn 'by accident.'"

"Yes, a fellow like *you* does," replied the first speaker, "and lets every one see it. X.'s

way is different; the old man hasn't a suspicion."

If the "Royal Game" shows character it is not without its use in forming it. The difficulties to be encountered by him who would excel at it are, for a young man, grand schooling for temper and perseverance; and he who has successfully overcome them will be found in most cases to have developed qualities which will stand him in good stead in after life. But few in their study of the game have encountered such difficulties and achieved such results as young Géza Marôczy, the clever Hungarian amateur who so greatly distinguished himself at Hastings and Nuremberg. He was so situated as to have no chance of actual play; and learnt his chess by the aid of books alone. When he entered for the Hastings tournament last year his name was quite unknown to the committee, and there was some hesitation about admitting him even to the amateur contest. His success there and subsequently amongst the great "masters" at Nuremburg are matters of chess history.

It must be confessed that of late our countrymen have not shown to great advantage in these "masters'" tournaments. True, Lasker, the world's champion is English by adoption; but we cannot feel quite the same satisfaction in his wonderful achievements that we do in those of our wholly English "W. G."

Perhaps another generation may see a native British champion, for, as I have already said, chess has made wonderful strides in popularity in Britain of late years. Royalty, in the person of the Duke of York plays a good game, and amongst both Lords and Commons are players of no mean capacity. The Army and Navy and the learned professions have all able representatives; the Church being well to the front with the veteran amateur, the Rev. John Owen, the Rev. C. E. Ranken (*Chess Magazine*) and others. Perhaps of all the professions that of Medicine furnishes most votaries of the game. It is hard to find a club, however small, without one or two doctors amongst its members. The Law, however, runs physic very close. Commerce has few prominent representatives, though it numbers amongst them Amos Burn, who takes rank with the great masters and came very near to winning the world's tournament in America some years ago.

Nor must the other sex be overlooked. The Duke of York's fondness for the game is shared by at least one of his sisters, the Princess Maud, who on the occasion of her marriage had amongst her presents a set of chessmen from the Ladies Chess Club, of which Lady Newnes is, I believe, president. Apropos of lady players it may be mentioned that one of the foremost, Madame Ludovici of Wiesbaden, is of English birth and parentage.

But though the amount of space now devoted to the game in the weekly press, and the large number of players to be seen in the cafés in the Metropolis and the larger towns are evidences of the growing love of chess in Britain, I am perhaps wrong in using the word "popularity" with regard to it. Chess can certainly never become popular in the sense in which the term is applied to cricket or football. To begin with, the spectator must curb his feelings to an extent that is very trying to the average Briton. There must be no shouts of encouragement and advice such as are heard round the football enclosure; for chess is essentially a game of strategy where concealment of plan is all important, and even an incautious whisper may spoil a game. Indeed, in most clubs there is a fine of greater or less severity for any "interference" on the part of a bystander. Then not only must the player who would excel in chess have a natural aptitude for it, and devote to it an amount of time and perseverance which everybody has not at command, but the lookers-on must themselves have more than a superficial knowledge of the game if they are really to enjoy watching it. It might be added that they must possess in no ordinary degree the virtue of patience; for, in match games especially, the moves are made slowly, and it is not every one who can stand or sit patiently as minute after minute goes by and the player whose turn it is to move shows no signs of doing so.

But to its own special votaries, chess has a charm probably possessed by no other game. The following of some subtle plan of attack is like the reading of a detective story when you are partly, but not wholly, in the author's confidence. Watch the little crowd round the boards in clubs or cafés when skilled players are engaged in a

friendly combat. First, the interested but half-puzzled look as the initial move of a series designed to lead to a clever trap is made. Then the twinkle in many eyes as the stratagem is pursued, followed by the keen delight and quiet mirth when the "coup" is at last brought off; or the still keener delight and hearty laugh—in which even the foiled strategist himself as often as not joins—when his opponent suddenly shows that he has all along been aware of what was aimed at, and by a well-timed and unexpected move turns the tables.

But chess may fairly be described as popular in the sense of being now played by all classes of the people. Not many years ago a town possessing a chess club was, comparatively speaking, a rarity. Now almost every place of any consequence has one or more such clubs; and many of the more populous manufacturing villages have some sort of chess organisation attached to their institutes or reading-rooms. The principal Metropolitan clubs and those of the large provincial towns are open throughout the year, but in the case of the vast majority of smaller clubs the season for play lasts only from October to March or April.

The first business after the election of officers—which generally takes place at the end of September—is to settle the season's programme. What this will be depends greatly on the character of the club. Some clubs are essentially "fighting" ones. They are never happy unless they are trying to lower the colours of neighbouring clubs, and their programmes will include a long list of matches to be played with such. Other clubs go in more for quiet play amongst their own members, and in their case the principal features of the programme will be the winter tournaments with—if the funds permit of it—a visit from some such expert as Mr. Blackburne for "simultaneous" or "blindfold" play.

The character of the winter tournaments depends greatly on the size of the club. In the larger ones, the members are divided into classes according to strength, and each player engaged in the tournament plays one game with every member of his class for the championship of it. The championship is generally coupled with a prize of some sort; and, as a rule, carries with it promotion to a higher class till the first is reached. The winner in the first class is champion of the club. It is not often that a young player wins in four successive seasons the championship of four classes, and becomes the head of his club; but this feat was accomplished by Mr. Wilfrid Palmer, the present captain of the Manchester Club. Joining the club when a pupil at the grammar school, he won the championship of the fourth class the first year, of the third and second in the two following years, and in the fourth year the championship of the club, which he has since retained.

In addition to "class" tournaments, the large clubs will have one or more handicaps; in which the players, according to their class, give or receive odds. Thus a player of the first class will give a pawn and the move to one of the second class, a pawn and two moves to one of the third, a knight to one of the fourth, and a rook to one of the fifth. A player of the second class will in turn give pawn and move to a third class man; and so on. In the smaller clubs the number of players is not sufficient for division into classes, and the tournament takes the form of a handicap, the work of arranging which is left to a sub-committee.

It is with some trepidation that a young player sits down to his first tournament game. Hitherto he has only played friendly games, when it did not greatly matter whether he lost or won; and when, if he touched a piece, his adversary was not inexorable about his moving it. Now he knows that it is strictly "touch and move," that he must make a certain number of moves within a certain time, and that his winning or losing this particular game will greatly affect his chance for the prize. Still more trying in one way is his first match game, for on his winning or losing may depend the victory or defeat of his club; and woe betide the man, who, through a careless slip loses his game under such circumstances. But, fortunately for himself, a young player will, in most cases, have had some practice in tournament play before he is put into a match team.

In matches, as a rule, only one game is played by each member of the team; which latter may vary in number from fifty down to six or seven according to the size of the clubs engaged. The boards are arranged in order from No. 1 onwards; the supposed

strongest player on each side taking his place at No. 1. In great matches the tables on which the boards are placed form a hollow square, enabling lookers-on to watch from either side. The first board will have the white men on the inner side, the second the black, and so on alternately. Before commencing, each captain hands to the other a list of his "team," arranged in order of supposed strength, and these are copied down opposite each other. Then the captains "toss" or "draw" for the first move; after which it is announced "——shire has won the move, and takes white at the odd numbers. At No. 1 board Mr. A.——shire, plays Mr. H.——shire," and so on through the list of players; who, as their names are read out, take their seats and set to work at once. Each player is provided with a long slip of paper, called a "game record" on which to put down his moves; and in matches of any importance each pair of antagonists are furnished with a double clock, so arranged on a pivot that when one clock is going the other is stopped. Both are set at the same hour (generally twelve), and as soon as White has moved he sets Black's clock going. When Black moves he in turn sets White's clock to work. Each player must make a certain number of moves (generally twenty) in an hour by his own clock, or his opponent may claim the game. The first few moves are generally made very quickly, as the time saved in the opening may be of inestimable value later, when hard thinking becomes necessary over a critical move; and the click of the clocks as they are reversed, is for a time incessant. But this is only for a few minutes; after that only an occasional click breaks the dead silence. A big match generally occupies about four hours; the result of each game as finished being recorded on a black-board, on to which the players' names have been copied. When the finish is likely to be a close one, the interest of the spectators is naturally concentrated on such of the unfinished games as are being most keenly contested. Some wonderful surprises occasionally occur in these matches. It happens more frequently than might be supposed, that a player of the first class succumbs to some lightly-esteemed adversary who has been put in from the "Reserve," at the last moment, to act as substitute for an unexpected absentee. Nor are such games always lost through recklessness on the part of the superior player. Very few men can play their best against a foeman they deem "unworthy of their steel." On the other hand, the substitute is determined to make a good fight, and plays above his usual form. It even happens now and again that a powerful team will find themselves ignominiously beaten by a party of "youngsters" of whom they have taken slight account. But this is almost invariably through overconfidence.

In many counties the different clubs are formed into an association, and play against each other for the possession of a cup or trophy. The writer's own county, Cheshire, possesses one of the most beautiful of such trophies in the challenge cup subscribed for some eight years ago by the Duke of Westminster and a number of others interested in the game. Such competitions not only tend to promote a wholesome rivalry amongst the clubs, but do much to enable a county secretary to arrive at a fair estimate of the "form" of the players from amongst whom his county team has to be chosen. The task of such selection is, as may be readily conceived, by no means an enviable one, and he would be a rash man who would dare to venture upon it alone and unaided.

The majority of the minor clubs meet but once a week; so that it cannot be urged against them that they take up an undue proportion of their members' time. Nor can it be said that their influence is otherwise than good. No betting is allowed, and a good cup of coffee is the strongest stimulant indulged in, for a chess player must keep a clear head and a cool temper. Early hours, too, are the rule, for most of the members of minor clubs are men who have to be astir in good time in the morning.

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NO THOROUGHFARE

By J. Haynes Williams

"X" RAYS IN THE EDISON LABORATORY

By JAMES NAIRN

AMONG the discoveries of science there are some which seem to round and perfect already existing knowledge, others which originate an epoch, which start invention on untried paths and open up new worlds of conjecture and investigation.

When after thirty years of work Kepler exclaimed with tears and rapture at the unfolding to him of the long sought secret, "At last, O God, I think thy thoughts!" the discovery had been made which should furnish mankind with a new starting point, and which at the same time answered the questions of the centuries as to the laws of planetary motion. But when Galvani first noticed the twitchings produced by the passage of the electric current through a frog's legs he stood, though unwittingly, at the fountain head of the science of modern electricity. He was the Columbus of science, entering on his America all unconscious of its vast extent and its supreme importance. He brought the answer to no question. It was his to give the world the new, or at any rate the hitherto unobserved fact in which lay the germ and the promise of the future.

To the same class belongs what will probably prove to be the most revolutionary discovery of the past half century, the "Röntgen Rays."

We stand on the very threshold of knowledge which has hitherto been shut from us, and who can say whither this new avenue may lead us? Developments and applications hitherto undreamed of lie in this marvellous power of seeing the unseen. The whole scientific world is on the alert, waiting with eager interest, and working with tireless energy for the next step in the path so recently opened. Among these workers and thinkers America's greatest inventor is naturally one of the most intensely interested. Day after day finds Mr. Edison at his laboratory at West Orange directing experiments, testing results, collating facts. Utilitarian as he is to the very foundation of his being, he has asked the question not "What is the explanation of this fact?" but "To what practical use can this knowledge be put?" and the answer to this question is his latest invention—the Fluoroscope—which dates from the early part of this year, 1896.

In describing this instrument, it is necessary to allude to the experiments on radiant energy which for the last twenty years have been made by notable scientists, conspicuous amongst whom is Sir William Crookes, the inventor of the vacuum tube known by his name, which was the tube used by Professor Röntgen in the discovery of the X-ray. This is a highly exhausted tube having wires brought in at each extremity and which when energised by an induction coil glows with a yellowish-green light.

It was found that various substances were rendered fluorescent* when brought into the vicinity of this light. Professor Röntgen, when experimenting with a screen of barium platino-cyanide, accidentally placed his hand between the glowing tube and the screen and was astonished to behold a faint shadow picture of the bones. How by the application of photography he produced the Sciagraph is known to all the world. Thus the new department of photography, possibly to prove in the future its most important function, was initiated by mere chance.

The practical inventive genius of Mr. Edison instantly seized on the enormous importance of Professor Röntgen's discovery, and he at once began a series of experiments on the invisible rays with a view to getting a perfectly clear definition of the objects disclosed by them.

The immense advantage of the direct vision of the object, could this be rendered perfectly clear and distinct, the thousand uses to which it could be applied, fired his imagination and made him indefatigable in his researches. It was not until more than two thousand experiments had been made that he hit upon the wished-for result, namely, the discovery that by interposing in

* It may be as well to explain here that fluorescence is a phenomenon consisting in the apparent emission of coloured light by a substance from within. Latin: fluo, I flow.

the path of the X-rays a screen made of tungstate of calcium, objects disclosed by these rays became perfectly definite. By actual experiment he claims to have found that this salt, tungstate of calcium, exhibits six times the amount of fluorescence of any substance hitherto investigated. The next step was the construction of the fluoroscope. This apparatus is, essentially, a cardboard box flared out something in the shape of a stereoscope, but instead of a glass slide at the bottom it is closed in by a piece of cardboard—or screen, as it is technically called—covered with a uniform layer of tungstate of calcium.

It is consequently quite opaque, and on looking into it in an ordinary light nothing can be seen; but if, holding this instrument to the eyes, the observer looks at an object held close against the screen and in front of a glowing Crookes vacuum tube the invisible becomes visible and the wonders of magic are eclipsed by the realities of science. Viewed through this instrument the object becomes translucent and bones are seen as dark framework, the flesh being much lighter. The appearance in fact is identical with that of the Sciagraph, or shadow picture, with this added feature that motion can be observed, for instance a man's heart can be seen beating. A further advantage of the fluoroscope over the sciagraph is the elimination of errors due to an imperfect negative from a bad photographic development or a wrongly timed exposure. The importance of such an aid to surgical diagnosis can hardly be exaggerated. Only two days ago an American Doctor who had been one of the medical attendants of President Garfield on his death-bed remarked to me, "If we'd only had that instrument we'd have saved Garfield, there is not the slightest doubt of it."

EDISON

By means of the fluoroscope a bullet can be located with the utmost accuracy and without the delay necessary where a sciagraph has to be developed and printed. Further, it can be in less than a minute observed from a dozen different points of view, thus making its position absolutely certain. A month or two ago a scientific journal gave several instances of unsuccessful operations for finding needles or other foreign substances in the human body by means of a sciagraph, and it was abundantly evident that mistaken inferences might be drawn as to the exact position even when two sciagraphs were given. With the fluoroscope this is impossible, and applications of it to surgical use are now daily made. A day before my visit to the Edison laboratory a lad who had been shot was taken there and examined by the surgeons through the fluoroscope. The bullet was immediately located, and extracted without difficulty, and with none of the probing which is so torturing to the patient.

The local habitation of this experimental work is the Edison Laboratory, a plain red brick building in West Orange, New Jersey. "The Oranges," as West, South, and East Orange are collectively called, is reckoned a suburb of New York, though thirteen miles distant; and few places are more beautifully situated than this pre-Revolution settlement, which derives its name from William, Prince of Orange, calling back the mind to the period when New York was New Amsterdam, a Dutch settlement on the island of Manhattan. Though the trolley car, rushing at a speed of twelve miles an hour, now defaces the once quiet, shady roads of Orange, nothing can destroy the natural beauty of the place as it lies enbosomed in wooded hills, now glowing with the magnificent tints of autumn, as it comes to the New World. Close to the laboratory lies Llewellyn Park, in which is situated Mr. Edison's home, a beautiful structure built in the picturesque American style, with broad piazzas and veran-

dahs, and surrounded by its own well-wooded grounds.

On entering the laboratory we turn first into the library, a very fine room on the ground floor, going the whole height of the three-storied building. Two light wooden galleries run round it, and the whole interior is lined with pitch-pine. The hard wood floor is partly covered with rugs, and in the centre stands a beautiful marble statue which was brought from Italy, and the hand of which holds an unusually large incandescent lamp. The laboratory was completed in the spring of 1888; and on Mr. Edison's fortieth birthday, which fell in that year, his corps of experimenters presented him with the complete furniture of the library. This is one of the most complete electrical and scientific libraries in the United States. Leaving this, we proceed to the main body of the building, where is the store-room containing nearly every chemical in existence. Beyond this is the large machine shop for constructing heavy machinery, and again beyond this is the dynamo-room, for furnishing electricity to the laboratory, the phonograph works adjoining it, and to Mr. Edison's private residence in Llewellyn Park. Upstairs, the building contains the experimenters' rooms. In one, lamp-testing is carried on continually; in another, experiments on an improved phonograph are being made; in a third, we see the Sprengel pump at work, and watch the sealing up of the lamps after the air has been exhausted; and then we open a door and come upon Mr. Edison himself, standing before a table watching the progress of an experiment. The sturdy, well-knit figure, only a little above the medium height, is clad in a somewhat shabby grey cloth suit; no dandy is this man, but a real "working-man," careless of externals, almost slovenly in dress, blunt in manners, yet bearing in every line of the strong face, as well as in the poise of the massive head, the impress of power and natural dignity. His hair is almost entirely grey now, but the bright, keen eye has lost nothing of its penetrating directness. Apparently, we have come in a happy hour. Mr. Edison has sometimes a very scant welcome for visitors who come to him at the laboratory, but now his face beams with its most genial expression as he comes forward holding out his hand, and asking how long I have been in America. And then comes the familiar question, "How do you like America?" He holds his hand against his left ear to catch the reply, for he is very deaf, and I reply as loudly as I can that I like America very much, and only wish we could import the climate into England. "Ah," says he, "if only England had our climate Englishmen would be the greatest hustlers in the world. They *are* hustlers, anyhow, but if they only had our climate there'd be no people like them."

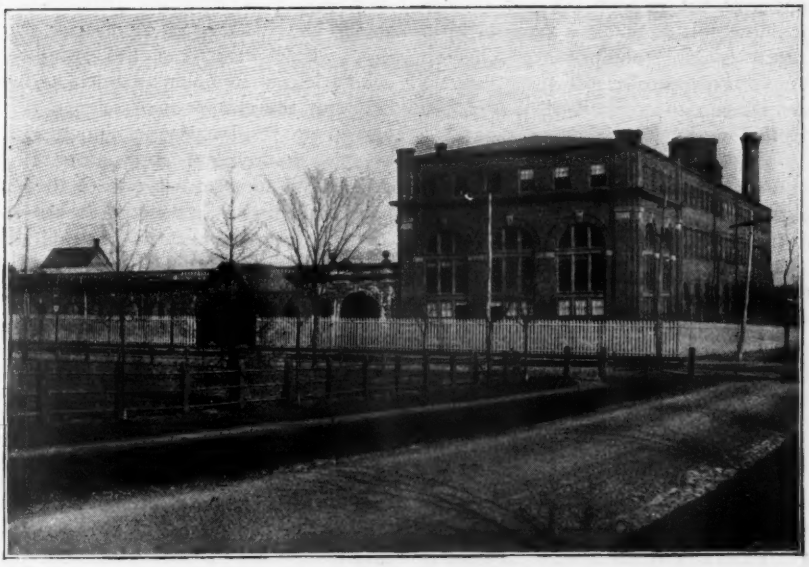
A high compliment to Englishmen coming from such a source, as the verb "to hustle" in the great American language signifies to exert one's finest energies of mind and body.

Now, at last, we enter the room which is for the moment the focus of the whole place —the room in which the X-ray experiments are being carried on. We enter the darkened chamber, lighted only by its spectral-looking, green lamp, and the whirr of the machinery announces to the ear, as the green light does to the eye, that the current is on. This green light proceeds from the cathode rays which are generated inside the glass tube, and are caused by streams of molecules that keep up a constant bombardment on the inner surface of the glass. To this bombardment are due the X-rays, which are formed on the outer surface of the glass and do not pass through it.

We take up the fluoroscope and place it against the back of the experimenter in charge of the apparatus, as he places himself in front of the Crookes tube.

As the eye becomes accustomed to the obscurity, we see a white surface with a dark, somewhat undefined, patch in the middle. This patch grows regularly larger and smaller; we are, in fact, looking at the man's heart, watching its systole and diastole as it contracts and expands in regular pulsations. Then one enjoys the strange experience of gazing at one's own bones. A gloved hand shows the glove buttons, the rings, and the bones of the hand distinctly. A bunch of keys clasped in a closed fist is disclosed, and the coins and metal clasps inside a closed purse can distinctly be perceived. Verily it is a true word that there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed!

It is found that these rays cannot be refracted through a lens, and this is a most



EDISON'S LABORATORY

important point that differentiates them from any known rays of light. Neither can they be reflected.

The degree of penetration of subjects by them is, roughly speaking, in inverse ratio to the specific gravity of the body in question, although this is not absolutely correct. Thus the X-rays easily passes through wood, books, flesh, aluminium and other metals of light specific gravity, while the heavy metals—copper, iron, silver, gold, platinum, act as partial shields, and are seen as dark shadows, the depth of the shadow depending on the thickness of the metal and its atomic weight.

One of the most curious effects of the X-rays is as yet unexplained. At the Edison Laboratory, where the X-ray tubes are made, it is the duty of an expert to test these tubes from time to time while they are undergoing the various processes of manufacture, and especially while the air is being exhausted from them. To do this it is necessary for him frequently to hold his hand between the X-ray tube and the screen. After a short time the hand became red as if sunburned. This effect was intensified as he continued to expose his hand to the rays until at last the man's hand became blistered as if with acute sunburn.

This and kindred facts suggest strongly that these rays may yet become known as important therapeutic agents. It has been already hinted as a remote possibility that the X-ray may be the long-sought cure for consumption. It is believed to be a powerful oxidising agent, and the chance of its remedial action on tuberculosis is not to be ignored, though of course it must first be ascertained whether its application is attended by danger or disadvantage which would forbid its use. Another application of Röntgen rays which has been suggested by medical science is that intestinal obstructions may be located by giving doses of mercury and tracing the passage of the drug through the alimentary canal; mercury, by reason of its high specific gravity being very opaque to the X-rays. Whether such suggestions can ever be carried out, experience only can decide; but in the event of its being proved possible, it is evident that the fluoroscope possesses great advantages over the sciagraph. The long exposures, which in some cases are necessary in order to obtain a sciagraph definite enough to be of any use, exposures lasting an hour, seventy-five minutes, and even longer, militate strongly against its employment, and the

restlessness of the patient has not seldom made it impossible to obtain a clear picture. The direct vision possible through the fluoroscope of course obviates this difficulty.

I have spoken throughout of X-rays, but it certainly seems that this name, suggested by the modesty of true science as expressing the unknown nature of these rays, should yield to the name, Röntgen rays. The dark lines in the solar spectrum will be known to all generations as the Frauenhofer lines, from the name of their discoverer, and it is only just that Professor Röntgen's name should be inalienably associated with the rays whose discovery the whole world acknowledges to be his. Such a discovery is one of the romances of science, yet in its immediate results practical enough. What may be its remoter applications it is impossible to foresee, but one of the greatest living scientists—Sir George Stokes—speaking recently at the Victoria Institute, declared that he could see no limit to the possibilities unfolded by it.

A NOTABLE CLOCK

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST

WOULD it be a libel to declare that of all cities of the world London, all things considered, is the worse off in the matter of clocks? The point might be disputed by the globe trotter who has done all and every centre of civilisation; but by the average traveller, and the individual who thinks himself fortunate if he gets an annual glance at men and manners outside our great metropolis, the question would be answered to the discredit of London.

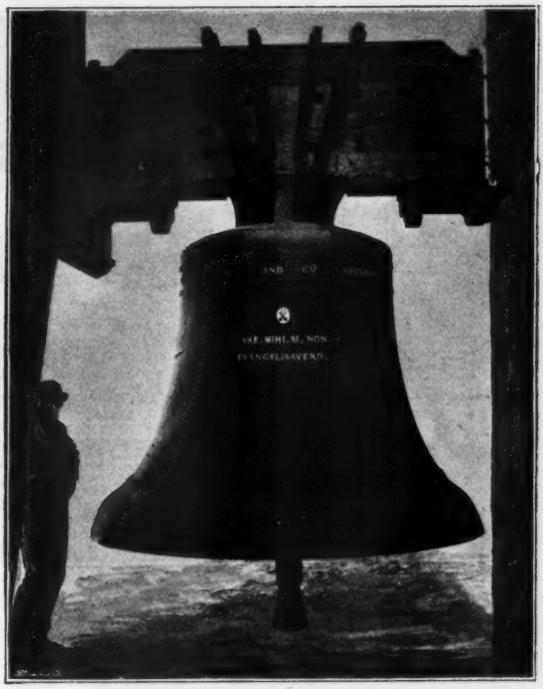
Of course, in the bulk, we possess an almost endless variety of clocks, but their character and utility seem to rank in exactly an inverse ratio to their quantity. Then, all these clocks tell us something which, at times, is alarmingly opposed to chronological veracity. The legal clock argues the hour of day with the legislative time-keeper; the ecclesiastical dial defies the secular indicator of Time's fleeting wing; the financial time-piece disputes matters chronological with the railway terminus clock to which we are trusting to be whirled into seclusion after a day's excitement of "bulling" and "bearing;" the "Horse-Guards" clock says "No" to Charing Cross Post Office, &c.; so that, on the whole, we Londoners are delightfully mixed in the matter of Time.

Despite public, private, and ecclesiastical enterprise, London has no clock whose time it would be safe to "swear" by. Almost every provincial town in the kingdom has its tower and town clock in some prominent position, which gives, or should do so, to prudent townsfolk, the hour by day and night. Not so London. The greatest city of the world stops here. It has dribbling, useless fountains—notably that in metal deposited in Piccadilly Circus—but it has no clocks in great sites where they would be eminently useful, and possibly ornamental. Had there been a lofty, electric-lighted clock tower where Mr. Gilbert's fountain now rests—a clock and bells to give the time to the vast pedestrian and vehicular traffic merging into this grand centre, the site might have been made worthy of the wealthy parish in which it stands, as well as serviceable, by way of memorial of that great philanthropist from whom the adjoining Avenue takes its name.

Some day we shall get the views of the London cab and 'bus man concerning London clocks. We shall be told that starting from Notting Hill—nay, Shepherd's Bush and Ealing—there is scarcely a public clock on the way save that at the Marble Arch until the City churches are reached, and these are not strictly public property. The great parallel Piccadilly and Strand thoroughfares would be much the same, save for a few church clocks and time-pieces belonging to private tradesmen. The lengthy north to south conduits are quite as badly off in this respect, despite magnificent points and circuses where public clocks, which should give London time for the world, might most

advantageously be erected. Will London ever awake, and cry out for more clocks and good chimes?

"For ever! For ever! For ever!" There is something at once solemn and suggestive in the throbs of a great clock. Its pulsations are so impressive, and so seriously portentous. Each click goes never to return; no mortal power can stay the flow of minute and hour; every sway of the pendulum is of supremest import to somebody in particular and of general moment to us all. Every beat is a new one. In a moment it is old—then gone for ever—lost, untraceable on the spaceless surface of Time. Gaze into the mechanism of a huge time-piece. Catch its almost silent solemn ticks, and think the while of the slow, steady, sure march on to Eternity. There is a great object lesson here as we peer into this maze of steel and gun-metal cranks, levers and bearings. As cog grips cog, only to release it with unerring accuracy, a space of time has passed which the might of the Universe can never recall. The wealth of the Orient might be summoned, and the powers of potentates united—yet all would be futile to redeem one single step of that circle of metal.



"GREAT PAUL," IN THE SOUTH-WEST TOWER OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

Town clock and country clock aptly reflect, as it seems, the life and conditions surrounding each. Identical as they certainly are in their ever onward march, the nature of the two appears to be something of a resemblance of the differing features and lives of ploughman and citizen. The sleepy clock in the secluded village church concerns not the patient sons of the soil. Its labours seem done—all that its lot now is may be summed up in its steady toll of the hours over the ashes of those who once knew its measured note. The cottager's toil and rest by the guide of Nature's lamp, and the belfry clock might as well be as silent as the sleeping ancestors under the church-yard sward. Not so the Town clock. Take the clock of a great London railway terminus. What thousands of eyes peer into its face day after day. What hopes and fears, what expectations, what tremendous issues, what joys, what sorrows, what prospects, what memories, all, all the thousand emotions that can stir the human breast have been thrilled into an existence by a moment's glance into the face of a great railway clock.

Who could adequately measure the myriads of eyes that have glanced at such an historic time-piece, for instance, as that in the old fashioned turret, of the plain and conspicuously bare brick building forming the London terminus of that worthily famous line the Great Northern at King's Cross? No observant Londoner will need to be told that this clock has lately been in the hands of the restorer. This is not to be wondered at, for it is no other than the clock at which our grandfathers wondered when Messrs. Dent first erected it at the Great Exhibition of 1851. From the famous palace of glass in Hyde Park, it was brought in 1853 to King's Cross Station, where, so far as human foresight can tell, it is likely to remain for a

THE APPERLEY (WORCESTERSHIRE) CARILLON, NAMED AFTER THE FAMILY OF J. J. JONES, ESQ.

length of time, it being as good and sound now as on the day when it was first set going —and equal to fully a hundred year's wear.

Like all large clocks now made for turrets, it is on the horizontal plan in three divisions, namely—the going part, the striking part, and the winding part. The clock itself rests on stone corbels fixed into the wall of the tower thus securing that indispensable point—perfect rest with freedom from vibration; while the weights which drive it are adroitly carried by steel wiring down the sides of the tower, and encased just inside the station. The nine feet pendulum seems a sleepy member, so slow and methodical are its flows. Its bob is a mass weighing 300 pounds, and each beat of the pendulum takes one and a half seconds. For the purpose of obtaining a perfect swing for this heavily weighted pendulum, an iron plate has been let into the tower wall. From it project the brackets to which the pendulum is suspended. The "going" weight is 336 pounds, while the "striking" weight is no less than 650 pounds.

The winding of this great time-keeper is performed once a week, and by the employment of a gravity maintaining power, not a second is gained or lost while this process is going on. As an instance of the great perfection to which the mechanism of large turret clocks has been brought, it may be stated that the average varying time of the Great Northern clock is within two seconds a month. And here it may be stated that one must not be too positive when arguing the time by large clocks at great altitude. One may look at the Great Northern and Midland *termini* clocks from some given point, and find them appreciably differing in time, when as a matter of fact they are registering identically the same time. The construction of the dials and the great distance that the lengthy hands have to be fixed from the dial lend to this delusion. The only time when one can look up at these large clocks and speak certainly about the time registered by the hands is when they are vertical—*i.e.*, at the hours of six and twelve. Readings when the hands are in a longitudinal position are always misleading. The knowledge of this fact may possibly prevent one being a party to those foolish things—wagers.

After forty odd years of constant work it is not surprising that even a clock should begin to want the doctor. This was the case with the Great Northern clock. The

Company, therefore, called in Mr. John Walker, their clock contractor, whose wide experience in railway chronology—an important matter—is evidenced by the fact of his having made the clocks for the Great Western, London and North Western, Midland, and Great Northern companies.

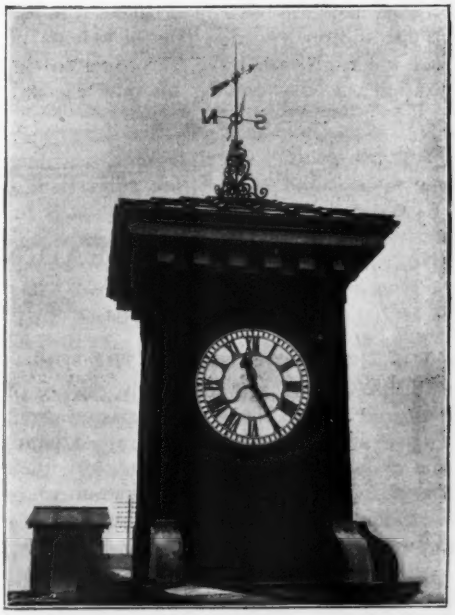
Besides the necessary overhauling it was the desire of the directors that the clock should be made useful by night as well as by day. To this suggestion there was but one, and an obvious answer—which was the treatment of the dials of the clock by electric lighting—a system of illumination which was hardly thought of when the clock was first placed in its present position. To this end the dial room, which is above the clock-works platform, and to which we ascend by a ladder, had to be circumnavigated. Good as the clock was when it was originally put in, the surroundings left much to be desired. Now all this is remedied, and when the spindles, many feet in length, which carry the clock's doings to the hands, now do their work, they carry the time along three sides of a nicely arranged brick and matchboarding chamber in which one can stand and read comfortably enough in ordinary daylight. This light and freedom of movement is a splendid desideratum when considering the make of a great clock.

Many observers may have wondered why the late job was so long about. The fact is, there was more to do than could be guessed at from the street below. The old dials were not transparent, and new glass—a species of opal glass, such as is used in "Big Ben" and St. Paul's clock—had to be made (and it was made in Belgium) in three sections for each face of the clock. Then came the cutting away of brickwork so as to suspend the electric light behind the dials. At this point the superstructure had to be considered, and eventually Mr. Walker and the company's engineer decided to groove out the walls towards the circumference of each dial, thus providing for the maximum of light upon dials which, at night, are not only of use to passengers to the station, but to the public at large. Nine powerful electric lights are suspended behind each dial, and as these can be turned on at any moment they will make this clock particularly valuable in foggy weather and at night.

The opal dials are in three sections, and there is a reason for this. Should the hands of either face become locked or stayed, by such an impediment as a fall of snow, any one of these sections can be taken out, and the mischief remedied without the cost of erecting a scaffold at what is by no means a slight altitude when one is looking down from the clock instead of up at it.

Every one likes to know something of the dimensions of these great clocks. Well, the dial is not so large as its neighbour, the Midland, one of the largest clocks in London and which Mr. Walker also made, but it is between 28 and 29 feet in circumference. The hour hand is about 30½ inches long, while the larger minute hand measures about 51 inches. The weight of the hands is 17 pounds the pair. They are of hammered copper, and purposely as light as possible. Between the figures of each hour are some 18 inches space, while 4½ inches occupy the open spaces between each minute. These are figures which any one looking at the clock from the street below might be tempted to dispute.

It may have surprised thinking people how these really weighty hands perform their



THE GREAT NORTHERN (KING'S CROSS) CLOCK

THE "PARKES" BELL, NAMED AFTER THE LATE PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES, SIR HENRY PARKES

exquisite work in answer to the still more delicate promptings of the clock mechanism. This is answered in this way. The heads of each hand are beautifully balanced to the utmost nicety by leaden tails or weights of lead which give and take, according to the position of the hands, without exerting the slightest undue strain upon the clock itself.

Needless to say the sensitive parts of so accurate a clock need to be jealously guarded. These are all boxed up and under lock and key, so that neither dust, nor the inquisitive eye can get to them save when the authorities lend the key.

A few words as to the bells. These are three in number, and are lodged in a massive beam chamber, in the open air over the grand stretch of glass arching the terminus. Only the hour bell, which weighs about 30 cwt., is now used, and this is of fairly good size and tone—although it sinks somewhat into insignificance when remembered by the side of such brazen giants as "Big Ben," "Great Paul," or that wonderful specimen of campanological art, the "Parkes" bell, which Messrs. Taylor of Loughborough cast for the Sydney, New South Wales, Post Office.

Some day, perhaps, we shall follow Sydney and get a *carillon* in the Great Northern and other turrets. Why should not London, Edinburgh, and other large towns have such bell music as one hears from the Belgian belfries? Would such a beautiful and suggestive provision not prove one more step towards that "sweetness and light" which Matthew Arnold longed for? How slowly does London drag towards the beautiful!

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JANUARY

By the Editor

FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY OF THE YEAR

TWO days ago the kindly greeting of "Good New Year" passed from lip to lip, while hand grasped hand, and old and young, each with their varied experiences, knew the sweetness of friendship and good-will as they stood together on the border of a fresh stage of life. Possibly even the youngest felt the pathos and seriousness of the moment, as the unknown future presented itself.

It used to be a favourite episode in those delightful tales we read long ago, to describe a good fairy coming to the youthful hero or heroine with the question, "What would you like best? Make your choice, and, *presto!* with a wave of my wand you shall have it." We may remember how our young imagination was touched by the prodigious possibilities suggested, and how we wondered what the choice would be. What visions arose of beauty and rank and power! All the glitter and tinsel of stage effect were as nothing to what was then dreamt. One

would like to gather the answers the children of the present day would make to the question: "What would you like to be or have?" Put it to the poorest waif whose world is limited to the grimy walls of a back court in a city slum, and we would smile at the reply. Or put it to your own little child, and to you, who know what life is, there will be something pathetic in the belief that happiness can be secured by obtaining the object named. The child has little difficulty in making some choice, for to the child everything seems possible. Children at play can be anything for the nonce, and enjoy the consciousness of being the richest, wisest, bravest, or the most dangerous of mortals. They are equally happy whether they are distinguished scoundrels or irresistible policemen. But while some choice is easily made on the impulse of the moment, it is generally a ridiculous choice.

The older we get the more difficult does choice become. When there is a supreme ruling passion we can at once express our chief desire; but usually experience gradually teaches us that life is too complex for easy solution, and, as we go on, our belief in its possibilities grows fainter, until at last the stage is reached when the question of questions is not "What shall I choose?" but "How long can it be at the best? Ten years? Five years—and then?" At such moments the obvious lesson is the wisdom and blessedness of leaving all in God's hands, giving up the balancing of preferences and to say with St. Paul, "What I shall choose I wot not." Perhaps like him we may be "in a strait betwixt two"—betwixt the sweet thought of rest with Christ, which has gained in attractiveness as the world has changed to us, and the "nevertheless" suggested by the tenderness of the ties which bind us to others, making the "abiding in the flesh more needful" for their sakes.

There are, however, some limits necessarily placed upon choice. There are gifts which it is vain for some to desire seriously. The old need not waste time in wishing the restoration of youth; mediocrity need not cry out for the rewards of genius, or ignorance for those of learning.

Nevertheless, it is right to put the highest ideals before us, and to determine to make the best possible use of our circumstances. The old, for example, are often tempted to make their age an excuse for indifference to the present. They "have had their day," they say, and when any call comes rousing them to noble exertion, they imagine they are entitled to refuse, even when obedience is within their power. Nothing could be worse for them than thus to retreat into isolation. Let them rather keep their interests awake, and preserve a high ideal to the end. It is at once a grand promise and a glorious revelation of the possibilities that are still theirs, when it is said, "They shall bring forth fruit in old age." Whatever else they may choose, they can at least adopt this hopeful aim.

It is also right for the young, while recognising the limits which their circumstances also impose, not to fall back on some poor conception of the worth of their present, but to realise the possibilities of what is noblest, purest and most loving that are within their power. A decision for the right, at whatever cost, is in itself a victory gained.

And yet the period when there is, perhaps, the greatest tendency to forget the importance of keeping the best choice in view is during middle age, when our place in life seems fixed and its occupations are absorbing. The boy or girl cannot help thinking of what they are to be, and the old cannot escape facing the inevitable change. But those whose path of life has been taken are more liable to forget what life is truly worth in view of the wider horizons of existence. The man has fallen into his business or professional habits, and acts as if he now knows all that can be known as to his career; or the woman has attained her sphere, and she knows what to expect; dreams have given place to realities. But it is just then, when there seems little room for choice, that we require most to be reminded of its importance. It is, then, when many a disillusionment has been experienced, that we have the more earnestly to ask ourselves, "What am I getting out of life? am I becoming the slave of circumstances, or controlling them for such ends as will appear to have been worth living for when the present shall appear as a dream when one awaketh?"

Our choice in matters which are but the accidents, and not of the essence of life—such as wealth or poverty, the length or few-

ness of our years—we may well leave in God's hands; and, as we look forward to the future on this first Lord's Day of the year, let us distinguish between what is within our power and what is not ours to decide, humbly saying to God: "What we would choose in other things we wot not, but we do choose Thy will, that Thou mayest govern us as it seemeth best to Thee, and our prayer is that we may use to the noblest ends all that life gives, serving our generation in love, not for our own glory, but in fellowship with Christ, and as workers together with Him in His blessed Kingdom."

SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH

DIVINE SYMPATHY

"God pities them that fear Him"

THERE is an anticipation of the full gospel for us in that verse of the old Psalm which tells us that "as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pities them that fear Him." Christ teaches us to use such an image with confidence, for He makes the feelings of the earthly father a ground for knowing what God is toward us. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in Heaven, give good things to them that ask Him." We may, therefore, reason with confidence from the human to the divine. We may, for example, conclude that as a Father, God desires the love of His children and that He desires the best possible for them. But we have to consider the special form of the divine love which is expressed in the word "pity." How are we to understand it?

There is a kind of pity which we expect from all good persons, and which we may, therefore, look for in Him whose goodness is the highest and purest. There is a pity which is moved at the spectacle of suffering, whatever may be its source. We thus pity the criminal who is led to the scaffold, even while we approve of his sentence. In this sense we may believe that God has pity even on lost souls. "As I live I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." The tears of Christ over Jerusalem is a manifestation of similar pity. So also does a father pity the son whose degradation fills him with repulsion and disgust.

But the pity of God alluded to in the Psalm is conditioned by the phrase "them that fear Him." It suggests the tenderness which an earthly father might feel for the difficulties and failures of the child who is struggling to learn its first lessons, and who is battling with obstacles that are to himself no obstacles at all. It is of a totally different kind from the pity which would be felt for the same child if he grew up to reap the misery produced by sin and dishonour. His pity in the one case is full of sympathy with the struggle after the right, while it is out of all sympathy and indignant against the paths of falsehood and sin. There is the pity of sympathy with the mistakes of childish ignorance, and which experiences a pathetic compassion over the conflicts of the young life he seeks to train. A difference in the degree of strength or acquirement does not change the nature of the sympathy. It is only when there is a difference in the kind of life, when disobedience takes the place of obedience or wickedness takes the place of goodness and falsehood of truth, that the pity of sympathy changes into that of grief, which recoils in abhorrence from the evil which opposes his good will.

It is in this way that the divine pity seems limited "to them that fear Him." God cannot bend with approving help to the man who consciously accepts the wrong instead of the right, but He can have utmost sympathy with the sinner crying from the lowest depths for deliverance. He can have no sympathetic pity for the traitor stealing out in the darkness to betray the Lord, nor for the sensualist Herod, murdering the Baptist to gratify his vanity and passion, nor for Ananias and Sapphira coming with the deliberate lie on their lips; but he can have perfect sympathy with the outcast woman with heart too full to speak a word, but who washed the feet of the Master with tears, or for the beggar crying in his misery, "Have mercy upon me," or for the publican standing afar off and smiting upon his breast. For, however far these were from attainment, there was in them all that which God could bless and rejoice over. The will was in each case turned in the right direction. It is in this sense that "God pitieth them that fear Him." The limitation arises from the nature of things.

THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH

DIVINE SYMPATHY

"Christ in all points tempted like as man"

THE Gospel, which has really touched the hearts of men, stirred their enthusiasm and fired their devotion, has been the history of the Lord as the Great Sufferer. The tale of how the Son of God came under every human experience, passing through the toil, the griefs and even weaknesses of our humanity, has reached home to mankind, as nothing else has done, and has been the inspiration, the confidence, the courage, the love and hope of the Church in every age. When Christ said, "If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all men unto Me," He declared how the cross would be the grand instrument for spiritual attraction and for advancing His Kingdom. And so it has proved, for the vision of the crucified, that visible expression of divine fellowship in suffering, as it is also the seal of divine love, has been the power of God to win the world to Himself. However various may be the forms under which it is represented, this is the common doctrine of all Churches. It is the presentation of the same idea of a divine sympathy which has invested Mariolatry and the invocation of Saints with their vitality. Although these are at once unscriptural and a dishonouring of the glory of Christ, yet they spring from the craving that is in man for a being "touched with the feeling of our infirmity." Instead of recognising the fulness of the grace that is in Jesus, and the one provision made by God in Him for meeting us in our weakness, men imagine that somehow there must be in a woman's heart the tenderness they require, and so, alas! they exalt the Virgin to the throne where alone Christ can be. And yet it is the thought of the "fellowship of His sufferings" which sometimes may seem to lend excuse in the case of even the most decided Protestant for representations of our Lord's death—the realism of which so often shocks their sensibilities. So may you have seen painful "Calvaries" set up by the wayside amid the summer splendour of Italy, or the mountain solitudes of the Tyrol: you may have wished for a more spiritual setting forth of Christ and Him crucified, and have recalled with grief the superstitious uses and degrading effects of symbolism in the history of the Church; yet who can watch those tired peasants who put down their burdens and kneel there in prayer, without recognising that each bleeding wound may be speaking some message of comfort and peace to a wearied and despairing soul? While there is much to repel and much to condemn in the method of its enforcement, yet even this presentation of Christ crucified has its power. So at least have I felt it, as in some old Church in Italy I beheld the huge cross, bearing the outstretched arms and drooping head of the crucified, high up above the fretted screen, and in dark relief against the fading light which lingered on the many coloured chancel windows. Then, as the toil-worn peasantry and the ragged cripples and the aged, the anxious, the sinful knelt in silence, with that great Figure bending over them—what a gospel did it not seem to convey, whispering of One who was once tried as we are, who was heavy laden and agonised, who feels for the very worst, and to whom all may go for help in times of need! Christ the Sufferer is verily God's Gospel for a suffering world.

"He was in all points tempted like as we are."

There is no necessity for touching here on the intricate question as to how far the human nature of Christ was open to many of those temptations to which we are liable. It is enough for us to perceive that the trials of Christ were real trials, and that His sympathy is founded on an actual experience. His divine nature did not preserve Him from the sharp pangs and sore conflicts that mortal flesh is heir to. He so emptied Himself of all that glory which had been His before the world began, that He came wholly under the weakness of our humanity. The cross of self-sacrifice bore down with all its weight upon Him at every step. "Though he were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." His "strong crying and tears," "His agony and bloody sweat" were the visible exponents of the reality of the conflict. His sympathy was not a condescending and distant pity, as that of the rich who visits the poor without having himself known an hour of penury. The glorified Jesus understands by experience the worst that we have to pass through. He tasted the bitterness of sin as the evil of the world took its intensest shape beneath His gaze.

Ingratitude, treachery, pride, hatred, cruelty had encompassed Him round. In His holy love He had tasted the death of all deaths in His vivid consciousness of human wickedness and wrong. So that there is no one in the thick of the battle, struggling bravely, or lying faint and wounded, plunged in self-loathing and crying, "Save me or I perish," but can feel that the great Captain of their Salvation understands it all, and not only sympathises, but is able to help and deliver in the time of need. He meets us at every point—whether under the agony of sorrow, or calling to God from the depths of the evil we abhor.

FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH

DIVINE SYMPATHY

THE NATURE OF CHRIST'S SYMPATHY

THERE is a certain conception of the pity of Christ that is not uncommon, and which is as dishonouring as it is erroneous. It is borrowed from the unprincipled good-nature found among men, who are ready to "make things pleasant" to the evil-doer without seeking his good. It is fancied that the sympathetic compassion of Christ must be another form of the same facile pliancy. Thank God! this is an utterly false idea as we lately saw in speaking of how God pities His children, of the mercy of the Father or of the pity of Christ. There is always love for the sinner, but there can be no sympathy as long as the sinner chooses the wrong instead of the right. As the earthly father may never cease to love the wandered son, but can have no sympathy with him while he is in rebellion and living riotously in the far country—so is it in this higher region. And even as the same earthly father is ready to run and meet him, however far off, whenever there comes the cry of penitence and the return to home, so may we believe the love of God must be conditioned.

Let us clearly understand this. Christ can have no sympathy with us as long as we are in rebellion and shut God and duty out of our hearts. His love is too true, too righteous to be anything but silent and severe against all wilful acceptance of evil. But while He can have no sympathy with the man who follows sin as if it were his good, yet He can thoroughly sympathise with him whenever he comes to recognise sin as his enemy and to fight against it; whenever he says, "I will arise and go to my Father," and longs for that Father's house, and for goodness and love, then, although the flutterings of that new life may be weak as the spark in the flax—which smoulders rather than burns—or feeble as the broken reed, yet because there is the kind of life present which corresponds with the life that is in Christ, so will He fan the spark into a flame, and strengthen the fragile endeavour into an abiding habit. For it was always the joy of Christ when He could discover a meeting point between any human being and the mind of God; and there is not a man now striving against wrong, struggling with besetting sin, often failing, perhaps, often in despair, but may hear the voice of Christ saying to him, "I am on thy side. I understand all your difficulties, I sympathise with you in your conflict, and I will strengthen thee, and uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." It was thus that, when He was on earth, He welcomed all who trusted Him, was even surprised when some unknown foreigner sought His help, and blessed the miserable who could not say "I believe" without the prayer, "Help Thou my unbelief."

It ought, therefore, to be surely most startling for us if we know that we are living a kind of life with which Christ can have no sympathy. Its joys may be innocent enough in the eyes of the world, but if it is so completely without God that Christ can discover no element which pleases Him, and which He can rejoice to bless and cherish into full strength, we ought to be shocked at the gulf which thus separates us from Him.

On the other hand, however hard our lot, yet if we are honestly seeking God and a higher, purer, worthier life, let us be encouraged by the thought of Christ's sympathy with us; that He is on our side, as He is on the side of every true aspiration, of every holy grief, and of every true endeavour after the right. And He is also "able to perfect that which concerns us." He who is on the side of the struggler after goodness is able to succour us in our time of need. Through His grace "sin shall not have dominion over us," for He who now works in us the desire for better things "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think."

FIFTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH

DIVINE SYMPATHY

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY WITH US IN OUR SORROWS

To those who are in sorrow the sympathy of Jesus has peculiar value. Under the mystery which invests some griefs with special darkness, it is consoling to realise that He who reigns with all power is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having been in all points tried like as we are," so that we are not under the government of an enemy or of callous force, but of One who understands us and cares for us. There may be hours when we can see nothing but the loss; when it absorbs us; when the knife cuts so deep into what is tenderest that we are conscious only of overwhelming pain; when former beliefs, once substantial, seem for the time impalpable and unreal; when, in short, we feel more than the mystery of sorrow, for we cry out against what appears its cruelty. Even as the child, especially the spoilt child, resents interference, and is hurt and angry and deems itself cruelly used when the parent refuses the thing desired, so are we tempted to act towards God; and they whose lives have been most enriched with blessing, and who have hitherto had the best things of earth as their portion, are the readiest, like spoilt children, to resent the divine dealing. But when such hard thoughts have ceased to perplex, and when the mind is more capable of just reflection, then the fact of Christ's sympathy becomes the most consolatory experience.

1. We may be assured that He has complete sympathy with every natural affection. He who constituted the ties that have made life precious, and their severance painful, cannot be against us in our appreciation of their value. He who Himself wept with Martha and Mary at the grave of their brother, who was His own loved friend, and who in the midst of the agonies of death provided a home for His mother, can understand what it is for us to part with those who are dearer to us than our own souls. There is nothing wrong, but everything right and natural in the tears of affection. Love in us is nearest to what God Himself is, and He cannot be displeased when we know the irrepressible longing

"for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

We would do wrong to all that is best in us if we did not fully recognise what is implied in the inexorableness of death. Any one who has known how empty and aimless life then appears, and the despair of that "Never never," rung over a past that can come no more, will know that, in the light of Christ's love and sympathy, if sorrows are deep, they are also holy.

2. But there is a deeper purpose in affliction. Whether it will prove rich in blessing depends on the spirit in which we receive it. Ought it not to startle us if we meet the dealings of the Father in a way with which Christ can have no sympathy? For the object of all divine chastisement is not probationary, as if they were sent to try and test us, but educational, in order to build us up in a higher and more glorious life. If the earthly joy is darkened, or if the earthly idol is shattered, it is to bring us to the higher Good, in which all that is best in the earthly love will be preserved and find its noblest fruition. The removing of the creature who has hitherto been the one object of love does not necessarily destroy that love. We retain it, but it becomes enriched with the wider, fuller, eternal love, as we are led henceforth to have our life in God. The loves of our childhood are not lost when we step forth from the early home and see the fulness of the larger life that is to be ours. The man is untrue to himself who refuses to take his place in the wider orbit of the world of manhood. In like manner may we evade the education God seeks to give in the school of sorrow by clinging to the one idol, and refusing to reach up to the life fixed in God; for it is in a very lofty sense true that "all things become ours" if only we are self-surrendered—"All things are ours when we are Christ's as Christ is God's."

One man, for example, may meet sorrow in the spirit of the fatalist or stoic, imagining that it is best to crush emotion and to present the half-sullen determination of an unyielding will. But, whatever element of strength there may be in such self-suppression, it is essentially cowardly, for it shrinks from permitting the light which God would shed on the character of the whole life to shine in upon it. To triumph over grief by

silencing it is to refuse to be taught. And it is evident that Christ can have no sympathy with such an attitude.

Another way of meeting grief which may appear more religious, is essentially of the same unfaithful nature. It finds expression in what sounds like pious gratitude for the many comforts yet possessed, and so the man simply changes the object of idolatry, and again refuses to yield to God the Father. He simply retreats from one ungodly position to another.

For the great lesson of sorrow is to bring us to God, to have our life in Him as Christ had. By such trial we learn the meaning of the Gethsemane of true Sonship, the agony and yet the peace, when we "learn obedience" as Christ did, become willing that God should reign over us and be our God. This is a lesson as hard to learn as it is rich in blessing. It brings us face to face with the most vital of all decisions, and assuredly He who passed through it in its agony and bloody sweat can understand the bitterness and hardness of the sore wrestle with self ere we yield up all to God. And He will give us grace for such "a time of need." He will be with us there, and as we rise on these "stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things," He will bring us to share His own ineffable peace, and the fulness of His life eternal.

THE VICTORIAN ERA

PROGRESS IN LOCOMOTION

By MICHAEL G. MULHALL

THOSE of Queen Victoria's subjects who can look back sixty years, find nothing more striking in so progressive an epoch than the changes in locomotion, both by land and sea. At the death of William IV. the carrying trade was in its infancy. Mail-coaches perambulated Great Britain at the rate of ten miles an hour, and steamers were coming into favour, for they already plied between England and Ireland. In the first year of the young Queen's reign, bets were freely made at the clubs as to whether a steamer could make the voyage to America, and it was not until 1838 that the daring feat was accomplished by the *Great Western*, from Bristol to New York. Travelling was so expensive that most people lived and died in their native place, without any knowledge of the exterior world except what could be derived from books. Few Englishmen, unless officials, ventured to visit Ireland, and if business required an Irishman to repair to London, he usually made his will before setting out. The ordinary cost for a gentleman and his wife to proceed from Dublin to London was £100. As for travelling on the Continent, where railways were not yet heard of, few but noblemen or great landowners could undertake it. The family coach of Milord Anglais, resembling a modern four-in-hand, was better suited for those who desired to see foreign lands than the modern railway train, but the cost was prodigious; meantime such a mode of travelling *en prince* gave foreigners an exalted idea of the wealth of Englishmen, and until about thirty years ago the Italians always addressed any one who spoke English with the title of "Your Excellency."

The idea of locomotion in the British Isles is so intimately connected with railways that it is proper to glance at their progress. At the Queen's accession there were five short railways in the United Kingdom, viz:

Opened	Line	Miles
1825	Stockton and Darlington	56
1830	Liverpool and Manchester	31
1830	Canterbury and Whitstable	6
1831	Dundee and Newtyle	10
1834	Dublin and Kingstown	7
	Total length	110

But no sooner was Her Majesty seated on the throne than the prosecution of main lines through England seized the public

mind with eagerness. After a fierce struggle with the landowners, the railway men succeeded in carrying out the great scheme of a line from London to Birmingham, which was opened in September 1838, and was quickly followed by the lines from Birmingham to Derby, and from London to Southampton. In 1840 the United Kingdom already counted 840 miles of railway in actual traffic, the construction of which had cost no less than £28,000,000, being an average of £33,000 per mile. Most of the lines were so profitable that dividends of ten per cent. were not uncommon, and this brought on the famous railway mania of 1845–46, in which years 270 new lines were passed through Parliament, with an aggregate length of 7700 miles. The crisis that ensued checked this class of enterprise only for a few years, and from 1850 until 1896, the construction of railways in the United Kingdom has been on such a scale that the money so expended has averaged £17,000,000 per annum, viz:

	Miles constructed	Cost £	Average yearly £
1840	840	28,000,000	...
1841-50	5,780	212,000,000	21,200,000
1851-60	3,810	108,000,000	10,800,000
1861-70	5,110	182,000,000	18.200,000
1871-80	2,390	198,000,000	19,800,000
1881-90	2,140	169,000.000	16,900,000
1891-95	1,100	104,100,000	20,800,000
Total in 1895	21,170	1,001,100,000	...

The market value of existing railways is much more than their actual cost, and probably approaches 1500 millions sterling. The shares of some railway companies are quoted on the Stock Exchange at double their par value, and it needs no force of logic to demonstrate that in every case where railway stock is considerably above par, the public are victimised, the profits being usurious. It was an error in the first place to give joint-stock companies a monopoly of the ordinary modes of transit in the three kingdoms. So tyrannically have they used the power which monopoly confers, that the public has repeatedly appealed to Parliament for redress, but as we have more than two hundred railway directors in the House of Commons all hope of redress is out of the question. The late Charles Waring, who had built many railways in both hemispheres, wrote very strongly in favour of the expropriation of the railways of the United Kingdom, for it is manifest to persons of the most limited intelligence that railway companies are incorrigible, and that the State must, sooner or later, purchase the railway lines as they did the telegraphs. The use of steam for locomotive power has been a boon to mankind, and railways are in all countries regarded as blessings, but joint-stock companies have done their best to seize for themselves the advantages resulting from such an invention, totally disregarding the interests of the public.

The following table shows the latest returns for the railways of the three kingdoms:

	Miles	Capital	Receipts
England . . .	14,650	£825,200,000	£72,800,000
Scotland . . .	3,350	136,600,000	9,640,000
Ireland . . .	3,170	39,300,000	3,490,000
United Kingdom .	21,170	1001,100,000	85,930,000

The weight of merchandise carried compares with mileage thus:

	Miles	Tons goods	Tons per mile
England . .	14,650	280,300,000	19,100
Scotland . .	3,350	49,100,000	14,700
Ireland .	3,170	4,760,000	1,500

As far as the industrial resources of the country are concerned, Ireland might as well have no railways. The cause of the evil is not far to seek, the freight collected per ton of goods carried being much higher in Ireland than elsewhere, viz.:

	Tons carried	Sum charged	Pence per ton
England .	280,300,000	£37,020,000	32
Scotland .	49,100,000	5,450,000	27
Ireland .	4,760,000	1,570,000	80
Germany .	244,200,000	47,700,000	47
Belgium .	46,200,000	4,950,000	26
Holland .	8,700,000	630,000	18

There can be hardly room to doubt that if Government were to purchase the railways of the United Kingdom and reduce tariffs by one-half, the traffic would double in five years. That is to say, the gross earnings in the year 1902 would reach what they are at present, while the working expenses would be increased not more than ten or fifteen per cent., and before the end of the first decade of the next century, the net earnings would be as high as they now are, say

£38,000,000 per annum. The benefit resulting to the three kingdoms from such a measure would be enormous.

If we pass in review the development of railways in all countries since 1840 we find as follows:

	Miles.			Capital millions £	
	1840	1860	1894	1840	1894
United Kingdom .	840	10,430	20,910	28	985
Europ. Continent .	840	21,460	129,670	24	2,514
United States .	2320	30,630	180,000	19	2,260
Colonies, &c. .	20	3,770	89,600	...	986
Total . .	4520	66,290	420,180	71	6,745

We have no complete record of goods traffic farther back than 1860, but in the interval we find that it has multiplied eight-fold in volume, viz.:

	Tons carried		Tons per inhabitant	
	1860	1894	1860	1894
United Kingdom	82,000,000	325,000,000	2·80	8·30
Continent . .	68,000,000	743,000,000	0·26	2·22
United States .	70,000,000	638,000,000	2·20	9·60
Colonies, &c. .	2,400.000	84,000,000	...	...
The World	222,400,000	1790,000,000	...	...

The goods traffic of the railways of the world at present averages (excluding Sundays) nearly six million tons daily. Between passenger and goods traffic the number of locomotives reaches 110,000, and the hands employed are over two and a half millions.

The supremacy of the merchant navy of Britain was by no means an established fact at the opening of the Queen's reign. The Americans disputed with us every inch of the ocean, and in whatever port an English vessel entered, she saw the Stars and Stripes gaily fluttering to the breeze. Yankee clippers, as Mr. Gladstone recently reminded us, were sixty years ago the theme of admiration even in the Mersey. If we compare Lloyd's Register for 1842 with the official returns for 1894, the result is striking, viz.:

	Tons register		Carrying-powers—tons	
Flag	1842	1894	1842	1894
British .	2,570.000	8,960,000	2,860,000	26,870,000
U. States .	2,180.000	4,680,000	2,770.000	11,250.000
All others .	4,630.000	9,250,000	4,850,000	21,490,000
Total .	9,380,000	22,890,000	10,480,000	58,610 000

In 1842 the British flag covered little more of maritime carrying-power than the American, whereas at present the relation is as five to two: if we add the tonnage of Australian and Canadian shipping to our own, the British merchant navy will exceed the aggregate of all other nations, the account standing thus:

Flag	Tons register	Carrying-power	Ratio
British .	10,160,000	29,370,000	50·2
American .	4,680.000	11,250,000	19·2
German .	1,550,000	4,220,000	7·2
French .	890,000	2,360,000	4·0
All others .	5,610,000	11,410,000	19·4
Total .	22,890,000	58,610,000	100·0

The introduction of steamers has caused a complete revolution in the sea-going traffic of the world. Since 1842 the registered or nominal tonnage of shipping has risen 140 per cent., the carrying-power 460 per cent. It is found that a steamer can make three long sea, or ten short, voyages for one of a sailing-vessel, and hence the carrying power of the former is computed as four to one. So rapid has been the increase of steam tonnage that it seems as if sailing-vessels were soon to go out of fashion. At present 81 per cent. of the carrying trade is done by steamers, against 14 per cent. in 1840, viz.:

	Carrying-power		Ratio	
	1842	1894	1842	1894
Steamers .	1,470,000	47,632,000	14·0	81·4
Sailing .	9,010,000	10,980,000	86·0	18·6
Total .	10,480,000	58,610,000	100·0	100·0

One of the most important results from the growth of steam navigation is the economy of labour, as appears in the following table of the carrying-power of British shipping (exclusive of Colonial) compared with the seamen employed:

	Tons	Seamen	Tons per man
1840 .	2,840,000	140,000	20
1860 .	6,020,000	192,000	31
1880 .	14,130,000	213,000	66
1890 .	22,970,000	236,000	97
1895 .	27,240,000	240,000	113

Thus it appears that one seaman can now do as much as six in the year 1840, or 3½ in the year 1860, and this economy in the number of hands has produced a reduction of freight charges, which has contributed to the fall of prices, so beneficial to the great

bulk of mankind. Moreover, it has enabled nations more freely to exchange their products, for if we compare the weight of seaborne tonnage in 1893 with the same in 1860, we find that it has quadrupled, viz. :

	1860 Tons	1893 Tons
Coal . . .	10,800,000	61,000,000
Grain . . .	4,300,000	24.100,000
Timber . . .	5,600,000	18,600,000
Metals . . .	3,200,000	12,400,000
Sundries . .	20,600,000	60,200,000
Total . .	44,500,000	176,300,000

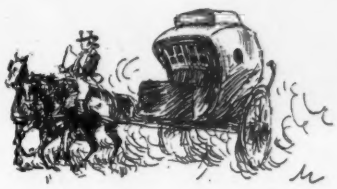
The average value of seaborne merchandise in 1860 was £15½ per ton, and in 1893 a small fraction over £9 per ton, showing that much of the trade of nations now consists of cheap commodities which it would hardly have paid to carry over sea in 1860. The contrast between carriage by land and water is, meantime, very remarkable, for we are told that it costs as much to send a barrel of oysters from London to Brighton as from London to Australia, or a bale of goods by rail from Liverpool to Manchester, as by sea from Liverpool to Bombay.

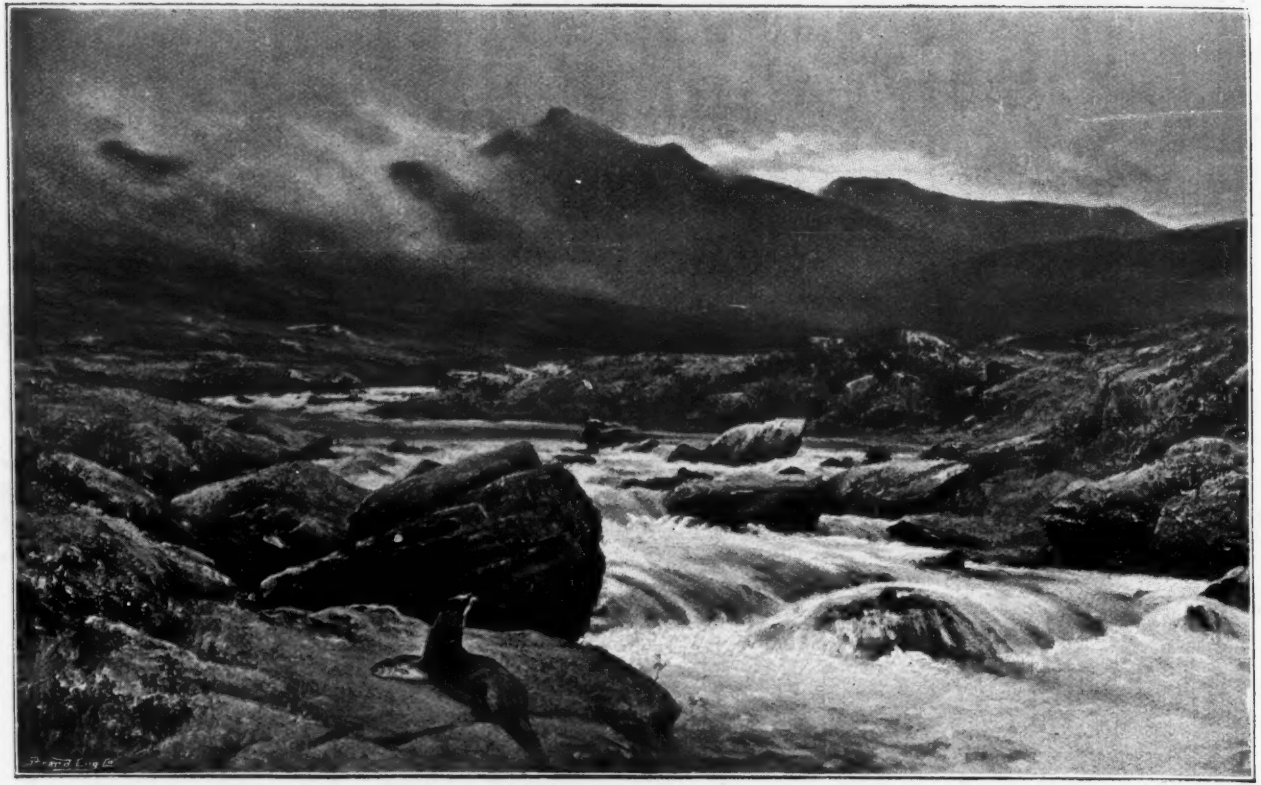
Much injury has been done to the public by the selfish policy of the railway companies in getting possession of some of the principal canals in the United Kingdom. According to an official statement in 1887, the railway companies then owned 1420 miles of canals out of a total of 2960 miles in use, exclusive of 860 miles totally abandoned and choked with weeds. When we consider that the existing canals cost £36,000,000 in construction, it is pitiable to see that they are turned to so little account. We find a very different state of things in France, where canal traffic exceeds that of high roads, and has nearly doubled in 24 years, viz :

	Tons carried 100 kilometres. 1869	1893
Rail . .	62 600,000	122,600.000
Canal . .	20,100.000	36,200,000
High road .	16,600,000	17,400,000
Total .	99,300,000	176,200,000

In France the canals are State property, free from the control of private companies, and in the coming century that country will be fully emancipated from the tyranny of such companies, as the railways will become State property in 1960.

Of all the errors that statesmen can fall into, the most deplorable and far-reaching are those that arise from ignorance of economic laws or from defiance of them. If Lord Melbourne, Mr. Baring, or Lord Palmerston had taken heed, in 1837–40, of the inevitable result of handing over the means of transit of the three kingdoms to private companies, they would have boldly admonished Parliament of the tremendous monopoly that would thus be created. At this moment the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of Great Britain and Ireland are groaning under a tyranny that has no excuse or palliation except the sordid plea of big dividends for shareholders. "Nations," says Burke, "do not reason, but they feel;" and the people of the British Islands feel that public interests have no fair-play so long as the transit for men and merchandise is made subservient to the dictates of twenty or thirty Boards of Directors. The Victorian era will constitute a brilliant page in European history, but there are shades to every picture, and the creation of a monopoly of what are practically the highroads of the United Kingdom is the more deplorable because every effort on behalf of the public has been defeated by the railway-men.





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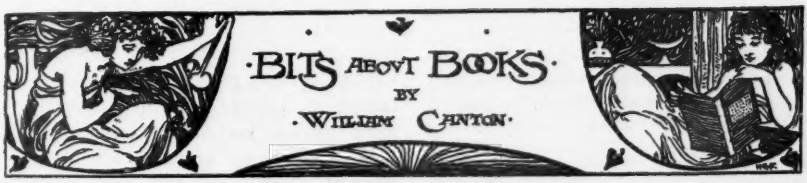
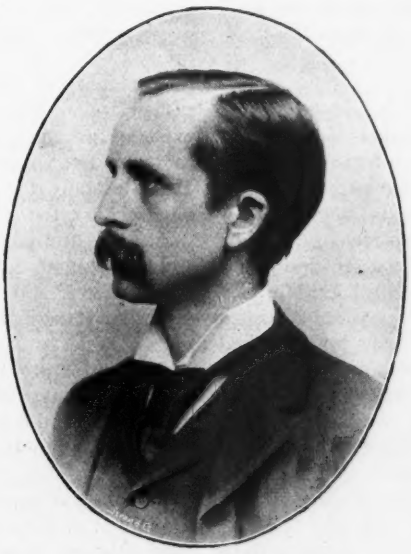
THE SALMON POACHER

By Douglas Adams



By Douglas Adams

EVERY now and then one opens a book the genius of which seems to paralyse one's right hand for all further endeavour; it is only once or twice in a lifetime that we open one which seems to make our hearts stand still. I do not know how otherwise than in this latter phrase to indicate without extravagance the feeling with which I have read "Margaret Ogilvy."* As I now attempt to say something about it, I perceive how completely beyond all criticism, beyond everything indeed except sympathy and wonder at its courage, its simple sincerity, its beauty, is this story of the love of a mother and her son. For here the love is laid so bare that it is too personal, almost too sacred a thing to admit of comment of any kind. And yet one cannot but think that, notwithstanding all its intimate individuality, the story is not that of one man and one woman but a story belonging to all time—that this proud and passionate affection has long waited for some such consummate declaration, that in these pages all the mother-love and all the filial devotion the world has known attain fruition. One sees how fatally easy it would have been to repel and estrange the reader. One solitary moment of self-consciousness, a single glimpse of insincerity, or vanity, or conceit, one "tear of sensibility," and we should have dropped the book in revolt. But from cover to cover the deep love and pride and delight are flawless; we read on, wondering, crying, laughing, and crying and laughing in a breath, till we come to that quaint prenatal recollection which in old age will be the son's last memory—the picture of his mother as "a little girl in a magenta frock and a white pinafore . . . . singing to herself, and carrying her father's dinner in a flagon."



(Elliott & Fry, photo., 55 Baker St., W.)

MR. J. M. BARRIE

Long before these lines are published much will have been written about the book, and most of my readers will probably have seen it. That fact deters me from touching in detail on many passages which I should have been glad to quote. Against one, in which he tells how, to wean his mother from her stony sorrow at his brother's death, he would stand on his head in the bed, his feet against the wall, and then cry excitedly: "Are you laughing, mother?" I have jotted the words "Our Lady's Jongleur," for it recalled to my mind the mediæval legend of the poor tumbler, turned monk in his old age, who because he could neither sing nor preach, sculpture nor paint, like his more

* "Margaret Ogilvy," by her son, J. M. Barrie. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

gifted brethren, bethought him to honour "Our Lady" by his tumbler's feats, and how when some prying babbler summoned the scandalised community they found that the Virgin had descended from her pedestal and was wiping her "poor fool's" heated brows.

This is a book that Scotland in particular will treasure. It will be precious to all men, but it is a bit of Scotland; an epitome of Scottish character, of Scottish faith and fortitude, of the gaiety, sweetness, frugality, and love of a Scottish home which might have been called humble but for the pride and glory of its love. Margaret Ogilvy's heart was full of a mother's ambition, she could "have done fine" to have been the mother of many notable men: this book will give her the love of many sons, of whom the least notable will not love her least.

"Gaston de Latour"* is unhappily the last of Mr. Pater's contributions to literature. Whatever other fragments of his work survive, they are too incomplete for publication. Even this noble volume is but a classic fragment of a romance in which the author apparently hoped to achieve a creation which should stand side by side with his "Marius."

Mr. Shadwell suggests a doubt as to whether Mr. Pater would ever have finished his task, whether, "dissatisfied with the framework which he had begun," he had not deliberately abandoned it. Such a possibility is conceivable; and indeed, notwithstanding the splendour, the easeful strength, the winning charm which give these chapters their magic, one cannot but feel that the picturesque and spirit-stirring period with its new men and new aspects of old problems was more to him than his hero, and that he never made himself one with Gaston as he had done with Marius. Nothing could be finer than the opening on "the pleasant level of La Beauce, the great corn-land of central France," with the curious "double *manoir*" built to weld together the lives of two brothers, and the haunting vision which hung forever on the far horizon, for "like a ship for ever a-sail in the distance, everywhere the great church of Chartres was visible, with the passing light or shadow upon its grey, weather-beaten surface;" nothing more dream-like and tragic in its significance than the consecration of Gaston to the Church, in the presence of the chiefs of the house of Latour, the grandparents, their aged brothers and sisters, certain aged ecclesiastics of their kindred, all standing expectant around the last hope of their old age. But somehow Gaston never seems to materialise; he is a mere elusive outline of a hero; his story serves but to lead to the presence of greater and more tangible men—Ronsard, Montaigne, Bruno "the escaped monk," "the prodigal son of Dominic," preaching in Paris about "the shadows of ideas." And what a vivid and exquisite bit of creative work is the description of Pierre de Ronsard, "Prince of Poets" and lay prior of Croix-val among the low green hills into which the plain of La Beauce had ruffled itself. I do not know that Mr. Pater ever did anything more beautifully human, more tender, gay and sympathetic than this. Were it only for the "appreciations," or shall I say the "imaginary portraits," of Ronsard, Montaigne and Bruno, the unfinished volume deserves to rank beside his masterpieces. What shoals of fiction we could have sacrificed for its completion!

The three stout volumes which form the first instalment of Mr. Hare's Story of his Life* carry the record down to the close of 1870. It is rarely that an autobiography is planned on so ample a scale, and yet to tell the truth, although the reader now and again grows impatient of the long strain on his attention, and although there are various details which might have been advantageously suppressed, there are singularly few of these fourteen hundred and fifty pages which one really cares to skip. Mr. Hare is a delightful story-teller, and the good things in his memory or his note-books appear to be inexhaustible. He does not shrink from the possible charge that he has written "a ponderous biography of nobody"; on the contrary he meets it with the unanswerable rejoinder that the real interest of a life lies not in the great results but in the petty details, and that the true picture of a whole

* "Gaston de Latour: an Unfinished Romance." By Walter Pater, late Fellow of Brasenose College; prepared for the press by Charles L. Shadwell, Fellow of Oriel College. Macmillan & Co., Limited. *7s. 6d.*

* "The Story of My Life." By Augustus J. C. Hare. 3 vols. With numerous illustrations. London: George Allen. *31s. 6d.*

life—at least an English life—has never yet been painted.

As a good hater Mr. Hare would have been a man after Dr. Johnson's own heart, and throughout the story of his unhappy childhood it is difficult, however ready we may be to discount the bitterness of boyish miseries, not to sympathise with him and not to feel on his behalf an almost truculent vindictiveness. Large allowances must of course be made for the methods of the time—for the strangely unintelligent and sometimes brutal system of "breaking a child's spirit" and of regarding a perpetual nagging and thwarting of innocent impulses as the essential point in education; but with all such allowances admitted, the boy, who from the moment he was weaned was surrendered with such amazing alacrity to his aunt's care, seems to have endured from the pious and well-intentioned relatives about him more than the fair share of childish suffering. Of all the stories of childhood, this which Mr. Hare tells at some length, and which should be read by all lovers of child-life, is the most pitiful and the most exasperating. It is a poignant object-lesson of the cruel and senseless things which may be inflicted on the helpless at the hands of the good.

A very large space in the autobiography is occupied by the people Mr. Hare knew and the places he visited. The latter have afforded material for many guide books: the former were legion, and included, one would guess, half the English peerage and baronetage, to say nothing of foreign nobles and prelates. In writing of these he has countless amusing anecdotes, witty sayings and marvellous tales to tell. Indeed it would be hard to find a book so crowded with readable and quotable matter. His stories of the occult and uncanny are a striking characteristic, and not the less so because one fancies that a curious strain of respect, not to say devout conviction, may be detected in the narrator, whose shrewdness and incisive sharpness do not warrant any such concession to popular weakness. Occasionally I cannot quite repress a feeling of misgiving that Mr. Hare may at times be experimentalising in the art of the romancer. For instance the story of the Family Spy is enthralling:

"For many years my sister had observed that she and her mother were followed and watched by a particular person. Wherever they went, or whatever they did, she was aware of the same tall, thin man dressed in grey who seemed to take a silent interest in all that happened to them. At last this surveillance became quite disagreeable, and they tried to escape it. One spring they pretended they were going to leave Rome on a particular day, announced it to their friends, and made secret preparations for leaving Rome a week earlier. They arrived in safety within a few miles of Florence, when looking up at a tall tower by the side of the road my sister saw the face of the Family Spy watching them from its battlements. Another time they heard that the Spy was ill and confined to bed, and they took the opportunity of moving at once. As their vetturino carriage turned out of the piazza into the Via S. Claudio in order to attain the Corso, which must be passed before reaching the gate of the city, the narrow street was almost blocked by another carriage, in which my sister saw the emaciated form of the Family Spy propped on pillows and lying on a mattress, and which immediately followed them."

Who was this darkly interesting and inescapable stranger? No tool of the Inquisition, no emissary of a secret society; merely a harmless Sicilian marquis who had been living at Palermo, when the author's parents were there, and whose four children were exactly of the same age as their four children. The man's wife and family had been swept away at one stroke by the cholera, and he had "determined to create for himself a new family and a new interest in life" by adopting this English family, whose father had been removed. Mrs. Hare offered to receive him as a friend, but he declined so commonplace a mode of happiness; the excitement of the spy was necessary for his existence. He seems to have played his part admirably and to have been able to render considerable service to his *protégés* through the information he contrived, in a most mysterious manner, to gather about their affairs. Unhappily at the most critical moment of their misfortunes he gave no sign; he had died very suddenly, as they discovered some time after. Extraordinary as the narrative reads for a true story of forty years ago, it is matched by two others in these volumes, and it is quite surpassed by the second-sight and wonderful premonitions of Madame de Trafford, with regard to whom I must confess that my curiosity is not satisfied. Especially interesting would it be if it could be proved that she, as she used to aver, "was really the person (accidentally walking and botanising on those mountains) who appeared out of a dense fog to the two children of La Salette,

and whom they took for a vision of the Virgin." To turn, however, to the beaten track of human experience, here is a story of Mr. Ruskin which it would have delighted Mr. Ogilvy to quote in connection with Sentimental Tommy's determination to be satisfied with nothing short of the *right* word :—

"One day in the gallery, I asked him to give me some advice. He said, 'Watch me.' He then looked at the flounce in the dress of a maid-of-honour of the Queen of Sheba for five minutes, and then he painted one thread; he looked for another five minutes, and then he painted another thread. At the rate at which he was working he might hope to paint the whole dress in ten years; but it was a lesson as to examining well what one drew before drawing it."

Mr. Hare must surely have forgotten the

"Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand"

when he ascribes to "Mrs. Bayley, a very religious person," the celebrated story of "The Three Black Crows"; and in writing the really impressive account of the noise of the crickets on the approach of death, he takes a peculiarly naïve view of a figurative expression when he remarks: "I have been laughed at for narrating this, but the noise of crickets at a death is spoken of in Ecclesiastes xii. 5—'And the grasshopper shall be a burden, *because man goeth to his long home.*'"

Of all the rare gifts bestowed on grown men, the rarest seems to me to be the art of writing for children—if indeed it be an art, and not a "nature." Unluckily, the only competent critics are rarely invited to express an opinion, and the consequence is that a wholly untrustworthy and indeed illusory *imprimatur* is frequently given to ineffectual and pretentious performances by persons who ought to be old enough, if they were not much too old, to know better. In the case of Mr. Norman Gale's "Songs for Little People,"* I have deemed it prudent to consult a liberal-minded critic of six, and I am commissioned to say, first, that the pictures in this book are just too lovely and pompous (decorative?), and that any properly constituted infant ought to be delighted with "Bartholomew," and "The Sleepless Child," and "Off to Africa," and "The Swan," and several others, but these are among the best—and will I read "Off to Africa" again?

"The cuckoos of the neighbourhood are meeting in the park,
They mean to journey leagues away before the day falls dark.
Oh, sweet their stay in England, and the music from their beak,
But now they flit to Africa, because their chests are weak."

Mr. Gale must be reproved for docking the fourth line of each stanza of "Auntie Nell" of two syllables. It should, of course, be "to say our *morning* prayers," "to make us *nice and* neat," and so on.

And what was that about fairies in faces?

"I like to sit on Daddy's knee
And watch the fairy in his face,
That always has a smile for me,
And never wanders from her place."

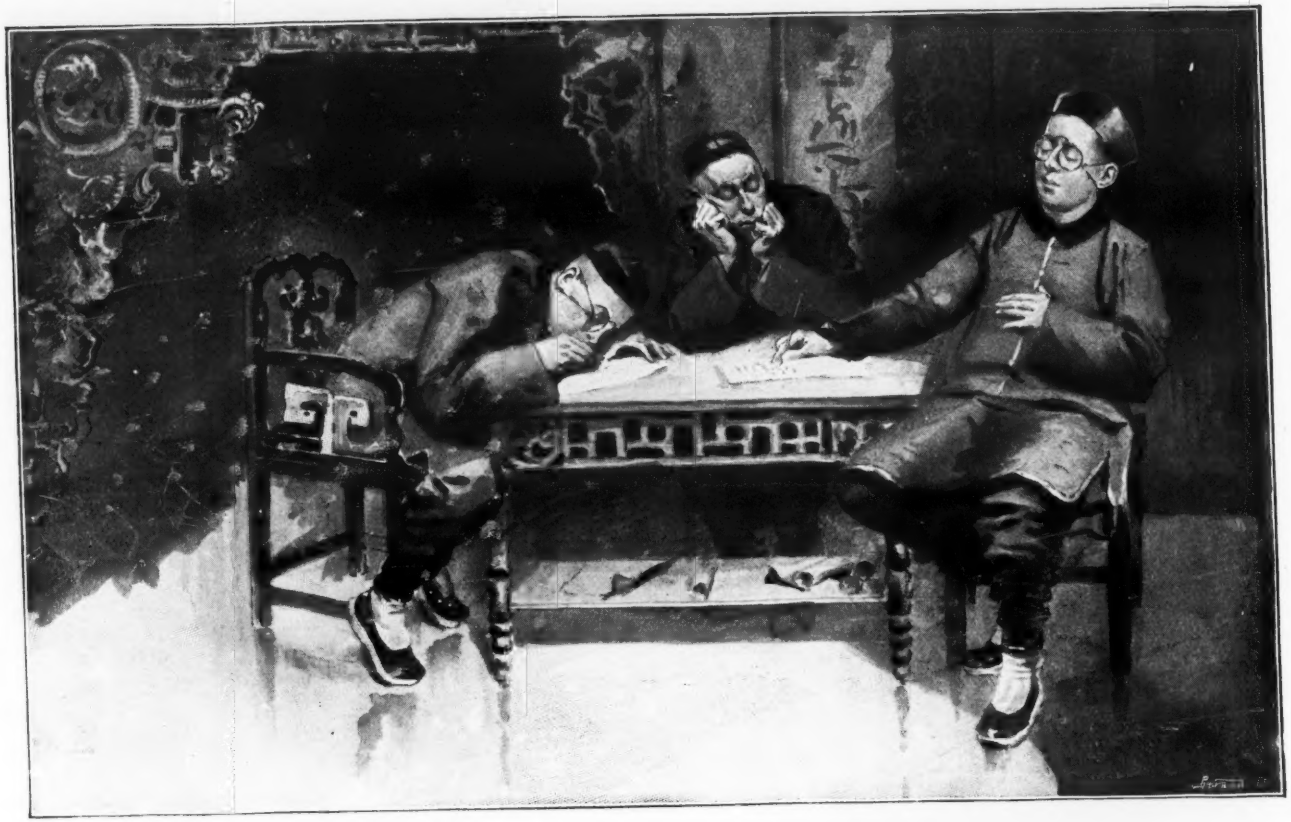
And would I say that again? And what was that about the little boy that wanted to be a black boy? My collaborator's notion of criticism seems to be that I should quote something from nearly every other piece; which is, of course, impracticable. Evidently Mr. Gale is to be congratulated on a charming and amusing book of poems, with which children will be delighted.

I am told that it is quite useless to try to give any notion of "Ye Second Booke of Nursery Rhymes," set to music by Joseph S. Moorat, and illustrated by Paul Woodroffe.* Every one knows the rhymes—most of them at least—"Sing a song of Sixpence," "The Lion and the Unicorn," "Little Jack Horner," "Georgie Porgie," and over a score of others; but the pictures must be *seen* and the delightful music must be *heard*, and then everybody that really cares for a little girl will buy those rhymes and present them to her before the holidays are over. They will be just as welcome to a little boy if there is no little girl.

* George Allen. 5*s*.

* "Songs for Little People." By Norman Gale. Illustrations by Helen Stratton. Archibald Constable & Co. 6*s*.

"AN EDINBURGH HOUSE AND ITS OWNER."—By an unfortunate mistake the photographs used for the purpose of illustrating this article were ascribed to Messrs. Annan instead of to Messrs. Bedford Lemere & Co., 147 Strand, London, the well-known architectural photographers, to whom we were indebted for them.



"Su threw off another equally brilliant ode"

CLEMATIS

Drawn by L. Daviel

"There are three points for you, four against you"

Drawn by L. DAVIEL

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days and many ways
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song,
Many a road and many an inn,
Room to roam, but only one Home,
For the whole world to win."

ANON.

CHAPTER V

"The recognition of his rights therefore, the justice he requires of our hands or our thoughts, is the recognition of that which the person, in his inmost nature, really is; and as sympathy alone can discover that which really is in matters of feeling and thought, true justice is in its essence a finer knowledge through love."

Appreciations—WALTER PATER.

SIX years after that memorable August day, Ralph and Evereld might have been seen on the tennis ground attached to the pretty house near Redvale, which Sir Matthew was pleased to call his "little country cottage." It was decidedly one of those cottages of gentility which once caused the devil to grin. But in spite of that it was a very charming place. Its windows commanded an exquisite view over the hills and woods of one of the southern counties, and its gardens were the admiration of the whole neighbourhood. The tennis-lawn lay to the left of the house in a cosy nook of its own, and there was no one to watch the vigorous game which the two were playing. This was a pity, for the play was skilful and dainty to watch, and the players themselves were worth looking at.

Ralph, who had been a remarkably small boy, was never likely, as Geraghty expressed it, to be "six foot long and broad," but he had developed into a well-proportioned, healthy-looking fellow, and still retained his open, boyish face, expressive brown eyes, and thick, wavy brown hair. Evereld was even less changed, she was still very small and young for her age; and although she was

fast approaching her eighteenth birthday she wore the sort of nondescript dress which girls often wear during their last year in the schoolroom, her skirt revealing a pair of pretty ankles, and her hair still hanging down her back.

The contest was an exciting one, but it ended in a victory for Ralph, whose greater strength usually conquered.

"I am heavily handicapped," said Evereld, throwing up her racket with a laugh. "We'll borrow the vicar's cassock and the Lord Chancellor's wig and you shall play a set in them and see if I don't beat you then!"

"Come and rest," said Ralph, strolling towards the little shady arbour at the side of the lawn. "The sun is grilling."

"You would find it worse if you had all this weight to endure," said Evereld, shaking back the cloud of nut-brown hair which hung over her shoulders. "I shall take to plaiting it up, then at least one would be cool."

"No, don't!" protested Ralph. "You'll never look half as nice afterwards. And besides, when girls do up their hair they always leave off being natural and get grown-up and horrid, and can't talk sense to a fellow."

"My hair has nothing to do with being natural," said Evereld, fanning herself with a big fern. "How could I help being natural with you, when we have been together all this long time? How I do wish I were a boy and might have gone in for the Indian Civil, too. By-the-bye, Ralph, is that to-day's paper? Is there any news about your exam.?"

"They sent the wrong paper," said Ralph taking it up. "See, it's last night's *Evening Standard* instead of this morning's; they have been taking a nap down at the book-stall. I wonder if there really is anything in at last. It seems hard lines to keep us on tenterhooks from the 1st June till August."

"I don't believe you have worried about it. Your head was full of those private theatricals the moment the exam. was over. How well they went off! I never saw Sir Matthew so nice to you. He really did for once appreciate you."

"That was because other people praised me," said Ralph. "He would never have said one word of his own accord. You'll never find him committing himself before he knows whether he will be swimming with the stream."

"Ralph, do you know I think you are growing rather hard. I hate to hear you say things like that about Sir Matthew. If Fraulein were here she would have a hundred instances of his kindness to tell us."

"Yes she would," owned Ralph. "She has been our good angel all these years. Worse luck to that old professor who married her and left us to ourselves! Why, Evereld, just look at it in that way. What should you and I have been like if all this time we had only had the sort of indifferent cold charity which the Mactavishes have given us? Oh, I know there has been money spent on me; do you think I have ever been allowed to forget that for a moment? But Sir Matthew spoils with one hand the good he does with the other. Thank heaven, I shall soon be on my own hook. I wonder what life out in India will be like—and what the chances of getting any cricket are?"

Evereld fell to talking of happy reminiscences of Simla, and they were planning all manner of impossible arrangements for the future, in which they fondly imagined their present brotherly and sisterly relations would be maintained, when Bridget suddenly appeared upon the scene.

"Miss Evereld," she exclaimed, "you'd best be coming in to change your frock, my dear. Sir Matthew has come down without any warning from London. He's in the library, Mr. Ralph, and they did tell me he was askin' for you. Geraghty he just passed me the word that he thought Sir Matthew was troubled in his mind about some little matter."

Ralph flushed.

"You see now," he exclaimed, turning to Evereld, "if I haven't gone and failed in that wretched exam.! What on earth shall I do if I have?"

"Why, you will go in for it again next year," said Evereld philosophically. "But who says you have failed? It may be nothing to do with the exam. Besides, you know that your coach and Professor Rosenwald and Fraulein—I mean Frau Rosenwald—all thought you were safe to pass."

"I know I had worked well," said Ralph, "but I was always a wretched hand at

writing anything. Well, let me go and hear the worst at once."

"Don't despair so soon. As for me, I believe you have passed, and that it is only some business matter that's worrying Sir Matthew. Good luck to you. Don't stay long in the library. I shall be dressed in ten minutes."

She waved her hand gaily and ran upstairs, while Ralph, with a great dread hanging over him, went to the library.

With other people he was invariably cheerful and talkative, but with Sir Matthew he was never his best self. To begin with, he was always ill at ease, and by a sort of fate he seemed destined to say and do exactly what would annoy his patron. If he was silent, Sir Matthew was in the habit of rating him for his dulness. If he laughed and talked, he was ordered not to make so much noise. If he hazarded an opinion he was sure to meet with a snub, and at all times and seasons he was hedged in by significant reminders that he was eating the bread of charity. It was well for him that he had seen comparatively little of the Mactavishes, thanks to his life at Winchester and to his friendship with Evereld and her governess; but he had seen enough to do him considerable harm and to plant seeds of pride, and hardness, and distrust of humanity in his heart.

Sir Matthew was sitting at his bureau. He glanced up as the door opened, bestowed a curt nod upon Ralph and went on writing in silence.

"They told me you were inquiring for me," said Ralph nervously, noting at once the storm signals in Sir Matthew's face.

"I did send for you," said the master of the house grimly, as he signed his name with two flourishing M's, and methodically folded, directed and stamped his dispatch.

Ralph, horribly chafed by the manner of his reception and by the suspense, turned to the window and took up a newspaper which was lying near it.

"Put that down," thundered Sir Matthew, as though he had been ordering a child of four years old.

"Sir?" said Ralph, in angry astonishment.

"Do you think I don't understand your game," said Sir Matthew. "You are pretending to look for news of your examination when all the time you perfectly well know that you have failed."

"Failed!" cried Ralph turning pale, and realising how little he had believed in failure when he had talked of the possibility with Evereld. "Who says I have failed? Where are the lists?"

He snatched at the paper again, neither heeding Sir Matthew's orders nor his scoffing laugh. Here was the list of the successful candidates, and with eager eyes he looked down it. The name of Denmead was not there.

Sir Matthew silently watched his expression of bewildered despair, but though it would have appealed to some men it did not appeal to him.

"Now that the newspaper corroborates what I told you, perhaps you believe my word," he said sarcastically.

"I beg your pardon," said Ralph, "I did not mean to doubt you—but the shock——"

"Now my good fellow, you may as well be silent, the less said about a shock the better; you know perfectly well that you never deserved to pass that examination. You had idled away your time over cricket and theatricals, and now you have to face the consequences."

"You are the first person to say that," said Ralph, resentfully. "They all told me I had an excellent chance and was well prepared."

"The examiners, however, thought differently," said Sir Matthew; "your work was miserable. I have this very day been making special inquiries into the matter, that I may not judge you unfairly. You have not only failed, but failed ignominiously. Don't fidget about while I am talking to you; sit down and listen to me for I have much to say."

Ralph forced himself to obey in silence.

"I am perfectly well aware," resumed Sir Matthew, "that nowadays young men think nothing of failing, that they go in for an examination time after time with light hearts while their unfortunate fathers have to pay the piper. You were not in a position to behave in that fashion. And you would have shown, I think, a finer sense of honour if you had worked well."

"I did work," said Ralph emphatically. "If you——"

Sir Matthew raised his long hand and waved it downwards in a silencing manner that was peculiarly his own.

"I say nothing," he continued, in his cool, measured tones, "as to what I might have expected after the large sum I have thrown away on your schooling at Winchester; I say nothing as to the three months in Germany and the special coach I provided for you; I say nothing of the manner in which I took you at once into my own house when there was no one to stand by you; I say nothing as to the fatherly care I have bestowed on you all these——"

He broke off abruptly, for Ralph, with the look of one goaded past bearing, had sprung to his feet.

"No," he cried passionately, "at least that word you shall not use; there was never anything fatherly about you. All those other things that you cast in my teeth though you say you won't mention them—they are true enough, and I have tried to be grateful—I—" he half choked in the desperate struggle between his pride and a certain sense of courtesy which still clung to him—"I will try always to be grateful." He strode across the room to the window, panting for air. A chuckle escaped Sir Matthew.

"You were always a good hand at acting," he remarked, "but I shall be obliged if you will come down from your high horse and remember that I am talking about a business arrangement. Don't waste my time, but listen to what I have to say to you."

Ralph paced back again to the hearthrug and stood there, looking steadily down at his patron. It somehow seemed as if in those few moments he had passed from boyhood altogether, even Sir Matthew noted the change in his look and bearing. "The only thing," he resumed, "in which I ever saw you really exert yourself was in that play at the end of the season. I quite admit that you learnt the part of Charles Surface at very short notice and that you acted it far better than any amateur I ever had the pain of watching. But to play a part in *The School for Scandal* is one thing, and to be fit to play your part in life is another. You will never, I am convinced, be sharp enough for the Indian Civil Service, I shall not permit you to go in again for it next year. I have already wasted too much upon you and shall not throw good money after bad. That's always a mistake."

Ralph could not calmly stand by and hear his whole future overturned without a word; he broke in eagerly, perhaps rashly. "Yet many have failed the first time and afterwards turned out well," he pleaded. "The standard of age, too, is likely to be raised they say. I would work my hardest. If you will let me try again——" But once more Sir Matthew gave that expressive downward wave of the hand.

"No," he said peremptorily, "You have had your chance and lost it. Still, I am loth to turn my back altogether on an old friend's son, and for my own satisfaction I offer you one more opportunity. I will make a parson of you. Do you remember that snug little vicarage up in the north of England where last year we went to call on a Mr. Crosbie? Years ago the Mactavishes owned the living; it had been in the family for generations. My father at a time when he was pressed for money sold it to old Crosbie. I have long wished to have the property again, and only to-day Crosbie happened to be in town and I got him to promise me that if I bought the living he would undertake to retire in four years. You had better not tell it in Gath, for of course the promise to retire is a strictly private matter, but for the rest it's all legal enough. Next month you will be twenty. In four years you could be ordained priest, and I will undertake to see you through your training and to put you into this living. Its three hundred and a house; you could be happy enough up there, and for your father's sake I am willing to do as much as that for you."

There was something so artificial in those last words that Ralph, whose anger had been rising every moment, now broke forth indignantly.

"Is it for his sake that you put before me a temptation of this sort? You surely know—you must know—that my father would never have accepted a living obtained in that way. Had you offered it him, and had it been worth ten times the money, he would not have touched it with a pair of tongs. Why, the thing is rank simony!"

"You receive offers of help in a somewhat curious fashion, young man," said Sir Matthew with a sneer. "But in spite of that I still think you are very well cut out

for a parson. Your dramatic instincts and your good voice would fit you well enough for the Church, and you are already able, I perceive, to preach to your elders and betters."

Ralph winced at the sarcasm, but he caught hold of the weak point in his opponent's argument.

"No," he said, emphatically, "I am not fit for the work of a clergyman. The only thing that can fit a man for that is a distinct call from God. You are tempting me to go in for the loaves and fishes, and you dare to say that you do this for my father's sake—my father, who would have starved first!"

"Perhaps he would," said Sir Matthew coldly. "He was, as all his friends knew, an unpractical fool. You needn't look as if you could kill me. He had excellent abilities but no power of pushing his way, and he left you a beggar in consequence, proving, according to scripture, that as he had neglected to secure future provision for his family he had denied the faith and was worse than an infidel. Now, to return to business; are you going to accept this offer of mine, or do you intend to be a pig-headed idiot, and affect to be calling a mere matter of business simony?"

Ralph's eyes lighted up.

"I mean," he said quietly, "to be true to my father's ideals."

Sir Matthew broke into a discordant laugh.

"Did his precious ideals feed you and clothe you and send you to Winchester? Don't you know by his own confession that he had mismanaged his affairs?"

"I know," said Ralph indignantly, "that, whatever his faults, he was at least an honest man."

He had meant no insinuation whatever, but the words galled his companion terribly. Sir Matthew rose to his feet in a towering passion.

"You impertinent, ungrateful fellow, do you dare to insult me in my own house? Go, sir, get out of my sight! I have had enough of you. Let us see now how your ideals will support you! Leave my house and never set foot in it again!"

Ralph, too angry and sore to realise all that the words meant, turned without a word and left the library.

CHAPTER VI

"The grace of friendship—mind and heart,
Linked with their fellow heart and mind;
The gains of science, gifts of art;
The sense of oneness with our kind;
The thirst to know and understand—
A large and liberal discontent:
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent."

WILLIAM WATSON.

THE moment the door had closed behind the boy Sir Matthew's anger cooled. For the time it had been genuine, for quite unintentionally Ralph had used words which stung him as no others could have done. There were two things in the world that the company promoter sincerely cared about—successful speculation, and his reputation as a philanthropist. His adoption of Ralph had been almost entirely a speculation, one of the specious bits of kindness which he had intended to redound to his own honour and glory. Having once undertaken the lad's education he could not for his own credit's sake turn back, but from the very first he had shrewdly guessed that it would prove a bad investment, and Ralph had been a thorn in his side. To begin with, the boy was in face curiously like his father, and Sir Matthew had some lingering remains of affection for his old friend, even though in his heart he despised him for not being more of a man of the world. He had not lived the life of a company promoter without having grown perfectly callous to the sufferings of his victims, but yet the conscience that was not dead but dormant within him had been faintly stirred at Whinhaven when he realised that the Rector's ruin had been his work. Partly to salve his conscience, but chiefly because the world would applaud the action, he had adopted Ralph. The boy, however, had not taken kindly to the part assigned him. He never showed off well before visitors, never learnt to pose as a grateful recipient of unmerited kindness. On the contrary, Sir Matthew always had an uncomfortable feeling that the boy saw through him, and knew him to be a humbug. As a matter of fact, the taunting allusions he had just made to Mr. Denmead's mistakes and errors of judgment had driven his hearer far from all recollection of Sir Matthew's actions or character; Ralph had thought only of that inward picture stamped

indelibly upon his brain of the high-minded and scrupulously honourable father, who somehow seemed to him more of a living reality as he spoke than the angry, self-important patron confronting him.

"He was at least an honest man!" The words had intended no reflection on Sir Matthew, but they had gone straight to the company promoter's one vulnerable spot, and for the moment had sharply pained him. Incensed at the perception that this fellow might hurt his jealously guarded reputation, —that reputation for benevolence which was part of his stock-in-trade—he had burst forth into angry denunciation, and in one indignant sentence had severed all connection between them.

He took out a memorandum book now, and made an entry in it with much deliberation, then sat for some time wrapped in thought, gnawing absently at his pencil case, a trick which he had acquired, and of which the dinted surface of the silver bore tokens.

"One may trust a Denmead to be honourable," he reflected with a curious sense of satisfaction. "The boy will never mention that little private arrangement as to Crosbie's retiring in four years. I've bought the living and now the question is how can I use it best to further my own ends? After all, it's just as well that this fool has refused it. I can use it as a bait for some one else, and I'm quit of Ralph for ever. Though the boy is so like his father in face there's much more go in him than there ever was in poor Denmead. He has a bit of the sturdy pluck and energy of his little Welsh mother. Pshaw! I needn't trouble about him. He's the sort that will swim and not sink, and a little course of starvation will bring him down from his impossible heights and teach him that he must do as other men do."

With that he rose and left the library in search of his wife, and having chatted pleasantly enough with her at afternoon tea, he casually alluded to Ralph's departure.

"What!" said Lady Mactavish, "Is he going out to India, do you mean."

"Not that I know of," said Sir Matthew with a laugh. "He has failed ignominiously in his examination, and has been most insufferably impertinent to me. I have given him his *congé*, and he will trouble us no more."

"The ungrateful boy!" said Lady Mactavish indignantly, "after all that you have done for him, too."

"He has behaved very badly," said Sir Matthew; "and I think, my dear, we are well quit of him. I shall not see him again, but you had better just say good-bye to him, and by-the-bye, I think you might give him a couple of five-pound notes; I should be sorry to launch him into the world without a penny in his pockets. It might make people think that I had been harsh with him."

Ralph had gone straight up to the schoolroom in search of Evereld, but something had delayed her and he found the place deserted. Throwing himself down on the window-seat, he let the soft west wind cool his flushed face, and tried to think calmly over the interview with Sir Matthew. The attack on his father had angered him as nothing else could have done, and it was over this rather than over his own future that he mused. The sound of Evereld's voice singing in the passage roused him, but before she had reached the schoolroom, the red baize door leading from the other part of the house creaked on its hinges, and Lady Mactavish appeared upon the scene.

"I was looking for you, Ralph," she said, entering the room in front of Evereld. "I learn, to my great annoyance, that you have failed in your examination, failed ignominiously. It is quite clear to us all that you have not been working properly."

"But every one says that the Indian Civil is such a dreadfully stiff exam.," said Evereld, "and he did work very hard in Germany; they all said so."

"Don't interrupt me, my dear," said Lady Mactavish. "It is not a matter you can understand. After all that Sir Matthew has done for you, Ralph, I think at least you might have behaved properly to him. He tells me that you were so impertinent that he has been forced to order you out of the house."

"I had no intention of being rude," said Ralph, standing before her with much the same expression of impatience, curbed by a sense of obligation with which he had always taken her fault-finding.

"I am quite aware that your intentions are always, according to your own account, immaculate," she said scathingly, "but, un-

fortunately, your words and actions don't correspond with them. You have behaved abominably to the man who has fed, and clothed, and housed you all these years, a man who has wasted hundreds of pounds on your schooling."

"Believe me, I do not forget what he has done for me," said Ralph eagerly. "I am grateful for it. But he used words of my father which were cruel, words which no son could patiently have listened to."

"Nothing can excuse the way you have behaved," said Lady Mactavish, "so say no more about it. What are your plans?"

"I have made none," said Ralph, "except to go by the six o'clock train."

"Where are you going?"

"To London," he replied.

Lady Mactavish glanced at him a little uneasily. She could not without prickings of conscience think of turning this boy of nineteen adrift.

"Sir Matthew, with his usual kindness and generosity, asked me to give you these," she said, holding out the bank notes. "Though you have so much disappointed and pained him, he will not let you be sent away without money."

But Ralph drew back; there was a look in his eyes which half frightened Evereld.

"Thank you," he said, "but I cannot take them; after what passed just now in the library it is out of the question."

Lady Mactavish looked uncomfortable. "You have been so shielded and cared for that you don't realise what the world is. You will certainly be getting into trouble. I desire you to take these."

"I am sorry to refuse you anything," he said with studied politeness. "But you ask what is impossible."

"Your pride is perfectly ridiculous," she said, turning away with a look of annoyance. "However, I shall retain these notes for you, and when you have realised your foolishness, you can write and ask me for them."

Something in her tone touched Ralph. It seemed to him that perhaps after all she had taken some little thought for his well-being, and that behind her grumbling, ungracious manner, there was more real heart than he had dreamed.

"Will you not let me say good-bye to you?" he said. "You must not think I am ungrateful for the home you have given me all these years."

She took leave of him more kindly than he had expected, after which he turned thoughtfully back into the schoolroom, where he found poor Evereld sobbing her heart out.

"Oh, don't cry," he said as if the sight of her tears had added the last straw to his burden. "It can't be helped, Evereld, and after all, had I got through my exam. I should have been going abroad before so very long. And you are going to school for a year. There will be no end of friends for you there."

"They won't be like you," sobbed Evereld, "You are just like my brother now. Oh, how I wish we were really brother and sister, then they couldn't turn you out like this."

"I wish we were," said Ralph with a sigh, as he realised how utterly he had now cut himself off from intercourse with her. All we can do, I suppose, is to hear of each other through the Professor and Frau Rosenwald. They will never let me write to you at school. It's not as if I were your brother really or even your cousin. They're awfully strict at schools about that."

"Well," said Evereld, resolutely drying her eyes, "We can write in the holidays, and in a little more than three years' time I can do just exactly what I like. Promise, Ralph, that you will come to me when I am one and twenty. Promise me faithfully."

"I promise," he said. But as he spoke it seemed to him that by that time a thousand things might have happened to divide them. He had a perception somehow that, once broken, that brotherly and sisterly intimacy could never again be the same thing. Later on, Evereld knew that it was indeed at an end, but for the moment his promise cheered her, and she set herself to work to make the most of the present. "Come," she said, "tea is getting cold, and you must eat all you can, for who knows where you will dine. Oh, Ralph! what do you mean to do? Where shall you go in London?"

"I think I shall go first to my father's solicitor, old Mr. Marriott. He was kind to me when I left Whinhaven, and he will know the whole truth about things, and will perhaps advise me."

"Shall you go in for the Indian Civil again?"

"I don't think so, for most likely all that part is true enough. I must have failed badly; I never was any good at exams. No, I have a great idea of trying my luck on the stage. That was always my wish since the day when my father took me to see Washington. We often laughed over the plan and discussed it, and he had none of that horror of the stage which so many parsons profess to have."

"That would be delightful—a thousand times better than going to India! And perhaps we shall go to see you act. And oh! perhaps you'll get to know Macneillie!"

"I have no idea where Macneillie has gone to," said Ralph. "He has not played in London for the last six years; somebody told me he had started a Company of his own in the provinces. It wouldn't be a bad idea to find out, and write to him. Unless our hero-worship threw a very deceptive halo round him, he must be an awfully kind-hearted man. Come! drink to my good fortune, and then like an angel just help me to sort out my things. Tea, and this notion of yours about Macneillie make me feel like a giant refreshed. After all, it will be jolly enough to be on one's own hook after eating the bitter bread of charity all this time."

"Yet I rather wish you had taken those bank notes," said Evereld. "How much money have you, Ralph, to start with?"

"You have not only failed, but failed ignominiously"

He felt in one pocket and produced a florin. "That will take me to London," he said. He felt in another and produced half a sovereign, "on that I can live for a week," he remarked.

"And after that?" said Evereld.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"There are night refuges, I believe, where for a penny one can lie in a box and warm oneself with a leather coverlet. And failing these, there is always the Park, where you can enjoy part of a bench without any charge at all."

"Ralph, I'm not going to allow it," said Evereld, her firm little mouth assuming its most resolute expression. "Do you think I should have let Dick go away to starve upon twelve shillings while I was lapped in luxury? I took you for my brother, the very first night you came, and I'm not going to give you up, whatever you say." She unlocked her desk and took out four sovereigns. "This is all I have left of my allowance; I wish it were bank notes like the ones you refused. But you can't refuse mine, Ralph."

"It bitterly reproached the man he was writing to"

He hesitated. "I don't think I ought to take them," he said.

"Why not?"

"The world would be shocked. What right have I to your money?"

"Every right, since we belong to each other. And as to the world it has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Don't waste time, Ralph. Please take it for my sake."

He could not resist the blue eyes brimming with tears, but let her place the money in his hand and gave her a brotherly hug. Then they hastily began to collect his possessions, talking bravely of the future, and many times alluding to their old hero Macneillie.

In the meantime in Geraghty's pantry two other friends were colloguing; Bridget having learnt the fate that was to befall her young gentleman was opening her heart to her elderly *fiancé*.

"It's turnin' of him out that they're after," she said indignantly, "And him a fine handsome boy and knowin' just nothin' of the world. Sure thin, Geraghty, it's a sin, it's just a mortal sin, and him without connictions, let alone relations."

"Where will he be goin'?" asked Geraghty thoughtfully.

"I heard them say he was goin' to London, and you know what that will be meanin' when a boy's got neither money nor friends to keep him in the right way. It breaks me heart to think of it."

"Well, maybe I'd better be tellin' him of Dan Doolan's house at Vauxhall. He'd be with

good dacent folk there and they'd not be askin' a high rint. Here, give me that tray. I'll fetch down the schoolroom cups for ye, and that'll give me a chance to speak with him."

Geraghty had always been a favourite in the schoolroom, and Ralph turned to the old fellow now with a hearty appreciation of his kindly thoughtfulness.

"We shall all miss you, Mr. Ralph," he said. "And if I might make so bold as to be giving you the ricommindation of some rooms in London, where they tell me you're going, I think you'd find them respectable, which is more than can be said for many places. The house belongs to Dan Doolan, that's my sister's husband's uncle, he and his wife are very dacent folk and they would do their utmost for you and give you a warm welcome."

"Trust the Irish for that," said Ralph, "I'm very much obliged to you, Geraghty, for I hadn't an idea where to look for lodgings. Come, Evereld, now you will feel much happier about me."

He took down the address, and then, with the help of Geraghty and Bridget and Evereld, the packing was finished and the moment of leave-taking arrived. The butler had carried down the last portmanteau, Bridget had invoked blessings on his head and gone away wiping her eyes with her apron, and the two friends were left in the quiet schoolroom.

"Remember your promise," said Evereld earnestly.

"I will remember," said Ralph. "And after all it is likely enough that we shall meet before that. Courage, dear! Don't fret. The time will soon pass."

"Here is a book for you to read in the train," she added, afraid to say much, lest she should break down. "You must have a Dickens to comfort you, and this will be the best, for the wind is very much in the east to-day, as dear old Mr. Jarndyce would have said."

She gave him her own copy of "Bleak House," and Ralph, with a choking sensation in his throat, bent down and kissed the sweet rosy face that was still so childlike. After that, without another word, he left the house, and Evereld, running to her bedroom, watched him until he had disappeared in the distance, then throwing herself on the bed cried as though her heart would break.

CHAPTER VII

"Is our age an age of genuine pity? I have my doubts. It is pre-eminently an age of bustle, and fuss, and fidget; but I think we are lacking in tenderness."

DR. JESSOP.

AFTER the pain of his farewells had begun to wear off a little, Ralph, being naturally of a hopeful temperament, turned not without some pleasurable feelings to the thought of the future that lay before him. More and more his old dreams of becoming an actor filled his mind, and in the sudden change which had befallen his fortunes he saw something not unlike a distinct call to return to his first ideal. He clung all the more to the thought because of the uprooting he had just undergone, and as he travelled through the Surrey hills on that summer evening, found comfort in the anchorage of a firm resolve to do all that was in his power to fit himself for his new vocation. That one did not climb the ladder at a bound he of course knew well enough, and he had sense to guess that it would be a difficult matter to get room even on the lowest step of the ladder. A hard struggle lay before him, but he was full of vigorous young life and did not shrink from the prospect. Then, too, he was keenly conscious of the relief of no longer depending upon the Mactavishes. He could exactly sympathise with Esther in "Bleak House," who was always sensible of filling a place in her godmother's establishment which ought to have been empty. It was something after all to be free, even though not precisely knowing how he was to keep body and soul together. With the exception of old Mr. Marriott there seemed few to whom he could apply for advice. His late master at Winchester was away in Switzerland, the Professor and Frau Rosenwald were in Dresden and were little likely to be able to help him, while of friends of his own age he had scarcely any, owing to Lady Mactavish's dislike to his accepting invitations for the holidays which would have made return invitations necessary.

On reaching Charing Cross he went straight to Sir Matthew's house in Queen Anne's Gate, left his luggage there, arranged to come the next day and pack the few things he had in his room, and then walked to Ebury Street to inquire whether Mr. Marriott

were at home. London had such a deserted air that he began to fear that the solicitor would have joined in the general exodus. But fortune favoured him, Mr. Marriott was in town still and had just returned from the City. He was ushered into a comfortable library, where, in a few moments, the old lawyer joined him, receiving him in such a kindly and courteous way that the friendless feeling which had taken possession of him on his arrival in London quite left him.

"I hope you will excuse my coming at such an hour and to your private house, but I half feared you might be away and I was very anxious for your advice," he said, when the old man's greetings were ended.

"I'm heartily glad you did come to-night," said Mr. Marriott. "For to-morrow I go to Switzerland with my sister and my daughter. Is Sir Matthew still in town? Are you staying with him?"

"He has this very day turned me out of his house," said Ralph, and he briefly told the lawyer what had passed.

"This seems a serious matter," said Mr. Marriott. "We must talk it over together, but in the meantime, I will send round for your things, and you will, I hope, spend the night here. After dinner, we will put our heads together, and see what can be done."

Ralph could only gratefully accept the hospitality, and it proved to be just the genuine old-fashioned hospitality that does the heart good, and is as unlike its forced counterfeit as real fruit is unlike its waxen imitation.

Old Mr. Marriott's sister proved to be one of those eternally young people who at seventy have more capacity for enjoying life than many girls of eighteen. Her vivacious face, with its ever varying expression, her kindly human interest in all things and all people, did more to drive bitter recollections from Ralph's mind than anything else could have done. Moreover, he lost his heart to pretty Katharine Marriott, though she was at least fifteen years his senior. Her large, serious, brown eyes, and her air of gentle dignity seemed to him perfection; he could have imagined her to be some stately Spanish lady in her black, lace dress, and though she said little to him, her whole manner was full of sympathetic charm. When the ladies had left the table, Mr. Marriott began to make further inquries as to what had passed that afternoon.

"Is it not possible," he suggested, "that you too readily took Sir Matthew at his word? He has been kind to you all these years, has he not?"

"He has carried out what he undertook," said Ralph, "and twice, no—three times—I remember that he really spoke kindly to me. For the rest of the six years he has never noticed me at all except to find fault."

"Do you mean that you got into trouble? That your school reports were bad or anything of that sort?"

"No, they were decent enough, and I was never exactly in any scrape, but somehow, in little ways I always managed to displease him; spoke too much, or too little, or too loud, or not distinctly. If one made the least noise in coming into a room or closing a door he couldn't endure it, or if one stole in with elaborate care and quietness, he would start and say a stealthy step was intolerable to him. As to breakfast, the only meal we ever had with him as children, it used to be a time of torture, for if you held your knife or fork in a way which did not exactly meet his ideal way of holding a knife and fork, he made you feel that you had committed a crime."

"So there was never much love lost between you," said Mr. Marriott, with a smile. "Well it is what I feared would happen when I last saw you. Did he often mention your father's name?"

"Hardly ever, except when some guest was there who was likely to be impressed with his kindness in having adopted a poor clergyman's son," said Ralph, flushing hotly at certain galling recollections. "It was never until this afternoon, though, that he dared to speak of my father as an unpractical fool who had left me a beggar, and to taunt me with the high ideals which would never have kept me from starving."

"And did this lead to your quarrel?" said the lawyer, his brows contracting a little.

"Yes," said Ralph, "I replied that my father was at least an honest man, and he seemed to take that as a sort of personal affront—I'm sure I don't know why. He went into a towering rage and ordered me out of his sight."

"He is morbidly sensitive as to his repu-

tation," said Mr. Marriott, "and no doubt he thought you knew something to his disadvantage. Did it ever occur to you as strange that he should have adopted you?"

"At first I thought it was because he had really cared for my father and because he was my godfather, but before long I began to think it was chiefly as a sort of telling advertisement," said Ralph, with a touch of bitterness in his tone.

"All three notions were probably right," said the lawyer, "but there was yet another reason of which I can tell you something. On the day we reached Whinhaven and began to look through your father's papers, one of the very first things I came across in his blotting-book was the rough draft of a letter with a blank for the name in the first line. Seeing that it bore reference to the unlucky investment he had made, I glanced through it. It bitterly reproached the man he was writing to, for having recommended him to place his money in the company which had just gone into liquidation, and alluded to assurances that had been given him of this friend's close knowledge of all the details, and complete confidence in the safety of the company. I recollect that one sentence referred to you, and your father said, 'Should this illness of mine prove fatal, I look to you, as Ralph's godfather, to do what you can for him, since it is in consequence of your advice that I made this disastrous speculation.'"

Ralph started to his feet. "It was Sir Matthew then who ruined him!"

"Well," said the lawyer, "on reading that I looked up and casually asked him if he knew who your godfathers were, he replied that he was one, and that to the best of his recollection, the other had been a distant kinsman of your father's, a certain Sir Richard Denmead, who had died a few years before. Then, without further comment, I handed him the letter, remarking that of course, I had no idea on reading it that it bore reference to himself. He was naturally annoyed and upset, but was obliged to own that it was the draft of the letter he had received. He was doing what he could to justify himself when you came into the room, and what passed after that you no doubt remember."

"I remember," said Ralph, "that he patronised me—he—my father's murderer. The word is not a bit too strong for him. He murdered my father just as truly as if he had stabbed him to the heart. It was not the cold that killed him, it was the misery and the depression and the anxiety for the future. And this false friend of his is the man that goes about opening bazaars, and posing as a profoundly religious man! Faugh! It's revolting!"

"I have never liked Sir Matthew Mactavish," said Mr. Marriott, quietly. "It is wonderful to me how he impresses people; there must be some germ of greatness in him or he couldn't do it. I am quite aware that the discovery of the truth must make you feel very bitterly towards him, but if you will take an old man's advice you will dwell upon the past as little as possible. You can do no good by thinking of the injury he has done you, and you will have to be very careful how you speak of him, or in an angry moment you may make yourself liable to an action for slander; legally you know a thing may be perfectly true, but if maliciously uttered and in a way that injures another in his calling it may be nevertheless slander. So you must not proclaim your wrongs from the housetops. Now the question is what are you to do to support yourself?"

"I want to try my luck on the stage," said Ralph. "It was my wish long ago, and I believe that I might make something of it. I shall never be much good at examinations."

"It seems rather the fashion for young fellows to try it nowadays," said the lawyer, "but I should think the life was a very hard one, and like all other callings in this country it is much overcrowded. Still you might do worse. I will give you a letter to Barry Sterne; he is a client of mine and might possibly be able to help you. At any rate he would give you his advice."

Ralph caught at the suggestion, and when the next morning the Marriotts started for Switzerland they left him in excellent spirits.

"Are you quite sure you have enough to live on until you get work," asked the old lawyer, drawing him aside at the last moment. "I will gladly lend you something."

"Thank you," replied Ralph. "But I have enough to live on till the end of September."

"And by that time we shall be in London again," said Mr. Marriott. "Be sure you

come to see us and let us know how you prosper."

It was not without some trepidation that later in the morning Ralph presented himself at the house of Barry Sterne, the great actor. He sent in Mr. Marriott's letter of introduction and waited nervously in a small back sitting-room, the window of which opened into one of those miniature ferneries which one associates with the operating room of a dentist. Three dejected gold-fish swam aimlessly up and down the narrow tank, and the ferns looked as if they pined for country air. It was a relief when at length he was summoned into the adjoining room. Here the sun was shining, and there was a general sense of ease and comfort, Barry Sterne himself harmonising very well with his setting, for he was a good-natured looking giant with a most genial manner, and his broad, expansive face beamed in a very kindly fashion on his visitor.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything for you," he said, but the words carried no sting because the tone was so delightful. "I have hundreds of these applications, and it's about the most disagreeable part of my life to be for ever saying 'no' to people."

He put a few questions to him, all the while observing him attentively with his keen eyes.

"Well, you see," he remarked, leaning back easily in his chair and telling off the various items on his fingers as he proceeded. "Things seem to me to stand like this. You have a good presence, a good voice, a good manner; but you have no experience, you have had no special preparation, you have no money, and you have no friends or relatives in the profession. There are three points for you and four against you. That means that you will have a very hard struggle, and will have to be content to take any mortal thing you can get. Are you prepared for that?"

"I am prepared to begin at the very bottom of the profession if only it will give me a real chance of getting on," said Ralph.

"To make a fool of yourself in a pantomime, for instance," said the actor, eyeing him keenly. "Or to say a dozen trumpery lines in a piece that runs for a couple of hundred nights?"

"Yes, I would do it," said Ralph, thoughtfully. "If, in the meantime, I was really learning and making some way."

"Right," said Barry Sterne. "That's the way to set to work. But as a rule a gentleman thinks he must step into the first ranks of the profession straight away, which is a confounded mistake. I'll write you a note of introduction to Costa, the agent. You may thoroughly trust him, and he may perhaps be able sooner or later to put you in the way of something. I wish I knew of any opening for you. But I'm off to America next month with Miss Greville's Company."

The name instantly recalled Macneillie to Ralph's mind.

"When I was a small boy," he said, "Mr. Macneillie was once very good to me. If he were in London still, I might have gone to him. Do you know what has become of him."

"Hugh Macneillie? Why he would be precisely the man for you. He went to America about six years ago, had a tremendous success over there, and when he came back to England started a travelling company of his own. Oh, Macneillie is a sterling fellow, you couldn't do better than try to get in with him. Costa will be able to tell you his whereabouts."

After that, with a few kindly words and good wishes, Ralph found himself dismissed.

The day was intensely hot; however, he set off at once for the agent's, handed in Barry Sterne's letter, was sharply scrutinised by Costa's keen Jewish eyes, and had his name entered upon the books.

"You must not be too sanguine," said the agent, his dark melancholy face contrasting oddly with Ralph's fresh colouring, and hopeful eyes. "I have one thousand, nine hundred and ninety nine names down of members of the profession who are out of employment, or of people who seek to enter the profession. You bring up the total to two thousand."

Ralph turned a little pale. "Is it so bad as that?" he said. "Then I have no chance at all it seems to me."

He asked for Macneillie's present address and went off in very low spirits to write his letter, pack up his worldly goods, and take up his quarters in the rooms which Geraghty had recommended.

People seldom do things well when they are in low spirits, and Ralph, who detested

giving trouble or asking favours, wrote a stiff, short letter to Macneillie, asking his advice and inquiring whether he could possibly give him a place in his company. It was precisely the sort of letter which Macneillie received by the dozen from stage-struck youths in all parts of the country. Had he spoken of his boyish hero-worship of the actor, or of their encounter at Richmond, there would have been a human touch about the letter which would at once have appealed to the Scotsman; he would certainly have made a special effort for one so closely connected with the most tragic day of his life. But Ralph after floundering hopelessly in a sentence which alluded to the past, tore up his sheet of paper and wrote the bald, curt note, which so ill conveyed the real state of his case.

Macneillie, wearily returning from a rehearsal of four hours' length, in which his temper had been severely tried, found the missive in his dreary lodgings at a south-coast watering place, hastily glanced through the contents and thrust the letter into his letter-clip among other similar requests, about which there was no immediate hurry. A fortnight later he wrote the following short reply:

"DEAR SIR,

"I have no opening at present in my company, and if you really intend to go into the profession, and have realised that it demands incessant and most arduous work, I should strongly advise you to begin at the beginning of all things. Try to get taken on as a super at one of the leading theatres, where you will have opportunites for studying really great actors. Costa is a trustworthy agent.

"Yours truly,

"HUGH MACNEILLIE."

The letter chanced to arrive in Paradise Street on a foggy September evening when Ralph was in particularly low spirits. He had expected much from Macneillie and was proportionately disappointed. It seemed almost as if an old friend had shut the door in his face, nor did he quite realise that few men as busy, and as much tormented by importunate scribblers as Macneillie, would have troubled to answer his appeal at all. What was he to do? Where was he to turn for work? And how much longer would Evereld's money hold out? The question was more easily than satisfactorily answered. It was clearly impossible that he could exist much longer in Paradise Street, and though its dingy room and bare, scanty furniture was far from inviting, yet he had grown fond of his good-natured landlord and took a kindly interest in the whole family of Doolans, with their easy, happy-go-lucky ways, and strong sense of humour. Life was lonely enough now. What would it be if he were altogether without a home in this great wilderness of London?

CHAPTER VIII

"A man who habitually pleases himself will become continually more selfish and sordid, even among the most noble and beautiful conditions which nature, history, or art can furnish; and, on the other hand, any one who will try each day to live for the sake of others, will grow more and more gracious in thought and bearing, however dull and even squalid may be the outward circumstances of his soul's probation."

DEAN PAGET.

RALPH'S chief comfort at this time was in a certain free library at no great distance from his lodgings. He made his way there now, and for a time lost the sense of his troubles in the world of books. This evening he had the good fortune to light upon Stanley Weyman's "House of the Wolf," a story which gave him keener and more healthy enjoyment than he had known for many a day. When he came back to the everyday world again and set out for his return walk to Paradise Street, he found that the fog had very much increased and it was with great difficulty that he could make out his way. As he was groping cautiously along an almost deserted street, he was startled by the sound of a shrill, childish voice.

"Let me go! Let me go!" it cried passionately. "How dare you stop me? How dare you?"

Ralph ran in the direction of the sound, until in the fog and darkness, he cannoned against the form of a man who turned angrily upon him, revealing as he did so, in the dim lamplight which struggled through the murky air, the evil face of an old *roué*. Fighting to free herself from him, like a little wild-cat, was the figure of a mere child; her vigour and agility were wonderful to behold and it was a task of no great difficulty for

Ralph to help in freeing her from the clutches of the two-legged brute. Spite of the imperfect light, the child had been quick-witted enough to recognise the new comer as a protector, and she clung firmly to his hand as they went down the foggy street, never pausing until all fear of further molestation was over. Then, panting for breath, she stopped for a minute beneath a lamp-post, and in the little oasis of light, looked searchingly up into his face as though to make quite sure what manner of man he was. He saw now that she must be older than he had thought; from her height he had fancied her about eleven but he realised both by her face and her expression, that she must be at least fifteen. Her colouring was curiously like Evereld's but the face was sharper, and had a funny look of assurance and knowledge of the world, which was, nevertheless, belied by the childish curves of cheek and chin, and by the nervous pressure with which she still clasped his hand.

"I don't know a bit what this street is," she said, with tears in her voice, "And if I don't soon get home grandfather will be dreadfully anxious about me."

"Where is your home?" asked Ralph, feeling curiously drawn to the forlorn little mortal who had crossed his path so strangely.

"It's in Paradise Street, Vauxhall," said the child.

"Ah, that's lucky!" said Ralph. "My rooms are there too. What takes you out at this time of night? It's not safe for you to be wandering about London alone.

"I always do go alone," said the child, a little indignantly. "And no one ever dared to bother me before. One of the dressers always walks with me as far as our roads lie together, but this bit I always do alone ever since I went to the theatre."

"Oh you are on the stage," said Ralph, his interest increasing. "Well you are lucky to have work; it's more than I can get."

"I used only to dance," said the child, eagerly. "But now I have a little part of my own, but of course you won't know my name yet, it's not much known. I am Miss Ivy Grant."

There was a comical touch of pride and dignity in the words. Ralph's lip twitched, but he bowed gravely and said he was delighted to make her acquaintance. Then, having walked a little further, they suddenly realised what road they were in and without much more difficulty groped their way home to Paradise Street.

"I want you to come in and see my grandfather," said Ivy, pausing at her door. "He will be very grateful to you for having helped me."

Ralph hesitated. "It is late for me to come in now," he said.

"It won't be late for grandfather, he never settles in till after midnight. He is half paralysed. Please come."

"He couldn't find it in his heart to resist the pleading little voice, and Ivy took him through the narrow passage and into the front sitting-room, where they found a fine looking old man whose flowing, white beard and many coloured dressing-gown gave him a sort of Eastern look. The small, grey, critical eyes, however, were not Eastern at all and when he spoke Ralph fancied that he could detect a slight Scotch accent, which together with the tone of voice made him think somehow of Sir Matthew Mactavish.

He looked searchingly at the new comer, but on Ivy's hurried explanation held out his hand cordially, thanking him for coming to the child's aid with a warmth which was evidently genuine.

"She has to be breadwinner-in-chief to the establishment," he said, with a smile, "And being a wise-like little body seldom gets into difficulties. Being a useless old log myself I should long ago have been hewn down and cast into the Union had it not been for the Ivy that supported me."

"You say those pretty things because you know it will make me come and kiss you," said Ivy, saucily, as she threw off her cloak and hat and wreathed her arms about the old man's neck. "And now while I get your coffee ready you must talk to Mr. Denmead, for he wants work at the theatre and can't get it.

"Half a dozen years ago when I was dramatic critic for the *Pennon* I might have done something for you," said the old man, wistfully. "But now I am little but a burden as I told you. A few pupils come to me still for lessons in elocution, and I have the training of Ivy who is going to be a credit to me."

As he spoke he glanced towards the little housewife who with an air of importance was preparing the supper. Ralph thought he had never before seen any one move with such grace, and though her face was lacking in the simplicity and peace which characterised Evereld, it was a particularly winsome little face.

"How did you get on to-night little one?" said the old man.

"Very well," said Ivy as she poured the coffee out of an ancient percolator into three earthenware cups which had seen hard service. Ralph observed that she kept the handleless one for herself, and carefully selected him one which was without a chip on the drinking side of the rim. "But I might easily have broken my leg," she continued, cheerfully; "for that stupid Jem had forgotten to shut one of the traps properly, and Mr. Merrithorne stumbled and hurt his ankle badly."

"What part does he play?" said her grandfather.

"Oh he hasn't very much to do, he is a rather stupid footman and he was bringing in the luncheon tray with the property pie and that old fowl which wants painting again so badly, and when he tripped up the pie went bowling down the stage and the fowl landed in Miss West's lap and every one roared with laughter. She was dreadfully angry, but afterwards when it seemed that Mr. Merrithorne was really hurt she was rather sorry for him."

"Who is his understudy?"

"I don't know. It is such a little part, perhaps he hasn't one. But he was limping dreadfully as he went away. I shouldn't think he could act to-morrow."

"It's possible that might give you a chance," said the professor of elocution. "A stupid, countrified manservant you say, Ivy? Are you pretty good at dialect?"

Ralph laughed, for he knew that he was an adept at a certain south country dialect, and without more ado stood up and gave the professor a short and highly humourous dialogue between a ploughman and his boy, with which he had often made Evereld and her governess laugh.

"Good," said the Professor, his grey eyes twinkling, "I think you'll do young man; but come to me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock and I'll give you a few hints about voice production.

Ralph coloured. "You are very good," he said, "but to tell the truth I am at my wit's end for money and much as I would like lessons can't possibly afford them."

"Pshaw! nonsense," said the Professor, knitting his brows. "I'm already in your debt, for it might have fared ill with the child had you not taken care of her to-night. If I can give you a helping hand, nothing would please me better. And after the lesson you might go round with Ivy, and I'll give you an introduction to the manager. He's a man I knew well at one time."

Ralph's face lighted up. "I should be very grateful," he said, eagerly, "for this waiting about for work is tedious enough, and I shall be starved out before long."

He went home much cheered and with great expectations. The Professor interested him; there was something half mysterious about the white-haired old man which puzzled him and piqued his curiosity. He was particularly benevolent and kindly and yet he seemed as unpractical as a mere visionary, and was surely to blame in letting a child like Ivy go to and from the theatre each night alone.

Clearly the granddaughter was manager-in-chief as well as bread-winner and as he thought of her winsome little face with its shrewd, light-blue eyes, slightly *retroussé* nose, and small, firm mouth he felt a keen desire to see more of her. She was so quaint in her brisk, housewifely arrangements, so deft and clever in all her ways; a little conscious at times, and quite capable of posing for effect, but lovable in spite of that.

"I could soon laugh her out of those little affectations," he thought to himself. "And there is such a look of Evereld about her that she must at heart be good. She is very clever, possibly she is even cunning, and she has extraordinary tact—almost too much for such a child."

He went to sleep and was haunted all night by that funny, pathetic, little face of the child actress. Together they fled from a thousand perils, and when next morning he saw her again face to face, it seemed to him that they were quite old companions.

"Good day," said the Professor in his bland, pleasant voice as Ralph was ushered

"The art of breathing"

into the dreary little room. "Sit down for a minute, I have not yet finished with my other pupil. Now sir! don't mumble like a bee in a bottle. You know well enough how to get the clear shock of the glottis and that's the secret of voice production. You have the voice and the lungs and the knowledge of the method, but you are lazy, incorrigibly lazy!"

The young man crimsoned and with an effort burst out with one of Prospero's speeches:

> "I pray thee, mark me.
> I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
> To closeness and the bettering of my mind
> With that which, but by being so retired,
> O'er prized all popular rate, in my false brother
> Awaked an evil nature."

There he was arrested; for the Professor thundered on the floor with his walking stick, looking as if he would much have enjoyed laying it about the victim's shoulders. His scathing sarcasms, his merciless interruptions, his sharp criticism, would have tried the patience of Job himself, but his unfortunate pupil struggled on and really improved marvellously while Ralph sat an observant spectator, learning not a little from all that went on. At the close of the instruction the old man's serenity of manner returned—he even praised the youth he had so violently abused but a minute before. The reason of this soon transpired; he needed his help with the next pupil. "You are not pressed for time?" he asked, with a smile. "Then I shall be much obliged if you will kindly help my new pupil, Mr. Denmead, with the first exercise."

The victim glanced somewhat anxiously at the clock, but the Professor was evidently an autocrat, and it would have been easier to refuse a request made by the Czar himself.

"You will lie at full length on the floor," said the professor, with a lordly wave of the hand towards Ralph. "My pupil, Mr. Bourne, will then kneel on your chest, and you will in this position practise the art of breathing.

Ralph obeyed, not without a strong sense of the absurdity of the whole scene. Could Sir Matthew Mactavish have seen him at that moment, lying on the bare boards of a dingy lodging-house in Vauxhall, with a young reciter of no mean weight kneeling on his

chest, with a paralytic and mysterious old sage roaring and shouting instructions and beating impatient tattoos with his stick at intervals, while a pretty young girl sat by the window covering stage shoes with cheap, pink satin, how amazed he would have been.

This was certainly beginning at the beginning of all things. By eleven o'clock that morning he was for the first time in his life entering the stage door of a theatre, while Ivy, with her funny little air of importance, showed him all that she thought would interest him.

The manager, a somewhat harassed looking man, took the Professor's note, read it hurriedly, and glanced keenly at Ralph.

"Does Mr. Merrithorne act to-night?" asked Ivy, anxiously.

"No, my dear; he won't be fit to go on again for a month at least. I understand, Mr. Denmead, that you are a pupil of Professor Grant."

"Yes," said Ralph, "but I am quite a novice."

"H'm," said the manager, taking a long look at him. "You're positively the first man that ever made that confession to me. I've a mind to try you. Come with me, and I will give you the part. You can read it at rehearsal if you haven't time to learn it.

Ivy beamed with delight when he returned to her.

"The manager was just in his very best temper," she said, happily. "Come to this quiet corner, and I'll see that no one interrupts you."

The part was short and simple, and Ralph, who had an excellent memory, learnt it easily enough. But when it came to rehearsing his scenes in the dreary vastness of the empty theatre amid distant sounds of hammering and scrubbing, and the perfectly audible comments of his fellow actors, he felt in despair; there was no getting inside the character, he could only feel himself Ralph Denmead, in uncomfortable circumstances, and breathing a curious atmosphere of hostility. He went home feeling nervous and miserable, but Ivy's talk helped to amuse him, and distract his attention.

"They will like you when they get used to you," she said, philosophically. "But some of them think you are just a wealthy amateur, and that you have paid for the chance of appearing in public. We all hate that kind of man. Some others say you are an Oxonian wanting a little amusement during the long vacation, and that you will be going back to the University next month. And Miss West thinks you are a disguised nobleman."

"Well, then, they're all of them wrong," said Ralph, obliged to laugh in spite of himself. "I'm not a disguised duke, nor even a marquis, but just plain Ralph Denmead, with very few coins in his pocket, and not a single relation or rich friend to help him."

When the evening came, Ralph found that the flatness and coldness of the morning had entirely passed; every one seemed in better spirits, and the two men who shared his dressing-room were friendly enough directly they found he was a genuine worker, not a mere *dilettante*.

A youngster who was neither conceited nor grasping, but was content to begin with a very small part, and a still smaller salary, was quite a phenomenon, and, as usual, Ralph's good humour and common-sense, together with his readiness to see fun in everything, stood him in good stead.

When the last awful moment arrived, and he stood at the wing in his gorgeous livery of drab and scarlet, with powdered hair and knee-breeches, he found that the atmosphere of hostility which he had felt so oppressive at rehearsal was entirely gone.

"Good luck to you!" said the heavy man, laying a fatherly hand on his shoulder. "Never fear; you'll do well enough."

And with these words to hearten him, he took that first desperate plunge into the icy-cold waters of publicity.

Ivy's face beamed upon him as he returned.

"That applause was for you," she said, rapturously, "and they don't generally laugh nearly as much after that blunder with the luncheon table."

"But I see where I might improve it," said Ralph, thoughtfully. And truly enough he did improve each night he played the part.

Then, at the end of a month, Merrithorne's ankle recovered, he returned to the theatre, and Ralph once more found himself out of work.

What was his next step to be?

VICTORIAN LITERATURE

By ANDREW LANG

HER MAJESTY'S reign, already longer than that of any *anointed* monarch of England,* has necessarily coincided with the production of an enormous mass of literature. We speak of the Victorian as we speak of the Elizabethan, or of the Augustan, or of the Georgian Age. To a seeker for hasty generalisation, the late Victorian Age will be remarkable for the wide diffusion of instruction, and the parallel decline and decay of most of the arts. We may not be able to discover any connection of cause and effect between the teaching of art and literature in hundreds of schools, colleges, institutions, and the accompanying frivolity, feebleness, and fantastic waywardness of painting; the frivolity, fantastic waywardness and ignorance of much popular literature. Compare the art of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Romney, Cotman, with our Royal Academy, or our cheap impressionism. Compare Fielding with the various Amuraths who succeed each other as the most popular novelists. The more we chatter about art, the worse is our performance. The more we prate of method and style in letters, the more does a large part of the public rejoice in certain romances which, in various proportions, combine all the blatancies, all the vulgarities, all the faults of taste and of morals. The more we educate, the lower is the standard of critical conscientiousness and critical learning, till a reviewer, in a highly respectable journal, actually does not know how many volumes there are in the work submitted to his judgment—the number being one!

There are, of course, exceptions, and all literary work of to-day is not frivolity or fustian, or earnest journalism "standing," like the Abomination of Desolation, "where it should not." The Victorian Age, in fact, can give a good account of itself, though certain existing tendencies deserve what has been said of them in the mass. The age has many glories, though education, in being diffused, has, perhaps unavoidably, been spread uncommonly thin.

When her Majesty ascended the throne, there had fallen a lull in poetry. The great time was over: Scott, Shelley, Byron, and Keats were dead. Wordsworth was long past his prime; Southey was nearing his pathetic end; Landor was not listened to; Coleridge had ceased to sing; even Milman had relapsed on prose; nothing was heard but the unregarded twitterings of minor minstrels—mostly women. Yet, even before the Queen's reign began, three thin, unread or ridiculed volumes of 1830 and 1833 had given assurance of poets—Tennyson and Browning. To hold in our hands the slim Tennysonian volumes of 1830 and 1833, and "Pauline," affects us as we are affected when we stand by the wells and springs of mighty rivers. In Lord Tennyson's earliest verses, even the defects indicate an attempt to revive the rich fantastic Elizabethan style, though that style had reached the author not uncontaminated by the affectations of Leigh Hunt and of Keats' earliest efforts. Beyond and above these things was perceptible the poet's original strain, an accent hitherto unheard; perceptible, too, was his intense natural genius for romance. "Mariana," had it stood alone, gave earnest of a great poet, a master of emotions, of words, of verbal music. In the same way, "Pauline" heralded the arrival of a poet who should probe "the abyssmal depths of personality." In both Tennyson and Browning there showed that which was temporary, and of their age—Victorian, accompanied by that which was personal to their genius, and that which was permanent, eternal, of the same essence as the noblest things in human literature. Through the whole careers of these great writers the two streams may be traced, the Victorian and the universal. Tennyson is Victorian in his "Miller's Daughter," his "Locksley Hall," his "Queen of the May," in much of his "Princess" and "In Memoriam," and in many passages of the "Idylls." Browning, again, is Victorian in his perpetual arguing all round about him, in most of his religious

* The longest reign (may it soon yield its pride of place) is that of an uncrowned king, James III.

reflections, in his pre-occupation with "problems." Precisely in the same way, Shakspeare is Elizabethan in his euphuism, his quibbles, serious or comic, in his designed and fantastic obscurities (George III. was well inspired in what he said about Shakspeare); while he is universal and eternal in his poetry and his humour, in Macbeth, Hamlet, Falstaff, Rosalind, Jacques. Lucretius, once more, is temporary and of his age in his epicurean system; he is personal and eternal in his glance at the wonder and beauty and mystery of the world; in that beating of his wings against the *flammantia mœnia mundi*.

For Tennyson and for Browning, as for Shakspeare and Lucretius, probably, the temporary element in their work was the chief interest of contemporaries to whom the essential and universal elements of poetry were of slight concern. No doubt, after 1842, it was his Victorian verses, his "Queen of the May," and his attempts at philosophising on popular doctrines and questions that won the greater part of his popularity for Tennyson. No doubt Browning's faults, his obscure essays at profundity, pleased the professional Browningists. Both, however, will live for their permanent qualities of magic, of music, of romance; for "all the charm of all the muses, flowering often in some lonely word" of Tennyson as of Virgil. In the same way the rude, audacious vigour of romance, passion, and adventure in Browning's "Men and Women" has already outlived the ponderous blank verse treatises of his later volumes.

These two great men are, of course, the chief literary glories of the Victorian Age; while it is the poetry of the "Scholar Gipsy," of "Sohrab and Rustum," of a hundred magical passages and pictures, not the cold and resigned philosophy of Matthew Arnold that promise him a measure of immortality. We are still too near Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Rossetti to attain anything like a dispassionate view of their qualities and defects, though in each we may undoubtingly observe traces and touches of what is essential and enduring. In each, too, we mark the temporary, the sign-manual of their epoch, in voluntary archaism or wilful fantasy. At present, "the Muse has gone away," or is making rather unpromising experiments under various evanescent foreign influences. For we live in an age of "booms," and it is easy for people with little reading, and a strong love of posing, to flutter themselves over cheap French, or Russian, or Norse, or Lithuanian notorieties. The exiguity of contemporary education must produce such effects in persons who have never read Shakspeare, Milton, Homer, and Sophocles, but who have seen a great deal about Verlaine, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and the Decadents in the newspapers and the reviews which are "up to date." It is not hard to be "up to date" by neglecting all that has gone before us, and it is as easy to be "cultured" by reading certain critics, as to learn slang from the *Sporting Times*. Such are the natural consequences of a divorce between solid education and literature.

The world is too much with us—the brawling, snatching, excited world of to-day—and this is incompatible with greatness and permanence in literature. We pay this penalty for democracy, telegrams, newspapers, popular education, "and why waste words," remarked Alcibiades sweetly, "on admitted absurdity?" But the very democracy which Alcibiades thus described was producing, in a whirl of excitement, the greatest of literatures. We are not doing that, and the confusions of our age seem to make that impossible. However, man does not live by literature alone—far from it; and some time, somehow, there may be compensations. Moreover, it is not popular and general conditions of any sort which produce literature, a thing born of the inscrutable genius—the wind blowing as it listeth—which breathes on certain rare persons, born now and again into the world. Thus, if our current criticism be, as on the whole it is, ignorant, indolent, and partial, what are we to say of the criticism which ridiculed, abused, and insulted Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and even, on occasions, Scott? The conditions which result in great literary productions are so obscure that lovers of literature should never despair. In the darkest hour there may arise some "new Avatar," just as times of leisure and cultivation may be hopelessly barren of genius. For "encouragement" has little to do with the matter. State patronage may only endow poetasters, so the State very wisely leaves literature out in the cold. The public did not purchase the poems of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, or Coleridge any more

than it would now reward their modern peers, if there were any such minstrels. The public prefers lay sermons in novels, if earnest, or tattle about the Royal Family, or "Sporting Scraps." As Mr. Birrell asks, "What, in the name of the Bodleian, has the general public to do with literature?" Like virtue, literature is its own reward.

After poetry, the literary imagination finds its best field in history. The Victorian age has its Macaulay, Carlyle, and Froude, all men of imagination who exercised that faculty freely on the real events of the past. For those who have a peevish desire to know what the real events were, the age can produce Mr. Gardiner. The other great writers give us drama of the most moving and delightful sort, based on actual records, and highly coloured according to the taste and fancy of the author. In this kind of imaginative history the Victorian age is probably superior to any other. The scientific spirit reached the writers mentioned just enough, and not too much. All of them worked industriously at manuscript sources. It may be that Macaulay and Mr. Froude, especially, are not on "our side," our heroes may not be theirs, and we may adore what they burned. In both we recognise prejudices amounting to judicial blindness sometimes, and in Mr. Froude we regret a congenital incapacity for accuracy, while Mr. Carlyle, to be sure, was the vigorous special pleader for his Heroes. Mr. Carlyle may even be called immoral, and perhaps he is, in his adoration of Force. But even though we be Jacobites, Mariolaters, or moralists, to these authors we owe pictures incomparably vivid and brilliant of events incomparably dramatic. As Ancient Pistol ate and swore, we read and remonstrate, but we go on reading. A Tory Macaulay would be delightful, and here is, indeed, a niche for any ambitious young writer to fill. But a Whig Macaulay, a Puritan Froude, a Calvinist Carlyle are all benefactors of bookish mankind. It was in vain that Mr. Freeman scolded; even if one agrees with his ideas, with his tone nobody ought to agree. At present the study of history is overspecialised, or, at least, specialists are many. Writers who can reach, and hold, and instruct the person of ordinary intelligence are conspicuously absent. But laudable industry is collecting, criticising, and making accessible the materials for the imaginative historian, when he arrives. In these labours the later Victorian age is laudably employed, and the State does its duty with the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

By literature, at this moment, the public and the reviewers chiefly mean novels. In this branch of *belles lettres* we may proudly aver that the Victorian age has been what the Elizabethan age is in drama. How the Elizabethan public was able to appreciate the noblest poetry in the noblest style, how that style came to be "in the air," so that every playwright had, in less or greater measure, the gift of expression, of lofty and coloured and passionate language, was a mystery to Scott, and a mystery it remains. We can only endure Shakspeare, on the stage, by aid of *spectacle* and *engouement* for one or two popular actors, while Marlowe, Ford, Chapman, and Webster would "spell ruin." We have, confessedly, no contemporary drama of literary excellence. We are translators, and adapters, or buffoons, or we appeal to an undramatic and non-literary kind of perverted ethical speculation with "problem plays," and esoteric dilemmas about the relations of the sexes. The language of these performances has nothing to do with literature, while dramas of literary merit, like "Atalanta in Calydon," or "Chastelard," never, of course, see the footlights. Why these things should be thus is a topic on which men might write ingeniously for ever. People go to the theatre to be diverted, to see scenery and dresses; to be in the fashion; to get improper "problems" placed before their eyes. Poetic drama does not amuse people, and "'Charley's Aunt' is still running!" We must take things as we find them, or write poetic dramas which people will care to see, an ambitious task of which the present critic feels himself incapable. Mr. Louis Stevenson, like the sturdy moralist he was, did not content himself with grumbling. In alliance with Mr. Henley, he wrote (among other things) "Beau Austin," and where is "Beau Austin?" Why did the literary public, whereof the male portion accepted Mr. Stevenson as a novelist, fail to encourage him as a dramatist? Who can say? It is the age of novels, not of dramas. If Shakspeare or Marlowe had written a novel,

probably the Elizabethan public would not have been purchasers.

On the other hand, for good or evil, ours is the age of novels. Scott just lived to welcome and applaud Bulwer Lytton's "Pelham;" he died just four years too early to applaud and welcome "Pickwick." With "Pickwick" began her Majesty's reign, and how nobly that reign has prospered in the art of fiction everybody knows. The art has had a curious history, a curious intermittent existence. There were English novels, of course, before Richardson's and Fielding's, but not one of them holds its ground, unless we reckon as a novel the masterpieces of Bunyan and De Foe. With Fielding and Richardson the art is full-grown. Time nor custom can stale nor wither the immortal and rejoicing vitality of "Tom Jones." I chance to have been reading, simultaneously, "Tom Jones" and "Jane Eyre." The elder work, earlier by a century exactly, seems to me far the more modern, if by more modern we mean the more full of actual character and breathing life and dialogue, which might be spoken to-day. As much may, perhaps, be said for Smollett, Richardson, Goldsmith, and Sterne. There is something universal, personal, and friendly in their characters, in the life which they depict. The salt has not lost its savour, as the salt of most novels is apt to do. But these great masters, oddly enough, left no schools, or the scholars are forgotten.

The play was still a rival of the novel and poetry after Burns and Cowper, Scott (by his poems) and Wordsworth, kept the novel in a subordinate place. People spoke of it with contempt, as the study of milliners and ladies' maids, in spite of Godwin and Mrs. Radcliffe. Then came "Waverley," and since 1814 the novel has been infinitely the most popular, almost the only popular form of English literature. It is not only that Scott raised up imitators. Galt and Lockhart had been "ettling at" Scotch novels before or contemporary with "Waverley" (1814). Miss Austen, quite uninfluenced by Sir Walter, was his young contemporary. A form, a *genre* of literature, was discovered, which the British public, still not wholly demoralised by newspapers, could enjoy. Sir Walter (as has been said) lived to welcome Bulwer Lytton, and "Pickwick" appeared but four years after his death. Since then the flood of novels has never ceased. We have always had either great masters, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, or writers of a high though secondary rank, Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope; or a great body of entertaining and ingenious novelists, whom it is too early to call great masters, as at this moment. The elders of the Victorian age are, perhaps, more or less obscured to-day, partly by the inevitable reaction, partly by the temporary qualities of "up-to-dateness," which helped to obtain their contemporary vogue.

The defects of Dickens, like the defects of Scott, were perfectly visible to the critics of their own generation. An old *Blackwood* article, "A Remonstrance with Boz," says just what we think now. The *Saturday Review* seems to have kept a critic to represent, forty years ago, the modern set of objections to Dickens. His caricature, his mannerisms, his inexpensive pathos (in which, at all events, he firmly believed), his *clichés*, or stereotyped effects, his blank verse—it is not to-day for the first time that these have been discovered and blamed. Like other men, Dickens was worked too hard. Fiction is not a profession like another. Dickens and many of his successors have treated it like a profession, to the diminution of their own glory. The temporary, the "topical," the didactic, make up too much of his work. Taste has changed, and people are fastidious as to the books of the past who can eagerly swallow the most vulgar fustian in some of the mysteriously popular novelists of the present.

Under these disadvantages, the great name of Dickens labours, and Thackeray is blamed for preaching too much, as he undeniably does. He wrote only of the society in which he lived; he did not make amateur dives into the social strata of which he was not a born denizen. Limited he was, but within his limitations, and granting his aims, which is only justice, he reached a perfection only rivalled by that of Fielding. "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," "Barry Lyndon," will, to all appearance, hold their own with the masterpieces of the eighteenth century. Perhaps we can hardly say so much of any other Victorian novelist. The versatility of Bulwer Lytton, the veracity of Trollope, the abundant vigour of Charles Reade and Charles Kingsley, do not seem to

have that touch of immortality which makes eternal the great novelists of the eighteenth century, with Scott, Miss Austen, and Thackeray. About George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë one hesitates, excellent, and original, and strong as they are. Perhaps they have seen their best times of appreciation, whereas one feels a subjective, and of course fallible certainty, that "Esmond" must live as long as literature lasts. In any case, put it at the lowest, the roll call of the dead Victorian novelists is illustrious and inspiring, and matter for gratitude.

Of the living, it is all but impossible to speak, and of the latest dead, Mr. Stevenson, we can only say here that he was worthy to come after Thackeray and Sir Walter; a finished writer like the former, a born story-teller and romanticist like the latter. But for the living also we may be grateful. So abundant is their variety, so healthy, on the whole, is their energy, and so obviously evanescent is the bombast of contemporary A, the verbiage of contemporary B, the absurdity of ideas in a noisy few, the dilettante squalor of another regiment. We have still, thank heaven, novelists of humour, sympathy, delicacy, observation, and novelists who can tell a plain tale of adventure and event, and novelists who can make history live again. A reviewer might like to praise his favourites among contemporaries (their name, happily, is Legion), or to make game of his *bêtes noires* (like Sir Richard Strahan, one is "longing to be at them"), but individual taste and predilection, and antipathy, come far too much into the matter for the occasion.

It should have been said, it were unjust not to say it, that though perhaps nobody is writing great verses (great by the standard of Tennyson), many living poets will probably live in a few pieces, their best: and surely the fortunes of Lovelace, Suckling, Hamilton of Bangour, and Graham of Gartmore, —the immortality of a song or a sonnet— are not things to be despised It would be invidious to mention the contemporaries, more numerous than in many other ages—who may look forward to this measure of renown. For the rest, the Victorian age has, in Mr. Ruskin, a literary figure for which we in vain seek a parallel, and the same may be said of the late Mr. Pater. One so popular, the other so esoteric, they are both unique and unprecedented, at whatever rate they may be estimated by posterity.

As to scientific writings in all their varieties, as to philosophy, from Mr. Herbert Spencer to the late Mr. Green, these lofty intellectual exercises are not precisely literature, and it is not as a master of style that the great Darwin claims our admiration. When science, popular science, boils over into fiction, we have only to regret the circumstance, and turn to something more genuine. But the decent limitations which forbid us to discuss the living and working, in a brief survey of the literature of sixty years, make it impossible to say much about science out of place, preaching out of season, and the very English tendency to pervert fiction into tracts and disquisitions. Our race has had the love of sermons in its blood ever since the Reformation. The sermons of new novelists, as a rule, would have led their authors, of old, to the block or the stake, but they are sermons for all that, and their number is not the most creditable feature in the later Victorian literature. They are proof at once of deficient humour, and of the want of historical perspective, which makes the moment hide the great Shakspeare of time. Thus blinded, some critics clamour for the photographic representation of the ordinary and commonplace—a kind of "realism" which is inevitably doomed to the briefest conceivable existence.

ECCENTRICITIES IN HEAD-DRESS

By N. TUIT

WOMAN being physically inferior to Man, and consequently unable, in pre-historic times, to effectually compete with him in the struggle for existence, it was essential for her, in order to obtain a fair share of the necessities of life, to depend rather upon his generosity then her own strength. Under such conditions it is easily imagined the woman of bygone ages would study attentively the character and disposition of her lord and master, and cultivate to the utmost her power to please him, and it is but reasonable to suppose that the one who could, from the tone of the voice, or expression of the face, instantly detect the rising wishes of her savage spouse, would fare better in the good things of this world than those who were less skilled in interpreting the language of feeling.

STEEPLE DRESS

1769

1776

There is no doubt that this early tuition has done much in forming the character of woman; and at the present day its influence is very apparent. The art of pleasing and the power of perception—or

1776

1776

1776

rather the ability to rapidly understand by the slightest glance, or almost imperceptible gesture, the wishes and desires of those around her—are qualities much more highly developed in woman than in man. And concomitant with this ability to please comes the love of approbation, whence it is that woman, wishing to appear well in the sight of others, and regarding her own beauty as her favourite distinction, readily adopts all arts which she considers tend to improve or preserve it.

But when Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of the mind which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming:

> "Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love."

And it is the same now as in the days of Adam; without this irradiating light the most perfect features or picturesque costume can have no lasting effect.

Woman has been defined as an animal that delights in finery, and it would seem she fully justifies the definition; but she is not, we think, altogether to blame for this love of display.

From the earliest times, when spoils were taken in battle, men would make presents of everything that was rich and showy to the women they most admired, and would frequently dress their necks, heads, and arms with whatever they considered gay or pretty. Thus it was that women, observing in the first instance that men took greater delight in them when they were so adorned, have ever since competed one with another in bringing out new inventions; and upon no part of their toilet have they exhibited so great ingenuity as upon the head-dress, which appears from time to time to have literally exhausted the inventive faculties, both of the

1789

1703

ladies themselves and the persons who ministered to their tastes and wishes.

We do not gather from monumental effigies or MSS. of early date that any eccentricities in head-dress were indulged in until the 15th century, at which period appeared the remarkable productions, styled the "Horned," "Mitre," and "Steeple," which, whilst having their distinctive features, as their names imply, were closely allied to each other, and were in every instance noted for their height, and for the voluminous veils attached to them. Of these extraordinary fashions, the one most generally adopted was that known as the "Steeple." Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of Charles VI. of France, is represented in a MS. as wearing one of these head-dresses high enough to give belief to the story that she carried the fashion to such an extent that the doors of the palace at Vincennes were obliged to be altered to allow ingress and egress to the Queen and the ladies attending her, when in full dress.

And there is no telling to what height this monstrosity might have been carried, had it not been for the preaching of a famous monk, named Thomas Conecte, who attacked it with such zeal and resolution that popular favour was at once turned against it, and the wearer of one in public was sure to be pelted with stones by the rabble or otherwise maltreated.

Examples of this head-dress are still to be found in Normandy, where it bears the name of "Cauchoise," from the Pays de Caux, the province in which it originated.

As after a storm comes a calm, so in nearly every case the quietest fashions succeed the most elaborate, and the head-dresses following the "Steeple" were by no means exceptions to this rule.

For the next three hundred years we find the women in England satisfied to dress their heads in the neatest manner, the predominating form of covering being the hood, under which the hair, dressed in better taste than previously, was allowed to fall in curls,

or was braided in a knot at the back of the head, where it was often ornamented with pearls or other jewels.

But at the latter half of the 18th century the passion for adorning the dress of both sexes again began to revive, and then, as ever, its specially selected field for operation was woman's head-dress, which reached the culminating degree of extravagant unsightliness. The chief characteristic of the head-dress of this time was its enormous height, to attain which a lofty pad or cushion was placed on the top of the head, the hair being combed up over it, and slightly confined in some way at the top. Not infrequently this tower was bedizened in the most extraordinary manner, necessarily causing it to be broad as well as high, and rendering the whole fabric a mass of absurdity. It was a mountain of wool, hair, powder, muslin, and lace, mixed with ribbons, flowers, feathers, and wire, and these varied materials were occasionally built up tier after tier like the successive stages of a pagoda, and made up with pins, paste, and pomatum to last for a month.

THE BELLE

In 1776 Samuel Foote appeared at the Haymarket Theatre in the character of Lady Pentweazle, wearing one of these head-dresses. It was mainly composed of feathers of an extravagant size, and was conspicuous for its immense width as well as height. Foote suffered the whole structure to fall from his head as he left the stage, much to the amusement of his audience, and King George and Queen Charlotte, who were present, joined heartily in the laugh; her Majesty wearing an elegant and becoming head-dress at the time, supplying a very fitting rebuke to the absurdity which the actor had thus satirised.

HEAD-DRESSES OF 1789

As a matter of course, these voluminous head-dresses in every instance necessarily obliterated all traces of the form of the head, and destroyed all proportion in the entire figure. Therefore, towards the close of the century, influenced, no doubt, by the great portrait painters of the time, they began gradually to subside, and their worst features disappeared.

Hats came into fashion, some of which had an immense amount of brim, whilst others were noted for their high crowns and edge frills. These hats

were in nearly every case trimmed with ribbons and feathers, and under them women allowed their natural hair to fall in ringlets over their shoulders. In 1795 was introduced the celebrated "Poke" bonnet of our grandmothers, which in most instances was adorned with taste, and was comparatively simple and becoming.

With the fashions of the last few generations we are all more or less familiar, being ever kept up-to-date by our old friend, "Mr. Punch."

And elaborate as are some of the headdresses of the present day, evidence is not lacking of a decided improvement in taste, and a pronounced disinclination to accept the eccentricities and vagaries of past ages. At the same time, it must be admitted, women are ever alive to new sensations, and still stand in need of the admonition conveyed in the words of the old Greek poet:

"The mind, not the dress, adorneth woman."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO*

By FRED. T. JANE, Author of "Blake of the 'Rattlesnake,'" "The Torpedo Book," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

JUST one hundred years this month, Britain was at war with France and Spain, and Nelson gained his first opportunity to make his name famous. Not that he was entirely unknown before; as he himself had written a short while previously, with that quaint self-confidence of his which soars above all conceit, and becomes charming in its frank and open certainty:

"I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight; wherever there is any thing to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps."

Thus he wrote to his wife, and events soon showed that his prognostications were correct; like all men he got his opportunity, like few other men he availed himself of it to the uttermost. This compound of warfare and religion, this belief that Providence was fighting for England, was a characteristic of England's great admiral. Nelson was not "bloodthirsty," but he rejoiced in battle. This is not the place to discuss its ethics, but there is no denying that, even on purely material grounds, the man who feels that a special Providence is with him has a power such as other and differently constituted men cannot possess.

At the end of 1796 things were not going well with England. Bonaparte was carrying all before him in the north of Italy; the Papal States and Naples had gone over to the enemy; Spain had entered into alliance with France, and this last meant that the allies had some thirty-eight ships-of-the-line in the Mediterranean, whereas we had but fourteen. Powerless before this great combination, the British Mediterranean fleet was withdrawn, and ordered to the Tagus to protect a Portuguese convoy. Disaster, too, befell some of the British vessels, so that Sir John Jervis, the Admiral, had but ten line-of-battle ships with him. At home there was alarm grave and continual, while wild rumour flew about of how the Spanish fleet might come out from Cartagena, make for Brest where a French fleet lay, and thence on to invade either England or Ireland as the case might be.

Such, indeed, was the actual plan of the Allies, and Cordova, the Spanish Admiral, lay at Cartagena with an immense fleet, consisting of one 130-gun ship, the *Sanctissima Trinidad*, a four-decker, and the largest ship in the world; six 112-gun ships; two 80's; eighteen 74's; twelve frigates, and some seventy transports. Certainly all this looked

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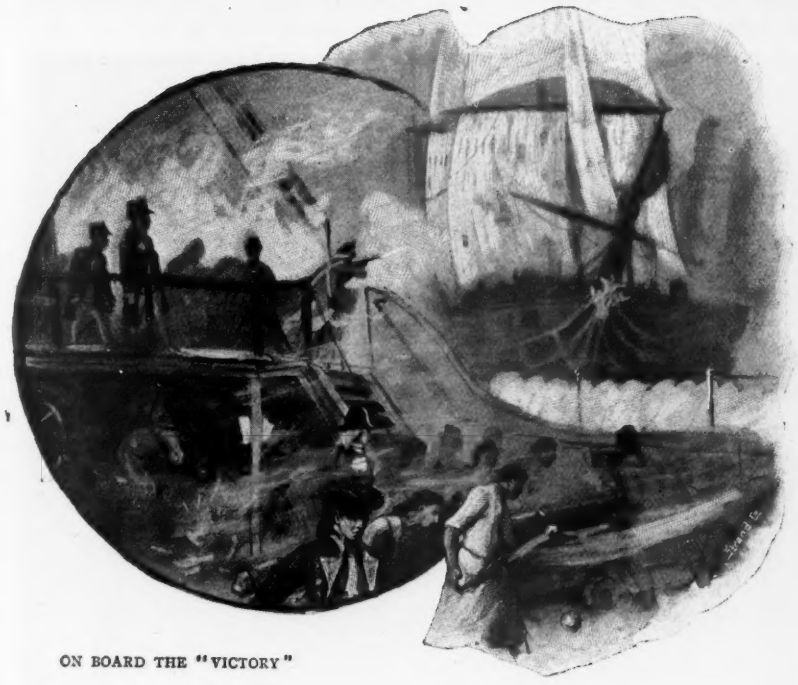


ON BOARD THE "VICTORY"

ominous; but those who were behind the scenes knew that there were counterbalancing factors that were not to be neglected or denied. Of these the first was the personality of the English Admiral himself. Jervis was an iron disciplinarian, and what he had been able to effect by discipline was still fresh in the minds of the British Admiralty, who could not forget how, when captain of the *Foudroyant** in the American War of Independence, he had gained an easy victory over a far more powerful Frenchman. And now that he was commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet, all his ships were as efficient as the *Foudroyant* had been. On the other hand, the French fleet was in no condition for independent action; and as for the Spaniards, though their officers and men were alike brave and courageous, they had little nautical skill, and in many ships nearly the whole of the people were soldiers or pressed landsmen, not more than eighty of the crew being sailors.

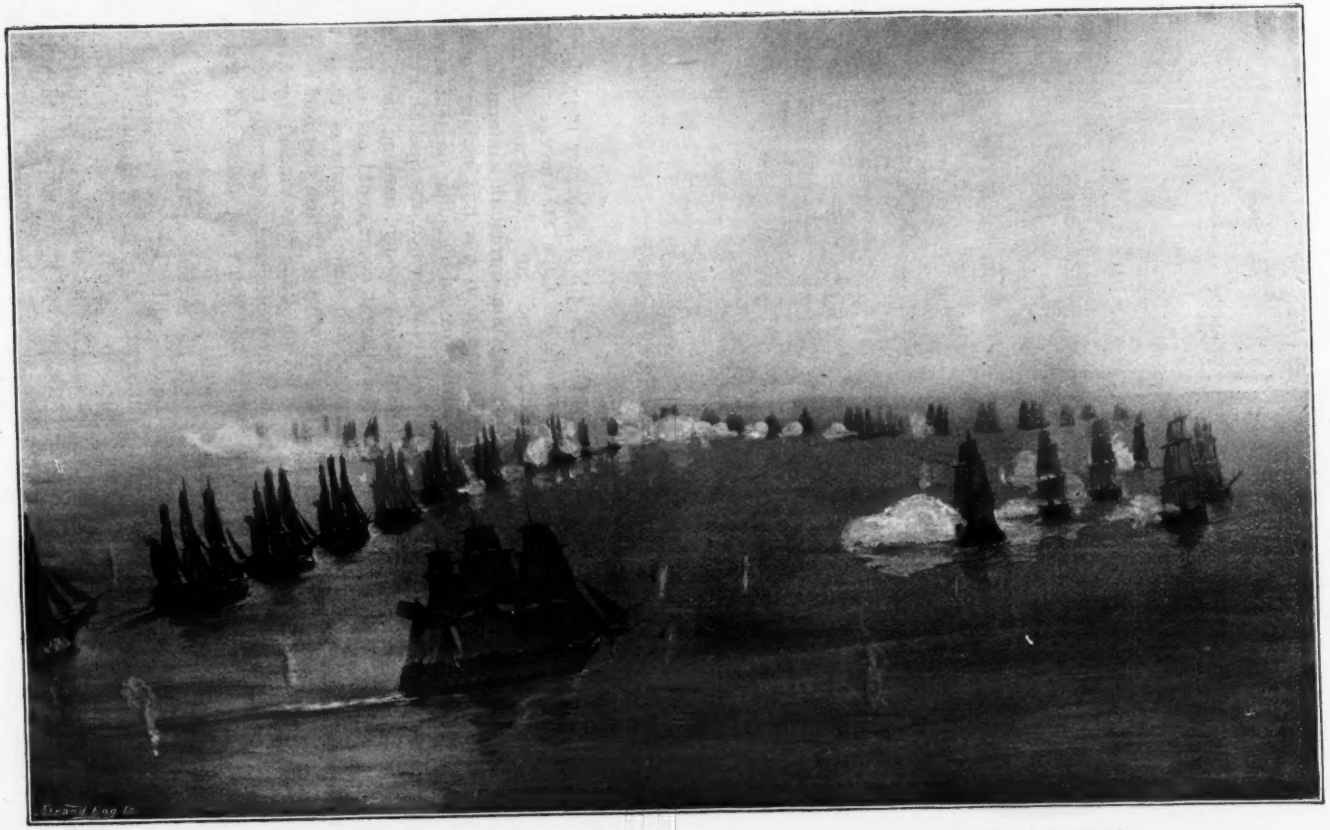
* Not Nelson's *Foudroyant*, but an older vessel captured from the French in 1758.

On the 5th of February 1797, Jervis was cruising off Cape St. Vincent with but nine ships, and an American merchantman passing him carried this information on to Cordova, who was now making northward, having passed Gibraltar on that same day. On this intelligence, the Spanish hurried onward lightly enough, thinking that any action which might occur could only end in their favour, and quite ignorant of the fact that on the 6th the British fleet had been reinforced off Cape St. Vincent by five fresh ships from England, where also the *Culloden*, which had been on detached service, rejoined.

On the evening of the 12th, the *Culloden* collided with the *Colossus*, and was so damaged that Jervis would have ordered her back to Lisbon, but that Troubridge, her captain, fearful of being out of the expected battle, patched up his ship that night in such fashion that her damages were in great measure concealed. The following morning the frigate *Minerve*, which had been on special service, came back to the fleet,

Spanish Lee Division.

Spanish Main Division.



British Fleet. Nelson in H.M.S. "Captain," standing across Spanish advance. Spanish Weather Division.

BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT. PLAN DRAWING OF POSITIONS OF SHIPS WHEN THE "CULLODEN" HAD BROKEN THE SPANISH LINE, AND THE SPANISH LEE BEEN DRIVEN BACK

carrying Commodore Nelson, and bringing the news that she had run through and been chased by the Spaniards.

At sunset, therefore, all the English ships were cleared for action, and formed into close order of battle in two divisions, while Nelson shifted his pennant to the 74-gun ship *Captain*. All through the darkness of the night, which was thick and foggy, the English heard the booming of the Spanish signal-guns, and in the small hours learnt from the Portuguese frigate *Carlotta* that the enemy were only some fifteen miles to windward of them. This fleet of Cordova's had actually sighted the British about sunset time, but taking them to be only a merchant convoy of their own, paid them no heed, and when the morning broke with a heavy white sea-fog, they were in careless order, and in two divisions. Through the mist they could not see the English very well, and these being then in double line there appeared but very few ships, so few indeed that Cordova did not think it possible that he would be attacked. To the first warning signal he paid no heed: the Spanish captain who had sighted the British then signalled that forty English battle-ships were in sight. He said afterwards that he made this signal in order to rouse his admiral, which it certainly did! The Spanish at once attempted to form line of battle, but they were in such disorder and so flurried by the signal that the fleet of Jervis was on them or ever they could do so.

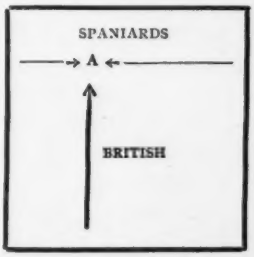
Meantime, to turn to the British fleet. The *Culloden* sighted the enemy so early as 6.30; close order was again signalled at 8.15, but there was no fighting till after eleven o'clock. The fog at first lay thick between the opposing fleets, but about nine o'clock it began to lift a little, and the *Culloden* fired guns to signal the number of the enemy. Eight, twenty, twenty-five, twenty-seven were thus signalled, and Calder, the Captain of the fleet, reported them to Jervis as he walked the *Victory's* quarter-deck, getting but a "Very well, sir," for answer each time. When he had announced the twenty-seven, he remarked that the odds were rather heavy.

"Enough, sir," returned Jervis, curtly. "If there are fifty I will go through them!"

There was on board the *Victory*, as a guest of the Chief's, one Captain Hallowell, whose own ship had come to grief a little while before, and this Hallowell on hearing the Admiral's answer was so delighted that, forgetful of all etiquette, he leant down and thumped the back of the little man beside him. "That's right, Sir John," he cried with glee, "that's right; . . . . we'll give them a d——d good licking!"

And this spirit animated every man in the British fleet.

By eleven o'clock the fog had lifted, and the Spanish fleet was now clearly visible, a great straggling mass in no very good order, with a huge gap towards the left, a gap ever narrowing as they sought to close it, and to this gap the British also steered—three fleets, as it were, all striving to reach the point A first.



The English had been formed into one long line ahead and astern of the *Victory*, and now, led by the *Culloden*, with the rest following in close order, *Blenheim*, *Prince George*, *Orion*, *Colossus*, *Irresistible*, *Victory* (flag), *Egmont*, *Goliath*, *Barfleur*, *Britannia* (flag of Admiral Thompson), *Namur*, *Captain*, *Diadem* and *Excellent*. Of these six—*Victory*, *Britannia*, *Barfleur*, *Prince George*, *Blenheim* and *Namur*—were three-deckers; the rest were two-deckers; and the *Victory* was that self-same *Victory* in which Nelson was to meet his death in years to come.

The gap between the Spanish divisions had been several miles wide, but it narrowed rapidly, and two ships had actually run across it to reinforce the lee-division, when signal 40—"Pass through the enemy's line," flew from the *Victory*, and the fleet hoisted their colours. Three minutes later the *Culloden* was in the thick of the enemy, and let fly with every gun that would bear, getting the contents of more than one broadside in return, though the ship at which she first fired was too knocked about to reply.

Finding his line thus broken, Cordova, in

BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT. PLAN DRAWING OF POSITIONS OF SHIPS WHEN THE "CULLODEN" HAD BROKEN THE SPANISH LINE, AND THE SPANISH LEE HAD BEEN DRIVEN BACK
British Fleet. Nelson in H.M.S. Captain, standing across Spanish advance. Spanish Weather Division.

his flagship the *Sanctissima Trinidad*, followed by six other vessels, hauled up on the starboard tack and made for the northward, exchanging distant shots with the British as he went. One of his ships ran away, but the rest stood on, intending to pass round the last of the English and join the lee division. The *Culloden* tacked and turned in pursuit directly she got the signal and even as she acknowledged it, but the Spaniards were by now some way ahead. As the *Victory* came near the turning position A (for by the signal each ship had to turn when

"A soldier burst open the window and sprang through it, followed by Nelson himself and some of the crew"

it reached the spot where the *Culloden* had tacked), the lee division of the Spaniards led by the *Principe d' Asturias*, 112, carrying a rear-admiral's flag, came up and stood steadily on, as though to break through the English line. On they came, till the *Principe d'Asturias* was within pistol shot of the British flagship. She had sought to pass ahead of her, but the *Victory* sailed too swiftly for that, and the Spaniard now found himself in stays, bows

THE FIGHT WITH THE "SANCTISSIMA TRINIDAD"

on towards her, under her lee. He fired a badly aimed salvo from some of his starboard guns, then with a roar the whole of the 50 port guns of the *Victory* rang out, raking the enemy at point blank range with terrible effect. The English sailors re-loaded as hard as they could, and ere the hapless Spaniard could turn to get his guns to bear, another broadside crashed into him. That was enough, he turned and made off with his followers, and the *Victory* swung round and came on in wake of the leading ships.

All this while the *Captain*, still far away down the line, had not fired a shot, and Nelson saw with consternation that long ere he could reach the tacking point the six Spaniards on his starboard bow would have passed away out of reach and possibly escaped. Mortified at this prospect, he suddenly wore his ship round, and stood deliberately for the *Sanctissima Trinidad* and her five consorts, utterly regardless of consequences.

This action of Nelson's, which has often been cited as an example of "splendid disobedience," threw the Spaniards in some disorder; they had to haul their wind again, the *Culloden* and other ships caught them up, and two of them were captured a little while later.

Nelson, after banging away at the *Sanctissima Trinidad* and some four or five other ships, settled down to pound the *San Nicholas*, an 80-gun ship. For awhile he fought thus, losing his foremast and suffering heavily, till Collingwood in the *Excellent* came up, and passing between the two let fly such a tremendous broadside into the Spaniard that the most of her guns were silenced. He passed on, while the *San Nicholas* banged into the *San Josef*, a Spanish three-decker which had been severely mauled by the *Prince George*, and as the two thus lay together, Nelson, whose ship was little less injured, suddenly put his helm hard-at-starboard, and crashed into the *San Nicholas*, driving his port cathead into her stern galley windows, while his spritsail yard hitched in the main rigging.

Instantly, with a cry of "Boarders!" Captain Berry—Nelson's old first lieutenant in the *Agamemnon*, who was serving in the *Captain* as a volunteer—sprang on the mizzen chains of the *San Nicholas*, accompanied by some soldiers of the 69th Regiment, who were on board under Lieutenant Pierson. A soldier

"Put his helm to starboard and crashed into the 'San Nicholas'"

burst in one of the stern windows with the butt-end of his musket, and sprang through, followed by Nelson and some others. The cabin was full of them in a moment; but the doors were locked, while through the windows Spanish officers fired pistols at them. This resistance was not for long: the door was burst open; Nelson and his men rushed out, scattering the defenders like chaff, meeting Berry who had fought his way on to the poop, and was now hauling down the Spanish flag. They then ran forward, to find that the ship was already captured; and here Nelson received the swords of the officers.

While he was thus engaged there came a rattle of musketry from the admiral's stern gallery of the great *San Josef* alongside. Hastily placing sentries over the hatchway of the captured ship, Nelson called for boarders, and shouting "Westminster Abbey or Victory!" rushed for the main-chains of the *San Josef*. Berry was just helping him into these, when a Spanish officer looked over the side, and said that they surrendered.

Thus was the *San Josef* captured; though soon afterwards one Jones, R.A., painted a gorgeous picture of Nelson, almost single-handed, slashing about with sword and pistol on the three-decker's quarter deck. Actually Nelson came up over the side quietly enough, being met by the Spanish captain, who handed him his sword, and apologised for the absence of the rear-admiral, who was below, dying. The other officers were called up, and here, on their own quarter-deck, one by one, they handed their swords to Nelson, who passed them on to William Fearney, his coxswain; and Fearney stowed them under his arm with true British nonchalance. All around the battle was still raging, and as this went on there came over the water the cheers of the men in the *Victory* and the other English ships as they crowded rigging and gunports to watch the scene as they passed.

Away ahead the huge "four-decker" *Sanctissima Trinidad* lay surrounded by the *Blenheim*, *Orion*, *Irresistible*, and *Excellent*, all blazing into her at close quarters. Her fore and mizzen masts were shot away as she made a desperate and gallant resistance; her colours disappeared; her firing slackened; there was some thought that she had surrendered, when eleven of the Spaniards came up, closed around, and saved her. At

the same moment some fresh ships were sighted coming up, and the leeward division was near at hand. Sir John Jervis, therefore, formed his ships round about the disabled *Captain* and the four prizes. The *Culloden* was leaking badly, the *Blenheim* almost a wreck; he had only twelve more or less injured ships with which to continue the battle against nineteen Spanish, many of whom were still sound. So he lay by, and waited to see what these would do.

Cordova, too, formed his fleet into some sort of order, and according to his official report had a consultation with his captains as to whether he should continue the action. Nine answered "No;" others suggested waiting awhile; two ships only, the *Pelayo* and *Principe Conquistador* —names still preserved in the Spanish navy list— were for fighting at once. Consequently there was no more battle, and for the rest of the day the fleets lay in sight of each other. The next morning the Spanish fleet, having the weather-gauge, bore down upon the English, but finding these ready to receive them, they wore off again, and in the night went back to Cadiz, where they lay without any more stomach for fighting; while the English went to Lagos Bay to refit.

The Spanish losses had been heavy both in *personnel* and *morale*, and they had had none too much of either to start with. Heavily gunned, as many of their ships were, they had not men to work them; several of the guns on board the *San Josef* were never fired, being found after the battle with their tompions in—the assumption being that there were not enough efficient gunners for them. The whole Spanish fleet was, indeed, in a disgraceful condition, and on board the captured *San Nicholas*, whose loss in killed and wounded was exceptionally heavy, there was not a single surgeon! All ships that were in close contact with ours suffered terribly.

The British had gone into action without any doubt as to the issue of the day, despite their seeming disparity of numbers, and with a firm determination to make it hot for the enemy. That they did so is evidenced by the tremendous amount of powder burnt: the *Captain* fired away 146 barrels, the *Blenheim* 180, and the *Prince George* no less than 197; ammunition had run very short at the close of the day. The English fleet suffered a good deal in spars and rigging; but the greatest loss in killed was sustained by the *Captain*, and she, despite her close

"The resistance was not for long"

engagements, lost but 24 men killed and 56 wounded; while the *Blenheim*, which had fought single-handed with five ships, only lost half that number. The returns of the English fleet put the whole loss at 73 killed and 227 wounded; still, as only the seriously wounded were included, a total of 400 *hors de combat* is probably a more accurate amount; but this is, after all, a small price for so important a victory.

The Spanish loss in men must have been very heavy, since that in the four captured vessels was nearly double the English total; it was calculated at 261 killed, and 342 wounded. But it was not the mere fact of the Spaniards having been badly beaten that sent England half mad with joy; it was the knowledge that Jervis's victory off the coast of Spain had saved England from invasion. Then, as now, the mass of the population was unable to realise that so long as she had an unbeaten fleet at sea, Britain could not be invaded; and whether that fleet were at Portsmouth, or in the Channel, or in the Bay of Biscay, mattered little, so long as it was there to pounce upon the enemy.

Sir John Jervis was made a peer, with the title of Earl St. Vincent. Nelson was not mentioned in the official despatch—no one was—but in a private letter to the Admiralty Jervis acknowledged his services. That Nelson attacked the Spaniards without orders was not stated; that the act was one of proveable disobedience has perhaps yet to be conclusively shown. James, in his "Naval History," cites a previous signal which fully empowered Nelson to act as he did. This, however, is a small matter now. Nelson made his first decided mark at St. Vincent and was honoured accordingly for his quick perception of what was needed at the moment. *This* was Nelson's genius; although to the public at large the glamour lay around his capture, almost single-handed, of two ships, each much larger than his own. He was made a K.B., offered a baronetcy (which he declined because he could not afford it), presented with the freedom of the City of London; while Jervis insisted on his keeping the sword of the Spanish rear-admiral. The Rev. Edmund Nelson, who certainly had some of the disingenuousness of his famous son, wrote to him :—

"The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery, guarded by Providence, has raised you, few sons, my dear child, attain to, and fewer fathers live to see. Tears of joy have involuntarily trickled down my furrowed cheeks. Who could stand the force of such general congratulation? The name and services of Nelson have sounded through this city of Bath—from the common ballad-singer to the public theatre."

Pedantic and quaint as this letter may be, surely there is in its simple ending a touch of fatherly pride which is so very human that we love it for its simplicity. We can see with the old man and feel what he felt; and this little bit of homely saying was probably dearer to Nelson than all the honours that fell to his share—for this was the touch of home.

As for Nelson, he was kept busy after the battle blockading the Spaniards in Cadiz, and engaging in many small fights, of one of which he naïvely remarked that in it—"my personal courage was more conspicuous than at any other period of my life." He was then a rear-admiral, his promotion having come out before the news of the victory reached England. But exciting as these episodes were, exciting as were the incidents in connection with the great mutiny in the Fleet that St. Vincent had to put down, they were events subsequent to and not portions of that battle of St. Valentine's Day a hundred years ago.

NOTABLE DOGS OF THE CHASE

THE BLOODHOUND

ILLUSTRATED BY R. H. MOORE

WHAT'S in a name? For the unfortunate Bloodhound—everything. It has had many names, sleuth-hound or slot-hound, slough-hound, slow-hound, talbot, lemor or limier, or lyme-hound (from being led in a lyam or leash) draught-hound, rache or brachet, St. Hubert, and perhaps others, any one of which, if it had become the popular name for the dog, would have saved it from some of the grievous misunderstanding under which as a "bloodhound" it now suffers.

The animal used in the hunting of Wallace is described in Blind Harry's ballad as a brachell.

> "A hound they had them among,
> In Gyllisland there was that brachell bred;
> When she got blude nae fleeing might avail."

Now, brachell or brache, was the name given to the females of any large breed of hunting dog, so that "the bloodhound" of the olden time is a hazy beast, a nebulous atom in the Dog-star constellation. Much later, in "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," writers were as reckless in the use of the names of dogs as of personal pronouns, and "of the Dogge called a Bloodhound in Latin Sanguinarius," Dr. Caius has much to say. I wish I could quote it all, but a single sentence must suffice. "The nature of these Dogges is such, and so effectuall is their foresight, that they cā bewray, seperate, and pycke one out from among an infinite multitude and an innumerable company, creepe they never so farre into the thickest thronge, they will find him out notwithstandyng he lye hidden in wilde woods, in close and overgrowen groves, and lurke in hollow holes apte to harbour such ungracious guestes. And this is their practise, if per die they cānot at y' first time smelling, finde out the way which the deede doers tooke to escape. So at length get they that by arte, cunning, and dilligent endevour, which by fortune and lucke they cannot otherwyse overcome."

This Dr. John Kaye, or Caius, as he was pleased to call himself, was physician to three sovereigns, Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and moreover (by which fact he lives in history) he wrote a "Treatise of English Dogges," at the request of the great naturalist, Conrad Gesner, who must, I should imagine, have been as much diverted by the Doctor's style as edified by his information, which is curiously and ingeniously vague, but it is to this Treatise that everybody goes, as to an arsenal, for weapons with which to fight about the names of Elizabethan "dogges."

We shall never know of course to what exact breeds of dogs the so-called bloodhounds really belonged.

It is sufficient for us to know that they were all of them appellations of a dog that in general character—and in its gift of fine smell—resembled what the Victorian Age calls "bloodhound." And there is, too, this saving comforting fact, that bloodhound, when first used, did not mean a single kind of dog, but any kind of dog that could track the scent of blood. Turberville in his "Book of Hunting," tells us the points of a dog "*that are best to make bloodhounds*," so that it was not the breed of the hound but the special work that it had to do that made a particular animal "a blood hound." The name is therefore quite arbitrary and both incidental and accidental, and if modern breeders chose to discard it and call their dogs Talbots, there would be no argument against them.

The very word "bloodhound" is a horrible accusation. To call a man by it is to say the very worst we can of him, and to arouse against him the outraged emotions of the human race. As was shown in a famous Welsh child-murder case, when the prosecuting counsel, after a tremendous indictment of the prisoner, a triumph in itself of crushing forensic cruelty, suddenly stopped short, as if at a loss for a word capable of conveying all his meaning, and dramatically flung himself down in his seat as if even denunciation of such a crime were revolting to humanity. There was a "sensation" in

the Court which was quickly checked by counsel rising again in his place, and, livid with a rage that made him impotent for coherent speech, he flung across the court at the prisoner, with smashing effect, the single word *bloodhound!* And the word probably hanged the man.

How utterly unjust such an interpretation of the name really is, will be appreciated by the reader who has the patience to peruse this article to the end, but meanwhile I may inform them that there is no breed of dog, not even the harmless necessary pug, that is less "bloody" than the bloodhound. Stonehenge, I know, gives the breed a bad character, but I fancy he stands almost alone in his opinion, and it may be accepted as a fact that these dogs are as amiable and as docile as any others. Brought up with children they are gentleness itself. Treated with justice they are as reliable as human beings. Their temper is equable: their rules of conduct to be depended upon. Once roused they are terrible. But to rouse them their honour must have been touched by an adversary *nomine dignus*, or their patience exhausted by persistence in insult. They are affectionate, honourable, and simple hearted. And no name nowadays could be worse for them than that which they bear.

Once upon a time the chase was a slow hand-to-hand and sanguinary process, for the weapons used were knives, spears and arrows, and the result would be that the unfortunate quarry was wounded long before it was killed. The country, too, was heavily wooded and the game therefore frequently lost to sight, so that the swifter hounds employed to pursue and pull it down would often be at fault and it was then that the slower-footed sleuth-hound came to the front. A hound that could run on a scent was essential, and as the bloodhound could do this, it became the most important personage of the pack. But with the deforesting of England, and the improvement in weapons, the bloodhound's occupation was gone, and it ceased to be a dog of the chase.

That the value of this special gift of scent has long been appreciated is certain from the fact that Xenophon, writing over two thousand years ago, recognises the virtues of "smell-dogs," as our Canadian kinsfolk call them, and describes the procedure of the bloodhound. Now two thousand years is quite long enough an interval for man, who is essentially "a hunting animal," to have brought by breeding the exquisite nose of the species to such perfection that a bloodhound will now follow *any* scent to which its attention is specially directed. It would be no use to lay a foxhound on to the scent of a sheep. But a bloodhound, and here comes in a positively appalling fact, will take up any scent that it is told to take up, and will follow a German professor one day with the same enthusiasm that it will a German sausage on the next, and it will keep the one particular savour in its nostrils as long as may be required by the duration of the quest, in spite of every other conflicting odour and perplexing cross-scent. This extraordinary keenness, so attractive to the imagination because so inexplicable by reason, was at last developed to such a degree that the bloodhound was trained to hunt down men, and not only that, but to hunt down some one particular man out of all his fellows—merely by the difference of his individual scent!

Nowadays we consider the talent of scent very commonplace, but in olden times the dog that, without seeing its game, could follow it by the scent of blood besprinkled upon the undergrowth, and on the herbage in the woods, was considered a wonderful worker. But as the years rolled by it was discovered that without any blood on the path the bloodhound could still follow the track of a fugitive animal, and so by degrees it was promoted from the ordinary rank and file of dogs of the chase to be detective-in-chief and an auxiliary of the law.

Who the first man brought to bay by bloodhounds was we do not know, but in our own history we can go back at any rate to the days of Edward I.

Bruce, we are told, had brought up a bloodhound, and between the king and the hound there was a great mutual affection, but John of Lorne somehow possessed himself of it, and "thro' him thought to take the King." The bloodhound was put on the royal fugitive's track, but on reaching a stream lost the scent, and so the pursuit was abandoned, the Bruce having put in practice what he had been told, that by wading "a bow-shot" up or down a stream a sleuth-hound could be put off the scent. That Bruce was pursued in this manner appears to be a historical fact. It is related in ballad

form by Archdeacon Barbour (1375) and in prose by John Hardyng, and is often referred to by later historians of the Bruce.

Nor need we doubt that Wallace was hunted in the same way. In the ballad of William Wallace, by Harry the Minstrel (1488) we are told how the chase was stopped by the hero killing "Fawdoun" who, when nearly overtaken by the pursuers, refused to go farther, pleading that his strength was exhausted; and Wallace, suspecting treachery, or merely to save himself, cut off Fawdoun's head, and when the bloodhound came to the spot she refused to go farther, and Wallace, having meanwhile reached a wood, escaped.

From this date onwards the use of the bloodhound for tracking human beings, especially on the Border, was a regular feature of local feuds and raids, and up to the days of the Stuarts, a regular feature also of criminal administration. Taxes were levied for the keeping of hounds for smelling out cattle-lifters and other offenders, and the penal provisions of the Hot-trod under which the bloodhounds were used was very severe. Those who "stopped or hindered" a hound when on the track, or refused it admission into any building that it wished to enter, were by such conduct considered to be accomplices of the criminal. As good as history, in such matters, is the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, and he constantly refers even down to the time of James I., to the employment of bloodhounds for man-hunting, and there is a warrant in existence dated 1616, signed by two of "His Majesty's commissioners for the government of the middle shires of Great Britain," ordering the garrison of Carlisle, in consequence of the numerous robberies, to keep "slough-dogs" at the charge of the inhabitants in nine parishes on the Border.

But in poetry as well as in fiction, writers have taken liberties with this subject, and even Scott appears to me to avail himself of poetic license, when he makes a bloodhound attack a child which it had not been tracking and the child beat off the dog. The bloodhound only follows one track, and if defied, fights to the death.

> "Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound,
> His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
> And his red eye shot fire.
> Soon as the 'wildered child saw he.
> He flew at him right furiouslie."

But "Branksome's heir" was "worthy of his noble sire":

> "He faced the bloodhound manfully,
> And held his little hat on high;
> So fierce he struck, the dog afraid
> At cautious distance hoarsely bayed."

Elsewhere, too, he speaks of "bloodhounds staunch":

> "Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
> Unmatched for courage, breath, and *speed*."

and which hunt to kill. Now bloodhounds are not fleet and do not hunt *to kill*.

So, too, Tickell:

> "O'er all the bloodhound boasts superior skill
> To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill.
> * * * * *
> Deep-mouthed he thunders and inflamed he views.
> Springs on relentless and to death pursues."

Davenant speaks of "their cold secrecy" and calls them:

> "Wise temp'rate lime hounds that proclaim no scent,
> Nor harb'ring will their mouths in boasting spend."

So, too, Ben Jonson applauds the "silent" bloodhound, and as he is curiously accurate on all points of sport, I take it for granted that he was speaking of the Norman breed.

And what a horror it adds to the fidelity of the brute to the track, that it was *silent* while pursuing! Bad enough as it must have been to hear the "deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay" behind you, how doubly, trebly, awful the chase when your relentless and infallible pursuer uttered no sound upon your footstep but came along on your course remorseless as fate, inevitable as death, and voiceless! What use in flight when every time the flying feet touched the ground the fugitive gave the hunter one clue the more? What virtue in speed and endurance, when the faster the runner, and the longer the running, the fuller and hotter became the scent, and the dumb untiring brute, that commenced the chase at an amble, concluded it at a gallop?

As auxiliaries to the police, even in very recent years, they have done excellent work A notable instance was that in which a discharged groom having mutilated a horse belonging to his late master, fled twenty miles before seeking asylum, but the bloodhound put on his track found him at that long distance asleep in his bed in the garret

ON THE TRACK

of the house in which he stopped to rest. About 1870 a little girl was murdered by a barber at Blackburn, and the miscreant would have escaped, no suspicion resting upon him, had not a bloodhound tracked the poor child's remains to the chimney of the barber's shop. Twenty years later another child, under very similar circumstances, was murdered in the same town, and one of the inhabitants, remembering the previous case, brought a bloodhound on the scene, but too late, as the footsteps of the crowd which had visited the scene of the crime had obliterated the scent. Very lately, too, they have been tried in London, but the multitude of passengers in the streets gave the bloodhound no chance, and it is not probable, in spite of all that has been said, that any good could result from their employment in populous towns. But in the country, as aids to the rural constabulary, a bloodhound would be a tower of strength, for it is beyond doubt that the popular horror of this dog's powers would be a strong deterrent to petty agrarian crime, while, given open country for his quest, the bloodhound would run down the offender almost to a certainty.

Somehow or another, these huntings of men in our own country, even of a Bruce or a Wallace, do not arouse in us, in the reading, any particular horror. Perhaps because they both escaped the hounds. But there must have been plenty of men, unnamed in history, who were tracked successfully, and yet, even with regard to them, the practice evokes no enthusiasm of pity, for we read that the men were only "captured and subsequently hanged." The bloodhounds when they overtook them did not tear them to pieces and devour them. It was left for the discovery of the New World to acquaint the human race with a new wickedness, for, side by side with the festering footprints of the Spanish

invaders went the footprint of his abominable hound. These were trained, so it is said, to their dreadful work by the most revolting processes. Effigies of men stuffed with blood and entrails were given to the puppies to tear to pieces: real live men and women, malefactors it may be, but still human beings, were used as the baits and "drags" for the older hounds! And thereafter, almost too saddening for record—and, alas! within the days of so-called civilisation—came the unspeakable cruelties of slave-hunting. Here, it is true, impassioned fiction exaggerated for a purpose, the atrocities of the Greelys of the American plantations, for it is difficult to believe in slave-owners hunting their runaway slaves only to kill them when overtaken. But the truth was bad enough, and the bloodhound has to suffer in character for the atrocities of its masters.

Now let me turn over the horrid page, and come to our own time again when the talent of this noble creature is employed only in the cause of right, and tell, in the words of the original narrator a well-authenticated story of the bloodhound as it really is, and as it really acts.

"One morning I was lounging on the sands of Weston-super-Mare, watching the crowds inhaling the ozone, and at intervals enjoying my paper. A poor woman, who was distractedly running from group to group in search of a lost child, had for some time attracted my notice. Some little distance off a gentleman on horseback was quietly walking his horse along the sands, followed by a large dog, which proved to be a bloodhound. The woman stopped him, probably to inquire if he had seen the child. After some conversation he jumped from his horse, and, thrusting his arm through the bridle, clasped both hands caressingly round the dog's head. I gazed with curiosity. The woman handed something which looked like a hat to the gentleman, who held it and spoke to the dog. The hound sniffed, and presently gave a mournful sort of moan. Apparently, he would not leave his master, but soon after, lifting his head in the air, he gave a short, sharp bark or bay, and began

(From a photograph by M. Morelli, Photo Stall National Gallery)

THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND. BY LANDSEER

sniffing about on the sands. He had evidently picked up a scent. I became intensely interested, and determined to see the end. At first the dog went up and down in a zigzag manner, with his nose on the sands, doubtless following the child's track, and then, with a loud, long bay, he turned off at a wonderful pace, and, baying as he went, ran right across the sands in a straight line, crossing the parade, and down a side street. I followed as best I could, guided by the distant baying. Unfortunately I took a wrong turning, but at last I met the woman, who was alternately scolding and kissing the six or seven year old infant. Unfortunately, the gentleman and his dog had departed, and though I went to the sands for some days after in the hope of seeing him, I was disappointed. As I was curious, I asked the woman if the child was not afraid of the dog, and she said, 'Oh no; when I came up he was playing with the dog, which was very friendly.' She told me the gentleman had called the dog 'Lordswood,' and wishing to ride away, had to call to him two or three times before he would follow. As for the little fellow thus found, he was ultimately indifferent to every other consideration, and kept on murmuring, 'I would like that dear doggie for my own.' Of course I knew that bloodhounds were used to track slaves and criminals, but I did not know they could be safely used to find lost children."

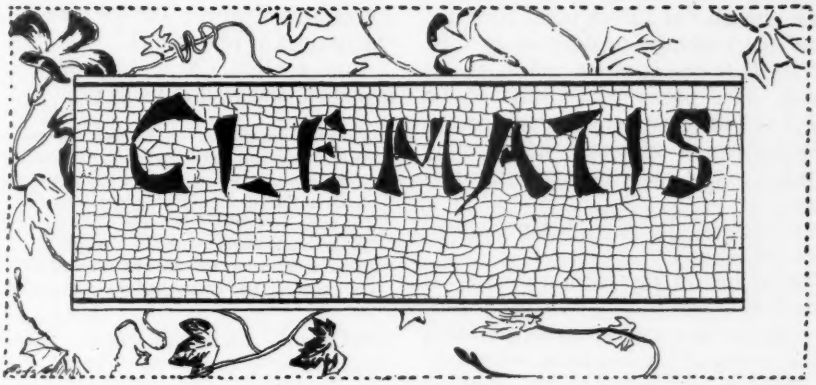
In Idstone's reliable work we read: "I know of one owner of bloodhounds who often hunts his own children. I know this to be really true. There is, of course, no risk attached to it." For the bloodhound does not attack the object which it has tracked. On the contrary, when it overtakes it, it expresses joy, not ferocity; pleasure in having succeeded in its quest, and not bloodthirstiness. Its baying round its captive directs the human pursuers to their prey, and the bloodhound's share of the hunting is then over. It is altogether wrong to suppose that the bloodhound hunts *to kill*. It only hunts *to catch*. It is a "blood" hound because it used to track by blood, and not because it sheds blood.

From the first that we hear of the bloodhound, tan and black were the prevailing colours. Of course, as so many varieties of dogs were trained as "bloodhounds"—the progenitors of the modern staghound among others—the colouring was very varied, but it is interesting to know that black and tans were at first, as they are still, the best of the breed. When Daniels wrote his "Rural Sports," "this singular race," as he calls it, was "nearly extinct," but since then its popularity has taken new life, and the bloodhound is by no means an uncommon dog, and the best of the breed are tawny with black points. They should stand about twenty-seven inches at the shoulder, and, like Mr. Edwin Brough's famous present-day dogs, be as active as they are powerful. "He possesses," says one of the latest, best, and most accurate writers on dogs, "a commanding dignity of appearance, with an attractiveness of expression that is truly noble; he seems to rest with silent confidence and self-reliance in the consciousness of his own power and importance, and as he reposes on his bench in stately form, calmly reviewing his admirers, receives their adulation in kingly fashion, as to the manner born."

There is no mistaking a bloodhound, for the deeply wrinkled forehead, the long pendulous ears, the domed skull coming to a peak, the awe-inspiring voice, are all too striking to be overlooked. And these apart, there is that sovereign sagacity of expression, that patrician look, which forbids us making any error.

It is not at all impossible that originally the nose of this hound was "exquisitely fine" for blood only, and that persistent breeding for acuteness of scent developed the faculty to its present astonishing perfection; and, similarly, it is not impossible that the day may come when equally persistent breeding for head and body "points" only will succeed in eradicating the talent which now distinguishes the bloodhound. Meanwhile the name is an odious one from its associations, an absurd one from its inappropriateness, and a misleading one from its suggestion of bloodthirstiness. The bloodhound of to-day is an example of philosophic placidity, a magnanimous and, to use the Queen's words, a thoroughly "biddable" dog.

ST. BERNARD.



By ROBERT K. DOUGLAS

(FROM THE CHINESE)

ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL

ELL, I wish that that light yonder may mark an inn."

"It looks as though it came from a temple, and, if so, at least we shall find food and shelter; for where there are priests there is never any lack."

The first speaker was a young man possessing the refined features of a scholar, and his companion was evidently his valet. The time was evening, and, so far as the eye could reach, there stretched before the travellers a wide expanse of rice-fields, broken only by clumps of trees, from one of which proceeded the light which had raised their hopes. Nor were their hopes destined to be disappointed, for in a few minutes the two men drew rein at the gate of a temple of Kwanyin. In response to their summons the door was opened by a priest, who inquired what might be their will.

"We are on our way to Koyung," answered the master, "and, having been overtaken by the night, would ask you to give us shelter under your honourable roof."

"Pray enter," said the priest, "and if you will deign to lodge in our guest chamber it is at your service."

The travellers needed no further bidding, and in a short space of time a supper, which fully justified the prophetic vision of the valet, was set before them. So soon as their hunger was appeased, the priest appeared, and, at the invitation of the master, seated himself in the place of honour on his left hand.

"What may be your honourable surname?" he inquired.

"My despicable surname," replied his guest, "is Su. But may I ask how it came about that there should be so fine a temple in so very rural a neighbourhood as this?"

"This temple was built by a certain Mr. Pai, who, after resigning office, sought retirement at Kinshi, about three miles from this. He dedicated this temple to Kwanyin in the hope that the goddess might grant a son, for as yet he was childless."

"And did he gain his desire?"

"Not entirely. But in the following year his wife presented him with a daughter."

"Not entirely, certainly," laughed Su. "Why, ten daughters if put into the balance with a son would kick the beam."

"Let your excellency remember," said the priest, "that there are daughters and daughters. Miss Clematis, for that is the

name of the young lady in question, is a perfect paragon. Her beauty is so exquisite that it is enough 'to attract fishes from the depth of the river and to draw storks from the sky.' Then she is as learned as she is beautiful. Her poetry equals that of Le Taipoh,* and her essays are masterpieces."

This description converted Su's sneering attitude into one of unaffected admiration and longing.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that so gifted a lady is still unwed?"

"That is one of the peculiarities of the position," said the priest. "Both Clematis and her father have declared that he alone would be accepted as her suitor who commends himself by a poetic talent. Scarcely a day passes but an aspirant presents himself, and up till now no one has succeeded in reaching the required level."

This description so excited Su's imagination that he found himself unable to discuss any other subject, and when he retired to his room the same cause made sleep impossible. After tossing about for some time he arose from his bed, and passed out through the gate of the temple. It was the fourteenth night, and the full moon was shedding its soft rays over the scene, including a pretty piece of planting which seemed to indicate the existence of pleasure grounds. In his restless mood Su strolled in this direction and soon found himself in the neighbourhood of a summer house, from which voices proceeded. Concealing himself in the shadow of sheltering trees he crept up, and saw by the light of lamps which illumined the pavilion two young men engaged in verse-making. One, who was robed in white, was at the moment gazing abstractedly at the ceiling, while his fingers held a motionless pencil.

"My elder brother," said his companion, "seems to be in difficulties. I suppose he finds it hard to get the appropriate rhymes."

"No, it is not that which troubles me. My *ideas* will not come."

The first speaker glanced at his puzzled friend with an air of triumph, and then turned again to his paper. In a few minutes he threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming: "Well, at all events, I have finished my copy."

"Ah, Chang," said his companion, "you, I feel sure, are the destined winner of the incomparable prize. Let me hear the gifted outpourings of your pencil."

Nothing loth Chang responded to the invitation, and read as follows:

"When first the willows feel the breath of spring,
Branch, twig and bud stretch forth to meet the breeze,
Like green plants hung aloft on topmost boughs,
Or silken threads entwined on lofty trees,
The fisher joys when fishes take his hook,
The groom laments his horse's lazy gait,
A time comes when the tree's no longer good
For aught but fuel for the household grate."

"Capital," exclaimed Wang. "Your diction is as brilliant as your ideas are happily expressed."

This was too much for Su, who had listened with ill-suppressed amusement to the unscholarly lines of the poem. The absurd terms of adulation applied to them by Wang were more than he could stand, and he broke out into a peal of loud laughter. At so unexpected a sound the two students sprang to their feet, and cried with trembling voices:

"Who dares to break in on our studies with this unseemly laughter?"

"I have, gentlemen, been guilty of a great piece of rudeness," said Su, advancing, "and I pray you to forgive me. I heard you speaking of poetry, and as that subject has an overpowering attraction for me, I drew near and was privileged to listen to the piece which has just been read."

Seeing that Su had the appearance of a scholar, Chang, who played the part of host, invited him to join them in verse-making.

"My talents are insignificant," said Su, "but if I heard aright you are celebrating in your verses the beauties of the willow when first bursting into leaf."

"That is our endeavour," said Chang, "and our task is all the more difficult since we are called upon to write a companion poem to a piece of rare excellence. The poet, or rather the poetess," continued Chang, "for she is a young lady, is the motherless daughter of His Excellency Pai, who, while lately visiting the neighbouring temple, was so struck with the beauty of the willows which surround it that she extemporised an ode, and vowed on the spot that she would marry only the man who could write a poem of equal merit on the same subject."

* A celebrated poet of the T'ang Dynasty A.D. 618–905.

"May I look at this wonderful ode?" asked Su.

"Here it is," replied Chang, as he handed him a sheet of embroidered paper on which was stamped a representation of two young ladies standing hand in hand watching a pair of swallows hovering over a plum tree in full bloom, and over which idyllic scene were traced in a scholarly hand the lines in question. Su took the paper and as he read its contents his face assumed an aspect of rapturous astonishment.

"The lines are exquisite," he said. "No wonder my honourable brothers find a congenial task in trying to win this gifted young lady."

"Well, you have heard my attempt," said Chang. "Let us now see what pearls will flow from your pencil, lofty sir."

Wine and love inspiring Su's imagination, he wrote off the following ode without apparent thought:

"Fed by the jocund air and genial rain
The buds to tender shoots give gentle birth,
Whose haze-enshrouded beauty wraps my soul,
As light their trembling shade falls o'er the earth.
Their pendant boughs appear to mourn and weep,
That frost and snow should ever steel the heart,
If yonder bird divines my inmost soul
Let him to it adjudge the willow's part."

The beauty of these lines was too obvious to make it necessary for the two friends to affect admiration, and they broke out into loud expressions of applause, during the utterance of which Su threw off another equally brilliant ode.

"And now," he said, "it is the turn of our elder brother, Wang."

"I am not in the humour for verse-making to-night," said that young gentleman. "I will produce my ode in the morning, and then we will present our poems at his excellency's house."

The three scholars were early astir, but their waking thoughts were by no means identical. Chang felt in the sober morning light that his chances of winning the prize had rather diminished since the appearance in the field of this new competitor, and he hurried to Wang's room to talk matters over.

"We made a mistake," said he, "in telling Mr. Su anything about Clematis, and now the best way out of the difficulty is for you to appropriate his ode and to pass yours off as his."

"How is that to be done?"

"You must copy one of the two odes which he wrote last night and sign it with your name, while I will copy out your ode and sign it with his name. The rest leave to me."

"Very well," said Chang, "let us set to work at once." And in less than an hour Wang had taken his leave with the two odes in his pocket. Before noon he returned, and after greeting Su, explained:

"I have resigned the contest. In the presence of such dragons of learning as my exalted elder brothers, it would be useless for me to compete. So now copy out your poems of last night, and we will carry them to the house which shelters the beauteous form of the adorable Clematis."

With genuine eagerness on the part of Su, and affected eagerness on the part of Chang, the two took their pencils, and after having completed their tasks declared themselves ready to set out. On arriving at Pai's lordly portal, the menshang (porter), in reply to the visitors' enquiries, reported that his excellency was out, adding, however, that if the gentlemen had anything to leave he would take care that it was safely delivered into the hands of his master as soon as he came home. As there was nothing else to be done, Chang and Su left their poems, giving the man strict injunctions to convey them carefully to his excellency.

The cavalcade had no sooner turned homewards than the porter threw the packets just left into the kitchen fire, and having donned his official cap and coat, took the odes which had been left with him in the morning by Wang, accompanied by a bribe, and went to his master's study, the "Pavilion of Dreamy Carelessness." As he entered the pavilion, Pai was in the act of replacing on its shelf a volume of Confucius's "Spring and Autumn Annals," which fascinating work had held him entranced for the last couple of hours. With every token of respect the porter handed the packets to his master. Pai's figure was commanding. In height he was considerably above the average, and his finely-cut features and lofty brow gave him an air of intellectual superiority. His dress was handsome, and a glance at his hands showed that he belonged to the scholarly class. His nails extended at least an inch beyond his fingers, and on his right

thumb he wore a broad ring of apple-green jade.

"These papers, sir," said the porter, "were left by two young gentlemen this morning, with a message to say that they hoped your excellency would deign to cast a glance upon them."

With something like an air of weariness, Pai took the envelopes, and chanced to open first the paper signed "Su." As he read, a look of surprise and amusement came over his features.

"What impudence," he cried, "to send me such despicable trash. This man Su must think that I am as great a fool as he is. I hope that the second one will be something better."

It needed no keen observer to see that such was the case. Astonishment and pleasure were plainly indicated by the sparkle of his eye, and the recovered stillness of his attitude. Twice he read through the lines, and then merely looked over the top of the paper to bid a servant ask Clematis to come at once to him. The summons was so urgent that Clematis threw down at the instant her embroidery, although she was in the act of putting the finishing stitch to one of the antennæ of a brilliant butterfly which was destined to hover for ever over an amaranthus bloom. With haste she hurried to the pavilion, and stood before her father panting with the exertion of having walked quickly on feet which were never intended to do more than potter leisurely. The exercise had heightened her colour, and as she advanced to her father he may well be forgiven for regarding her with loving admiration. Her features were exquisitely beautiful. Her brow was broad and well-formed, her long almond-shaped eyes sparkled with intelligence, her nose was straight, and her mouth and chin were prettily shaped. In figure she was slight, and though, as has been indicated, her feet were infinitesimally small she stood poised upon them with grace, and as upright as a dart.

"At last," said Pai, still holding the paper which had claimed his admiration, "I have found a husband worthy of you. Read these lines and tell me if you do not think that every word is instinct with poetic genius."

Clematis took the paper, and seating herself on a porcelain stool at her father's side, read and re-read the ode.

"I quite agree with you, father, that the lines are perfect. The only fault I have to find," she added, hesitatingly, "is with the penmanship. I should have expected so profound a scholar to have written like a scholar, but there is an uncouthness about the characters such as one is accustomed to see only in the script of half-educated people."

"I confess that I had mentally made the same observation when I first saw the paper. I have no doubt, however, that the discrepancy is capable of some explanation; and in order to set all uncertainty at rest I propose to ask Chang to call upon me, when I will test his powers further, and will satisfy myself as to his appearance and bearing. But before you go you must really read this other ode by one Su, which was brought me at the same time as Chang's gem. Anything more absurd I have never read."

With unconcealed mirth Clematis read through the eight lines bearing the signature "Su."

"Well, at all events, father, you need not send for this gentleman, for rather than marry him I would drown myself in the nearest well."

"Pray do," said her father, laughing, "if ever I ask you to become his wife."

Meanwhile, the three associates returned to Chang's garden, where they spent the rest of the day. Towards evening, Su returned to the Temple of Kwanyin, and after a restless night rose early, fully expecting to be invited to call upon Pai. To his surprise and vexation, however, the invitation came to Chang.

"Surely you must have also brought an invitation to Mr. Su?" said Chang, affecting a modest astonishment.

"No," replied the porter, "you alone were invited. I asked my master whether I was to invite Mr. Su, and he replied: 'Certainly not.'"

Having mounted his horse, Chang in obedience to the summons rode off to Pai's house, followed by the porter. On arriving at his destination, Pai hurried forward to greet his guest. He entered the hall with an expression of expectant pleasure on his features which, however, rapidly faded away when he came face to face with his visitor. He had imagined that the writer of the lines he had admired would have been in manner

"She was in the act of putting the finishing stitch to one of the antennæ of a brilliant butterfly"

"Sometimes smile as if pleased with the passage he was reading"

and in appearance such a man as himself. But he was grievously disappointed. Instead of an ideal scholar, he saw before him a man of mean and plebeian exterior. An awkward figure, a low, cunning stamp of face, small eyes and coarse eyebrows completed the outward semblance of a man as little like a poet as it was possible to imagine. A sense of suspicion shot through Pai's mind, but he made up his mind to be civil to his guest, at least for the present.

Chang, on the other hand, was profuse in his bows, and only seated himself after having repeatedly refused the place of honour which his host quietly insisted on his taking.

"I read yesterday with infinite pleasure," said Pai, "the gemlike ode which you deigned to send me."

"My powers are insignificant," replied Chang, "and I can only wonder at my audacity in submitting the mean scratchings of my pencil to your excellency's lofty glance."

After some conversation, Pai invited his guest to partake of tea, and as they pushed aside their cups he begged him to give him a further specimen of his poetic talent. If a bolt had fallen from heaven Chang could not have been more disturbed than he was by this proposition. He had hoped that by keeping up a brisk conversation he would have avoided any such catastrophe. For some moments he sat with open mouth

unable to utter a word. At last he stammered out:

"How dare a poor woodman like myself venture to wield an axe in the presence of the prince of carpenters?"

"Writing verses must be a familiar occupation to so brilliant a poet as yourself. So deign, I pray you, to give me another example of your rare ability."

Chang's heart throbbed, and his cheeks burned at the prospect which stood before him.

"Let me venture," he began in despair, "to ask you, sir, to name the theme, and I will then beg your advice to guide my mean talents."

"There could not be a better subject than that on which you composed those jadelike lines yesterday, 'The Budding Willows.'"

The choice of his subject came like sunshine after a storm to Chang, who had taken the precaution to learn by heart the second piece which Su had written the day before.

"If your excellency pleases," he said, as with returning confidence he assumed the air of a scholar. With a knitted brow he gazed at the roof of the study for a moment or two, then nodded his head as though he had arranged the train of his ideas, and forthwith transcribed Su's ode with a pencil, running over the paper like a swift bark on a flowing stream. Having finished the copy, he handed the paper respectfully to Pai, who read it carefully.

"Superb," he said. "This second piece excels, in my opinion, the poem you left with me yesterday."

Having thus expressed himself, Pai, unperceived by his guest, handed the ode to a servant, with directions to take it to Clematis. He then rose, and invited Chang to partake of wine with him in the pavilion in the garden. But Chang's impulse was to leave at once before any chance should compel him to show "the horse's hoof," and on the first opportunity, therefore, he took his leave.

Early in the afternoon Clematis's maid, Primrose, who was so named from the fact that those flowers were just bursting into bloom at the time of her birth, had announced to her mistress the arrival of Chang.

"I thought that we should have a visitor to-day," Clematis said, "for a strange cat came into my room last night."

"I never knew that omen fail," said Primrose.

"The visitor you announce," said Clematis, "must be the writer of those beautiful lines on the budding willows. I should much like to know what manner of man he is, so go unperceived to the neighbourhood of your master's study, and bring me word about him."

Nothing loth, Primrose set off and succeeded, unseen by Chang, in getting a full view of that shifty gentleman. Her report was not favourable.

"He is common-looking and ugly," she said; "he has the appearance of a servant, and is so dirty that a fall into the Yellow River would not clean him."

"Has my father set him to make verses?"

"Yes, and he wrote them off without hesitation. Here they are," she said, producing the paper given her by Pai's valet.

"How is it," said Clematis, after reading the ode, "that this man's appearance so entirely belies his transcendant abilities? It may be, however, that his talent is as a pearl wrapped up in straw."

"If I were you, miss," said Primrose, "I should like to see a glimmer of the pearl through the straw. I cannot help feeling that there is something wrong about it all."

"How can there be any deception when my father saw him write the lines?"

"If you had seen his crafty look, which was more like that of a rat caught in a trap than anything else, you would think as I do. There is no truth in the man, and I am quite sure that as the saying is, 'Where he treads the grass won't grow.'"

Primrose's retort harmonised so entirely with the very uncultured handwriting of the poet that Clematis became more and more doubtful of his real scholarship.

"How unfortunate I am," she said. "For years my father and I have been looking out for a ripe scholar to be my husband, and yesterday we thought that we had found one. And now——"

"You are beautiful and accomplished," replied Primrose. "Why should you be in such a hurry? Remember that 'the maid that waits for marrying will be happier far

for tarrying' (lit. The maid who delays her marriage will in the end be fortunate).

She had scarcely finished speaking when Pai entered.

"Have you read," he asked, "Chang's second ode? The ease with which he wrote off those exquisite lines in my presence to-day has fully convinced me that he is a genuine poet."

"As to his ability there can be no doubt. But does his appearance tally with his genius?"

"No, strange to say, it does not. But my only fear is lest, having met with such a brilliant scholar, we should lose him. However, I will invite him to become domestic tutor to that graceless nephew of mine, and then we shall be able to try his metal."

"That would be an excellent plan," said Clematis, "and if he is a true man he won't shirk the ordeal. Pure gold does not fear the melting pot."

Meanwhile Chang returned elated with his success to his friend Wang, who congratulated him on his good fortune.

"I can't help feeling, however," said Chang, "that I am playing a dangerous game. I have won so far, but who can tell whether I may not some time or other be called upon to write on the spur of the moment; and then?"

"And then," said Wang, "you must manage to avoid this emergency. Your luck has been so good that it is not likely to desert you now. Besides, if I were you I should manage to keep Su here for a time, so as to have some one to fall back upon."

"You are right," said Chang. "I will invite him to stay with me."

In fulfilment of this scheme, Chang paid Su an early visit, and had no difficulty in inducing him to return with him to his garden. Possessed with the idea that there had been some mistake on the part of Pai, Su was unwilling to leave the neighbourhood; and though he had no fellowship with Chang, he regarded him as a kind of link with the object of his mental admiration. Breakfast was served on their arrival, and the three young men were enjoying that meal, and especially some sharks' fins with crab sauce, on which Chang's cook prided himself, when a servant entered the pavilion, and announced the arrival of a messenger from Pai, bringing an invitation to Chang to accept the post of tutor to his nephew. Chang was a good deal taken aback by the proposal. But vanity, which was a prominent feature in his character, prompted him to send an acceptance, which he did, coupling it with a condition that he should have a private study where he might read and write undisturbed.

This request added to the pleasure with which Pai heard of the acceptance of his invitation, and he at once gave orders to prepare a pavilion in the gardens for his reception. This having been done, and a lucky day having been chosen, he invited Chang to take possession. That young gentleman was no sooner ensconced than he assumed the air and graces of an earnest student. He was never without a book in his hand, and on the approach of anyone, he would mutter to himself, as though he were conning a page, and sometimes smile as if pleased with the passage he was reading. Happily for himself his pupil had as little taste for books as he had, and many were the holidays the young scapegrace enjoyed while Pai believed that he was studying the "Sayings of Mencius," under the guidance of his tutor. These idiosyncrasies did not go entirely unnoticed. There were several of the servants who recognised that Chang was not as other tutors were. But by a judicious use of hush-money and by genuine good humour he won such over to his side.

Unaware of these enemies within his own household, Pai was one day admiring with Clematis a red-blossomed pear tree, which with prodigious profusion was throwing a crimson light over the front of his favourite study, when he said, "To-morrow I will have a repast here, to which I will invite Chang, and he shall write me a song on this glorious bloom. In this way I shall again test his poetic powers."

Taking the first opportunity, a servant reported to Chang Pai's amiable intention for to-morrow. The news was like a shower of iced water to that gentleman, and he felt that his own hope lay in securing the help of Su. Without the loss of a moment he hastily indited a letter begging his "benevolent elder brother to direct his jewelled chariot to his mean abode." This epistle he gave to a messenger with orders to hasten with the speed of a shooting star to Su's dwelling. As it happened Su eagerly wel-

comed the invitation. He had been much bored by Wang's company, and was secretly anxious to get news from Pai's palace. He therefore presented himself without delay at Chang's door, where that young gentleman greeted him with effusive pleasure. Bowing low before him Chang led him by the hand to his study.

"No doubt," he began as they seated themselves, "my elder brother has lately composed many literary gems in his hours of idleness?"

"Since my elder brother left me desolate I have not had an inclination to write."

"As for me," replied Chang, "I have been so occupied with my pupil that I have been unable to put pencil to paper. Yesterday, however, seeing near this a pear tree covered with a rich profusion of blossom I thought of writing a song on it which might be set to music. But it is so long since I wrote anything that my intention died within me and I gave it up. Will you, sir, scatter some of the gold and jade which is at your command and give me a specimen song that I may take as a model?"

"I am quite ready to try my hand, but where is the pear-tree you talk of?"

"It is close to the study of Dreamy Carelessness," replied Chang. "If you will come with me you shall see it from the Pavilion of Flowers."

(*To be concluded next month*)

SUNDAY READINGS FOR FEBRUARY

HEREDITY AND MORAL FREEDOM

By the Editor

FIRST SUNDAY

THE POWER OF HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT

THE proverb once popular in Israel and quoted by Ezekiel: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," expresses with brevity and picturesqueness much of the teaching at present in vogue. The two laws of Heredity and Environment—the disposition we derive from ancestry and the influences which surround us—are represented as being the powers which dominate all action. So potent are these that no man is really free, and human responsibility is accordingly but slightly in evidence. Even when a man fancies that he is free, he is as much fulfilling a determined result as the apple which falls by force of gravitation.

It is this doctrine which gives character to a great part of the fiction, and to some of the cleverest fiction of the present day. Man is assumed to be the product of his heredity and environment. In consequence of these he is good or bad, pure or impure, thievish or honest. Thoroughly understand this soil, and you may foretell the fruit it must produce. The materialist has his own way of representing this. The shape of the skull and the arrangement of the brain-cells, what the man eats and drinks, or what the race to which he belongs has eaten or drunk for centuries; the physical configuration and climate of the country he inhabits; these make him what he is, and he cannot help it. Or again, the individual is placed within another series of causes which hold him equally in control. His parentage has for generations contributed influences which

determine his habits. To these are added the moulding of life from the traditions, the beliefs of the nation or the spirit of the age to which he belongs. And so the task of the modern novelist who holds these convictions is to show upon the stage which he fits up for the purpose, how every man and every life are the result of Heredity and Environment. This is what gives its power to the realistic school. They are moral anatomists; they have no shame, no pity, no fear. They strip each human life bare and lay it naked on their operating table. If there is any hint of personal beauty or charm these are allowed to remain but for the few moments required to give test to the ruthless process of "disillusionment," as each fair lineament is torn open, every nerve of motive traced to its supposed source, and the whole machinery of causes, which it is said had gone to make the man or woman what they have become, is presented in hideous plainness. Whether the subject be vile or not the result is the same, for their object is to show that the things which had led to vileness in the worst, would have of necessity made the best and noblest as bad. According to these teachers there is no moral freedom, no true responsibility, nor any right or wrong. A certain physical necessity lies welded into as certain a moral necessity. Each person is as he or she has been determined by facts beyond their control.

Horrible and detestable as these extreme views may appear, they would have no influence at all if they did not include a large amount of truth. The society, which to its shame now greedily devours the bestiality which is employed to illustrate those doctrines, and which no amount of genius or brilliancy of style can elevate out of the moral cesspool where it has too often its birth, would turn in loathing from the defilement of such literature, except it set forth a truth which Christendom has overlooked, and which it ought to be reminded of. We have forgotten—wickedly and stupidly forgotten—the influence of Environment, for have we not permitted masses of our people to grow up, generation after generation, under conditions wherein their physical and moral degradation has been almost assured? We require to be also taught by the physiologist the effects of Heredity, and the physical and moral consequences upon a population which has from infancy been poisoned by the foul air of overcrowded and fetid dwellings. We have to be taught the connection between constitutions thus enfeebled and the vices that too frequently ensue, such as that between a nervous system exhausted by bad air and insufficient or unwholesome food, and the craving for stimulants. We have to note the terrible results when the heredity of vice becomes as it were incarnated in a bodily organism which carries with it even visibly the stamp of vicious passion and of crime. All this is not only true, but every wise Christian should thank God that the sin of the society should be exposed which permits the conditions to continue, out of which such evils arise. We are bound to deal with the manifest causes of human misery and degradation. It is sheer hypocrisy to lament results while we permit the hotbeds, where the bitter seeds are sown and propagated, to continue within the domain of Christian civilisation, without an effort being made to remove them.

The same principle applies to other ranks of society than those to which the attention of the Christian philanthropist is usually turned. The luxury and idleness of Belgravia are just as unwholesome as the misery of Whitechapel. The abominations of the fashionable world are as destructive—perhaps more so—than those we mourn over among "the lapsed masses." There is no class which can claim immunity. The excitement of commercial gambling entails physical as well as moral consequences which are as deleterious as the foulest gases, and often leads to reactions in which there comes the craving for alcohol as certainly as in the case of the poorest toiler in the slums. The heredity also that flows from an overworked brain or from an overstrained nervous system, is often as fatal as that of drunkenness. Up to a certain point, therefore, we agree with the modern necessitarian, and are thankful to him for showing what large factors Heredity and Environment are in the production of good and evil. He that is wise will weigh these facts, even while recognising the exaggeration with which they are urged to the neglect of other, and still greater, moral and spiritual forces.

SECOND SUNDAY

HEREDITY DOES NOT DESTROY FREEDOM

UP to a certain point we agree, as was said in our previous reading, with the school which

attributes so large an influence in the determination of character and conduct to the laws of Heredity and Environment; but we deny the fixed, almost mechanical, necessity on which it founds its philosophy of morals. We deny that every man is a necessary product, and that any man is compelled to be what he is. We claim freedom of choice; we assert that in God's world there are opportunities and influences whereby the very worst may and ought to have become different; that the foul stream of Heredity may be purified; that the generation of to-day may resist the influences which come from the past, and that by such resistance the heritage of evil may be changed into a heritage of goodness. No man is a mere tool and victim. We claim for each the inalienable and divine gift of free choice and consequent responsibility. Be it that one has greater difficulties than another, and a far sorer conflict: that does not affect the general question. Human judgment must, like the divine judgment, be according to what a man has. "To whom much is given of him will much be required." The utmost consideration must ever be shown by those who have been born under a happy star, towards brothers and sisters who have had a struggle of which these others cannot even form an idea. This, however, is beside the question we are now dealing with. The old proverb, common in the days of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," expressed what our modern materialists assert and with the same exaggeration. It was used as an excuse for prevalent sin. It was the natural product of Jewish belief in election and predestination. The people who could say "We are given over" to this or that, were sure to evade the full pressure of responsibility. They fell back on Heredity. "Our fathers ate the sour grapes." The advanced school of to-day would say the same thing, for the extremest Calvinist never went further than the modern determinist in the denial of Free-will, and in surrender to a Destiny which, alas! is without the merciful characteristics of the older and better Calvinism.

This is therefore a time when the magnificent protest of the old prophet of God should be repeated, "Are my ways not equal? saith the Lord. When a righteous man turneth away from his righteousness and committeth inquity and dieth in it; for his iniquity that he hath done shall he die. Again, when the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." The prophet thus taught that it was possible for the good to fall and for the bad to reform, and that therefore no man is doomed. That is all we claim. So simple does it sound that we might regard it as common-place except for the necessitarianism again in vogue, which would rob us of all sense of responsibility, and make men merely *things* instead of voluntary beings. Were that teaching to prevail, humanity would be discrowned of its distinctive glory, and realism would attain its fruition—as glorying simply in what is—without a thought as to what ought to be.

THIRD SUNDAY

LESSONS FROM HEREDITY

BUT the school whose exaggeration we oppose has many important lessons to enforce, and which it is the duty of the Church to recognise.

(1) It conveys a solemn warning. The strength of Heredity is undoubted. Heredity may not compel, but it certainly entails tendencies. What a warning there is here for every parent, nay, for every man or woman who may become a parent! Do not dream that the life you are leading is a question for yourself alone—your own "look-out" as the phrase is—for whether you will it or not, it must tell, either as a curse or blessing, upon those who shall spring from you. What a hideous vision would it be were the father or mother, who may fancy that as long as their sins are secret no harm is done, were they to behold the inevitable results breaking out in physical and moral tendencies which become the doom of their offspring! Would it not startle the most thoughtless if they recognised as their own foul gift that evil bodily constitution which has proved the curse of their innocent children? Would it not arrest the drunken or the impure, were they to see the consequences of their selfish indulgence registered in the ruined health, the immoral proclivities—perhaps even in the insanity of the generations that are to spring from them? It is no wonder that

Christ said "Woe unto him through whom the offence cometh. It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the depths of the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

Nor is it from such gross indulgences alone that the fearful chain of evil Heredity proceeds. The hard selfishness, the ungenerous avarice, the frivolous vanity, the love of gambling and of similar excitements, the idleness or sloth which remains unchecked in one generation will probably prove the ruling passion in those which follow. Verily "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

(2) But the same facts which afford solemn warning equally convey great encouragement. The heredity of evil may be resisted, and through faithful struggling it may be changed. For if there is a heritage that proves a doom, there is also a heritage of blessing, which it is incumbent upon every true man and woman to bequeath. The victories of sobriety, purity, love, goodness, do not end with those who have conquered in the battle of life. These benefits go on, so that "the generation of the upright is blessed."

(3) Another lesson arises from considerations applicable to those who excuse their evil on account of supposed inherited tendencies, or who are perhaps hopeless because they imagine that there is no use trying to be better, for they have been born, they say, with a certain temperament, and cannot help being what they are. It is to such as these that the pernicious teaching we have described is most dangerous. There is no mercy or forgiveness in physical science; it cannot even admit the terms into its vocabulary. There is no acknowledgment by sociologist or realist of divine grace, or of the strength of the spiritual powers enlisted on the side of the penitent. The pitiless doom they preach is the death knell of many a struggling soul. But we Christians believe that there is forgiveness with God that He may be feared: that no man is doomed. If any one is sadly aware that they do possess inherited tendencies towards certain forms of evil, let them also know that they are in their generation free agents; that they can choose the good; that they can go to God for help; that if a harder struggle is theirs, there is also a grace sufficient for them; that they can not only resist the evil, but may be the means of arresting the dreadful heritage. And let them also know that there is a liberty which may be quite innocent in the case of others, which must be absolutely renounced by them. For if, for example, any one who reads this paper is aware that there is in his family a tendency to intemperance, then, whatever opinion may be held on the general question of abstinence, let him know that for him there is no security but in total abstinence. For ought he knows he inherits a physical constitution which requires but the slightest indulgence in stimulants to awaken the slumbering demon of drink into a fearful activity. One drop of alcohol may, in such a case, be as the spark which kindles the conflagration.

And the same principle applies to other tendencies. He that is wise will consider these things.

FOURTH SUNDAY

FREEDOM THROUGH THE TRUTH OF CHRIST

It is evident from the preceding consideration in reference to Heredity, that there are two kinds of liberty. There is the liberty of choice, which belongs to all men, and there is a free state of spirit which our Lord tells us is possessed by those whom the Son makes free. Every man has power to choose the evil instead of the good, and in doing so may adopt a manner of life which entails moral slavery, as may be seen in the drunkard, the impure, or the covetous. "Every one," Christ tells us, "that committeth sin is the servant of sin." In such a condition, humanity is not free to reach its ideal, and the true life, once forsaken, is lost.

Everything, from the plant up to man, acquires liberty to develop the highest possibilities of its nature, in proportion as it is able to fulfil in the most perfect way the law of its nature. The flower attains its beauty as it is brought under the most suitable conditions of life; our bodies reach strength and elasticity under the best sanitary training; the State enjoys greatest freedom when under the supremacy of highest law. And Christ tells us that he alone is free whom the truth, His truth, makes free; for it

is the truth of our humanity which Jesus revealed, the right condition for us to be in towards God and man, the ideal of our nature, which He not only manifested but died in order to produce. "The completest conception we can form of moral freedom," writes Bishop Westcott, "is the absolute fulfilment of the law of our existence. He is free, he alone is free, who discovers the end and method of his being, and follows with glad obedience the course which he finds marked out for him."

It is easier for us in our sinfulness to understand the slavery which results from lawlessness, than to measure the freedom that comes from perfect law. We can at once pronounce on the state of him who has broken all ties of duty, and rushed on the course of licence and self-indulgence, till the will is enslaved and the moral being a confused hell of misery and despair. But we can penetrate only a short way into the conditions of that ideal life we see in Jesus as being in absolute harmony with moral and spiritual law. We may, however, recognise it as the exemplification of the truth of our humanity—of what God intended man to be.

The basis on which the truth of His life rests was the relationship of man to God, for He puts us in the right position—the only right position—when he calls us sons of God. There is no other condition under which our being can enjoy freedom, love, hope, confidence, courage, than that state of reconciliation to God in Christ, when we can cry "Abba, Father" in the spirit of glad obedience. When the Father is placed supreme, then all other relationships fall into their right place, and all duty becomes consecrated. It is the sense of Sonship towards the Father which creates that of Brotherhood towards men. When we regard ourselves in any other light, all life assumes a different value. For if we have no such Father, and are here in the world but as the last and highest specimen of animal in the long line of evolution, cut off, for all we know, from any future life, and having no heritage higher than what society here affords, then the motive for nearly all that is noblest is taken away, and self-will rather than the highest law of our being as seen in Christ, will become dominant. In proportion to this moral lawlessness, there will be ultimately moral slavery. The answer to the question, What is duty in reference to myself and others? will depend on what I believe I myself am, and what others are likewise. The conception of duty is very different when I regard myself as a son of God and heir of immortality, or look upon men and women as redeemed by Christ to know God and to enjoy Him for ever, and what it would be if I considered man but the highest development of beast, so far as I know bound to perish as does the beast of the field, with nothing beyond the dust that sinks to dust. But humanity is at once vindicated when Christ declares the Father, and claims us for an immortal destiny; that we are within a divine kingdom which has its laws and its duties springing out of the eternal fitness of things. The higher, purer, more perfect the laws we own, the more they connect us with God, the more will our humanity gain moral freedom and vigour to rise above the influences that would enslave it, because it is then armed with the consciousness of the divine, and with a great love and hope which elevate it above the animalism that would drag it down. Our moral freedom depends on the consciousness of our moral dignity and spiritual greatness. Destroy such a belief, and man must become the slave of the visible and the temporary. As we reach the highest law of our being, we attain the truest freedom. And Christ has manifested that law in His own perfect Sonship towards God with its consequent spirit of Brotherhood towards man. It is the law of love. And He has not only revealed this as the very truth of our humanity, He has come to bestow it. For it is not a code of rules He gives, it is a life which He inspires. "In Him was the life, and the life was the light of men." "To all who receive Him to them gives He power to become sons of God."

WORM-EATING SLUGS

By WILFRED MARK WEBB, F.L.S.

IT is not everybody that knows these peculiar creatures, which one would have no hesitation whatever in calling slugs, although they have, nevertheless, a tiny shell on their hinder end. This fact renders intelligible the remark of a rustic who, on finding a specimen, exclaimed: "Here's yan with his tail hoosed;" but it will be seen from the figures that the shell is ridiculously small when compared with the size of the animal, and the utter impossibility of the withdrawal of the latter into its shelly covering is at once apparent. Indeed, this vestige of the spirally-coiled mansion of the snail would seem to be of no use whatever to its owner, until some light is thrown upon the singular and interesting habits of the slugs under consideration, and the highly modified structure which fits them for the life they lead. Their prey, be it remembered, lives underground, and in order to swallow earth-worms, the slugs must burrow in the soil where earth-worms abound.

FIG. 1 (A). A worm-eating slug (*Testacella halictidea*) extended, life-size. (B) contracted.

It will be seen that a shell which above ground seems of such small importance, might very well protect its owner from attack in the rear, when crawling along the narrow subterranean galleries of the earthworm; in point of fact, two most important organs of the animal—to wit, the heart and breathing-chamber—are situated at the hinder end of the body, and are covered by the small ear-shaped shell. The scientific name of the "shell slugs," as they have often been called, is *Testacella*, and has reference of course to the diminutive shell (Fig. 2). The *Testacellæ* have a way that reminds one somewhat of the common cat, of very much extending their bodies (compare A with B in Fig. 1) in connection with their need for getting through narrow crevices and their burrowing habits. This is not so much to be wondered at when one finds out that these same bodies really correspond with what might be called the neck of a snail, in which the internal organs, usually contained in the twisted hump of the latter, have come to be lodged during the processes of development.

FIG. 2.—The shell of the slug seen in Fig. 1. Enlarged twice linear.

FIG. 3.

The most interesting point in the structure of these creatures is the apparatus by which they are enabled to seize, hold and swallow a living animal as long if not longer than themselves. When the manner of feeding in *Testacella* was not quite so well understood as it is now, the older writers, seeing that the habits of the creature were somewhat out of the common run, made up for want of observation, as is usual in such cases, by drawing

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

upon their imagination, with the result that some highly coloured and fanciful accounts are to be met with. For instance, one writer says: "It is scarcely inferior to the tiger, snake, or shark in its ferocity and cunning. Its prey chiefly consists of earthworms, which

FIG. 6.—Figs. 3 to 6. The manner of feeding in *Testacella*.

it hunts underground and pursues through their galleries, crouching occasionally and making a spring on its victim." In reality, however, the progressive movements of *Testacella* are exceedingly slow; while the origin of the story that it springs upon its victim may perhaps be sought in the surprisingly rapid manner in which, upon certain stimuli being applied, the slug protrudes its milk-white "tongue" bristling with its multitude of barbed teeth (Figs. 7 and 8).

From a number of experiments, the writer has come to the conclusion that the catching of the worms is a more or less automatic process, and takes place as follows: — "Let it be supposed to begin with that one of the carnivorous slugs is crawling (as shown in Fig. 3) in the burrow of an earthworm; should the latter and its devourer approach one another, the slug would probably not be aware of the fact until absolutely touched by the worm, and then, being exceedingly sensitive, would retract itself, most probably without startling its prey, which would therefore continue on its way and endeavour to burrow through the obstruction raised against it. The result of this further contact upon the *Testacella* would be to cause it to protrude its tongue as shown in Fig. 4, which would seldom fail, in the circumscribed space, to catch the worm (Figs. 5 and 7), and hold it by means of the barbed "teeth," even should it struggle to its utmost. The application of a camel's-hair brush will have the same effect as the touch of the worm's head, as also did the falling of a drop of water; while on one occasion, when the writer was rubbing off the soil from a slug by means of a duster, the tongue was shot out, and the animal hung suspended in the air by the fish-hook-like teeth that caught on the threads of the duster.

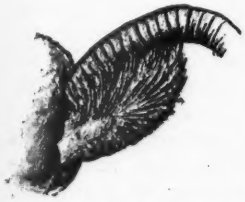


FIG. 7.—Tongue grasping worm—enlarged.

FIG. 8. — Teeth from tongue—enlarged.

It will be seen that the slug on retracting becomes much stouter, and thus can maintain a grip on the sides and roof of the worm tunnel, and this would enable it the better to subdue the struggles of the worm, which is gradually swallowed (Fig. 6) by the re-extension of the *Testacella*.

There are three species of the genus to be met with in the British Isles—one with a larger (Fig. 9), and one with a thinner and more horny-looking shell (Fig. 10) than the species figured at the beginning of the paper (Fig. 1).

As the forms which have been dealt with are flesh-eaters, they can do no damage to the gardener, and in places where too many earthworms are to be met with, might on the contrary be beneficial. The best time of year for the finding of the worm-eating slugs is when they come above ground in autumn and spring, and hide under logs or stones; but they may be chanced upon at any time when digging operations are being carried on in rich soil, such as is to be found in nurseries and market-gardens.

FIG. 9.—Shell of *Testacella maugei*.

FIG. 10.—Shell of *Testacella scutulum*.

THE MIRACLE OF LIGHT

By J. ABBOTT, B.A.

LIGHT, the commonest of common things, is perhaps the most wonderful of the wondrous works of creation.

When the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God called forth light.

"'Let there be light!' said God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native East,
To journey through the airy gloom began,"

and the evening and the morning were the first day.

What now, according to the revelations of modern science, is this all-pervading principle?

Whatever it is in its essence, it occupies time in travelling from one point of space to another. The earth, in its annual motion round the sun, is hurled along at the rate of nineteen miles a second, but the speed of light is ten thousand times greater.

Some of our remarkable discoveries have been made accidentally; they have been, as it were, stumbled upon. The discovery of the velocity at which light travels is a highly interesting illustration of this.

Soon after the invention of the telescope, the satellites of Jupiter were discovered. This planet has four satellites, or moons, moving round him, and three of the four at each revolution pass into his shadow behind, and become eclipsed. Galileo and other astronomers observed the eclipses of the satellites, and, after careful observations and calculations, were able to tabulate the times of occurrence of subsequent eclipses. But it was found that there was generally a discrepancy between the observed times of eclipses and the calculated times, the former sometimes being behind, and sometimes in advance of the latter, and for a long time the reason for this discrepancy remained inexplicable. At length Römer, a Danish astronomer, above 200 years ago, after prolonged observations of the eclipses, solved the problem.

Now, the earth, in its revolution in its orbit round the sun, is sometimes much nearer the planet Jupiter than it is at other times. When most remote, it is 186 millions of miles further away than it is when at its nearest position. And Römer noticed that the further the earth receded from the planet, the later the eclipses appeared; and he further noticed that the eclipses viewed when the earth was furthest away from Jupiter, as compared with those viewed when the earth was at its nearest position to him, were about sixteen minutes (16 m. 36 s.) behind time. After much thought it occurred to the astronomer that, just as in the case of the firing of a gun at a distance, the moment of hearing the report is not the exact time at which the gun is fired, so, in the case of an eclipse of a celestial body, the time at which it appears to occur is not in any case the precise time of the phenomenon. The discrepancy of 16 minutes 36 seconds was therefore due to the passage of light over 186 millions of miles, that is, across the diameter of the earth's orbit. This is at the enormous speed of, when most accurately estimated, 186,000 miles a second.

Let us try to form some conception of this velocity. A body falling from rest to the earth, under the influence of gravitation, moves with a constantly accelerating speed. At the end of the first second it has acquired a velocity of 32 feet a second, at the end of the second 64 feet, at the end of the third 96 feet, and so on, gaining 32 feet each second. Now, in order to acquire a velocity equal to that of light, the body must continue to fall, under the undiminished influence of the force of gravity, for a period not less than 353 days, or nearly a year.

Compare, or contrast, this velocity of light with that of sound. When looking at the firing of a gun at the distance of a mile, we have to wait five seconds before the burst of the explosion comes to us, sound travelling tardily, only 1120 feet a second; whilst light crosses the interval in a portion of time absolutely inappreciable. To send a message to New Zealand, at our antipodes, at the speed of sound, would require sixteen hours,

but light travels the distance in less than the tenth of a second. Were a mighty explosion to take place in the sun, distant ninety-three millions of miles, and it were possible for the sound to travel to us, we could not hear it until after the lapse of fourteen years, but light comes over the distance in eight minutes.

The velocity of light enables us to form a startling conception of the extraordinary distances of the stars. The methods employed by astronomers to ascertain the distances of the members of the Solar System nearly fail altogether when applied to the stars—they fail entirely in the case of most of them. Two of the nearest stars, Alpha Centauri, and 61 Cygni, are estimated to be, the former 200,000 and the latter 600,000 times more remote than the sun, and their distances are set down, not in millions, but in billions of miles. The light from the first of these requires three years to arrive at the earth, and from the other nine years. But it is believed that there are stars a thousand times further away, whose light would, of course, need thousands of years to cross the inconceivable space between.

If we are looking at a star, whose light has taken a thousand years to reach us, we are not gazing upon its present condition, but upon what it was a thousand years ago; and if it should be blotted out of existence, it would still appear to shine in the heavens for a thousand years to come, for its light is but as a messenger bringing us news which of necessity must date back to the time of the messenger commencing the journey.

Among the various impressive phenomena of the heavens is the very singular appearance, from time to time, of new stars. An exceedingly bright one, described by Tycho Brahe, appeared in 1572 and rivalled Jupiter and Venus in brilliancy. It appeared suddenly, blazed for a while, then passed away, leaving not a trace behind. Another, almost as bright, was seen in 1604. Several have been seen since, one in the constellation of the Northern Crown in 1866, and the last in 1892, in the Milky Way, in Auriga. These stellar displays, as examined by the spectroscope, have been regarded as indicative of worlds on fire, conflagrations of some sort, on a mighty scale, apparently taking place, but there is yet much mystery about them. If, however, some grand catastrophe is happening what is the date of it? Not the moment we are viewing it, but possibly a hundred or a thousand years before. Our sun if removed to the Milky Way would become invisible to the naked eye, so that the glowing new star in Auriga may have blazed with a volume and intensity of light many times greater than those of our sun. And if we suppose the light from the burning mass required a thousand years to reach the earth, the observers of this star in 1892 were witnessing an event which happened nearly two hundred years before the time of William the Conqueror.

From the foregoing it is manifest that, in viewing the starry heavens, we are at one and the same time reaching out towards infinite distances in the depths of space, and looking back into the remote past in time.

What now is the physical nature of light? There are two theories regarding it. The first that it consists, as Newton supposed, of material particles, extremely minute, shot off from luminous bodies as fragrant particles are emitted from odoriferous substances. This theory, owing to the great authority of Newton, maintained its ground for a long time. It has given place to the only other conceivable theory, that light is due to undulations, or waves, produced in a subtile, imperceptible medium, or ether, assumed to pervade all space.

Whichever theory is adopted we are brought face to face with conclusions of the most startling character. If light consists of material particles they must be small beyond all powers of conception. If a particle of light weighed as much as a grain, its momentum, by reason of its great velocity, would be equal to that of a cannon ball, weighing 140 pounds, travelling at the rate of a thousand feet a second. How minute then must the particles of light be, when with their great velocity they strike so sensitive an organ as the eye without producing pain.

Again, if light is material, the mechanical forces which impel its particles through space, and reflect them from bright surfaces, must be great beyond imagination. A projectile shot perpendicularly upwards rises to a certain height, then descends, and after a while reaches the ground again with the same velocity with which it started. This is due to the force of gravitation, which destroys the original velocity, and reproduces it in

the opposite direction. If the projectile started upwards with the velocity of light, gravity would have to act with undiminished strength for 706 days to produce this reversal of velocity; but in the reflection of light from a mirror, by the force of the rebound of the luminous particles, it is accomplished in less than the billionth part of a second.

We turn next to the wave theory, and we find ourselves involved in results equally, if not more, surprising. This theory, as we have remarked, assumes the existence of a highly elastic medium in space, in which undulations are produced by a luminous body. It is the theory now universally adopted, because it so satisfactorily explains optical phenomena. It explains these phenomena so felicitously that it has been said of it, that if it is not true it deserves to be.

According to this theory light is analogous to sound, which we know for a certainty is due to aerial waves produced by a vibrating body. The dimensions of sound-waves can very easily be estimated, and on the supposition that light consists of waves, these can also be measured, but it would be beyond the limits of this article to explain how. Suffice it to say that sound-waves are very gross as compared with those of light.

The middle C note of a piano is produced by the wires vibrating 256 times a second. Each time the wires vibrate they give rise to a wave in the air, so that 256 waves are produced in a second, and in a second the sound travels 1120 feet. Each wave must accordingly be about four feet long. For the octave of this note we have 512 vibrations a second, and a wave length of two feet. The number of vibrations a second and the length of the wave, determine the pitch of the note; and similarly, the length of a luminous wave and the number of undulations a second, determine the colour of the light. The longest luminous waves are those of red light, and the shortest those of violet light, but the waves of red light are so small that 33,866 of them extend only an inch. Sound-waves as compared with light-waves are as ocean billows to tiny ripples.

And now we come to what is truly astounding. When listening to the middle C note of a piano, 256 sound waves in each second impinge upon the drum of the ear, which vibrates in unison, and when listening to its octave, 512 waves strike the ear. But when we are looking at a luminous object, the pulsations of light waves upon the retina of the eye are inconceivably more rapid. Let us estimate the rapidity of pulsations when looking at a red light. The calculation is easy, but the result is amazing. Light travels 186,000 miles a second, that is a ray of light 186,000 miles long enters the eye in one second of time. In every inch of this ray there are 33,866 waves; multiply this number by the number of inches in 186,000 miles, and we get the number of waves which strike the retina of the eye in one second, or the number of pulsations of the retina which produces the sensation of red light. This number is 399 billions. For yellow light it is 509 billions, and for extreme violet 831 billions.

The numbers as given by Sir J. Herschel are the following:

Red light . .	399,101,000,000,000
Yellow light . .	509,069,000,000,000
Violet light . .	831,479,000,000,000

Such numbers surpass conception. What is a billion? It is a million times a million. From the time of Adam to the present moment there have not been so many as a billion seconds, and to count a billion, at the rate of a hundred a minute, night and day without stopping, would require nineteen thousand years; yet this wave theory of light irresistibly leads us to the extraordinary results above mentioned.

A word or two in conclusion respecting the sun, our chief source of light. Its distance of ninety-three millions of miles is such, that a railway train, travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, would require 200 years for the trip. It is 880,000 miles in diameter. Try to realise this. Imagine you have a huge pair of compasses. Open it out and place one limb on the earth whilst the other limb extends to the moon, a distance of 240,000 miles. Your compasses are not wide enough. You must extend them beyond the moon 200,000 miles further, and then describe a circle with the earth as centre. You will have then the actual circumference of the sun, and the gigantic orb is a mass of fire and flame, whose heat and light far surpass in intensity anything known upon earth.

If the sun were a hollow sphere there would be room enough inside to place the

earth at its centre, the moon at its actual distance of 240,000 miles, and yet there would still remain a gap beyond of 200,000 miles. And if the huge shell were perforated to let in light from the outside to imitate the stars, the appearance to an observer on the earth would be similar to that of the starry heavens now seen overhead.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handi work."

"When I consider the heavens the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained: what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

A NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

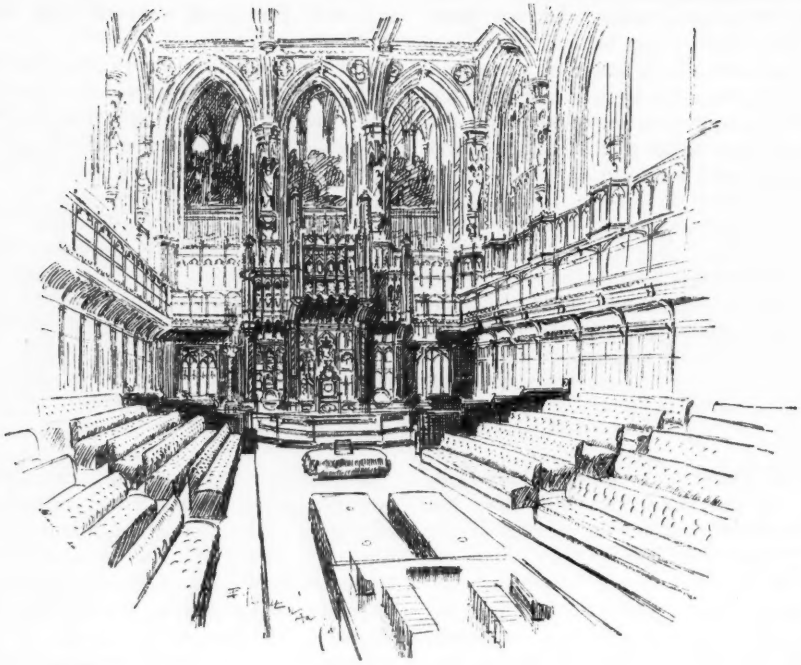
By MICHAEL MacDONAGH

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. SULLIVAN

THE chance of spending a long night in the House of Lords does not often occur, for the sittings of the Peers are usually very brief. A quarter of an hour is not infrequently the length of a sitting. Sometimes a sitting may extend to an hour; on still rarer occasions, when an important subject is under consideration, it may be prolonged till seven o'clock—just in time to enable their lordships to get away to dinner—and perhaps on two nights of a Session of seven or eight months' duration, a sitting will last till midnight. But it most frequently happens that the newspaper reports of the House of Lords open with the announcement: "The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the Woolsack at 4.15 o'clock;" and after mentioning that some private Bills were brought in, or read a second time, concludes with the line: "The House adjourned at 4.30 o'clock." The explanation of the brief and intermittent sittings of the hereditary Chamber, is that as the Lords are practically debarred from initiating legislation of an important public character, it is only when the big Bills come up from the Commons that something above unheroic, but very useful, gas and water measures claims their attention. They therefore may be said to have "got no work to do" for most of the Session, and then in its concluding weeks there come tumbling into them from the Lower House numerous Bills which they are expected to dispose of—by accepting them —with lightning rapidity.

But let us suppose that we have been so fortunate as to have obtained an order for admission to the House of Lords on a night when the sitting will last for several hours. We enter the Palace of Westminster by the imposing Gothic doorway in Old Palace Yard, opposite St. Margaret's Church. Passing through the long magnificent hall, known as "St. Stephen's Hall" (the site of the old House of Commons), with its fine marble statues of Hampden, Selden, Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, and other national heroes of Parliamentary renown, we reach what is called the "Central Hall" (to which the public are admitted to interview Members when Parliament is sitting), with its tesselated floor, its lofty groined roof, its harmonies of gold and colours, and its statues—indifferent effigies it must be confessed—of John Bright, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord John Russell and Earl Granville. To our left is the entrance to the House of Commons; to our right the corridor leading to the House of Lords. Turning, then, to the right, and showing our orders of admission to the vigilant policeman on duty, we pass down the corridor, admiring, on the way, the beautiful historical frescoes with which its walls are embellished, and soon find ourselves in the Lobby of the House of Lords.

As it is not yet the quarter past four o'clock, the hour the House opens, we wait for a few minutes in the Lobby to look around us and watch the arrival of the Peers. The Lobby, like the more famous Lobby of the House of Commons, is a fine, commodious, square-



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE

shaped ante-chamber. The walls, with their unglazed Gothic windows, are decorated to the groined roof, with coloured armorial bearings and other heraldic mysteries. Those magnificently wrought brass gates, bolted and barred, at the far end of the Lobby, guard the entrance to the Peers' Chamber. The Lobby is also used as a cloak-room by the Peers, for note the brass hat and coat stands at either side. Over each peg is a card containing the name of a Peer. As some of the pegs are already occupied, the visitors eagerly scan the names on the labels in order to identify the owners of the habiliments. There is nothing in these sartorial belongings of our hereditary law-makers to distinguish them from the garments of ordinary citizens. You notice at once the name "Salisbury," and you see hanging from the peg a Melton overcoat of the same shape and material that are to be seen in thousands up the City any day during the spring months. The most magnificent overcoat in the collection is a fur-lined "Immensekoff," and over it is the name "Londonderry," while the bearer of the ancient ducal title of "Norfolk," the hereditary Grand-Marshal of England, is here represented by a solitary simple umbrella.

While we wait in the Lobby several Peers arrive. They have a private entrance from Old Palace Yard, close to the gigantic equestrian statue of Richard the Lion-Hearted; but evidently most of them prefer to reach their Chamber by the public way which we ourselves traversed. Having divested themselves of their overcoats, with the aid of attendants in evening dress (distinguished as in the House of Commons by the broad bronze chains they wear across their breasts), their lordships disappear through doors leading from the Lobby to their private quarters, where, unhappily, we dare not follow them.

At a quarter past four o'clock the large brass gates are flung open, and at the same time we are directed to the staircase leading to the Strangers' Gallery. On our way up we see the following warning painted in bold letters on the wall:

NOTICE.

"Strangers are cautioned that demonstrations in the Gallery are out of order, and must be treated accordingly."

Here we are now in the Gallery, which consists of six or eight tiers of benches, rising one above the other. Unlike the House of Commons, where the absurd arrangement of different galleries for the sexes prevail, ladies and gentlemen sit here together. Indeed, as the night advances we shall notice several other instances of a robust common-sense, or a less stickling for empty forms and etiquette, on the part of Peers as compared with the Commons.

The Lord Chancellor walks into the Chamber without any ceremony, save that he is attended by the Macebearer, by "Black Rod"—the Mercury of the House of Lords—and by the Pursebearer, who carries in his hand a richly embroidered satchet, which is supposed to contain, but as a matter of fact does not contain, the Great Seal of England. In the Commons, the advent of the Speaker is heralded by messengers and policemen shouting in stentorian tones: "Way for the Speaker; way for the Speaker," in the lobbies and corridors through which the right honourable gentleman passes on his way to the House; and entering the Chamber through a door at its end, he solemnly marches up the floor, attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms, and his chaplain, making, on the way, three low obeisances to the Chair. But the Lord Chancellor slips into the House of Lords, unannounced, from the robing-rooms, immediately behind the Throne, and takes his seat on the Woolsack—a crimson lounge or ottoman, of ample dimensions, stuffed with wool (a survival of the time long, long ago when wool was the great staple trade of England), on which, behind him, have also been placed the Satchet of the Great Seal—the symbol of his power and authority—and the Mace, which indicates that the House is sitting. The Lord Chancellor, like the Speaker, wears a big wig, the ample wings of which fall down over his shoulders, and a loose, flowing black gown, beneath which you can see his knee-breeches, black silk hose, and low shoes with silver buckles.

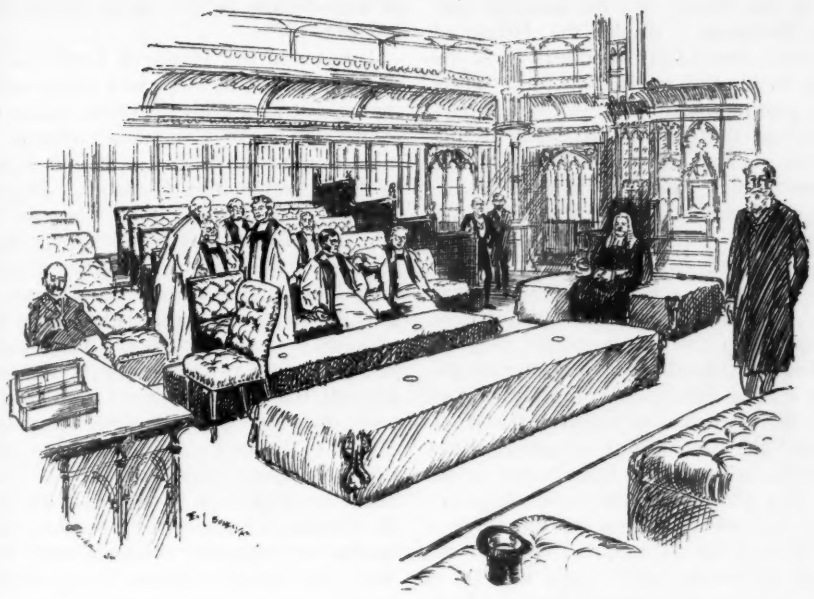
As a rule, no business is done until half-past four o'clock. The mighty and solemn Lord Chancellor during these fifteen minutes relaxes his ponderous strength and brings himself, as it were, into relations with ordinary humanity. He sits "twirling his thumbs," smiling blandly at large over the

LORD ROSEBERY "OUT"

Chamber, or nodding genially to Peers as they arrive, or perhaps a Peer joins him familiarly on the Woolsack for a chat. Let us meanwhile inspect the Chamber. It is about 100 feet long; and probably 50 feet wide. As you look around, for the first time, you think at once of that appropriate descriptive term "the Gilded Chamber," which is so frequently applied by the newspapers to the House of Lords. It is a gilded chamber indeed! It is glowing in gold and colours, and yet the effect is not garish, for the hues of the superb decorations are subdued and harmoniously blended with rare artistic skill. Another impression that strikes you is that the Chamber looks somewhat like a church. The solemn stillness and the subdued light of a cathedral—"dim and yellow," as Shelley found it at Milan—prevail; and you experience that sense of reverence which inspires you as you walk the aisles of some ancient sacred edifice. Everything you see heightens this impression. The afternoon twilight falls softly through lofty stained-glass windows, with bright-hued figures of the kings and queens of England from the time of William the Conqueror. The flattering artist has made them seem like saints in their antique garments and with their sceptres in their hands; and so they gaze down at us with sanctimonious airs that are most edifying. In niches between the windows are large bronzed figures of the bold, and—many of them—wicked barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John; and they, too, look like so many patriarchs and prophets. At the end of the Chamber there is an imposing canopied Throne, gorgeous in gold, which the Queen occupies when she opens Parliament in person. It seems like an altar. The chair—emblazoned with the Royal Arms, and cushioned in velvet with gold embroidery—stands on a platform ascended by four or five carpeted steps. There is a small chair on each side of the Throne. The one on the right is occupied by the Prince of Wales, and the other, on the left, was always used by the Prince Consort at the ceremony of the opening of Parliament by the Queen. Above the Throne, set in archways, with elaborate gilt mouldings, are three magnificent frescoes depicting incidents in English history. The centre one is "The Baptism of Ethelbert," and on either side are "Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on Edward the Black Prince," and "Henry, Prince of Wales, committed to prison for assaulting Judge Gascoigne." Behind the Strangers' Gallery are three other frescoes of the spirits that are supposed to reign over the deliberation of the Peers—"Religion," "Chivalry," and "Love."

LORD SALISBURY "IN"

The Throne is cut off from the Chamber by an ornamental brass railing. Immediately inside this railing is the Woolsack, occupied by the Lord Chancellor. In front of him are two other crimson lounges, then the Table, containing volumes on Parliamentary procedure, and writing materials, with the three clerks in wigs and gowns, sitting at the far end, facing the Lord Chancellor, and with their backs, therefore, turned to the Strangers' Gallery. Then there is a desk for the reporters of the Parliamentary



THE LORD CHANCELLOR ON THE WOOLSACK FROM LORD ROSEBERY'S POINT OF VIEW

Debates, who relieve each other every quarter of an hour. Nearer to the Strangers' Gallery again, in the centre of the floor, are three or four benches facing the Lord Chancellor, which are known as "the cross benches." On the first of these benches sit the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and the other Peers of Royal blood when present in the House. The remaining benches are used by Peers of "cross-bench mind" (as Earl Granville once happily described them), who owe no allegiance to either of the two great political parties. Behind "the cross benches" and under the Strangers' Gallery is the place known as "the Bar," where Mr. Speaker and the members of the House of Commons stand when they are summoned by "Black Rod" to the House of Lords.

The main benches, which are upholstered in vivid crimson leather, run up on either side, in five rows from the floor, as in the House of Commons, except that they are divided at each side into sections by two gangways. The walls, to a height of about ten feet, are lined with an oak framing, artistically carved, and containing shields with the armorial bearings of the various Lord Chancellors. Then a light gallery runs round the Chamber, immediately under the windows, for the accommodation of Peeresses and the unmarried daughters of Peers. Another gallery, just beneath the Strangers' Gallery, is used by journalists; and at either side of the Reporters' Gallery are two other small galleries for members of the House of Commons, who fail to find room at the Bar. The roof of the Chamber is horizontal. It is divided by moulded tiles into compartments, each of which has a coloured heraldic device on an azure ground. Two massive brass candelabra, with elaborate branches, fitted with wax candles, stand at either side behind the Woolsack; but the candles are for ornament, and not for use. The Chamber is illuminated by six clusters of electric lights, dependent from the roof, and when these brilliant lights are turned on, the House of Lords, with its broad and lofty proportions, its fretted roof, its crimson benches, its magnificent oak carvings, its stained-glass windows, its frescoes and statues, its majestic throne, its blaze of gold, its wealth of colours, looks, indeed, a splendid and imposing Chamber.

There are about five hundred and seventy

Peers in the House, but the number constantly fluctuates. Unlike the House of Commons, where forty members must be present to "make a House," three Peers form a quorum, but if it should appear on a division that thirty Lords are not in attendance, the question is declared not decided. The two parties cross the floor, as in the House of Commons, on a change of Ministry, the "ins" sitting on the benches to the right of the Lord Chancellor, and the "outs" occupying the benches to his Lordship's left. There are also two "front benches," with the table between them in the House of Lords. The Leader of the House and his colleagues in the Ministry sit on the front bench to the right of the Woolsack, and the Leader of the Opposition and the ex-Ministers on the front bench to the left. The Lords Spiritual, however, always occupy the same benches on the Government side of the House, and close to the Throne, no matter which party may be in office. There are twenty-six Spiritual Peers —the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and twenty-four bishops—and they are picturesquely distinguished from the Lords Temporal by their full and flowing black gowns and their ample lawn sleeves. A notion still widely prevails amongst the people that in the House of Lords the Peers are always clad in magnificent robes, and that each wears a gold coronet flashing with jewels upon his brow. But of course that impression is erroneous. The Lords wear sober suits of customary black, like ordinary mortals, except at the opening of Parliament by the Sovereign, when they appear in scarlet robes, slashed across the breast with stripes of ermine, few or numerous according to the low or high degree of the wearer in the Peerage; but the gold coronets flashing with jewels are figments of the popular imagination; at least, they are never seen in the House of Lords. The Peers Temporal are divided into dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons—titles which take precedence in the order given—and certain benches are allotted to each of these grades of the Peerage. However, except when Parliament is opened by the Sovereign, this arrangement of the Peers according to rank on the benches is not observed. Their lordships sit indiscriminately on the right or on the left of the Lord Chancellor, according as they belong to the party that is "in" or "out."

Debates in the House of Lords are brief in duration, but they are, as a rule, sustained throughout at a higher level of ability than in the House of Commons. Greater and more eloquent speeches are, it is true, made in the representative Chamber. But there are also in the representative Chamber long intervals of dull and pointless talk during a debate; while in the hereditary Chamber a debate occupies much less time, and only the ablest and most distinguished Peers venture to take part in it. The names of not more than two dozen Peers are known to even the most assiduous readers of the newspaper reports of the proceedings in the House of Lords. And how quietly and reposefully debate is conducted here! To one accustomed to listen to debates in the House of Commons, where the speeches of the leaders on important occasions are followed with the keenest interest, and punctuated with cheers and counter cheers, with loud-voiced expressions of dissent or approbation, and perhaps with disorderly interruptions or uproarious laughter—the calm, serene atmosphere of the House of Lords, the staid gravity or lounging listlessness of its members; the absence of any appearance of concentration, even when "burning" party questions are being discussed, seem strange and unreal. The Peers appear to think it bad form to disturb the solemnity of the Chamber by anything louder than an occasional faint rippling laugh or a low murmur of "Hear, hear." It is not, indeed, an exhilarating atmosphere up here in the House of Lords, and if Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury needed the enthusiastic applause of supporters to nerve them to high oratorical flights, they could never have earned their well-deserved reputations as Parliamentary debaters.

But it is not alone the difference in the demeanour of their respective members that accentuates a contrast of the two Chambers. In forms of procedure also there is occasionally a wide divergence between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Notice that the Lord Chancellor has risen to speak, and that he moves away from the Woolsack before opening his lips. There is a special significance in that movement. It is enjoined by one of the Orders of the

THE CROSS BENCHES FROM LORD SALISBURY'S POINT OF VIEW

House, that if the Lord Chancellor intends to speak on any question for himself, and not as the "Mouth of the House," he is to go to his own place as a Peer. Hence, the Lord Chancellor's action in stepping aside from the Woolsack. Although the Lord Chancellor presides over the deliberations of the House of Lords, his duties and powers differ widely from those exercised by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Speaker must be a member of the House of Commons, returned by some constituency in the prescribed manner. The Lord Chancellor need not necessarily be, although he now always is, a Peer. Lord Brougham presided over the House of Lords in November 1830, when the patent of his creation as a Peer had not yet been issued. In the House of Commons a member speaking addresses "Mr. Speaker," in the House of Lords it is not the Lord Chancellor, but the whole House that is addressed as "My Lords."

The Speaker is the sole judge of all questions of order in the House of Commons: in the House of Lords such matters, when there is a conflict of opinion, are decided by the whole House, and not by the Lord Chancellor. If several members of the House of Commons rise simultaneously to take part in a debate, the Speaker decides who shall speak first by naming one of them. But if two or more Peers rise together in the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor cannot decide who shall first be heard. It is the voice of the House that determines which of them shall speak first, the presiding Lord Chancellor, powerless to interpose, looking silently on at the scene with severe solemnity.

Happily, etiquette is so strong in the Gilded Chamber that it rarely happens when the House by cries expresses its desire to hear one of the Peers contending for its ear that the others do not give way. But some years ago there was a notable scene —a party division in fact—over the question whether a Peer who had risen from the front Tory bench should be heard in preference to a Peer who had risen from the front Liberal bench. Neither noble lord would give way, and to bring the curious situation to an end, Earl Granville moved that the Liberal Peer be heard. The House

divided on the question; and decided by a big majority that the Tory Peer should be heard first. It is difficult, indeed, for the average man to understand why the Lord Chancellor should not be able to exercise the authority which is vested in the chairman of every public meeting of determining the order in which Peers desirous of taking part in debate shall address the House. But there is a subtle Constitutional point involved in this apparently ridiculous procedure. All Peers are equal as legislators in the House of Lords. No one of them can be vested with authority over the others. Therefore, when a point of order is involved it is the whole House and not the Lord Chancellor that must decide the issue.

Again, the Speaker cannot take part in debate—he must not sway the House by argument, as the old order has it; the Lord Chancellor, who is always a member of the Cabinet, joins in every important debate in the interest of the Government. The Speaker is debarred from voting in a division; the vote of the Lord Chancellor is always taken in a division, though he does not pass through the division lobby like the other Peers. The Lord Chancellor, however, has no casting vote; and if the members in a division are equal, the "non-contents"—or those who support the negative—prevail; while in the House of Commons, the issue in a like contingency would be decided by the casting-vote of the Speaker.

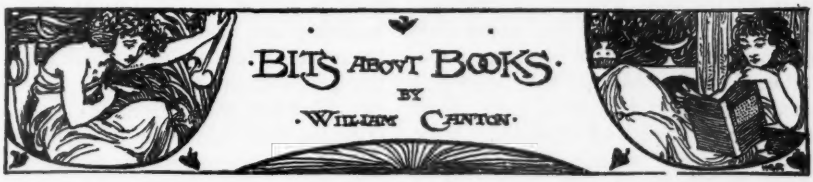
But the Lord Chancellor has finished his speech, and has returned to his seat on the Woolsack. As no other Peer desires to continue the discussion, the Lord Chancellor rises to discharge the only function of a chairman which, it seems, comes within his duties—the function of "putting the question." This is done in the same form as in the House of Commons, save that "content" is used for "aye" and "non-content" for "no." "As many as are of that opinion say 'content,'" says the Lord Chancellor, "the contrary 'non-content.'" A division is challenged on the motion, tellers are appointed, two on each side, carrying white wands, and the Peers pass through the division lobbies just outside the Chamber to have their votes counted and recorded, as in the House of Commons. The division occupies between five and ten minutes. When the tellers return to the Chamber, a slip of paper containing the numbers is given by the Clerk to one of the tellers on the winning side, who announces them to be: "Content 89; non-contents 16." "The Contents have it," says the Lord Chancellor, and so the motion is carried. In another minute the Gilded Chamber is deserted.

SICKNESS

TREADING the track which winds austere and slow,
Over the serried mountain-heights of life,
Up the grim ice stair, or upon the knife
Of jagged rock, that cleaves the treacherous snow—
Black clouds above, and roaring floods below—
When the heart sickens in the profitless strife
With elements which neither love nor know,
And goal nor summit in many days appears;

I have got down into a quiet vale,
Where trees are green and silvery waters flow,
A vale of joy, though called a vale of tears;
Voices of heaven float upon the gale,
And in the fold of hills, to hush my fears
Stands Death, with offer of relief from woe.

ROBERT FORMAN HORTON.



IN little country villages some twenty years ago one of the wonders and delights of childhood was the barrow or long low donkey-cart of the itinerant rag and bone gatherer. Half-a-dozen blasts of his tin horn announced his arrival, and in a twinkling the street was alive with excited children, and the wily, weather-beaten wanderer was busily exchanging his outland wares for countless assortments of rags, bones, scrap-iron, and other odds and ends. Now and then a thrifty widow exchanged a collection of such fragments for a few coppers; but in the main the traffic was with the small folk, and with them the ancestral system of barter was still in vogue. The trader's chief wares were ginger-bread animals, a delectable sort of candy—the sweetness and tenaciousness of which seemed to suggest a possible method of painless dentistry—and a gaudy array of paper flags and "windmills."

I wonder if these "windmills" are yet to be seen in old-world homesteads among the wheat and woodlands. Imagine two slips of wood laid across each other at right angles and glued in the centre; at each of the ends a small square of coloured paper (red, blue, or yellow) is pasted; through the centre a pin is driven so as to fix the cross to the point of a short stick; the child takes the stick in his hand, and, as he runs with it in front of him, the cross revolves—quicker and quicker, till it ceases to be a cross and becomes a wheel, and, thanks to the strips of red and yellow paper at the ends, a wheel of fire! I do not know whether it has occurred to any of the learned in myth and ritual that this curious child's toy may be a survival of the famous *swastika* of antique religions. The mere material resemblance is singularly striking and suggestive, and it seems to me the most natural thing in the world that—just as we find ancient tribal customs recorded in our children's singing games—we should find that a symbol which embodied a sublime conception of the early child-like races of the world still lingers in an obscure existence as a children's plaything.

Though I see no actual connecting link, there is much to confirm this conjecture in Mr. Simpson's interesting volume, "The Buddhist Praying-wheel,"* and indeed it is no more extraordinary that a relic of the ancient worship of men who were overawed by the vast fiery swing of the heavens should be detected in this fragile toy than that it should be detected in the *Tri-skelion*, or Three Legs of the Isle of Man and of Sicily.

It is of special interest to note that what I may call the foundation stone of this extremely able and illuminative work was laid in the pages of GOOD WORDS in December 1867, when Mr. Simpson wrote what seems to have been the first attempt to work out the meaning of what is commonly called the Buddhist Praying-Wheel. During the quarter of a century and more which has since elapsed, he has carefully collected in the course of his travels and his reading all that had any bearing on the subject, and the result is a record full of curious research and acute suggestion, which, while it engrosses the readers of to-day, cannot fail to be invaluable to future students. Hitherto we have smiled with something of superior pity at the crude notion of praying by machinery. Few things seemed more naïvely fatuous than the notion that the deity could be propitiated, while a man took his ease, by a mechanical *dharma chakra* driven by water, wind, the hot air of a fire escaping through a hole in the roof, or a casual stroke of the hand. It turns out, however, that this is no ingenious device for saving a "holy man" trouble. First of all the conception of the

* "The Buddhist Praying-Wheel. A collection of material bearing upon the Symbolism of the Wheel and Circular Movements in Custom and Religious Ritual." By William Simpson, R.I., M.R.A.S., &c. Illustrated. London: Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.

wheel is praise, not prayer. All the evidence points to an immense antiquity of origin—some period when mankind had noted with strange surmises that diurnal mystery of the revolution of the heavens with their stars and meteors, their moon and sun, their cloud pageants and storm and thunder. How and when the great cosmic wheel was set aside for the lesser solar wheel; how and when the celestial phenomena furnished the symbolism of moral right and wrong, and of social well-being and evil fortune; how and when the *dharma chakra* became the Wheel of the Law, are matters for the conjecture of the erudite. In Brahmanism the wheel was a recognised symbol, and religious ritual and customs were based on it; when it was borrowed by Buddhism, it was still as a symbol and not as a machine. The embodiment of such a poetic allegory of omnipotence and of righteousness was not likely to be confined to one race; it was the natural and obvious symbol of all who lifted eyes to the heavens, and doubtless, now that Mr. Simpson has cleared the way, other students will pass on the lamp. Some help may be obtained from the experts in fairy tales. I note, for instance, that the author refers to a "strange myth of a revolving castle"—possibly the starry fortress of the universe—in Professor Rhys's "Arthurian Legend," but this is not by any means the only "turning castle" known to the frequenters of the regions of fable. There are many other details on which I should like to dwell, but I must refer my readers to the book for all the strangely engrossing evidence which the author has accumulated. When they see that the rose or wheel windows of our cathedrals seem to be associated with this ancient and pregnant conception of cosmic power, when they learn, too, that the Gayant *fête* at Douai, and the *Jour de St. Amable* at Riom explain themselves as primitive "wheel" festivals, they will find little difficulty in recognising the *swastika* in the coloured paper "windmill" of the village rag-and-bone man. And here, too, ***sunt lacrymae rerum.***

So far as the first volume is arranged, Victor Hugo's Letters* do not go far to qualify the general opinion that the best of a poet is to be sought for in his poems. Probably the reader in most cases expects too much. He is apt to overlook the fact that the poet without his "singing robes" does not differ very much from the average man creature, with whom in truth he does not always compare to his own advantage. Still it is not unreasonable to anticipate that some light will be thrown on the conception, the development, the splendid completion of some of the great imaginings which were engrossing the poet's soul at the time the letters were written. In these pages, however, for all literary purposes it may be said that there is hardly a reference to the great dramas produced up to '35, to the *Orientales*, the *Feuilles d'Automne*, or the *Chants du Crépuscule*, even to the memorable *Notre-Dame de Paris*. Indeed, one has to turn to Hugo's works or to his biography to know for certain on what tasks he was actually engaged as poet, dramatist, novelist. On the other hand we can realise some picture of him as a respectful and dutiful son (after a French and a somewhat too self-conscious fashion), as an ardent young husband and father, or an associate of some of the brilliant young men of his day. There is an obscure and rather sinister episode shadowed forth in the odd series of letters to Sainte-Beuve—a series which would have had keener significance had they appeared in their proper place in a chapter of a "Life." For my own part I have been chiefly interested in the group of genial and sympathetic letters to Victor Pavie, and in the correspondence with the children. Here we do get something from the heart of a man who is at once father and poet:

> My pet, I have often given halfpence to poor children walking bare-footed by the roadside, for your sakes, my little ones. . . . .
>
> "Good-bye for the present, my Didine. Keep this letter. When you are grown up I shall be old; you will show it to me, and we shall love each other dearly. . . . .
>
> "I am delighted with that story of the cows which gave grandpapa a draught of milk. I would have asked you to give them a hug for me, but you have not got them with you now. . . . .
>
> "I had to pass through lovely country, green and covered with flowers . . . . I spoke to it of you, of all of you, my dear ones. . . . .
>
> "All day I was looking at churches and pictures, and then at night I gazed at the sky, and thought once more of you, my Didine, as I watched that beautiful constella-

* "The Letters of Victor Hugo." Translated by F. Clarke, M.A. Vol. i. 1815–1835. With portrait. London: Methuen & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*

tion, the chariot of God, which I have taught you to distinguish among the stars.

. . .
. . .

"See, my child, how great God is, and how small we are; where we put dots of ink He puts suns."

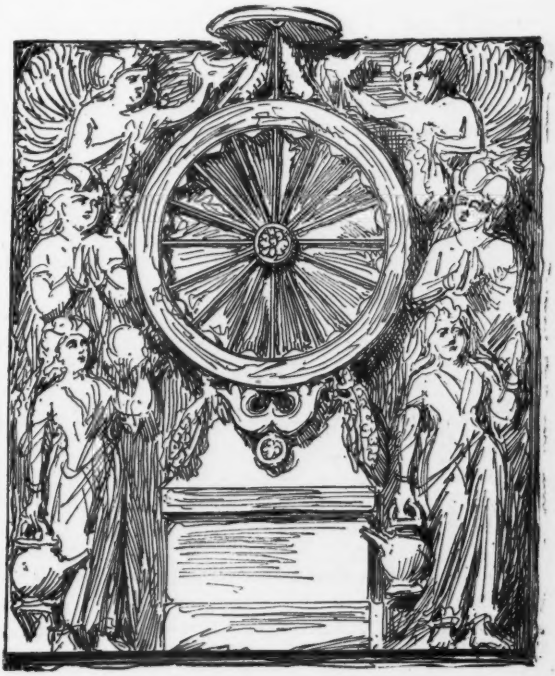
Up to the present stage, therefore, it must be reluctantly acknowledged that the letters are a little disappointing; in the later volumes, however, it will be strange indeed if the author has not many curious and stirring matters to relate.

Canon Rawnsley's book of "Ballads of Brave Deeds,"* which I think contains some of his best work, would have won a tolerant smile from even the great (and grim) Sir William Herschel, who was wont to declare that "poetry was all lies." Here is poetry which is all truth, and very splendid and inspiriting truth. Even Plato, who was for chivvying the harmless, necessary poet out of the ideal city, would have left a hearth for such a *scòp* and song-smith as this who frames his measures to the singing of rifle-bullets, the roar of fire, the death-rattle of surf on a shingly beach, with equal enthusiasm. What is most to the purpose is that it is of no archaic saga-heroes, of no mediæval feats of derring-do that we read; the actors are the men and women of to-day—William Peel, the third son of the great Minister, and captain of H.M.S. *Diamond*, springing through his cabin window as the bluejacket who has fallen overboard sweeps under the ship's stern; Alice Ayres, the nursemaid, making three trips through the burning house to save the children; the heroes of East Ham plunging into the deadly gas of the sewer; the midshipman of the *Garnet* leaping overboard to save a shipmate in a gale; Murphy, the fireman, walking across a red-hot girder with a woman in his arms: the stewardess of the ill-fated *Iona* hurrying back into the blazing cabins to save a little child. Surely these are the incidents which should find a place in our school books, so that the spirit of courage, and of self-sacrifice, if need be, should be the natural impulse of the young. As I turn over the pages, my eye rests on passages which ought to lodge in every scholar's memory. I read of the last stand of Major Wilson on the Shangani River, with Lobengula's warriors, three thousand strong, on all sides. The ammunition had run out, the last shot had been fired;

"Heads bared, and drenched with blood,
Fearless of Fate, they stood
Shoulder to shoulder;

Sang the old country's song
That keeps the nation strong
In loyal pride:
'Send Her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to live over us——'
And, singing, died!"

Or it is the Paisley navvies—uncle and nephew—who stand back at the approach of the express, and notice that a sleeper has



WORSHIPPING A WHEEL. SCULPTURE AT SANCHI
From "The Buddhist Praying-Wheel"

* "Ballads of Brave Deeds." By H. D. Rawnsley, M.A., Hon. Canon of Carlisle. With a frontispiece and preface by G. F. Watts, R.A. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

started. Unless it is replaced the train will be hurled over the lofty viaduct. Jamieson makes a sign to his nephew; the two rush forward; they fix the sleeper, save the express, and are left dead in the six-foot way.

"Green grows the corn, the sun shines fair
From Paisley on to Glasgow town,
But all the way I see a grave
And think of those platelayers brave
Who fixed the 'sleeper' and the 'chair,'
And gave for others' lives their own."

Or, finally, it is a wreck on the Schleswig coast. The lifeboat has saved all but one man, who is almost dead from exposure and who is lashed high up the mast. He has waved an arm, and though the crowd thrills at the sign the lifeboat men will not venture again—except young Jansen:

"'If ye will not make a crew,
Yea, alone I'll dare the deed;
For the love of God I'll face
Fiercest wind that ever blew;
For the man in yonder case
Is a brother and in need.'

Then a gray-haired woman spake:
'Son, thou knowest how thy brother
Went to sea, nor e'er returned;
Venture not, son, for his sake.'
Jansen's word with fierceness burned—
'Yonder man, too, has a mother!'

So they went toward the shore,
And they wondered at his word,
Called him 'fool,' but launched his boat,
Gave him tenderly each oar,
Prayed with choking in the throat,
'Lord, have mercy! Save him, Lord!'

And they watched him toil and toil,
Board the vessel, climb the mast,
Reach the seaman hanging there;
Saw him swift the ropes uncoil,
Bring the body down with care,
In the boat his burden cast.

Women prayed, and rough men swore,
As they watched the hero come;
But the man who for his brother
Risked his own life, stepped ashore,
And said he: 'Go, tell our mother,
I have brought her lost boy home.'"

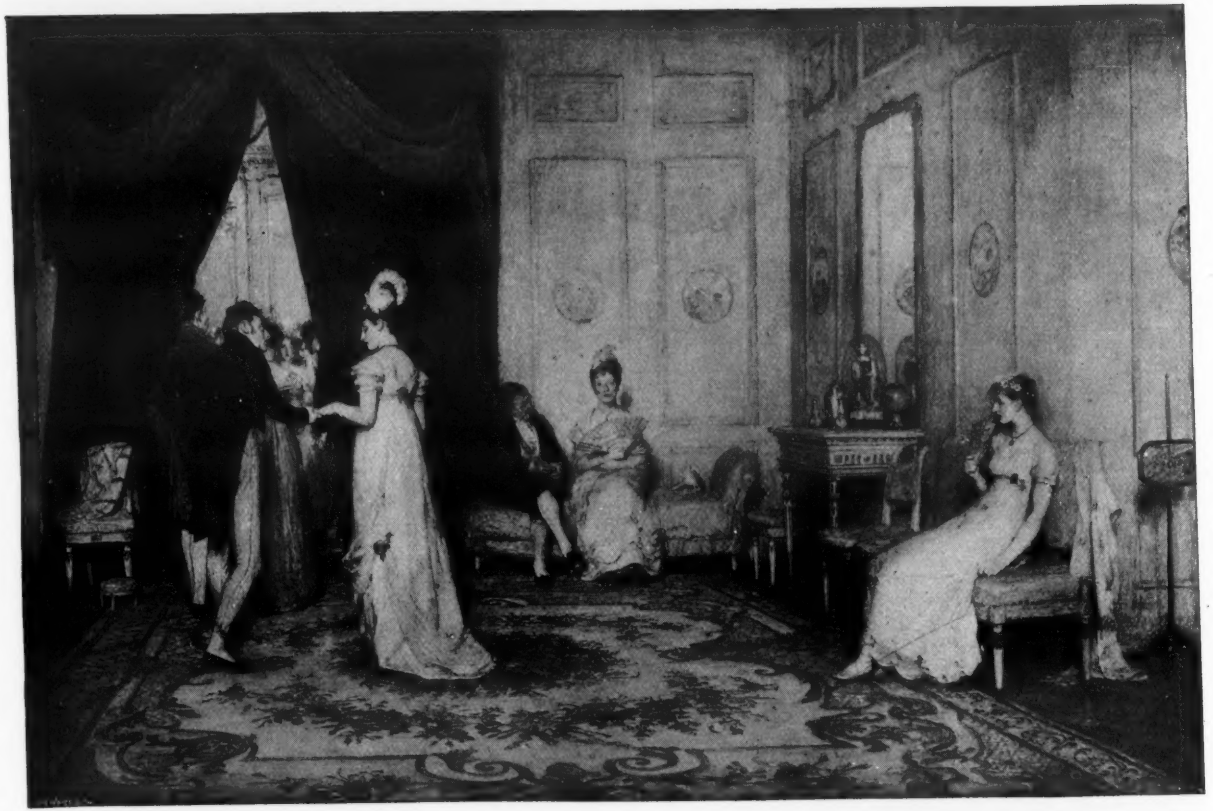
No more appropriate frontispiece to these ballads of brave deeds could have been selected than Mr. Watts's exquisite picture "The Happy Warrior."

Surely there was never so auspicious a day for reprints. About a year ago I noticed with exceptional pleasure "The Household of Sir Thomas More." Here is "Cherry and Violet: a Tale of the Great Plague,"* by the same author (the unknown Miss Manning), with numerous illustrations by Mr. Jellicoe and Mr. Railton. If it is less absorbing than its predecessor, it is only because we are more familiar with Sir Thomas More; but I am not sure that every one would consider it less absorbing. The illustrations are full of the poetry of the past, and indeed for this class of art I do not know of any possible combination that could be more felicitous than this of Mr. Railton and Mr. Jellicoe.

It is, I fancy, too late in the day to write about Washington Irving's "Alhambra," "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," or "Tom Brown's Schooldays," but if you do not know them in "The Cranford Series,"† with illustrations—in the first instance, by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and in the second and third by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan—you have still to make acquaintance with the most delectable edition. The introduction to "The Alhambra" by Mrs. Pennell and that to "The Rivals" by Mr. Birrell are at once judicial and discriminative. From the former the reader will perceive that in the case of Washington Irving's work some quantity of undesirable padding has been excised. Under the title "Soldier Tales"† Messrs. Macmillan have re-issued some half-dozen of Mr. Kipling's well-known stories—"With the Main Guard," "Drums Fore and Aft" among the rest—with a number of striking and spirited drawings by Mr. A. S. Hartrick. May we not expect the rest?"

I have already drawn attention on several occasions to Messrs. Macmillan's "Illustrated Standard Novels." With Jane Austen's "Emma," illustrated by Hugh Thomson, and Maria Edgeworth's "Belinda," illustrated by Chris. Hammond, the series now runs to four and twenty volumes. A great deal of admirable art is scattered through the series; the introductions are excellent; and the price, 3*s.* 6*d.*, brings them within the reach of all who desire to possess some of the masterpieces and many of the notable achievements in the fiction of the century.

* Published by John C. Nimmo, 6*s.*
† Macmillan & Co., Limited, 6*s.*



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THE SOCIAL EDDY: LEFT BY THE TIDE

By W. R. Orchardson, R.A.

"About as fit to advise any one as a baby of three years old"

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days and many ways
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song,
Many a road and many an inn,
Room to roam, but only one Home,
For the whole world to win."

ANON.

CHAPTER IX

"If I were loved, as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,
And range of evil between death and birth,
That I shall fear—if I were loved by thee?"

TENNYSON.

"IF yer plase, yer honour, Mr. Geraghty is below, and would like to see yer honour if it's convaniant," said little Nora Doolan, thrusting her untidy head into the cheerless back room in Paradise Street.

Ralph, who was pacing to and fro learning a part in a Shaksperian play which he was little likely to act as yet, glanced round with brightening face.

"What? Dear old Geraghty!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad he has looked me up. Show him upstairs Nora, for I should like to have a talk with him."

The old man-servant responded with alacrity to the warm welcome he received.

"It's delighted I am to see you again, Mr. Ralph," he exclaimed, looking him over with an air of satisfaction as though he had some share in his well-being. "And it's in good health that you are looking, sir, and no mistake."

"Nothing like hard work, Geraghty, for keeping a man well," said Ralph. "And I hope I'm settled now for some time to come. You can tell Miss Evereld that I'm at the very theatre we so often used to go to, and that I have the pleasure of seeing Washington act every night."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," said Geraghty. "We all knew long ago, sir, that you'd make a first-class actor; it took but a little small bit of discrimination to see that much."

Ralph laughed. "Well, Geraghty, you mustn't run away with the notion that I'm a star, for, as a matter of fact, I am nothing but a super at a pound a week. But it's better to begin at the beginning in a good theatre than to be cock-of-the-walk in a fifth-rate one."

"To be sure, sir, it's just what I was saying but now to my sister about placing her eldest girl. 'Never mind how little she earns the first year or two,' said I, 'but for Heaven's sake place her in a gentleman's family, and don't let her demean herself by takin' service with them that hasn't an ounce of breeding to bless themselves with. Let her be kitchen or scullery-maid or what you will, but have her with gentry.'"

"Geraghty," said Ralph, with a mischievous smile, "you have such a respect for birth that it's my firm conviction you'll be the last and most staunch supporter left to the House of Lords."

Geraghty laughed all over his face, and his broad shoulders shook.

"I've seen just a little too much of the aristocracy to pin my faith to them, sir. Handsome is as handsome does, and gentle is as gentle does. But from the House of Lords and their marrin' and muddlin'—Good Lord deliver us!"

Ralph who had purposely provoked this tirade from the Irishman, laughed and changed the subject by an inquiry after Evereld.

"Well, thank God, she's getting on finely, sir. Seems as if there was a special Providence over orphans, and Bridget she says why that's natural enough, that their parents can see better how to guide them bein' higher up so to speak. But, however that may be, at first we all thought she'd fret her heart out with missin' you, sir. But in September, Bridget took her down to the school at Southbourne, and though she was a bit faint-hearted at the notion, she'd no sooner set eyes on the place than she was sure she'd be happy there. Bridget says it's the most beautiful house and garden you ever saw, and all so comfortable and homelike in spite of the size. And Miss Evereld writes that she's as happy as the day is long, and that they're teaching her how to nurse sick folks, and that she's learnt to darn her own stockin's—a thing she never got a chance o' doin' at home—and to dance the minuet, and to do algebra, and I don't know what beside. But, from what Bridget told me, I foregathered that it wasn't a school where they cram them like turkeys for Christmas or geese for a Michaelmas fair, but just a home on a large scale for turnin' out well-mannered young gentlewomen who'll have a very good notion how to manage a home on a smaller scale."

When the old butler had gone, Ralph fell into a reverie. The effect of hearing all about Evereld had been to make him long very impatiently for the end of their separation. It was true that when she returned to the Mactavishes at Christmas he could write to her without any breach of regulations, but there seemed no chance of their meeting, and he greatly missed his old companion. He began to weave all manner of visions of future success, and to imagine that in an incredibly short space of time he had gained quite a high position at Washington's theatre, that he met Evereld in society, and that Sir Matthew, who always paid homage to the successful, became quite friendly and cordial to him. How strange it would be to be invited as a distinguished guest to the very house in Queen Anne's Gate where he had been snubbed and scolded as a boy.

It was with something of a shock that he came back to the prosaic present and found himself merely a super about to go through, for the fiftieth time, the wearisome business which was his allotted share in a play which was likely to run for many months more.

It was just at Christmas that he was confronted by one of those decisions that form the chief difficulty of an actor's career. To seize the right opportunity of promotion, yet to avoid "raw Haste, half-sister to Delay;" to have precisely that right judgment which often determines the success or failure of a life is hard to all mortals, but hardest to

those of the artistic temperament. The temptation to escape from the monotony of his present work came to him through the Professor's grand-daughter.

To little Ivy Grant he had from the very first seemed a full-fledged hero. He was the first man she had ever looked up to, for although devoted to her old grandfather it was not easy to respect the Professor. He seemed, to shrewd little Ivy, a very weak old man, and she despised the weak, not understanding at all that habit of making large allowance for human infirmity which grows with the growing years. The old man was a confirmed opium eater. The practice, begun in a time of physical pain and great mental worry, had now bound him fast in its cruel chains, and the kindly benevolence which had struck Ralph at first sight as so strange a contrast with his blameworthy neglect of Ivy's safety, was all due to the influence of the drug. His will was now not in the least his own, and though he had his moments of exquisite exaltation he had always to pay for them by times of black depression and misery. Under these circumstances the child's life could hardly be a happy one; she was, moreover, scarcely strong enough for the late hours and the exposure to all sorts of weather which her work entailed, and in spite of her brisk, managing ways she began to crave for something more strong and trustworthy to support her than her grandfather, whose simile of the lifeless trunk of the tree kept up by the ivy supporting it, had been singularly near the truth.

When Ralph no longer played at the same theatre, and their meetings became less frequent, the little girl flagged and lost heart. She had good impulses but she was easily led, and her friendship with Ralph had filled her with a sense of dissatisfaction with her own life, and the lives that most nearly touched her own. Her busy little brain began to form eager plans for the future, and at last fate put in her way a chance which revived her drooping spirits, and lighted up her blue eyes with hope. Her good news arrived on Christmas day, otherwise the festival would have been cheerless enough, for the old Professor had slept in his invalid chair the whole of the morning, and Ivy, sitting in solitary state beside the fire, had eaten a sober little Christmas dinner consisting of a slice of cold meat and a mince-pie kindly given to her by the landlady. Then having tidied the bare little room, and stuck a solitary piece of holly in the window that people might see she was "keeping Christmas" properly, she returned to her place on the hearthrug, and tried to become interested in a penny novelette which should have been exciting, but somehow failed to touch her.

"Stupid thing!" she exclaimed presently, throwing the book to the further end of the room with a little petulant gesture. "I can't even cry when the heroine dies. What is the good of a book if you can't cry over it?"

Just then there came a tap at the door, and in walked Ralph with his cheerful face, and in his hands was a great bunch of ivy and mistletoe.

"A happy Christmas to you," he said, taking her cold little hand in his. "How's the Professor? Not worse I hope?"

"He is no worse," said Ivy, "but he has been asleep all day, and it's dreadfully dull. Where did you get such lovely evergreens?"

"Walked out into the country this morning, right away beyond Hampstead. As for the mistletoe, that's a particular present from Dan Doolan, and I've just had to kiss seven small Doolans beneath it before they would let me out of the house. Now your turn has come."

Ivy laughed and protested, but was thrilled through and through by the kiss, though it was just as matter-of-fact as that which he had bestowed on Tim Doolan, aged three. Her little, pale face lighted up radiantly, but unobservant Ralph saw nothing of that, he was bestowing all his energies on the decoration of the dreary, little room, and crowning with ivy the portraits of sundry great actors and actresses.

"Do you think Mrs. Siddons ever looked as stiff and forbidding as this?" he said, glancing round with a smile, as Ivy held him a laurel branch to put above the frame.

"Yes," she replied, saucily. "She must have looked like that when she said in awful tones, 'Will it wash?' to the poor frightened shopman who was serving her."

"Ah, perhaps. Well, Ivy, there is no fear that you will ever strike terror into any one's heart."

"Who cares for striking terror into people?" she replied, merrily, and as she

spoke she began to float dreamily away into an exquisitely graceful skirt-dance; her little, childish face growing more and more sweet and tranquil as she proceeded.

Clearly dancing was her vocation. Ralph stood with his back to the fire watching her perfect grace: it seemed to him the very poetry of motion. And Ivy was at her very best when she was dancing; at other times her ways occasionally jarred on him, her acting left much to be desired, and a certain vein of silliness in her now and then awoke his contempt, but when dancing she seemed like one inspired; he could only wonder and admire.

"Some day you will be our greatest English dancer," he said, as once more she settled down into her nook beside the fire.

"I don't want to be that," said Ivy, "English dancers are never made so much of as foreigners, and besides, a dancer's position is not so good. I mean to be an actress."

"It's a thousand pities," said Ralph. "Why do people always want to do the things they can't do well."

Ivy pouted.

"Grandfather doesn't wish me only to dance," she said. "And besides I have just heard of quite a fresh opening. What would you say to earning two pounds a week?"

"I should say I'm not likely to do that yet awhile," said Ralph, philosophically.

"But you can! you can!" said Ivy, clapping her hands joyfully. "There's an opening for you as well as for me, for I specially asked. It's a fit-up company and we should be wanted in the middle of February."

"Where?" asked Ralph, looking incredulous.

"For a tour in Scotland. A fit-up company, too, nothing to provide but just wigs and shoes and such like."

"Who is the manager?"

"The husband of the leading lady. His name is Skoot."

"Don't like the name," said Ralph, laughing.

"Why what's in a name?" said Ivy. "The poor man didn't choose it. For my part I think it is better than assuming some grand name that doesn't belong to him. And then his Christian name is Theophilus."

But Ralph still laughed.

"Worse and worse," he said. "Theophilus Skoot is a detestable combination. Dick, Tom, or Harry, would have been better. No, no, Ivy; I think we had better stay where we are."

Ivy looked much disheartened, and to change the subject Ralph suggested that they should go together to the Abbey. This pleased her, she forgot the Scotch tour and only revelled in the bliss of the present. To walk to church on Christmas day with her ideal man, to feel the subtle influence of the beautiful abbey, the lights, the music, the religious atmosphere, seemed to her a sort of foretaste of heaven, a slightly sensuous heaven perhaps, but the highest she was as yet capable of imagining. Ralph was not sorry to have the child with him, for his Christmas had been lonely enough. But his thoughts wandered far away from her during the service. He was back again at Whinhaven listening to his father's voice, or he was with Evereld and her governess listening to solemn old chorales at Dresden.

Presently a very slight thing recalled him to his actual surroundings. The sermon was about to begin and some one sitting in front of him rose to go just as the text was given out:

"And in the fulness of time God sent ——"

He heard no more for the vacant place had revealed to him, at a little distance in front, a profile which arrested his whole attention. Something in its earnest, absorbed expression, in its exquisite purity, in the listening look of one who is eager to learn, appealed to him strongly. Then suddenly his heart gave a bound, for it was borne in upon him that he was looking at Evereld. Not the Evereld he had left on that summer day as a playmate and comrade, but a new Evereld who had developed into a woman—the one woman in all the world for him. He did not wish the sermon ended, he could have been almost content to sit on there for ever just watching her; that curious ideal of heaven as a place

> "Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And Sabbaths never end"—

an ideal which has cast a gloom over so many children's hearts—seemed to him in his present mood, after all not so impossible.

When the service was really over, and the people began to disperse, he was in a feve

lest he should be unable to reach her, and it was not until he had discovered that Bridget was her companion that he could feel at all secure of any real talk with her.

Ivy, quite unconscious of all this, wondered a little when he paused in the nave; but she did not at all object to standing there with him, looking into the dim beauty of the stately building, and with a proud little consciousness that many people glanced at them as they passed by. It was so nice, she reflected, to go to church with a man like Ralph, a man wholly unlike any other she had yet come across in her short and rather dreary life.

Meanwhile, Evereld was drawing nearer. Ivy was just admiring her dark-green jacket and toque with their beaver trimmings, and longing to have just such a costume herself, when she saw a vivid colour suffuse the wearer's face, her blue eyes shone radiantly, her lips smiled such a welcoming smile at Ralph that no words, no hand-clasp, seemed necessary. Side by side they passed together out of the Abbey, while Ivy, in blank surprise, followed in their wake.

"To think that you were there all the time and that I never knew it," said Evereld, when the greetings were over. "Where is Bridget? How surprised she will be. Look, Bridget, here is Mr. Ralph come back."

"An' it's glad I am to see you, sir. There'll be no need, I'm thinkin', to wish you a happy Christmas, for I can see by your face that you've got it."

Ralph did, indeed, seem to be in the seventh heaven of happiness, but as he gave a cordial greeting to the old servant he happened to notice Ivy's wistful, little face, and, with a pang of reproach for having altogether forgotten her, he took her hand in his and introduced her to Evereld.

"This is a little friend of mine," he said. "The granddaughter of Professor Grant, my elocution master."

Evereld liked the look of the little fairy-like figure, but she seemed to her the merest child, and after a few kindly words she thought no more of her, being naturally absorbed in Ralph and having so much to say to him after their long separation.

Ivy, with a sigh, dropped behind with Bridget, who, in her motherly fashion, took her under her special protection as they crossed the wide road near the Aquarium, little guessing that this small person was well used to going about London quite alone at all hours.

"And how are things going at Queen Anne's Gate?" asked Ralph, when Evereld had told him all about her life at Southbourne.

"It's so dull I hardly know how to bear it," said Evereld. "You see, I'm too big now for children's parties, and, of course, I'm not out yet. I miss you all day long, and no one so much as speaks of you, except now and then Mr. Bruce Wylie, and he always did like you."

"Not he," said Ralph. "He made believe, though, for the sake of pleasing you."

"I see you have not lost your way of thinking evil of people," said Evereld, reproachfully. "Mr. Wylie is the kindest man I know."

"But you don't know him," said Ralph. "You merely see him now and then and like his pleasant way of talking, and find him a relief from the Mactavish clan."

"And how much do you know him?" said Evereld, teasingly.

"Not much, certainly," he was constrained to own with a smile, "and it may be jealousy that makes me decry him. Yet, if instinct goes for anything, he is a man I should never trust."

"What! such a frank, straightforward sort of man as that?" she exclaimed, in dismay.

"I know he's very plausible, I know he has many good points even, but I fancy he could persuade himself that anything was right if only it promoted his own ends."

"At any rate, he is the one person who ever troubles to inquire after you, and I believe that is the chief reason I have for liking him."

Ralph was so well content with this speech that he let the subject drop, and, as Evereld was eager to hear all that he had been doing since they had been separated, he began to give her an amusing account of the straits he had been in and the work he had obtained. Far too soon they reached Sir Matthew's house, and were obliged to part.

"You will write when you can?" said Evereld, wistfully, as she lingered for a moment on the steps with her hand in his. "I don't think Sir Matthew has any right to object, and I shall want to know what you decide about Scotland."

"Yes, you shall hear directly it is decided," said Ralph, trying to feel hopeful. "I wish I knew what would be the wisest thing to do."

Then, with a lingering glance into the sweet eyes lifted to his, he bade her good-bye and turned away.

"How I wish I were the Professor's little granddaughter," she thought to herself as she glanced down the dark road after them, with a sick longing to be going too. And, had she but known it, Ivy was at that very time thinking enviously of Ralph's old friend and of her many advantages.

Meanwhile Geraghty threw open the front door, and in the cheerful light that streamed through the hall Evereld caught a vision of Sir Matthew coming down the stairs, and, taking her courage in both hands, she entered the house and went straight up to him.

CHAPTER X

"Savage at heart, and false of tongue,
Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,
Like a snake in his coiling and curling.
T. HOOD.

"So you have been to the Abbey?" he said, smiling benevolently upon her.

"Yes," she replied, her blue eyes looking straight into his. "And we have seen Ralph. He was there, too, just behind us. He walked back with us."

Sir Matthew frowned slightly. Then, recollecting the presence of the servants, he beckoned Evereld to his study.

"Come in here, my dear," he said, in his soft voice. "You are quite right to tell me all so frankly, and it is natural enough that you should be pleased to meet your old playfellow. But you must remember that things are not now as they once were."

"Ralph and I shall always be friends," said Evereld, gently, but with a firmness which startled her guardian. "Things are not altered between us because we don't live under the same roof now. How could that alter us?"

"My dear, it is for Lady Mactavish and myself to decide who shall or who shall not be your friends," he said, with quiet decision.

"That may be," said Evereld, "as far as new friends are concerned, but I cannot unmake a friend to order—no, not even if the Queen commanded it."

They both smiled a little. Sir Matthew paced the room in silence.

"I must not forbid her to hold any communication with him," he reflected, "or let her feel that I am a tyrant and they a couple of martyrs. After all, she is so young and simple and innocent; no mischief will come of it."

"Has Ralph found work?" he inquired, not unkindly.

"Yes," she said, "at Washington's theatre; and perhaps he is going on a Scotch tour."

"Good!" said Sir Matthew, approvingly. "After all, he has talent, and will make himself a name in time. His best chance would be to marry some experienced actress older than himself. That has answered very well in one or two cases. His birth and education would go for something, and if he plays his cards well the stage may make his fortune. By-the-bye, Bruce Wylie is to dine with us to-night. You like him, do you not?"

"Oh, yes," said Evereld, "I like him very much."

And Sir Matthew, satisfied with the warmth of her tone, dismissed her with a paternal kiss, and an injunction to put on her prettiest gown in honour of the festival.

Bruce Wylie was certainly the most attractive and amusing of the men who visited the Mactavishes. He had the easy, comfortable air of an old friend, and he came and went at all hours, yet never seemed to be present when he was not wanted. His fair hair and short, fair beard contrasted rather curiously with his dark, keen eyes. He had a brisk, kindly, pleasant manner, and a particularly winning voice. There was about him, too, a saving sense of humour, and the rather heavy atmosphere of Sir Matthew's household always seemed less oppressive when he was present. He was a first-rate *raconteur*, and Evereld was never tired of listening to his stories.

It was all in vain that she tried to see him with Ralph's eyes. She decided in her own mind that his hard experience of the world had made Ralph somewhat cynical and distrustful. He had convinced her with regard to Sir Matthew, but to belief in Bruce Wylie she still clung with all the loyalty of her fresh, innocent youth.

And yet the ladies had only left the dining-room a few moments when Bruce

Wylie revealed a very different side of himself.

"Ewart's little girl is looking prettier than usual to-night," he remarked, as he picked out the preserved apricots from a small dish in front of him, leaving only bitter oranges and citrons for those who might come after.

"Yes," said Sir Matthew, "Southbourne has done wonders for her. She had better have another six months there."

"Was she not eighteen in the autumn? She will want to come out next season."

"I don't think it," said Sir Matthew. "She is happy enough there, and we shall do well to keep her from the heiress-hunters till she is safely betrothed to you."

"Poor little soul!" said Bruce Wylie, reflectively. "There would be no danger in letting her see a little of the world first."

"We won't risk that," said his companion. "What's to prevent her falling in love with some young fellow and refusing to look at you. If she ever lost her heart, she would be the veriest little shrew to manage—there would be no taming her. We might prevent her marrying till she was of age, but you know what revelations would come about when her affairs were looked into. No, no; she must be safely married to her worthy solicitor, Bruce Wylie, as soon as possible after she leaves school."

Bruce Wylie seemed lost in thought. Sir Matthew watched him, half-suspiciously. They were friends and confederates, but the company promoter trusted no one in the world implicitly.

"You are thinking that it is a risky venture," he said, quietly, "but under the circumstances it's far the best thing that can be done. If the South African affair goes on as well as it promises, her money will be safe enough in the long run; and if a smash comes, why her money will be gone, but our names and reputations will be safe, and no great harm will come of it."

"I was not thinking of that," said Bruce Wylie. "There's another side to the business, and one can't altogether overlook that. I am fond of the little thing, and I honestly believe she likes me, but if anything of this should ever leak out, if, after we were married, her suspicions were roused, why then, as you say, I can imagine that the taming process might be difficult. Spite of her china-blue eyes, there's a pretty spice of determination in Ewart's little girl."

"My dear fellow, you astonish me," said Sir Matthew, impatiently. "With enough on your mind to burden most men heavily, you can yet find time to worry over the matrimonial squabbles that may ruffle your future peace. When once she's your wife you'll be able to do what you please with her."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Bruce Wylie. "It's just those little, gentle women with hardly a word to say for themselves who are always astonishing people by hidden stores of force and courage and daring at some critical moment."

"The only possible difficulty with Evereld would be her friendship for Ralph Denmead," said Sir Matthew, "and, as ill luck will have it, the fellow turned up again to-day."

"D—— him!" exclaimed Bruce Wylie "How was that?"

"Saw her at the Abbey, and had the audacity to walk home with her. She told me all about it with the utmost frankness and without so much as a change of colour. I don't think there is any mischief done yet, but the less she sees of him the better. It seems that he is doing pretty well on the stage; at least, I gathered so."

"Well," said Bruce Wylie, reflectively, "it is always easy to set a scandal afloat about an actor, and if she seems losing her heart to him that is the line we must take."

And therewith the two friends fell to talking of other business arrangements.

* * * * *

When Ralph turned away from the house in Queen Anne's Gate, the happy excitement of the past hour suddenly gave place to a sobering realisation of things as they were. He, Ralph Denmead, a super at a pound a week, had had the audacity to fall in love with a girl of whose fortune he had, indeed, very vague ideas, but who had always been considered an heiress. That was a situation he liked very little, but it was characteristic of him that he did not sink into any very great depths of depression. He was not easily depressed, having been born with one of those equable tempers which are as delightful as they are rare. Then, too, his very indifference to money for its own sake, the habit he had inherited from his unworldly father of a positive dislike

of all display and a contempt for all but the simplest tastes, came now to his aid. Extremes meet. And the marriage, which would have seemed a perfectly simple and desirable arrangement to a selfish fortune-hunter, seemed also perfectly possible to Ralph with his unconventional way of looking at things. He disliked her fortune, would gladly have foregone it altogether, but saw no reason in the world why it should stand as a barrier between them. If she loved him all would be well. He hoped she did love him, but was not certain. Only in that last quiet good-bye of hers something in its very self-control had given him hope; for the first time she seemed to shrink a little from showing how much she felt the parting. She was wholly unlike the little girl he had left sobbing in the schoolroom at Sir Matthew's country cottage a few months before.

As he thought of this, a sort of wild desire to succeed in his profession, and to succeed quickly, took possession of him. His present position at the foot of the ladder seemed no longer tolerable. Patient plodding had been well enough earlier in the day, but now the fiery impatience of youth began to get the better of him. He turned eagerly to Ivy. They had by this time reached Westminster Bridge, and the cold, fresh wind from the river and the wider view seemed in harmony with his eager longing for a fuller, freer life, for an escape from the dull routine of his present work.

"Tell me more about this Scotch tour" he said, eagerly. "Do you think there is really a chance of our getting into the company? Does your grandfather think Skoot a decent sort of fellow?"

"Oh yes," said Ivy, her face lighting up radiantly. "Come and talk to him about it. He has seen both the manager and his wife: he used to know them long ago. Oh, do think it over again. Just fancy how beautiful it would be to see Scotland! We would go to Ellen's Isle together and see the Trossachs!"

Ralph laughed. "I fear there are no theatres on the shores of Loch Katrine," he said.

"Well," said Ivy, looking disappointed, "we should at any rate see mountains, and the travelling would be such fun. I have never been on tour in my life, hardly

"Do you think Mrs. Siddons ever looked as stiff and forbidding as this?"

"Are you prepared to rough it?"

ever out of London even. Come in and see grandfather and talk about it."

Ralph was persuaded to follow her into the dreary, little house, and much to Ivy's satisfaction her grandfather was awake and seemed in excellent spirits. He was inclined to see everything in the world through rose-coloured spectacles, and was about as fit to advise any one as a baby of three years old. But his venerable aspect and his smiling benevolent face were, nevertheless, impressive and Ralph listened eagerly to all that he said. It was quite true that he had known this manager and his wife many years ago: they were most estimable people. Skoot himself had real talent, his wife not much more than a pretty face, but they were thoroughly worthy people; she was a woman with whom he could trust Ivy, he had never heard a word against her. He should miss Ivy, but the landlady would take care of him and the experience and even the change of air would be very good for the child. He strongly advised Ralph to try and get into the Company, it was a chance which did not occur every day. He would give him a letter of introduction and he could see the manager to-morrow."

At any other time Ralph would have perceived that the old man's advice while he was under the influence of the opium was worth nothing at all. But now the bland, comfortable voice and hopeful auguries weighed with him. He accepted the offer of the introduction, and the professor, urged by Ivy, who brought him ink and paper and put the pen between his limp, lazy fingers, actually wrote the letter. After that Ralph bade them good-bye, went home to dress for the evening, and then set out for the Marriotts' house where he had been kindly invited to dine. And here in the evening he talked over his prospects with Miss Marriott, unconsciously giving a very roseate description of the Scotch proposal. The ladies both advised him to close with so good an offer; Mr. Marriott would not commit himself, only counselling him to be

sure to have his agreement drawn up in a legal way, and suggesting that he might take the advice of Washington. But this, as Ralph knew, would not be so easy; for Washington was a busy man and though greatly beloved by all his employés had little to do with them personally. Moreover, in his heart of hearts Ralph knew that the great actor would counsel him to plod on patiently, and every moment he felt that this had become less possible to him.

The end of it was that he seized the very first opportunity of seeing Theophilus Skoot, and finding him a very decent-looking man, exceedingly hopeful as to the business they would do in Scotland, and quite willing to come to terms, he signed the agreement for a six months' provincial tour for which he was to receive a salary of two pounds a week, and went back to Paradise Street in excellent spirits to receive Ivy's fervent congratulations.

CHAPTER XI

"We ought all to count the cost before we enter upon any line of conduct, and I would most strongly warn any one against the self-deception of fancying that he who wishes to be an ambassador of peace can do otherwise than weep bitterly."

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

DURING the weeks that followed, the only thing which marred Ivy's complete happiness was a certain jealousy of the bright-faced girl they had met at Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day. She was constantly asking Ralph questions about Evereld Ewart; at times he seemed pleased to talk of her, at other times his face would grow grave and he would answer only in monosyllables in a way which perplexed his small devotee not a little. However, she gathered that he did not see any more of his old friend and consoled herself by hurrying off to Whiteley's sale to buy a jacket and hat as much like Evereld's as her purse would afford.

She wore them for the first time on the foggy February morning when Ralph called for her at her grandfather's rooms to take her to King's Cross. For it had been arranged that she should travel with him to Dumfries where he was to place her under the special care of the manager's wife. The old Professor seemed much depressed when the parting actually came; he kept looking at the child with wistful eyes and slowly counting out money for the journey with a small, a very small surplus, in case of accidents, as he said.

"Have you kept enough for yourself?" asked Ivy, throwing her arms round his neck. "I shall be away six months you know."

"I have enough to last me a couple of months," said the old man, "with what my pupils will bring in. And by that time you will be able to send me a little. You are to have a good salary—a very good salary and no travelling expenses when once you're in Scotland.

"Yes, yes," said Ivy, gaily. "I shall be as rich as a queen when I come back."

The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, when you come back," he said, huskily, "when you come back. You will do what you can for her if she needs help?" he added, shaking hands tremulously with Ralph.

"I will, indeed," said Ralph, heartily; and there was something in his look and tone which satisfied the Professor and robbed the parting of its worst pain.

Ivy, too much excited to feel the leave-taking, sprang into the cab with a joyous sense that at last, like the heroine of a fairy tale, she was setting out into the world to seek her fortune. It was scarcely right that she should be starting with the fairy prince beside her, he ought to have turned up later in the plot and just at some critical moment. Still real life could not always be regulated by the rules of fiction, and she reflected that it was much nicer to have him at once.

She leant back in her corner of the third-class carriage, and thought what care he had taken of her, how much more gentle his manner was than the manner of any one else she knew, and how blissful it would be to act with him for six whole months. He did not talk to her very much, being still busy with his parts, but she was quite content with the mere pleasure of his presence and with the delightful novelty of her first long journey. The Company had three plays: "East Lynne," "Guy Mannering," and "Macbeth." She was not very well pleased with her parts in this last, being cast for Donal Bain, Fleance and Macduff's boy. But she reflected that in the first part she would always come on with Ralph since he was to play Malcolm, as well as the part of second

witch, while later on she should have the pleasure of being killed by him in his character of first murderer. Ralph seeing irrepressible mirth in her face asked what was amusing her.

"I have to call you 'a shag-haired villain,'" she said, laughing till the tears ran down her face, "and you have to stab me in the fourth act."

"We will have a private rehearsal then, beforehand," said Ralph, smiling. "And you will find my red wig very awe-inspiring, I can tell you."

Ivy looked pityingly at her fellow-travellers, wondering how they endured their humdrum lives, and full of radiant hopes for her own future.

The fogs of London had soon given place to bright sunshine, and it seemed to her that she had left behind all that was cheerless and was going forth into a glorious world of possibilities. It was certainly a red-letter day in her life's calendar.

The arrival in Scotland, however, was not so cheerful. The cold which they had not greatly noticed in the railway carriage, seemed bitter indeed when they left the train at Dumfries.

It was nearly six o'clock and there was little light left. What there was, revealed snowy roads and slippery pavements. Ivy shivered and clung fast to Ralph's hand as they made their way to the manager's rooms, a red-headed porter, much resembling the shag-haired murderer in Macbeth, going on before them with a luggage truck. He paused at a high house in a particularly dingy street. The door was opened by a shrewd, hard-featured woman who, upon Ralph's inquiry, told them that Mrs. Skoot was in, and ushered them upstairs to a room where the remains of dinner still lingered on the table, and a large, portly lady, with blonde hair and big cow-like eyes, sat with her feet in the fender reading a novel.

"So there you are, dear," she said, greeting Ivy affectionately, but retaining a greasy thumb in the book to keep her place. "I'm glad you've come, for Mr. Skoot has just arranged to have an extra rehearsal to-night. Is this Mr. Denmead?" she inquired, extending her hand graciously and taking a rapid survey of him from head to foot. "Have you found rooms yet?"

"No, I have not," said Ralph, his low-toned voice and quiet manner contrasting most curiously with her loud accents. "I was going to ask you if there is any list of lodgings."

"To be sure," she said. "Here it is; you'll find those all very good and reasonable. I've known most of them myself in past years."

Ralph thanked her and turned to go, glancing with some compassion at Ivy. "I shall see you again at rehearsal," he said. "Mind you have something to eat first."

"Oh, yes, I'll see to her," said Mrs. Skoot, vociferously. "She's to board with me you know, her grandfather made me promise that. Half-past seven for the rehearsal, don't forget. Your landlady will be able to direct you to the theatre."

"What an awful woman!" thought Ralph to himself. "The Professor must be out of his mind to let Ivy be with her for six whole months. She may be all that's virtuous—but as a constant companion! Poor Ivy! I wonder how such a decent little fellow as Skoot comes to have such a wife!"

At this point in his reflections they reached the first house on his list, but found the rooms already secured by other members of the company. The same result followed the next application, and yet again the next. He began to grow tired of wandering about the snowy streets, and catching sight of a card in a window announcing that rooms were to be had, he paused at a neat but unpretentious house and once more made his inquiry.

A very prim-looking widow appeared in answer to his knock; she seemed favourably impressed with his appearance and mentioned her terms.

"That will do very well. I want the rooms for a week," said Ralph, longing to get into a house, for he was half-frozen and very hungry.

"I don't take lodgers that keep late hours," said the widow, cautiously. "I like to lock up by half-past ten, sir."

Ralph made an ejaculation of dismay. "I'm afraid I can't promise that," he said. "I'm an actor, you see, and am not likely to be in by that time."

The woman's whole face stiffened, her very cap seemed to grow as rigid as buckram, her upper lip lengthened. "We only take *Christians* here," she said, in a severe way,

and then without another word she closed the door.

It was the first time he had ever been made to feel himself an outcast on account of his profession, and for a minute the words, by their injustice, stung him. Then his sense of fun conquered and he laughed to himself as he walked on with bent head in the teeth of the bitter, east wind.

Referring once again to the list of professional lodgings, he consulted the porter, who told him which was the nearest house, and here he at last got taken in, by a dishevelled but smiling landlady.

"There's Mr. Dudley, one of Mr. Skoot's company, in my house now," she said. "Maybe you could share the sitting-room."

Ralph hesitated, but without more ado the woman stepped into her front parlour and put the case to the present occupant.

"Oh, by all means," said a hearty voice; and the door was thrown back and into the narrow passage stepped a tall, powerful-looking man of about forty, his large, clean-shaven face, twinkling eyes, and broad mouth full of good humour. Ralph knew at a glance that it was not at all a face of high type, but it was genial and attractive and it contrasted most singularly with the forbidding face of the widow who only housed Christians.

"Come in, my boy," said the hearty voice; "you look half frozen."

"It was the landlady's proposal," said Ralph. "You are sure you don't mind?"

"To be sure not! 'Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, should stand this night against my fire.' Skoot was telling me about you. The little brute has called a special rehearsal; you had better look sharp and get something to eat for there's no knowing how long they will keep us at it. The Skoots were always great hands at rehearsing."

"You have travelled with them before?"

"Yes, many years ago, and there's not much love lost between us. Shouldn't have taken this berth now, if I hadn't been out of an engagement for some time. I have my doubts if the tour will be a success. Skoot is awfully hampered you see by having to run his wife as leading lady."

Ralph prudently forebore to make any comment, but the thought of acting with Mrs. Skoot was a sort of nightmare to him.

"Have the rest of the company all arrived?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so. There's little Ivy Grant—she's coming on very well indeed, very pretty girl into the bargain. Then there's Miss Myra Kay, a brunette, rather prudish, used to be in Macneillie's company, but lost her health, and is now only just starting afresh. As for the men—well, you'll see for yourself by-and-by—half of them in my opinion are sticks, and the other half roaring ranters. Hulloa, you'll find that a bad speculation. Never order coffee in Great Britain, for they don't know how to make it. Take to whisky, my boy. It's the only thing for strolling players."

"Thanks, I detest it," said Ralph, "and if professional landladies don't understand coffee-making, why I'll brew it myself as we used to do at Winchester."

"I thought you had been at a public school. What made you take up with the stage? Didn't your people object?"

"I am alone in the world," said Ralph. "My guardian wanted me to be a parson, but I couldn't go in for that, and so, being turned out of his house, I thought I would try to realise an old dream of mine and be an actor."

Dudley had watched him keenly during this speech. He was a man who had led a notoriously evil life, but he had a good deal of kindliness in his nature, and there was something in Ralph's transparent honesty, in his evident purity of heart and life that appealed to him. Bad as his own record had been he was wholly without the fiendish desire to drag other men down with him.

"Your dreams were probably very unlike the reality," he said, with a smile. "Are you prepared to rough it?"

Ralph laughed, and gave him the account of the straits he had been reduced to, and Dudley having described the merits and drawbacks of a provincial tour under Skoot's management, suggested that they had better be setting off for the rehearsal.

They had scarcely opened the stage-door when Mrs. Skoot's shrill voice made itself heard. She was vehemently complaining about some mistake made by the baggage man, and the poor harassed culprit stood meekly to receive her angry threats of dismissal, not daring to proffer excuse or

explanation. Ivy looking scared and cold, stood not far off; her whole face lighted up when she caught sight of Ralph, and she stole over to whisper in his ear, "Isn't Mrs. Skoot dreadful?"

"Suggests the queen in 'Alice in Wonderland,'" he replied, smiling. "Off with his head!"

Ivy was obliged to laugh a little.

"That is Miss Myra Kay," she said, indicating a pale, slim girl, who was pacing to and fro, book in hand. "I think she is very selfish; they say she hardly speaks to any one, but just takes care of herself and is quite wrapped up in her own affairs."

"Take care," said Ralph, warningly; "you may be overheard."

Dudley now introduced him to one or two of the actors, and before long the manager himself arrived. He seemed in good spirits, greeted Ralph pleasantly, pacified his wife, and promptly set them all to work.

Only too soon, however, they realised that the length of the rehearsal depended on Mrs. Skoot and not on her husband. Although it was no business of hers she seemed unable to refrain from constant interruption and fault-finding, and before the evening was over she had reduced Miss Kay to tears, had tormented poor Ivy into the worst of tempers and had goaded most of the men into a state of sullen wrath.

At last, after four hours of this, Mr. Skoot looked at his watch and announced that it was half-past eleven. Time was the only thing which had ever been known to conquer Mrs. Skoot; she wisely bowed to the inevitable, and having reminded Miss Kay that the call was for eleven on the following morning, she allowed herself to be helped into a handsome fur cloak, and telling Ivy to follow her, quitted the theatre.

Ralph went back to his rooms in low spirits and the next morning did not much mend matters, for they were kept rehearsing from eleven in the morning till five in the afternoon. Had it not been for Dudley's unfailing good humour, his flashes of fun, and his genial kindliness, Ralph thought he could not have endured so great a contrast to the whole atmosphere of Washington's Theatre.

He began to feel a sort of angry contempt for the manager who seemed but a tool in the hands of his wife and was quite indifferent to the annoyance she gave to others.

But in the evening when "Macbeth" was given, when, for the first time in his life, he had one of Shakspere's characters to portray, he forgot all the previous misery. Into the comparatively small part of *Malcolm* he had put an amount of thought and study and imagination which surprised Dudley, and the elder man, as they walked home together, spoke words of hearty commendation and encouragement which cheered the novice's heart as nothing else could have done.

On the day before they were to leave Dumfries for Ayr, it chanced that, being released earlier than usual from rehearsal, Ralph suggested a walk to Ivy. It was the first chance they had had for any sort of relaxation, and Ivy listened with delight to the proposal of a visit to the grave of Burns and to Lincluden Abbey.

She was not at all pleased when as they drew near to the Burns' mausoleum they caught sight of Myra Kay. As yet Ralph had made no way at all with this pale, dark-eyed girl, they had scarcely exchanged a dozen words, and her manner was very reserved and distant. All that he knew about her was the little he had gleaned from the men of the company. It was reported that her marriage was to take place in the summer, and that she was engaged to an actor named Brinton who was now in Macneillie's Company. She had the reputation of being cold, cautious, and conventional, but in comparison with Mrs. Skoot she was so delightful that Ralph felt drawn to her and was chafed by a perfectly clear consciousness that for some reason she disapproved of him. He was pleased when she volunteered a few tepid remarks about Turnerelli's sculpture, and to Ivy's disgust he asked her if she would not join them in their walk to Lincluden Abbey.

She hesitated for a moment, then with a glance at his open, boyish face seemed suddenly to arrive at some determination more important than that of the mere decision to take a walk.

"I will come part of the way with you," she said. "But since my illness I am not much of a walker. It is one of the few grudges I harbour against Mr. Macneillie."

"You were in his company?"

"Yes, and at Oxford, while playing in an outdoor representation of 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' got soaked to the skin and

had to wear the wet clothes. The rest of them escaped with colds but I was laid up for six months. The manager was extremely good to me I must say, and in August I hope to be back again in his company."

"You like him then as a manager?"

"Yes, indeed, there couldn't be a better. I don't know how I shall ever endure all these months with the Skoots, and had I known that that scoundrel Dudley was to be in the company I should never have accepted the engagement."

Ralph raised his eyebrows. "That's a severe word," he said.

"It's no more than he deserves," said Myra Kay, frowning. "I am astonished that you can share rooms with him and make him your friend."

"He is very likely no worse than many others," said Ralph, nettled by her tone.

"No worse!" she said, scornfully. "Is it possible you do not know that he is the wretch who figured in the Houston case? You must remember it—the stir was so great and it is not eighteen months ago."

"I was at school eighteen months ago and never troubled my head with *causes célèbres*."

Myra Kay walked on in silence for a few moments; then she briefly told him the facts of the case and was pleased to see him wince.

"The man has been properly punished," she continued, with satisfaction, "and now no decent manager will have him—at any rate, till the details of the case are forgotten. He is desperately hard up for money, and every one cuts him. I hope, now that you know all this, you will have no more to say to him."

"Perhaps he has turned over a new leaf," said Ralph, looking up from the discoloured track where they were walking to the pure white fields beyond.

Myra Kay gave a sarcastic little laugh.

"You are far too innocent, Mr. Denmead," she said; and Ralph thought there was an unpleasant touch of patronage in her tone. "Does he look as if he were repenting?"

"Men can't go about in sackcloth and ashes," said Ralph; "and you surely wouldn't have him cultivate a face a yard long? It's his nature to be full of fun, and, for my part, I would far rather have to do with a man who has been openly punished than with a hypocrite who sins with impunity and goes about posing as a philanthropist."

He thought resentfully of Sir Matthew.

"I can't think how you can speak to him," said Myra Kay, bitterly. "For your own sake, and for the sake of the profession, you ought to have nothing to do with him. It was not just a common case of wrongdoing—it was a specially atrocious affair throughout. They say you are the son of a clergyman. I should have thought you would have had better judgment than to mix yourself up with such a man."

"He is precisely the sort of man my father would have befriended," said Ralph, warmly. "There was nothing of the Pharisee about him. I remember how, when all the village cut a man who had been in prison for some bad offence, he found out the fellow's one vulnerable point—a love of flowers—and had him up with us at the Rectory the whole of one Bank-holiday, pottering about the garden and greenhouse, and as happy as a king in exchanging plants with us, and helping to bud roses."

"That may be well enough for a clergyman, but for you—a mere boy, knowing so little of the world—it is different. You ought not to have chosen such a man as your companion."

"I didn't choose him," said Ralph, with some warmth. "An 'unco guid' widow shut the door in my face, because I was an actor, and said she only took in Christians. Then at the next place I went to they gave me shelter and kind words, and Dudley was goodness itself to me. If I cut him now I should be a contemptible cad."

"Well," said his companion, with a shrug of her shoulders, "you must 'gang your own gait.' But remember that I have warned you."

She turned back soon after this, and Ivy, who had thought the whole discussion very tiresome, skipped for joy when a bend in the road hid her from view.

But Ralph seemed unusually silent, and as they looked at the ruins of the old abbey, Ivy could not at all understand the shadow that seemed to have come over his face.

Not a word ever passed Dudley's lips about his previous life, but there were not lacking people who promptly told him that Ralph Denmead had just learnt all about it;

and when they moved on to Ayr, he said in his blunt way:

"You'll not care that we should pig together any longer, I daresay?"

"I had much rather share diggings with you than with any of the others," said Ralph, heartily. "If I'm not in your way, that is? You are the only man who has shown me the least kindness."

Dudley made an inarticulate exclamation. He was more touched than he would have cared to own.

"You are thankful for small mercies," he said, "and gratitude is a rare thing in the profession. But I like you, lad, and am glad to have you as a chum. You shall not have cause to be ashamed of me."

And so throughout the strange vicissitudes of the Scotch tour these two oddly contrasting characters bore each other company, and for some time Myra Kay kept aloof from them both

CHAPTER XII

"All these anxieties will be good for you. They all go to the making of a man—calling out that God-dependence in him which is the only true self-dependence, the only true strength."

LETTERS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DURING the first month Theophilus Skoot's Company prospered as well as could be expected. A week at Glasgow and a week at Edinburgh, with full houses, cheered every one; but after that, as they went northward, the days of dearth began. It was now past the middle of March, and the old proverb,

"As the light lengthens
The cold strengthens,"

was fulfilling itself in very bitter fashion. Perhaps people were disinclined to turn out of their comfortable homes on such bleak evenings; at any rate, the week at Stirling proved a dead failure, and Perth was wrestling with the influenza demon, and had little leisure to bestow on strolling players.

It was here that one evening Ralph, for the first time, learnt what it is to work without a salary.

He was sitting on a basket, waiting for his cue, with "Pendennis" to cheer him into forgetfulness of fatigue and cold when Dudley returned to the dressing-room, with an odd look lurking about the corners of his mouth.

"The ghost walks," he said, in sepulchral tones.

"What do you mean?" said Ralph, laughing.

"It's all very well to laugh. You won't be able to do that long. There's no treasury my boy. 'The manager regrets,' etc. etc."

"No treasury!" echoed Ralph, blankly.

"I'm not surprised," said Dudley; "I was always doubtful whether Skoot would hold out long. But we may have better luck at Dundee."

"And if not, how are we to live?" asked Ralph, recollecting how small a sum he had to fall back upon."

"Why, my dear boy, we must live like the birds of the air, who eat other folk's property, and then fly away."

Ralph looked gloomy.

"Well, after all," he said, "the debts will virtually be Skoot's, not ours. And, as you say, other places may not be so bad as Perth has been."

This was exactly what the manager observed as they journeyed on from town to town. He was always apologetic, always bland and pleasant; but not another penny was ever forthcoming. In other respects, however, the tour was less unpleasant than at first. The rehearsals were shorter, and Mrs. Skoot did not venture to irritate them quite so much, but solaced herself instead with whisky. Moreover, their common trouble formed a sort of bond of union between the members of the company; they grumbled together, and cheered each other up; they were extraordinarily kind in helping one another; all the little jealousies and quarrels were forgotten in the general anxiety and distress. As to Myra Kay, she was like another being altogether; she nursed Ivy through a long and tedious cold, she forgave Ralph for his friendship with Dudley, and she discussed ways and means in the most helpful fashion. Her experience and good advice were of considerable use to Ralph, while, when their prospects were at the darkest, Ivy managed to extract comfort from dreams about the future, and would listen by the hour to Myra's plans for the summer, and to discussions about her wedding and her trousseau.

And so the weary weeks dragged on,

until at last, towards the end of April, they found themselves at Inverness. By this time they were all beginning to grow desperate for want of money, and Ralph, after a hard struggle with himself, conquered his pride and wrote to old Mr. Marriott, telling him of the plight he was in. It was not until the last day of their engagement at Inverness that the reply, bearing the name of the firm on the envelope, was placed in his hands. He tore it open eagerly and turned pale as he read the contents:

"BASINGHALL STREET, E.C.
"*27th April.*

"DEAR SIR,

"With reference to your letter of the 25th inst., I beg to inform you that Mr. Marriott has been very dangerously ill with influenza, and to recruit his health he has been ordered to take a voyage to Australia. I regret that in his absence I do not feel myself at liberty to make you any advance.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
W. G. MAUNDER."

The next day they moved on to Elgin. The manager looked miserable and depressed; Mrs. Skoot, though not quite sober, read novels more assiduously than ever, and among the actors there were loud complaints, and angry threatenings of a strike. At Elgin the audiences were better than might have been expected, and the Skoots seemed to revive a little as they moved on to the neighbouring town of Forres. But the luckless company still toiled unpaid.

Ralph's patience was now almost exhausted. Ivy had received piteous letters telling of her grandfather's difficulties, and every day it seemed less and less probable that they would ever again receive their salaries from the manager.

Forres certainly did not look like a place where they would attract large audiences, and an indescribable feeling of hopelessness stole over him as he gazed at the old gabled houses and at the one long, irregular street which formed the chief part of the town. How much longer could he possibly endure the weary, distasteful life? The halls with their miserable accommodation behind the scenes—for in few towns had they found a proper theatre; the cheap lodgings with their dirty rooms; the daily marketing under difficulties; and the revolting spectacle of Mrs. Skoot drowning her discomfiture in drink—all these had become intolerable.

"Let us go for a walk," said Ivy, despairingly. "At any rate out of doors we can have air and sunshine—we shall have enough of our wretched rooms later on."

"Come and see the river," said Myra Kay. "They say there are lovely views by the Findhorn."

Ralph consented, and the three walked out together into the country, and did their best to forget the troubles that hemmed them in, as they wandered among the flowery fields, where Ivy gathered violets and primroses to her heart's content. Presently by the river, among the soft early green of the bushes, they came to a fallen tree, and here they established themselves while Ralph read to them. They had indulged in two or three of Dickens' novels at an old bookstall in Edinburgh in their days of plenty, and when fortune frowned upon them these shabby volumes had proved a perfect godsend. They had solaced many a cold journey and brightened many a dreary lodging-house, and they helped now to distract them from the thought of their daily increasing troubles.

It seemed to Ivy when she looked back afterwards, that this afternoon by the Findhorn was the last really happy day she was ever to know. She sat cosily ensconced on the tree trunk with her lap full of flowers which she delighted in arranging; and Ralph lay on the grass at her feet with his head propped against the smooth surface of the fallen beech tree. She noticed how the short waves of his crisp, brown hair contrasted with the silver-grey of the bark, and how the careworn look which had grown upon him during the tour was entirely banished now as flashes of mirth passed over his face, caused by the sayings of Grip the raven.

Myra Kay sat just beyond him; she was knitting socks for her *fiancé*, listening at times to the reading, but more often dreaming of her own future. Everywhere there was that sense of hope and joyous expectation that seems to belong to the spring-time: the birds sang as Ivy had never heard them sing before; the lambs frisked delightfully in the soft, green meadows near their somewhat uninteresting mothers; and into her

half-taught, eager mind there somehow floated new ideas of the meaning of "green pastures and still waters," and a firmer confidence in a Shepherd who would not forget even the members of a travelling company in grievous straits up in the north of Scotland.

"Oh, don't let us go just yet!" she exclaimed, as Ralph closed the book. "It can't be time to go back to those stuffy rooms."

"I'm in no hurry," said Ralph, stretching himself, and falling back into a more comfortable attitude.

He could not see Ivy's face, but he could see her little, slender fingers as they pulled the petals off a daisy. The result seemed to displease her: she threw away the remains of the flower, and gathering another diligently pulled off each pink-tipped petal, but again threw the stalk from her with a little impatient gesture. Then she began upon a third, and had become absorbed in her counting, when suddenly she felt Ralph's hand lay hold of hers.

"An uncomfortable fear crossed his mind"

"Caught in the act," he said, laughing. "Don't you know that fortune-telling is illegal?"

"Not if you tell your own," said Ivy.

Something in her voice made him look at her, and for the first time in her little childish face he detected an expression which made him clearly understand that he was not dealing with a mere girl but with a woman. Long ago he had realised that her hard experience of life had robbed Ivy of the innocent ignorance which had kept Evereld so young; but he had naturally fallen into the habit of treating her as he would have treated any other girl of fifteen with whom he was brought into constant companionship. Thinking it over now it suddenly occurred to him that during the Scotch tour Ivy had lost her brisk, managing way, that she was very different from the independent little being who ordered the Professor's affairs for him, that she had become unnaturally fond of being helped and protected. An uncomfortable fear crossed his mind, but he thought it best to laugh and try to change the subject.

"Are you doing the old thing that Evereld and I used to be fond of!—'Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor?' And have you always been fated to wed the thief that you throw away one daisy after another?"

"That's a silly old rhyme," said Ivy. "Of course I should never think of marrying any one who wasn't in the profession."

"Oh, that's quite a mistake," said Ralph, lightly, determined that he must be cruel only to be kind. "Two of a trade seldom agree, you know. You should marry a dreamy philosopher who needed waking up, and being looked after."

Ivy blushed, and was silent, and Ralph was not sorry to be taken to task by Myra Kay for his rash assertion that two of a trade never agreed. They fell into a merry bantering discussion during which Ivy recovered herself.

After all, she reflected, why should she be unhappy because he had teased her a little?

His words no doubt meant nothing at all; she would not spoil this happy afternoon by tormenting herself.

"To-morrow's my birthday," she said, gaily, as they walked back to Forres. "I'm going to be sixteen. "There's no rehearsal, and I vote that we three have a real picnic."

"Carried unanimously," said Ralph. "We might go as far as this Heronry they speak of. The longer we are out of our dismal diggings the better."

The play that night was "Macbeth," and anything more unlike the arrangements at Washington's theatre it would be impossible to conceive. Mr. Skoot was apologetic, Mrs. Skoot endeavoured to be very affable, and the company with that readiness to perceive fun, and the real good-nature which never failed them in an emergency, made the best of the many discomforts. They dressed behind screens, they laughed and joked, they had wild hunts for lost belongings, and they chattered incessantly between the acts under cover of the noisiest piano-playing which could be produced by one of the ladies, who, with a waterproof cloak over her costume, did duty as the entire orchestra.

A choice selection of Scotch airs was being hammered out at the close of the Fourth Act, when Ralph, who was groping in a heap of miscellaneous garments in hopes of rescuing the wig he had worn as first murderer, and had hastily thrown off during a desperately hurried change into *Malcolm's* attire, found himself close to Dudley.

"The manager is positively enjoying himself," said the comedian. "Skoot is after all a wonderful man. I shouldn't wonder if he was persuading himself that this confounded tour will prove a success. That man lives on dreams. His wife is the one for business."

At that moment Mrs. Skoot, in the most elegant of stage nightdresses, and with her taper all ready to be lighted at the right moment, appeared for the sleep-walking scene. Ralph often wondered what effect she had at a distance; the near view of her was appalling.

"I am afraid you have a great deal to put up with," she said, in unusually gracious tones, smiling in a ghastly way beneath her paint. "But we must all learn to take the fortune of war. Our next place will be comfortable enough."

They were joined just then by Myra Kay in the costume of the *Gentlewoman-in-Waiting*.

Mrs. Skoot, who, as a rule, was at daggers drawn with her, accosted her now pleasantly enough.

"I hear that you and Ivy have planned an excursion for to-morrow?" she said. "Come and breakfast with us at nine o'clock, before the start. And you, too, Mr. Denmead."

They accepted the invitation in some surprise, and as the curtain was rung up Mrs. Skoot requested Dudley to light her taper, and presently sailed on to the stage for her great scene, leaving them in a maze at her unwonted good-humour.

The next day Ralph went, as he had promised, to the manager's rooms in time for breakfast. He was within a few yards of the door when he came upon the heavy man, and his son, a young and very indifferent actor who usually played four or five small parts.

"Have you heard the news?" they exclaimed. "The Company's dried up."

"What?" said Ralph, in dismay.

"The Manager has absconded," said the heavy man, pompously. "Went off by the first train this morning. It seems that last night when we were all safely out of the way the baggage man took everything to the station. Then Skoot and his wife stole out of their lodgings early this morning without rousing a soul, and here we are landed high and dry in the north-east of Scotland. Pleasant prospect, isn't it?"

Ralph felt indeed that they were in a desperate plight. He moved on mechanically to the open door of the manager's rooms, and caught sight of a little group in the entrance passage.

The landlady, shrill-voiced and indignant, was telling the whole story to Myra Kay; and Ivy, with an open letter in her hand, and traces of tears on her little, piquant face stood close by.

She was the first to catch sight of him, and sprang forward to greet him.

"Oh, Ralph, I'm so glad you have come!" she exclaimed, piteously. "What am I to do? What can I do?"

WINTER IN SCOTTISH POETRY

By FLORENCE MacCUNN

AFTER all, "old-fashioned winters" are few and far between. Last year [1895] when "the milk came frozen home in pail;" when deer and blackcock and hares were driven to our doors by stress of hunger; when sheep "smoored in the drift could make nae debate ava"; when day after day we skated far into the February twilight up long, black reaches of river; when, in a word, we had an "old-fashioned winter," the oldest inhabitant had to go back to 1827 to find its fellow.

The interesting record of "Old-Fashioned Winters" which appeared in *Good Cheer* for December 1895, shows that such seasons recur only some half-dozen times in each century. And yet it is the austere beauty of these abnormal seasons that has coloured all our popular poetry of winter. If in ordinary times, snow and holly and still frozen lakes and crystal forests and blazing fires and boisterous welcomes are apt to be discredited by our modern traffic in Christmas conventionalities, these rarely recurring seasons, kindling the blood with keen frost, and showing us the wonder of the white, silent earth, send us back to the lines where Keats has once and for all time seized "The spirit of a winter night."

> "When the soundless earth is muffled,
> And the cakéd snow is shuffled
> From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
> When the night doth meet the noon,
> In a dark conspiracy,
> To banish even from her sky."

But what of the ninety odd winters that go to each century that are not "old-fashioned—the winters of "dub and mire, of rusty bracken mouldering on black hillsides, of ploughmen and shepherds plodding home," wat, wat and weary—are these familiar friends to go unsung? Not wholly. For this sad, unromantic aspect of winter has indeed a poetry of its own, but to find it we must go to the literature of Scotland; for from the fifteenth century to the fine prose in which Louis Stevenson regrets the wet streets and wintry gleam of gas lamps in his native town, Scottish poets have had a monopoly of the poetry of bad weather.

When the Chaucerian tradition was transplanted to the Northern Kingdom, it brought in its descriptions of Nature certain beautiful conventions which had been formed under the mellow sun, and in the flowery places of Southern Europe. At the hand of Chaucer these conventions had indeed gained freshness and reality of gladness in the meadows where he walked on May mornings to hear the little "fowlës" sing, and see the daisies newly spread against the sun. But it is a trim and ordered nature this of Chaucer, full of "roseres" bounded by hedges where small birds hop and play, of meadows spread with flowers, and broad green avenues of beeches at whose further end the hunt sweeps by. And in this flowery land it is always May, and generally an hour or two after dawn, when Phœbus darts his level beams through the temperate air, and the flowers, yellow and red and white, are freshly sprung among the young green leaves. This tradition lingered long; up to the end of the last century poetry may be said to have gone out rather daintily to meet the spring in gardens or on dewy lawns. It is only in our own century that poets have been bold to seek her where she comes slowly up the way, among the "far blue fells," or on the "mountain walls," or "where cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."

This dainty and decorated Nature plays a larger part in old Scottish poetry than she did in the actual "green garths" and "enamelled meads" even of the civilised Lothians, or fertile stretches of Strathmore. Hardly queen's pleasances or bishop's "policies" could boast of gardens where, in sweet unbotanical confusion, primroses and damask roses, fleurs-de-luce and purple violets bloomed at once, or hawthorn hedges where gowdspinks, merles and mavises, and that peculiarly Scottish bird the nightingale might hop and play.

But if our Scottish poets learned of their masters to sing of a spring and summer that were not their own, they took winter for their special province, and drew her harsh features from what they saw about them. Here they were bound by no tradition.

Winter hardly exists in the south of Europe, and though the Calends of Januarie could be rigorous in Southwark and the meadows by the Thames, Chaucer could withdraw himself from the dead, dull earth without, among the "oldë bookës" which he loved only second to the greenwood and roseres. But in the poverty and discomfort of our old Scottish life, winter laid a tyrannous grasp on every several sense, and could not be ignored.

Most complete and picturesque of all these old descriptions of winter is the classic passage in Gavin Douglas's Prologue to Book VII. of the Æneid; but it is written in such difficult, Latinised old Scots that too many leave it where we leave so much that is classical, in the honoured obscurity of our bookshelves. Yet how the old, brown, sodden earth keeps its chill moisture in the dusty folios! The country described is probably the Lothians, then, as now, rich and loamy, but all undrained and poorly tilled. The rivers are in spate, the brown burns break their banks, the higher hills, "sleeked with snaw" throw cold gleams from their frosty sides, the fallow leas are covered with withered fern. There is neither life nor motion, save when the "wind makes wave the red weed on the dyke"; and the shivering soul of man sees in the dun, still landscape only "ghostly shadows of eld and grisly death." Harsh, indeed, is the lot of the labouring man:

> "Poor labourers and busy husbandmen
> Went wet and weary, draggled in the fen;
> The silly sheep, with their little herd grooms,
> Lurk under lee of banks and woods and brooms."

From all those sorrows of earth, those penalties of Adam, the lordly bishop of the sixteenth century was triply defended. A dweller in cities, he had at his command what luxury the time and country had to give, nor could the long, cold hours bring tedium to one absorbed in the high task of rendering Virgil's "lordliest measure" into his own rude Scots.

From the cave of primitive man to our electric-lighted dwelling-houses a fire of blazing logs has ever been and must remain the dearest of comforts. The good bishop causes his bed to be laid close to the chimney, wraps up his head, piles on a threefold covering, and thus protected from the "perilous, piercing cold," enjoys a refinement of luxury in watching the watery moon through his glass window, listening the while to the cackle of wild geese as they fly round the city overhead. Gavin Douglas was Provost of St. Giles in 1512–13, when he wrote his translation of Virgil. The city described in Prologue VII. was probably Edinburgh as she was in the sixteenth century, when gardens sloped down to the Nor' Loch on one side of the High Street and to the Cowgate on the other. The country penetrated even into the capital in those days. Chanticleer, the "nights orloger," rouses the bishop from slumber, jackdaws chatter on the roof overhead, in the bare trees close to his window the sorry kite is whistling shrill. When he unbars his lattice, and looks out into the dim light, hailstones are hopping on the thatched-roof and on the causeway near.

But the bishop had not our romantic love of the grimly picturesque, nor our robust belief that all weather is good weather, still less our love of open windows. Hastily closing his casement, he piles on the fire, lights his candle, sains himself, and,

> "Seeing Virgil on a lectern stand,
> To write anon I took a pen in hand
> For to perform the poet, grave and sad,
> Whom so far forth, ere this begun, I had."

Gavin Douglas, however, was not the first to discover the poetry of the hearth nor to experience the consolations that to a good fire add a good vintage and to a good vintage a good book. A generation earlier, on a winter's night, Master Robert Henryson, umquhile citizen—and possibly schoolmaster—in Dunfermline, had watched the frosty wind "from Pole Arctic" clearing away the cloud of mist. But he, too, driven by the cold, unwillingly leaves his lattice for the chimney corner.

> "I mend the fire and beikit me about,
> Then took ane drink my spirits to comfort,
> And armit me weel from the cauld without.
> To cut the winter night and make it short.
> I took ane quair and left all other sport,
> Written by worthy Chaucer glorious."

So while the frost bound fast the land around the Firth of Forth that January night the Testament of Cresseid was added to the golden gifts Time has in his treasury.

Perhaps this situation, the wintry cold without, within the friendly fire and furred gown, had become traditional by the time it reached

Mr. James Melville, as traditional as the May morning and moralising stranger of so many Scottish poems. Mr. Melville has the double distinction of being the only gentle-hearted Christian among the Scottish Reformers, and the most picturesque and delightful of Scottish memoir-writers. But if his prose is simple, affecting and animated, his poetry has not escaped the paralysing pedantry of an age which was content to accept from James VI. "rules and cautels to be observed and eschewed in Scottis poesie."

But there is in Melville's verse at least one little picture that has something of the sweet humanity of Cowper. It occurs in a longer poem entitled "The Black Bastille: a Lamentation for the Kirk of Scotland." It is again a winter night, this time on the rough coast near Berwick-on-Tweed.

> "Into the night the stormy wind with thuds
> And baleful billows on the sea did blaw;
> Men, beasts, and fowls into their bields did draw."

In his own "bield" beside the fire, "well girded in his gown" and deep in his books, Mr. James's ear is quick to hear a pitiful chirping at his window.

> "I rose and set a casement open wide,
> To see gif Robin wad come in and bide."

> "Poor Progne, sweetly have I heard ye sing
> There at my window on the summer day,
> And now since winter hither doth you bring,
> I pray you enter in my house and stay
> Till it be fair and then thou's go thy way,
> For truly thou's be treated courteously,
> And nothing thralled in thy liberty."

It is pleasant to see Mr. James extending to a Robin that courtesy which, uncompromising Presbyterian as he was, he did not refuse even to his king!

But it was not the lot of every one

> "In that barbarous age,
> To give rude Scotland Virgil's page,"

nor to rival Chaucer on his own chosen ground, nor even to make lamentation for the Kirk of Scotland, and the "lang forenichts" must have hung heavily when firelight was the chief illumination, when books were scanty, and still rarer the men who cared for such dainties as were bred in them. In these "dark and drumly days" a man had need to be defended against melancholious thoughts by prosperous circumstance, or lightness of heart, or fortitude of soul. None of these three excellent gifts had been bestowed on William Dunbar, the greatest of all the earlier Scottish poets. Gifted with insight to pierce through the delusions of sense, he was yet for ever in bondage to material needs; knowing the world and despising it, he yet tarried in that vainest and hungriest booth in Vanity Fair, a king's ante-room. If death and judgment are never far from his thoughts, his empty purse has a more pressing claim. At times the drama of life, the court, the market-place, the gossip of fair evil women in a summer garden, may charm away his habit of bitter reflection, but in the dead season of the year he complains that

> "Nature all courage me denies,
> Of sangs, ballatis, and of plays."

Dispirited and

> "forlorn
> For lack of summer and her flowers,"

he returns to that endless inward drama where Despair bids him take thought for the morrow, and Prudence reminds him that he is but a pilgrim and sojourner:

> "Thou tending to another place,
> A journey going every day,"

while Eld and Death add their force to her argument.

Dunbar never solved the controversy, but as the spring came round he escaped from it.

> "Yet when the nights begin to short,
> It does my sp'rit some part comfort,
> Of thought oppressëd with the showers,
> Come, lusty summer with thy flowers,
> That I may live in some disport."

To all men Death, and the burden of Debt and the creeping sense of Eld are ill companions when chill winds rage outside and the earth is hoar and dead; but even these could not bow the stout heart of Sir Walter Scott when in the winter days of 1826 he set himself to the toughest battle against disaster ever waged by man of letters. Lady Scott was already laid low in her last sickness, the shadow of disease had fallen on the grandchild he loved so well, the load of debt lay heavy on his labours, and his vigorous frame could no longer deride the winter's cold. He did not write poetry in those days; but twenty years before, in that golden time at Ashestiel, when fame was

beginning to find him out, and the eager labour of the day could not overtake the teeming imagination, then he could sing of the "chill, drear sky of November" and the blurred, misty valley of the Tweed with a cheerful heart.

> "To mute and to material things
> New life revolving summer brings
> The genial call dead Nature hears;
> And in her glory reappears."

If we owe to the high summer day of Scott's prosperity the most entrancing pages that have held the ear of the modern world it is to the wintry night of his adversity that we owe the fairest example of fortitude and honour in the annals of literature.

PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES

THE KEPPLESTONE COLLECTION

I. M. W.

FIRST PAPER

A LADY once said to a famous collector of pictures, "Oh, Mr. ——, do you not feel happy in having so many pictures belonging to you?" "I suppose they do belong to me, madam," replied the gentleman, "but I always feel that they belong equally to any one who has the capacity for enjoying them." Such is the spirit of Mrs. Macdonald, who throws open the interesting and well-known collection at Kepplestone to all lovers of Art. Let us examine its treasures.

The unique and perhaps most interesting feature at Kepplestone is a collection of heads of the artists of our time, painted either by the artist himself or by a friend. The canvases are of a uniform small size, and represent all the greatest in the world of Art. The late Mr. Alexander Macdonald began to gather the portraits in 1880, and since then the number has been brought up to ninety by the unceasing energy of Mrs. Macdonald. Alas! it is sad to look around the "old familiar faces," and see how many have passed into the land that loveth silence. But Calimachus, or some wise old Greek, was right when he said, "'Tis ever wrong to say a great man dies;" and these, indeed, have left works that will make them live for ever. Here, side by side, are those two noble Presidents of our Academy, whose loss within a year the whole world of Art and a large circle of friends are now mourning. Lord Leighton's fine head, by himself, stands out from a background of green tapestry, and Sir John Millais leaves us his genial face painted with his usual firm, clear touch. There is, too, another portrait of Sir John by Sir George Reid, a capital portrait, and interesting besides as being the very first of the collection. Then we have a charming and characteristic head of Charles Keene, that brilliant draughtsman and delightful comrade. It was also painted by Sir George Reid (in 1881), and well has the artist caught Keene's individuality. He has taken him peacefully smoking his little, short clay Thames pipe, which played so great a part in Keene's life, and was indeed for him "concrete philosophy." John Pettie lives before us in a bold delineation of himself by himself, and Frank Holl leaves us a striking likeness of his earnest, thoughtful face. Sir William Fettes Douglas, the late President of the Scottish Academy, has been skilfully portrayed by his successor, Sir George Reid, from whose brush we have, besides the above mentioned, excellent portraits of himself, Sir Noel Paton, Calderon, MacTaggart, and J. C. Hook. One of the most charming heads is that of G. F. Watts, by himself. The stately old man, in his red skull cap and brown painting robes, recalls some Venetian doge, as his work recalls the rich glory of Italian masters. Orchardson has painted himself with his usual delicacy of draughtmanship and colouring, and Alma Tadema has successfully caught his own kindly ex-

pression. George du Maurier has been done very skilfully by Sir John Millais, and Mr. Sidney Cooper, the veteran Academician, by Ouless. Interesting portraits are by artists whose work is better known to us in landscape or sea pieces. In 1895 Mr. J. C. Hook added a delightful head of himself. The painting is rich and crisp and the likeness capital. Mr. John Brett has made a venture in portrait painting, and Mr. Colin Hunter and Mr. Leader show that they have not devoted all their time to sea and land. How individual is the head of Israels, by himself. In the soft poetic head, so full of poetry and suggestion, we see truly the poet-painter of Dutch peasant life. After all, it is the character more than the features that we require in portraits; the *spirit* must be caught if the likeness is to be a living one. A clever variation has been achieved by Mr. J. E. Gregory, who, in the same small size of canvas, gives us himself at work with his palette and brushes. Besides these already mentioned, the presence of Gerôme, Jules Breton, and Rajon, the great French etcher; Caldecott, the delightful friend of childhood; Peter Graham and MacTaggart, lovers of Scotch scenery; Vicat Cole and Davis, of English scenery; Boehm, Brock, and Woolner, three celebrated sculptors; Sargent, one of the greatest of living portrait painters; Linley Sambourne, the clever *Punch* illustrator; and Stanhope Forbes, representative of the Newlyn School, tend to show us the wide scope and catholicity of the collection which recognises the greatest in every branch of Art.

(By himself)

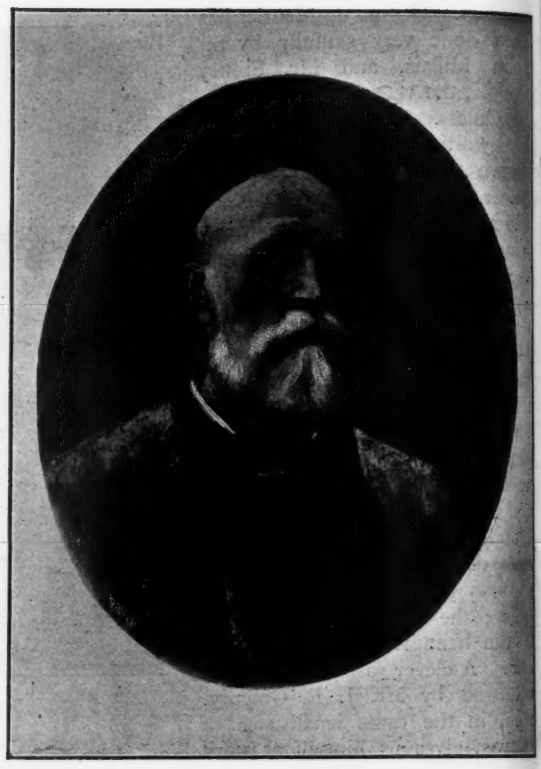
LORD LEIGHTON

Having been introduced as it were to the artists, let us pass on to the rooms adorned by their pictures, and study these "dear children" as Israels lovingly calls them. The eye is at once arrested and fascinated by a beautiful example of Mr. Orchardson's work.

In literature, "le style c'est l'homme." In art, it is the touch and quality that show the temperament. In both, the individual is supreme. Personality prevails. From their works one can read the character of the long line of artists as clearly as if they had lived and worked in our presence. Rembrandt is impulsive, dreamy, great-hearted, and sympathetic; Velasquez, calm, chivalrous, pure-minded, serene; Raphael, graceful, tender, and womanly; Van Dyck, redolent of the court and of the courtier, and so on down to our own day. And thus as we stand before "The Social Eddy;" the delicacy, the refined colouring, the gentle dignity, the charm, combined with easy, masterly quality of handling, give us the character of the man himself. Mr. Orchardson paints everything as he sees it; his foregrounds are minute and accurate, the backgrounds die away under the influence of distance and light. Each detail is truthfully and artistically treated, and, as in all true works of art, the beauty of the parts is raised to a higher power, by the living idea which pervades the whole. The dresses, decorations, and ornaments of this lovely drawing-room belong

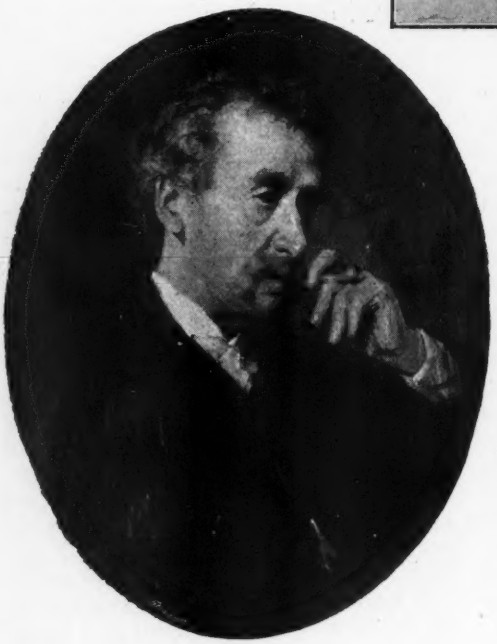
to the reign of Louis XV., so dear to Mr. Orchardson. The eye wanders with pleasure over the details of this salon, which has been gradually emptied of its gay occupants, leaving the poor be-muslined heroine in solitary agony. "Life is a big bundle of little troubles," and we can all sympathise with the sorrows of the pretty damsel. How has this dainty creature been overlooked?

"We are but artists—he is a genius" was the tribute paid to Orchardson lately by a brother artist. But as Landor has said, "all transcendant, all true and genuine greatness must be of a man's own raising and *only on the foundation that the hand of God has laid*," and Mr. Orchardson has studied and worked faithfully, scrupulously. He paints with unerring directness and ease. "I plan out the picture in my mind first and know *exactly* how I shall paint it," I once heard him say. Each stroke of the brush is decisive—there is no stippling and retouching for him. Hence the perfection of delicate drawing and pure colouring. Another interesting and exceptional work of his here, is a large sea-piece—on a swelling sea a boat tosses in which a fine-looking fisherman takes his little son on his first voyage. The expressions are strong and life-like. "The Broken Tryst" is a lovely little picture painted in his early Edinburgh days and manner. It is full of sympathetic charm. A young girl waits in the dusk for the lover who does not come. Her sad expectancy and foreboding touch us. It is tender and simple like a poem of Burns. These three pictures in the Kepplestone collection give us singular proof of Mr. Orchardson's great versatility.



(By himself)

G. F. WATTS, R.A.



(By Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.)

CHARLES KEENE

(By John Pettie, R.A.)

THE TUSSLE FOR THE KEG

Mr. John Pettie was a fellow-student with Mr. Orchardson in those early Edinburgh days. They worked together—members of a brilliant band—in the well-known school of Scott Lauder, R.S.A. After gaining a reputation there, Mr. Pettie went to London, full of aspirations and with a determination to get into the Royal Academy within a limited number of years. To a bright, sunny nature he added an overflowing vigour and activity, which was sufficient not only for himself but for all his friends. His love

(*By L. Alma Tadema, R.A.*)

THE GARDEN ALTAR

of action shows itself in all his works. They are dramatic almost to a fault, leading him to revel in the most involved contortions of the human body. No better example of this can be seen than in the "Tussle for the Keg," in which a wild Highlander of the middle of last century is engaged in terrible combat with a Hanoverian gauger. The attitude is extreme, verging almost on the unpleasant, but one cannot help admiring the boldness of the conception and the balance in the fight before the final issue. Will the Celt with his "skean dhu" get the better of the sturdy exciseman whose pistol is close at hand? Pettie's colour, like his action, is strong and vivid, and what it lacks in delicacy is made up for in force. At times he can be dramatic without violence, and of this style we have also an example at Kepplestone in his charming scene from "As You Like It." Silvius, the passionate shepherd, is pleading with the contemptuous Phœbe.

"Sweet Phœbe do not scorn me; do not, Phœbe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness."

The figures walk on a green sward in the forest of Ardennes, and, as in many of his best-known scenes, Mr. Pettie gives us a very charming representation of woodland landscape, fusing the leafy distance into a harmonious and decorative background. His love of Nature, and his power of reproducing it, are clearly felt. There is no insisting on details which would be lost to the eye, but still the effect is eminently truthful.

Mr. Alma Tadema's little picture, "The Garden Altar," is a charming and typical

example of his delicate work. The wall and altar are lit up with the bright sunshine of a Southern day, a splatch of brilliant blue sky peeps above the delicately veined marble. In the foreground a young girl dances before the altar with an almost bacchanalian frenzy. How well the painter has given us the idea of restless motion! The swaying figure is very different from the statuesque and reposeful languor of the classic women he so often paints for us; but still we feel that—

> "The classic face,
> The naiad airs,
> The hyacinth hair,
> Have led us home
> To the glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome."

Few artists have been more scrupulous in the right selection of classic ornament than Mr. Tadema. The details show a profound acquaintance with classic design; he is learned without being pedantic, steeped in the ancient art which he loves so well. This little picture is treated with marvellous delicacy, and glows with the perfection of pure colouring. Like all this artist's works, it is carefully signed and numbered, "L. Alma Tadema, Op. ccv."

As might be expected from the early friendship existing between Sir George Reid and Mr. Macdonald, the work of the President of the Scottish Academy is well represented at Kepplestone. He was the first to paint some of Mr. Macdonald's artist friends, and this commencement led to the idea of forming the complete collection of heads already mentioned. It is but a step from Kepplestone to St. Luke's, Sir George's house, and many were the gatherings of artist friends in his beautiful studio. How pleasant and bright were the reunions which took place there, full of stories and talk of pictures and painters.

Besides the many heads, and a characteristic portrait of the founder of the collection, Sir George has painted a charming picture of the lady of the house, fresh from her garden, carrying a basket of flowers, and embowered in purple clematis which tell with fine decorative effect on her yellow dress. Flowers again appear in another canvas purely for their own sake—a rich cluster of the gorgeous blooms of rhododendrons,

(By Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.)

JEDBURGH ABBEY

painted in all their freshness in a large and masterly manner—while another gives us a bunch of yellow marsh marigolds in an Oriental blue vase. Though now immersed in portrait painting Sir George sees the artistic beauty in every form of Nature, and holds that the artist should be able to paint everything he sees. It is easy, therefore, to pass from portraiture and flowers to landscape painting, in which some of his earliest successes were won. For it must be remembered that it was as a student of landscape painting that Sir George made an early course of study in Holland, in the studio of Mollinger, whose works he admired for the unity of their conception and large treatment. At Kepplestone we see two of his interesting landscapes. "Jedburgh Abbey," with its stately architecture, stands against a grey sky while the river below is filled with ice and snow. It is mid-winter. Snow covers the surrounding country and roof and crevices of the old abbey. The trees, "bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang," are sighing in the chill wind. It is a fine representation of the grand abbey in the grasp of icy winter. Very different in effect is his other snow scene in which Montrose leads his straggling army through a defile in the mountains on the way to attack the stronghold of the Argylls. Here the sky is charged with storm clouds, and drifting snow and heavy mist heighten the dramatic effect of the march of the Highland host.

It is pleasant to find so much of the work of Mr. Macdonald's friend and neighbour in the collection, and pleasant to find that the Kepplestone gallery contains such excellent examples, in every department, of an artist of whom Aberdeen is so justly proud.

"SANCTA SANCTIS"

By JOHN MACLEOD, D.D.

In love, from love, Thou camest forth, O Lord,
Sent from the Father, His Incarnate Word:
That in that perfect name, by Thee confessed,
Our hearts with Thine might find their perfect rest.

Within the veil, Thy mortal travail o'er,
Thou livest unto God to die no more:
And now, made sons of God, with Thee we stand,
Girt with the grace of Thy confirming hand.

Thou art our Royal Priest before the Throne,
Our priesthood is in Thee, from Thee alone:
In Thee we offer, at our Father's feet,
The offering pure, with holy incense sweet.

The sacred rite its ordered course hath run,
All that Thy love ordained our love hath done;
Still showing forth before our Father's eyes
Thy one pure, perfect, filial sacrifice.

And now, O Lord, from out Thy chosen place,
Thy voice proclaims anew the feast of grace:
Cleanse Thou us, Lord, in this most holy hour,
By Thine own breath of resurrection power.

Lord of the living and the tranquil dead,
Reveal Thyself, our one all-glorious Head:
And through these hallowed gifts of bread and wine,
Feed Thy one Body with the life divine.

O perfect Brother and true Son of God,
Impart to us Thy Body and Thy Blood,
That through communion of one mind, one heart,
We may advance to see Thee as Thou art.

Jesu: Immanuel: evermore adored,
At Thy great name we bow, we own Thee Lord:
Glory be Thine, O Father, Thine, O Son,
And Thine, O Holy Spirit, ever one.
Amen.

By ROBERT K. DOUGLAS

(FROM THE CHINESE)

ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL

PART II

SO saying Chang led the way to the point of view in question, from which the two young men gazed in admiration at the mass of blossom which looked as though it had been dyed in blood, so brilliant was its hue. After a lengthened contemplation of the scene they returned to the study where Chang, who was haunted with the fear that he might be summoned to Pai's repast before the song was finished, at once spread paper before his friend. With an imagination influenced by the beauty of the blossom, Su poured forth his ideas in dulcet numbers.

"These are my rough, untaught lines," he said, as he handed the result to Chang. "I pray you not to jeer at them."

But Chang was in no humour to jeer. He took the paper and read its contents with delight. Not once but several times he conned the song over, until Su muttered to himself, "He looks as though he was learning it by heart."

While they were thus engaged a servant entered.

"My master," he said, addressing Chang, "is in the study of Dreamy Carelessness and invites you, sir, to converse with him there."

"There is no reason why you should go," said Chang, rising to obey the summons. "I shall not be long away, and you will find this very quiet and enjoyable."

"Su was not at all unwilling to remain, for he was anxious to find out all he could about Clematis. Meanwhile, having put Su's song into his sleeve, Chang went over to the study of Dreamy Carelessness were he was welcomed by Pai, who invited him to a repast under the red pear tree.

"Seated as we are to-day," he said, "beneath these flowers, the opportunity should not be missed of expressing our admiration in verse, and I would suggest that you should write me a song."

Chang, secure in his recollection of Su's lines, replied cheerily, "How dare I decline?"

Then, having refreshed himself with an extra glass of wine, he assumed the attitude of one in deep thought, and presently wrote from memory the first few stanzas of Su's song. Towards the end, however, his memory failed him. Under other circumstances he would have become flurried by this mishap, but the consciousness that he had the original at hand gave him courage, and making an excuse he retired behind a bank of flowers where he read and re-read the required verses. With his memory refreshed he returned, and with a flowing pencil completed the song.

"This is indeed a wonderful performance," said Pai, as he looked over the paper. "The measure is harmonious and the diction is perfect. The time must assuredly come when you will give me the go-by in honour and reputation."

"How is it possible," answered Chang, "to compare a clod beneath the grass with a cloud which floats in the azure?"

While the two were thus conversing the demon of unrest impelled Clematis to test the truth of Primrose's description of Chang by the evidence of her own senses. So, taking advantage of the absence of her maid, she stealthily made her way towards the Pavilion of Flowers. Cautiously she crept under the bushes with so light a foot that she surprised the birds enjoying their mid-day rest and deluded them by her beauty into the belief that she was some new invention of the "Goddess of a Hundred Flowers." Just as she approached the pavilion, Su sauntered out, and as he stood gazing on the scene of floral beauty about him, with all the delicacy of youth in his appearance, Clematis was lost in surprise and admiration. To her astonished eyes he looked like a god rising from the flowers, and seemed to be rippling over, like an autumn wave, with the inspiration of genius.

"Su sauntered out"

Motionless she watched his every movement until he turned back into the pavilion, when she hurried to her boudoir filled with indignation against Primrose for having maligned the figure and features of the poet.

As she entered she was met by that young person, who exclaimed, "Where have you been, miss? I have been looking for you everywhere to tell you that dinner is ready."

Clematis was so angry that she passed her without a word. Primrose, who saw the unwonted look of displeasure on her mistress's brow, asked the cause of her anger.

"You faithless girl," replied Clematis, "how could you bring so false a report. You might have destroyed the happiness of my life."

"You must be joking, miss; how have I deceived you?"

"Did you not tell me that Chang was ugly?"

"Oh," said Primrose, laughing, "that's my fault, is it? All I can say is that I am not only willing to be abused but to be put to death if Chang is anything but what I represented him to be."

"You must be either truthless or blind, then," said Clematis, still boiling over with anger. "I have seen him myself, and in the whole empire he has not got his equal."

"Why, this *is* strange. How can you, miss, talk so of such a man? But perhaps you have made a mistake and have seen the wrong young gentleman."

"Who could there possibly be in the pavilion in the garden beside him?"

"I don't know, but from your description it could not have been Chang. Let me go and make another inspection."

Not having the same motive for secrecy that actuated Clematis, Primrose walked into the garden and was speedily discovered by Su, who observed her pear-shaped shoulders, her willow waist, her pretty features and her graceful gait with considerable interest. Coming behind her he put his hand on her shoulder and said:

"My pretty miss, whose maid are you?"

At first Primrose was too much overcome by the sight of the youth and beauty of Su to answer, but presently recovered sufficiently to reply, "I wait upon Miss Pai."

"Then you afford another instance of the truth of the saying, 'Like mistress like maid'" said Su, looking at her with admiration.

Primrose blushed and smiled, and in her turn asked, "And what daring butterfly are you who have thus ventured to enter the garden of flowers?"

"I am Su, the writer of some verses on the spring willows, and though my poem was not successful with your mistress, I cannot tear myself away from this spot."

"You look like a scholar," said Primrose. "How can it be that your verses were rejected?"

"My poem was hastily written, and Miss Pai did not think it worthy the award. But what I do not understand is this;—how your mistress with her learning and penetration can have preferred the verses of a man who deserves only to be laughed at."

"You must not speak slightingly of Mr. Chang. In appearance I admit," said Primrose, with a smile, "he is not to be compared with you, but his poetry is excellent."

"Your explanation only makes matters more difficult to understand than ever. If his appearance had pleased your mistress I could have excused it, for young ladies take queer fancies; but that she should have thought well of his poetry is strange indeed."

"People have their taste in poetry as in other things," said Primrose, who was rather nettled at Clematis's taste being called in question.

"Alas!" said Su, with a sigh, "my luck is against me. I had hoped to have secured your lovely and talented mistress, but instead of that her scorn has left me longing and sorrowful."

The young man's grief touched Primrose to the heart. She was susceptible, and Su was good-looking. She edged towards him so far as the "Rules of Propriety" would permit and said softly:

"You must not think that my mistress is unfair in her judgment. If you are dissatisfied why not write out again the piece you sent in and I will carry it to her. Possibly she may find in it some pearls which she overlooked at first."

"If you will do this for me," said Su, "I shall be eternally grateful to you."

"Well then, set to work at once," said Primrose, "for I ought to be going back."

Without more ado Su took a sheet of flowery note paper, and having seated himself took off his spectacles to wipe them. The depth of his feelings had bedewed their surface.

"How odd you look without your glasses," said Primrose, who had watched the proceeding with some amusement.

"I am obliged to wear them always," explained Su, "for my sight is peculiar. Without them I see everything upside down. At the present moment you look as if you were standing on your head."

"Then put them on at once," said Primrose, laughing.

Su obeyed, and in a very few minutes handed the maid a copy of the original ode.

With an air of triumph, Primrose entered Clematis's presence.

"I knew you were mistaken, miss," she said.

"How do you mean?" asked Clematis.

"Why if Chang were anything like the very nice young gentleman you saw in the garden, he would indeed be delightful."

"If it was not Chang, who was it?"

"A friend of his—Su."

"What is he doing here?"

"He says that he sent you an ode on the spring willows which was not more successful in winning your favour than he is in trying to tear himself from this spot."

At these words, Clematis's willow-leaved eyebrows lowered, and the apricot bloom on her cheeks became as the hue of autumn.

"Was there ever such an unfortunate position?" she said. "Here is Chang all talent and hideously ugly; and there is Su who is shaped like a god but who, poor fellow, has no more idea of poetry than this embroidery frame."

"They say," said Primrose, "that beautiful women are always ill-fated. But after all, though Su is no poet, he would, in my opinion, make you a very pretty husband."

"In appearance he is divine," replied her mistress. "Oh why, I wonder, does he not take to study?"

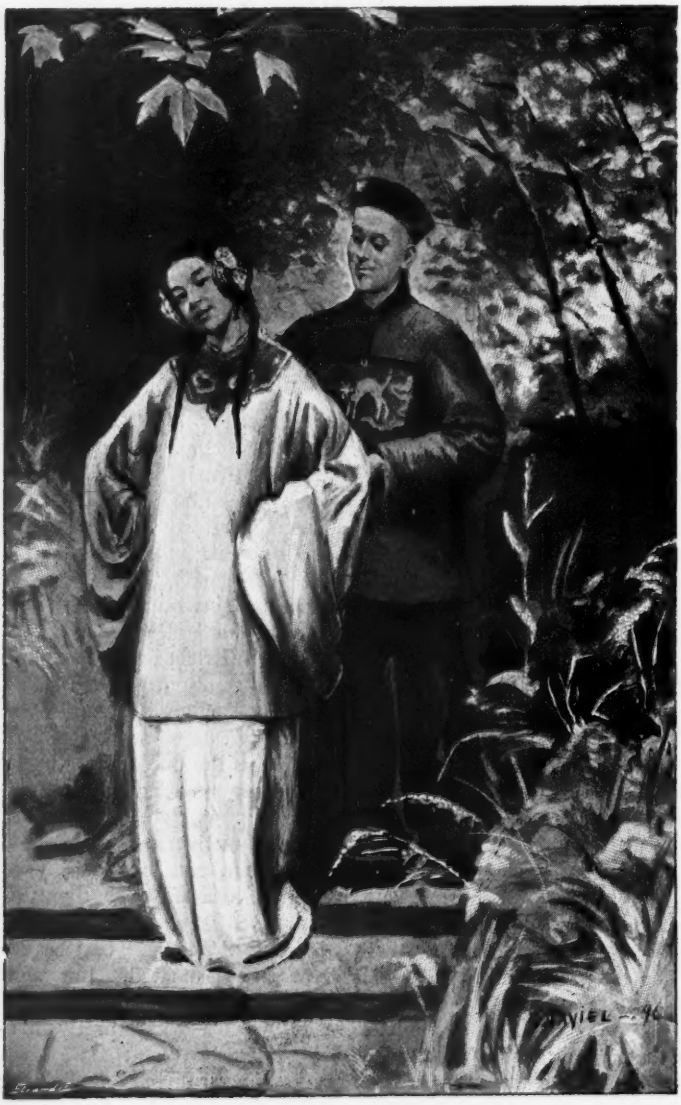
"That is what I asked him, and he protested that his poetry is good and that your judgment is wrong. At first I was inclined to pooh-pooh this, but when I observed his scholarly bearing, I told him to write out again his original ode, and promised that I would give it to you. So, here it is."

"Why," said Clematis, as she read the paper, "it is word for word Chang's poem."

"Haiyah!" said Primrose. "Then he has stolen it."

"No," answered Clematis. "I am inclined to think that Chang is the thief. Besides, Chang's handwriting is the handwriting of a clown, whereas this poem, though written in shirtless and shoeless haste, is as though traced by a dragon."

"If so, why not go at once to your father and tell him all. He would be sure to send Chang about his business, and then you will marry this youth, and a very charming couple you will make."



"My pretty miss, whose maid are you?'

"Because I have become possessed of his poem in a clandestine way, and my father would have a right to look suspiciously on me if he found that I had been communicating with this youth, even though vicariously."

At this moment a servant-maid handed Clematis Chang's song on the red-blossomed pear-tree.

"Well," she said, presently, "if he stole the poem on the spring willows he cannot have stolen this one, which is quite as good, if not better, than that piece."

"Whatever you do, miss," replied Primrose, anxiously, "don't give up the young gentleman in the garden. I don't believe that Chang is a real poet. You can no more take a white cloth out of an indigo vat than you can get good verses out of that ugly, coarse creature.

"Borne on a sedan chair to Pai's portal"

Besides, the young gentleman is in love with you. If you take my advice you will set him a theme yourself and insist on his writing a poem on it on the spot, and so put him to a true test."

"I like the idea," answered Clematis, "but we must take care not to let our intention leak out."

Having arranged their plans, Primrose was commissioned to be on the watch for Su. It was some days, however, before she was able to find him alone.

"Since I saw you last," he said, with eagerness, as he met her, "I have been so absorbed by the thought of your mistress that my appetite has vanished, and my sleep has gone from me. Did you show your mistress the lines I wrote the other day?"

"I did," said Primrose, looking him straight in the face, a direction in which she had grown rather fond of gazing, "and to her surprise she found that the verses were word for word those which were written by Chang. She feels that there must have been some trickery somewhere, and wants an explanation from you."

"What!" said Su, in surprise. "Do you suppose for an instant that I should have ventured to palm off Chang's verses on your young lady. Please assure her that those verses are mine, and that if there has been any trickery, the trickery is Chang's."

"How are we to decide whose was the hand which killed the stag?" replied Primrose, enigmatically. "But I have more to say; yesterday my master sent her a song on a red-blossomed pear-tree, which Chang wrote on the spur of the moment in his presence, and though the others may have been stolen, this cannot have been."

"Hah! hah!" laughed Su. "This is too impudent. That song is also mine," and then he told Primrose by what means he had been induced to write the song. "Who would have thought," he added, "that in obeying his request I was weaving his marriage robe?"

"Well, really," said Primrose, "there are as many twists and turns in this business as there are bends in the Yellow River. But just wait until I go to the Fragrant Apartment to consult my lady. Depend upon it I will do all I can to help you."

Su made the maid a low bow. "For every drop of kindness which you have showered upon me I shall owe you a well of gratitude."

Presently Primrose returned, and with a

queer twinkle in her eye, which Su interpreted propitiously, she said: "My mistress still thinks that there is something doubtful about you, and says that if you are willing to give her an indisputable instance of your ability she is prepared with themes on which she would ask you to write in my presence."

Su accepted the proposal with pleasure.

"Take care," said Primrose, laughing; "the themes are not easy. They are 'Speed the wild goose,' and 'Welcome the swallow.' The alternate lines of the first ode are to rhyme with 'not,' and those of the second with 'alight,' and each is to consist of eight heptameter verses."

"The themes are not difficult, but what a profound sentiment they contain?"

"How do you mean?"

"We are just at the parting of spring, when the swallows come, and the wild geese take their flight. 'Speeding the wild goose,' means that your young lady wants to get rid of Chang, and the rhyming word means that he is 'not' worthy to be considered a man; and welcoming the swallow means, that she desires to receive me, and is minded that we should alight for life on to the same bough. Is not this clever?"

"Don't be too sanguine," said Primrose, making a faint-hearted attempt to damp his ardour. "Remember sorrow is born of excessive joy. There is more yet to come. Each line is to begin with one of these words in succession, 'Gold,' 'Stone,' 'Silk,' 'Bamboo,' 'Gourd,' 'Earth,' 'Hide,' or as the word otherwise means 'Removed,' and 'Wood.' My young lady says that marriage is a most important matter, and so it is," interjected Primrose, demurely.

"She is right," said Su, ecstatically, "such virtue and ability make a picture which man may gaze at for ever."

So overpowered was Su by his emotions that for a moment or two his poetic inspiration remained dormant. By degrees, however, his imagination bubbled up like a spring of water, and seizing his pencil he wrote with the speed of a flying-dragon. In an inconceivably short time he had scattered his pearls over the entire paper with the ability of a god.

"I am much afraid that these hasty lines will not please the fastidious taste of your mistress," said he, as he put down his pencil.

"Your despicable handmaid will take charge of your priceless ode," said Primrose, carried away into courtly language by her admiration of Su's genius. "But it is now late and I must go in," she added, dropping into pure colloquial. "Be here to-morrow at noon, when I may possibly have news for you."

So saying, Primrose took her departure and hurried with the odes up her sleeve into the presence of her mistress.

"Well," she said as she advanced, "that Mr. Su has at all events a full share of penetration."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, directly I gave him your themes he divined your meaning as though by instinct, and quite bored me with his praises of your wisdom," she added, laughing.

"Never mind that," replied her mistress. "But tell me how you have come back so soon? Has he taken the themes away with him?"

"How do you know that I have not got the odes?" said Primrose, smiling. "All that I can tell you is that so soon as he set to work his pencil flew over the paper, and in the twinkling of an eye both pieces were finished. Of a truth he is a most lovable man." Here Clematis gave a little start, but recovered as Primrose went on. "He will make you the most delightful husband."

"But where are the odes?"

"Oh, here they are, I had forgotten all about them," said Primrose, as she drew the precious document from its hiding-place. Clematis took the paper and read as follows:

SPEEDING THE WILD GOOSE.

"Gold-Autumn's plants are here, last year's are not;
Stone-fern and reed in Springtime are forgot,
Silk-willow'd shoots proclaim* your parting, while
Bamboo-light airs attest your changing lot.
Gourds droop† no more as you mount up on high;
Earth's sprouting grains your journey north bespot;
Hide‡-visaged men your flight with bows await
And 'Tree-plant guards'‖ you death maligny plot."

WELCOMING THE SWALLOW.

"Gold-fruit trees tempt the loving pair to light;
Stone-sprinkled paths are dark as gloomy night;
Silk fringes throw a shadow o'er the scene;
Bamboo breezes whirl the leaves in flight.

* *I.e.* the wild goose. † As spring advances the gourd leaves are said to erect themselves. ‡ *I.e.* hard-visaged. ‖ This is a term for the guards on the northern frontiers.

Gourds fail to calm the swallow's grief which mourns
Earth's changed features, in deep sorrowing plight.
Remov'd* from home, yet build your nest anew.
Tree's fragrant boughs are made for love's true rite."

"How beautiful!" she said as she finished reading. "Not only are all the rhymes got in, but the initial words are introduced quite as though they came in naturally. This paper inspires me with love. But, alas! there is that wretched Chang. How are we to get rid of him?"

"It is easy enough. If *you* don't like to speak to your father about it, let Su tell him the whole story, and matters will soon come right.

"In shallow waters," replied Clematis, in a parable, "a dragon becomes the plaything of a shrimp. And it is quite possible that Chang may by his arts be more than a match for the brilliant and noble Su."

"If you so dread the head and tail of the affair, miss, I am afraid you will lose the substance altogether."

"The best plan," replied Clematis, "will be for Su to go to Peking. In his absence that creature Chang will have no one to plagiarise, and I will get my father to put him to another test. At the same time Su might go to my uncle Wu and ask him to make a proposal to my father on his behalf."

"A capital idea!" said Primrose. "You are always so clever. Su was quite right when he smothered your genius with praises."

Punctually at noon, the next morning, Primrose met the poet. "You are a man of your word," said she, laughing with pleasure as she greeted him.

"I am in love with your mistress," said Su, making a low bow. "I hope you have good news for me."

"When a clever youth seeks a lovely young lady, is it likely that he will be snubbed? That is not generally the way at all events. However, I gave her your beautiful poems and she was enraptured with them. But she thinks on the whole that the best plan will be for you to go to her uncle Wu at Peking and interest him on your behalf. Meanwhile she will manage that that odious creature Chang shall be dismissed."

"I have no doubt that her plan is the best," replied Su, rather dolefully. "But Peking is a long way from this, and while I'm journeying some brilliant scholar may appear and carry her off."

"Don't think so lightly of my young lady as to suppose that she is capable of change. You may go away without any fear. Rely upon it that the Eastern couch will be untenanted until you come back as bridegroom."

"Then I will start this very day," said Su. He was going on to say something more, probably to give a farewell message to Clematis, when the sound of approaching footsteps sent Primrose scampering down a by-path. Su watched her retreating figure until a bush of peonies hid her from his sight, when he retired precipitately in the opposite direction. He was in no humour to meet Chang, so he went straight off to the temple of Kwanyin. Having given his valet orders to pack at once, he sat down to write a letter of farewell to his rival.

"For two days," he wrote, "my elder brother has been constantly in my thoughts" (this was true enough), "and I have longed for the sound of his pearly words and to listen to his jade-like instructions. Important and urgent business has suddenly called me to the capital, and I now write to say that my elder brother's kindness to one who met him by chance like driftwood in the waters will be for ever engraved on my heart."

Having entrusted this truthful epistle to the priest for delivery, Su mounted his horse, and, followed by his valet, took the road to Peking. The morning after his arrival at the capital he went as early as decorum allowed to pay his respects to His Excellency Wu, Clematis's uncle. That gentleman received him courteously, but with some surprise. "To what am I to ascribe the honour," he said, "of receiving your chariot at my door?"

"This inferior person," replied Su, "is desirous of reaching the palace of the moon,* and having long heard of the beauty and learning of your excellency's niece, Miss Pai, he has ventured to hope that your excellency would write on his behalf to the father of the incomparable Clematis."

"Oh, that is the way in which the current flows, is it?" said Wu. "But may I ask

* The second meaning of the word for "Hide."

* *I.e.* entering on matrimony.

how you have become acquainted with my niece's excellencies?"

Thus invited, Su recounted his adventures with Chang at Kinshi.

"Well, from your account," said Wu, "my niece has had a most fortunate escape. As to the letter of introduction to her father I will seize the hatchet and strike at once. And I should advise you to do the same," he added, laughing. "Remember wind, flowers, women, and the moon are never constant, so if I were you I would start without delay for Kinshi."

Su tried to join in his host's laughter, but it was a sorry attempt. "After having been all these months," he said to himself, "obliged to be content with thinking of plums to quench my thirst, to lose her would be torture."

Oppressed by these thoughts he remained silent, and took his leave with scarcely all the refinement of bows and compliments with which he would have retired under ordinary circumstances.

If Su had imbibed anything half so useful as a knowledge of astrology from his constant study of the Confucian classics, he would have known that the golden star (Venus) had been watching over his fortunes at Kinshi. No sooner had he turned his face toward Peking than Clematis and the faithful Primrose began their machinations to oust Chang. With every form of innuendo Clematis hinted to her father her suspicions of that young gentleman. Her words fell upon a prepared soil, and Pai determined once again to put the suspected tutor to the test. An opportunity soon came. After a repast in the study of Dreamy Carelessness Pai pointed out a swallow building a nest beneath the eaves of the pavilion, and begged Chang to write on the subject "one of those poetic gems which had so often reflected lustre on his genius."

If an attack of palsy had fallen upon Chang he would not have been more shaken than he was by this proposal. The cold beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and for a moment or two all power of framing an excuse went from him. Pai watched these symptoms carefully, and when Chang had so far recovered as "to fear that his paltry verses would be quite unworthy of the regard of Pai's awe-inspiring gaze," he affected to consider the excuse as a profession of modesty.

"Let not my benevolent elder brother," he said, "refuse to his disciple the exquisite pleasure of again enjoying the fruits of his genius."

With trembling fingers the tutor mixed some ink in the stone which stood before him, and even went the length of taking the pencil in hand. With a vast effort he managed to scrawl on the paper "The Moon," but there his powers completely failed him. For a moment or two he swayed backwards and forwards in his chair, as though bewildered. At last finding concealment no longer possible he complained of a sudden and overpowering indisposition, and fled from the room. Not a movement nor a wriggle of his victim had been lost upon Pai, who saw in the abject confusion of the man a full confirmation of his own and Clematis's suspicions.

By degrees Pai drew from Clematis the whole story of the manner in which Chang had lived on Su's poems, and he was not long in discovering the admiration with which she regarded that young scholar.

"I never saw the young man," said Pai, "but if his appearance is at all in keeping with his poetic element he must indeed be a deity from Mount Tai."

"I wish you *had* seen him, for then you would have earlier discovered the fraud which has been practised upon you. It was impossible to look upon his tall and graceful form, his scholarly air, his jade-like features, and the piercing brilliancy of his eyes without——"

"Ah, yes, I daresay," said Pai, laughing, "but the unfortunate part of the business is that the print of his footsteps has disappeared on the surface of the waves."

"I feel that we shall hear something of him before long," said Clematis, hopefully.

Meanwhile, Su arrived again at the temple of the goddess Kwanyin. His impatience to assure himself of Clematis's fidelity induced him to lose no time in presenting Wu's letter. On the next morning, therefore, having dressed himself with great care, he was borne in a sedan chair to Pai's portal. To his infinite disappointment he was met with the news that Pai was not at home, and would not be back until evening.

Though thus rebuffed he was tempted

by a burning desire to learn something of Clematis, to go once again into the garden by the side door which he knew so well. Leaving his chair coolies at the angle of the wall he easily found the desired gate, and advanced stealthily through a thick fog which lay on the earth in the direction of Chang's now disused study. Just as he crossed the high bridge leading to the pavilion he heard voices of approaching ladies, and, before he had time to conceal himself, Clematis and Primrose stepped out of the mist like goddesses descending from the clouds. It is difficult to say who was most surprised at this sudden meeting, for Clematis's suppressed scream and Primrose's exclamation were not suggestive of more astonishment than Su's start and wondering expression of countenance. At a second glance Clematis recognised the stranger. As to Primrose, she had scarcely enunciated her favourite exclamation "Haiyah," when she was aware that Su stood before her. As is usual in such a crisis, the lady was the first to speak.

"Bit a piece out of his leg"

"Who are you that has thus intruded on our privacy?" inquired Clematis.

"I am Su," replied that young gentleman, "and if report says truly, that Miss Pai is the most beautiful maiden within the four seas, you, lady, must be she."

Clematis was not too flurried to take note of the compliment paid her. "That is the name of your handmaid," she replied. "But what has brought you, sir, to this mean abode?"

"I want to enter the palace of the moon," said Su, "and I have just left for your father a letter of recommendation from his Excellency Wu."

"Unfortunately my father is away to-day."

"So I was told at the gate, and consequently propose to come back this evening in the hope of being able to see him. But may I ask if Chang is still here?"

"No," replied Clematis, "his imposition was discovered soon after your departure, and he left in disgrace."

"Even the dogs found him out," put in Primrose. "The day before he went my mistress's pug bit a piece out of his leg."

"Poor Chang," said Su, laughing.

"Poor dog, I should say," replied Primrose, with a smile as she withdrew discreetly; "for I am sure he must have been nasty."

"May I hope," said Su, turning seriously to Clematis, "that the joy may yet be reserved for me to gather the matrimonial plum, and to taste the feathery peach in your honourable palace?"

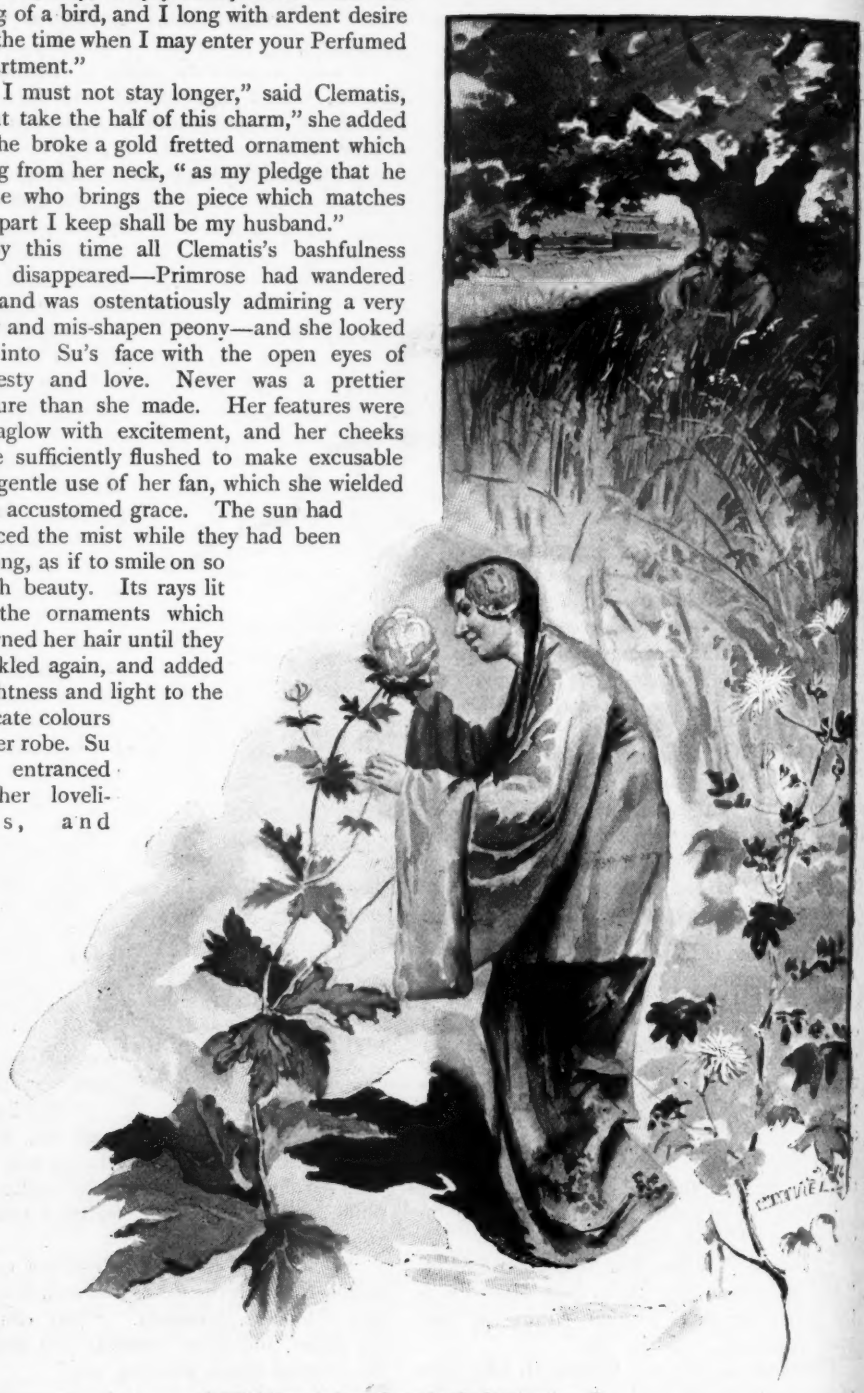
"Distaff and hairpins * must not concern themselves with the winds and with flowers,"† said Clematis, demurely. "But call upon my father, and if he consents you shall find the oriental couch awaiting you."

* *I.e.* young girls. † *I.e.* the passions.

"Oh, lady, the joy of my heart is like the song of a bird, and I long with ardent desire for the time when I may enter your Perfumed Apartment."

"I must not stay longer," said Clematis, "but take the half of this charm," she added as she broke a gold fretted ornament which hung from her neck, "as my pledge that he alone who brings the piece which matches the part I keep shall be my husband."

By this time all Clematis's bashfulness had disappeared—Primrose had wandered off and was ostentatiously admiring a very ugly and mis-shapen peony—and she looked up into Su's face with the open eyes of honesty and love. Never was a prettier picture than she made. Her features were all aglow with excitement, and her cheeks were sufficiently flushed to make excusable the gentle use of her fan, which she wielded with accustomed grace. The sun had pierced the mist while they had been talking, as if to smile on so much beauty. Its rays lit up the ornaments which adorned her hair until they sparkled again, and added brightness and light to the delicate colours of her robe. Su was entranced by her loveliness, and



"Admiring a very ugly and mis-shapen peony"

though he had always professed to her that her poetic talent was the sole object of his admiration, it must be confessed that during his interview nothing but herself had occupied all his soul. Reluctantly Clematis turned to leave, and it was not until her fairy form had disappeared from view at the end of an alley of roses and azaleas that Su took his departure.

On presenting himself in the evening at Pai's portal, Su was cordially greeted, and his proposal to become the husband of the incomparable Clematis was readily assented to. The preliminaries having thus been happily settled, it was agreed that the arrangements for the marriage should be made at once. Delay was unnecessary, and as soon as Clematis's wedding shoes had been embroidered, and her other habiliments made ready, the ceremony took place with all due observance of the most punctilious rites. Su's impatience to lift the veil of his bride and to gaze again upon her features was sorely tried by the delay entailed by the tedious formalities. At last the long wished-for moment came. Never had he looked upon greater loveliness, and he thought that those exquisite features reflected a poetic soul. In a moment of inspiration he took up a pencil which Primrose, knowing the propensities of the pair, had laid on the table, and wrote as follows:

"A maiden in the harem's precincts bred,
By song consoled, through song's enchantment wed:
Snow hymned by Sie* has vanished from the land,
While freshly Pai's† young willow-buds expand."

With infinite admiration for the genius of a man who at such a moment could strike off lines of such liquid beauty, Clematis possessed herself of the paper. Over and over again she read its contents, and when eventually sleep clouded her eyelids it rested peacefully beneath her pillow.

* Sie Taoyün of the Tsin dynasty, who likened falling snow to willow catkins blown by the wind.

† *I.e.* Clematis.

THE PORTRAITS OF WILLIAM THE SILENT

By Mrs. LECKY

"MON Dieu aye pitié de mon âme! Mon Dieu aye pitié de ce pauvre peuple!" were the dying words of William the Silent, when the assassin's ball struck him, and they are engraved in the heart of every Dutchman. They are the epitome of his life, of his humble faith and the love he bore his people. The history of William the Silent, the Founder of the Dutch Republic—which is also that of the Dutch people in the sixteenth century—is best known in England through the eloquent pages of Motley,; and we are familiar with his features through the portraits of Miereveld, a few of which have found their way into England. These portraits, however, are only copies. Miereveld was seventeen years old when the Prince died, and it is most improbable that he ever painted him from life. Efforts have been made of late years in Holland by the late Mr. D. van der Kellen, and, especially by Mr. E. W. Moes,* to identify and classify the portraits of William the Silent. The earliest known portrait is in the picture gallery at Cassel. It represents the Prince in his youth,

* Assistant Librarian at one of the Amsterdam universities and a distinguished art critic.

THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM THE SILENT

clad in a richly gilt steel harness, with the down on his chin, a high forehead and a grave and thoughtful expression. The inscription, which only appeared when the picture was cleaned, read as follows: "Wilhelm Printz zu Uranien Graff von Nassau Katzenellen Bochen." By means of it the portrait was identified and dated. It proves that the picture could not have been painted before 1557, as only in that year the dispute between the Count of Nassau and the Landgrave of Hesse, about the possession of the County of Katzenelnbogen, was settled in favour of the younger branch of the House of Nassau, who thenceforth bore the title and arms. If it was painted in the following year, the Prince would have been twenty-five years old. "Thus he appeared," says Professor Blok, "when in the autumn of 1559 he proposed for the hand of Anna" (of Saxony, his second wife), and he must have looked not very unlike this at the famous abdication scene in 1555, when Charles V. stood up leaning on the Prince's shoulder.

The portrait, which was once supposed to be by Pourbus, or by Moro, has since been attributed to Frans Floris. This painter was on a familiar footing with the Prince of Orange and the Counts of Egmond and Hoorne. He frequently entertained them and joined in their revels, much to the displeasure of his wife, who objected to such extravagant connections. He fell into dissipated habits, but always retained his love of art. "When I work I live," he said, "when I play I die." Frans Floris might have used his opportunities of painting the Prince, but Mr. Moes, thinks it more likely that the Cassel picture is by William Key. He is confirmed in this view, by what he learnt about the origin of the Cassel gallery. It appears that Adrian Key, a nephew of William Key, gave the Landgrave Moritz of Hesse, 1572-1632, a series of portraits of Dutch nobles, some of which are in the gallery, and others at the palace of Wilhelmshöhe and at the Löwenburg. The "old Count von Brederoth" at Wilhelmshöhe, is probably by the same hand as the Prince of Orange, and one of the series. William Key was a fellow-pupil of Frans Floris under Lambert Lombardus of Liège, but of a very different type. He was a man of high character and greatly respected. His manners were quiet and stately, and though rich, he was always abstemious and hard-working. He excelled in likenesses and painted many of the great people of his day. His last work was the portrait of the notorious Duke of Alva. It is said that while painting this personage he overheard that the death sentence of the Counts of Egmond and Hoorne had been pronounced by the "Blood-Council," and that he went home, sickened of grief, and died the very day they were beheaded. A less credible story attributes his death to the terror with which the cruel features of the Duke of Alva inspired him! A copy of the

Cassel picture was presented by the Emperor of Germany to the young Queen of Holland.

Contemporaries describe the Prince of Orange as a well-made man, slightly above the medium height, "thin rather than stout," with brown hair, large brown eyes and a dark complexion. One writer speaks of his gay eyes, but the descriptions generally agree with the grave and somewhat stern look of the pictures. "What the inner man was like," says one chronicler, "his works have shown." For a long time Dutch people looked with veneration at a suit of clothes in the museum at the Hague, supposed to have been worn by the "Pater Patriæ" when he was murdered, but a matter-of-fact critic discovered that the clothes could not have fitted the Prince, and that the holes were not in the place where the fatal balls penetrated. The late venerable and much beloved Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, uncle to the late king, always resented this discovery, which dispelled the pious illusion he had cherished all his life.

There is a portrait in the gallery at the Hague, which was bought at the Sécretan sale and which bears the inscription "Antonius Morus pingebat A° 1561." Mr. Moes believes this to be a portrait of William the Silent, made probably at the same time as one of Anna of Saxony, whom he married that year. The portrait of the princess is only known through an engraving of Houbraken from a drawing by H. Pothoven. There has been much controversy about the Sécretan picture. It has been argued that the personage represented could not be the Prince, as he does not wear the Order of the Golden Fleece. He does not, however, wear it on the Cassel picture, though he had already got it then. A stronger argument is that the portrait bears but a dubious likeness to the Cassel one, painted a few years before, or to any other authentic likeness of the Prince. There was some hope when it was being cleaned that an inscription might be found which would elucidate the matter; but this was not realised, and the latest conclusion is thus summed up in the catalogue: "On a supposé que ce portrait représente Guillaume I. d'Orange étant jeune. Quoi qu'il y ait à constater une assez grande ressemblance avec le portrait par W. Key au Musée de Cassel, elle n'est pas assez décisive pour pouvoir affirmer sans aucun doute l'identité. Il y a surtout quelques différences dans la couleur des yeux et dans la forme du nez." Mr. Moes, after carefully comparing it with the Cassel portrait, still holds the opinion that it is the Prince, on the ground of the resemblance which he thinks has only been marred by the restoration of the nose, and Dr. Eisenmann, Director of the Cassel gallery, shares his view, from which we venture to disagree, as not only the nose, but the shape of the head and the expression are different.

(Portrait by Antonio Moro, the Hague)

The portrait in the Prinsenhof at Delft is believed by Mr. Moes to be a copy of Frans Pourbus the elder, date about 1565. Pourbus was a pupil of Frans Floris, whom he surpassed, and who used to say of him, "There goes my master." The picture was bought in 1878 from Don Jose Maria d'Almeida Fídié, at Lisbon, and suffered much from restoration. It represents the Prince in armour with the Golden Fleece, and on the background is inscribed "die prince van orranien." Notwithstanding this, some previous possessor wrote on the back of the canvas, "Felipe prim(o) pintado por Ticiano."

During the period of storm and stress which followed, it becomes difficult to trace with accuracy the portraits of the Prince. We see on engravings and medals that for a time he let his hair grow longer and that he wore a pointed beard; but in 1577 he alludes to his baldness in a play of words quoted by Don John of Austria to the king: "Que es ya calbo y calbinista," (that he was bald already and a Calvinist) and this baldness appears in the medal which was struck that same year in honour of his marriage with Charlotte of Bourbon, his third wife. Two companion engravings by Goltzius of 1581 represent him and the Princess; but no paintings of the Royal couple can be traced. It is, however, certain that the Prince was painted during the latter years of his life by Cornelis de Visscher from Gouda. Unfortunately, little is known about this painter. Van Mander,* the great contemporary authority, only mentions that he was not always right in his mind, and that he died suddenly on a voyage from Hamburg to Holland; and he excites our curiosity by adding that much might be said about him. The only picture which has been identified as being an original from his hand is that of a musician in the museum at Vienna, signed with the monogram C. V., and formerly attributed to Antonio Moro.

(Portrait by Miereveld, The Hague)

From a Latin inscription which Van Mander placed under the portrait of Cornelis de Visscher it seems that he gained great fame by painting Don John of Austria and the Prince of Orange. What became of the Prince's portrait is not known. We only know it from copies and chiefly through those of Miereveld. Miereveld painted the Prince in two ways—in armour and in plain clothes. The portrait in armour has been identified as a copy of Visscher. There is an engraving by Stockius in the Royal library at the Hague, representing the Prince, three-quarter length in armour, with an inscription bearing the date of 1614, stating that it was done after Visscher's painting from life. Miereveld copied the bust alone, such as we see it in the Mauritshuis at the Hague, and this was engraved by his son-in-law, W. J. Delff. An inscription under the engraving also refers to Cornelis de Visscher as the original painter "ad vivum." The second

* Het Schilderboeck, Haarlem, 1604.

series of portraits by Miereveld represent the Prince in an embroidered gown, wearing the skull-cap which he had adopted on account of his baldness. A beautiful example of this series may be seen in the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, with the inscription "Faciem huius ad principale Cornelij de Visscher, fecit M. a Miereveld," from which it appears that Miereveld copied the face alone from Visscher and that the rest is his own composition. There is a similar picture in the town-hall at Delft and one at the House in the Wood near the Hague. In each of these three a paper is represented lying on a table, with a Greek inscription which puzzled the spectator till the great Greek scholar Cobet, from Leyden, made out that it was the 332nd line of the Medea of Euripides.

(*Portrait by Miereveld, Amsterdam*)

*Ζεῦ, μὴ λάθοι σέ τῶνδ' ὃς αἴτιος κακῶν.**

Mr. Moes assumes that Visscher must have painted the Prince more than once. But there is no proof that he portrayed him in the gown and skull-cap. It seems more probable that Miereveld used the same head by Visscher for both compositions, simply drawing the skull-cap over it as he may have seen the Prince wear it and replacing the armour by the gown; the two heads and ruffs are exactly in the same position. However this may be, innumerable replicas of both compositions, engravings as well as paintings, sometimes varying in details, are scattered all over Holland in palaces, town-halls, public and private collections. Miereveld's portraits were regarded as authentic likenesses of the Prince in the days when his features were familiar to all, and they have been accepted as such ever since. The homely skull-cap was a favourite attribute, and the engraver has sometimes placed it even on the head of the Prince in armour! In England there are replicas at Woburn Abbey, at Merton College, at Hampton Court. Miereveld's workshop turned out portraits by the thousand. Sandrart says he boasted of having painted ten thousand. Houbraken speaks of five thousand, but even this is no doubt an exaggeration, for the high finish of Miereveld's paintings would not have allowed of a hasty treatment. It is true that the latter part of his life—he reached the age of 74—he painted the faces and hands alone and left the rest to his disciples. In the records of the Burgomasters of Delft, an entry has been found concerning the picture of the Prince in their town-hall. It says that on the 26th of December, 1620, Miereveld undertook to paint William of Orange of glorious memory and three other Princes of that house likewise deceased; he was to sign the portraits with his name; the Burgomasters were to furnish the panels and frames which Miereveld was bound to gild; he was promised 300 fl. (about £25) for the four paintings, and he was to deliver them in the following

* Zeus, may he who is the author of these woes not escape thy notice.

summer. And another entry on the 24th December, 1624, records that he was paid for the four portraits 300 florins. In the inventory of his furniture which was made after his death on behalf of his surviving grandchildren by the Board of the Orphanage at Delft, mention is also made of a portrait of William of Orange. On the portraits after Visscher there are three spots on the Prince's right cheek which Mr. Van der Kellen takes to be the scars of the wound inflicted by the murderer Jean Jauregui in 1582. Mr. Moes, however, thinks that Visscher painted the Prince before that date, and that a portrait in the museum at Alkmaar, painted in 1583, has the authentic mark of the wound in a red spot under the right cheek-bone. The young painter van Bieselingen succeeded in making a slight sketch of the Prince after death, when lying in state, although the States had strictly forbidden that any likeness should be made, lest, according to the solemn language of that day, "the enemy should get hold of it and revile it." This sketch has disappeared unless it can be identified with the little painting in the Prinsenhof at Delft, which belongs to the Dutch Reformed Church and which is in a very battered condition.

It is difficult to believe when we look at the portraits of Miereveld that the Prince was only 51 years old when he died by the hand of the assassin. The long struggle in which he was engaged for the liberation of his people had given him a premature look of age, of responsibility, of detachment from small and personal interests. The trials through which he had passed had revealed the greatness of his character. His thoughts, his acts, his possessions, his whole life were devoted to the noble cause into which he had thrown himself. "No man," says Motley, "not even Washington, has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism." His enemies hated him with a fierce hatred. The King of Spain had put a price on his head. He was in constant danger of assassination. Fearless, steadfast "saevis tranquillus in undis," "tranquil amid raging billows," the Father of the Fatherland looks down from the canvas. A remarkable instance of atavism occurred at the death of the late Prince of Orange—the last heir in the male line—in 1884. After he had been dead a few days his features assumed such a striking resemblance to those of William the Silent that those who saw him were all equally and independently impressed with it. The Prince was not thirty-three years old; he had shown no resemblance to his illustrious kinsman in his lifetime, though his mother, the late Queen Sophia, was proud of his "Oranien kopf," he was not descended from him in the direct line. Yet after three centuries the great ancestral type reasserted itself.

IN A HOSPITAL RECEIVING ROOM

By LUCIAN SORREL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

ALL the afternoon we had been reading tales of mean streets—yes, without capitals or inverted commas; for the names of our streets may all be found within directory covers. Very realistic was the reading—a trifle sombre, and not a little depressing—and I was hardly sorry when the end of our tramp arrived, and we found ourselves safely within the walls of the London Hospital.

"Well," said my guide, "had enough of squalid Whitechapel streets, and seen enough of the way in which the other half, Jews and Gentiles live? We'll have some tea now: and then, if you like, you may have a look at the visitors to the receiving-room."

The receiving officer's room was an oasis in a desert of slum. It was difficult to help contrasting it with the dirty, bare-boarded, ill-furnished apartments we had just been exploring, some of them tenanted with whole families of foreigners, who had to scour the

neighbourhood for interpreters before we could exchange any words. Here was a bright glowing fire; pictures and photographs lined the walls; magazines and books lay in cheerful array on the tables; and hot tea, hot muffins, and cigarettes were ready for our consumption.

Our host, with his back to the fire, was telling us a yarn he had heard the day before from Lord Houghton about Beaconsfield's historical ringlet, when footsteps were heard in the passage and a gentle tap at the door interrupted the story.

ENTERING THE NAMES OF THE PATIENTS

"Come in," he shouted; and a neatly-clad nurse made her appearance.

"There's a little girl just been brought in, run over," she said; "her leg is slightly crushed."

"Is it a bad case?"

"No, I don't think so, sir; it was a light cart, and she does not seem very badly hurt."

"I'll be with you in half a minute," he said.

The nurse disappeared as quietly as she had come; while Dr. S——, taking out his watch, and noting the seconds carefully, finished his story in a few words. Lord Houghton, it appeared, had been shown into Beaconsfield's room unexpectedly, at some political crisis; and found the great man muffled up in bed, his face, which was distorted with the agonies of gout, being surmounted by a coronet of curl-papers!

"Make yourself at home, and take another cigarette," S—— said, as he hurried out of the room to his patient; while I lit up, and settled myself down to listen to the "shop" talk of the two medicos present. Their jargon of medical terms, nicknames, and vague combinations of initials, in which "G.P.'s," "B.B.A.'s," and "B.I.D.'s," wholly unintelligible to a novice, predominated, first puzzled, and then bored; and I was not at all sorry when, after a quarter of an hour of this conversation, some one proposed that we should go and see what S—— was up to.

Leaving the cosy little room of the receiving officer, we came once more into the entrance hall of the hospital; a large, bare, windy place, with a counter in the centre, on which the entry-books were kept. In these books the names, ages, and complaints of the patients were filled in, together with the final result of their application for relief. Serious complaints seemed comparatively rare, for they were swallowed up in the much larger number of trivial ailments. A large proportion of the visits to the hospital were caused by over-indulgence in the cup that cheers. One entry, I noticed, was distinctly

amusing. A lady, asked to state her age, had not unnaturally declined to do so; and had been in consequence politely but firmly dismissed.

"I think S—— is in the women's room," said the custodian of the books, and we made our way among the crowd of nurses and students to the apartment. All around women were grouped on benches, and the receiving officer was busily treating them for their numerous ailments.

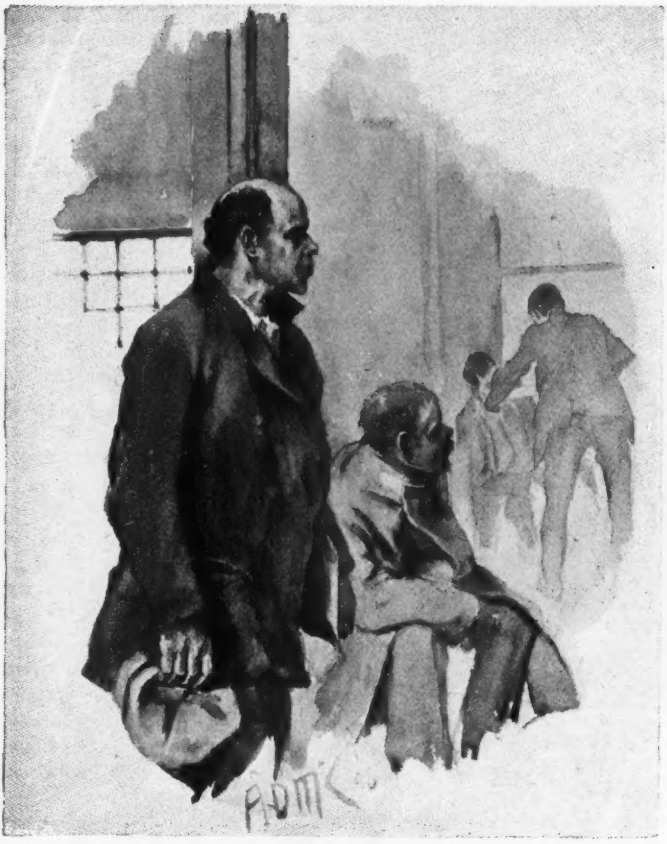
"I'm glad you've come out," he said, in apology and explanation. "I've had so much to do for the last quarter of an hour that I really forgot all about you. The patients have all come in with a rush."

A baby, accompanied by its mother and a host of sympathisers, was the first to require attention; it was soon disposed of, and made way for a woman who complained of the unpleasant consequences of having "a bone in her throat." The favourite plea of old gentlemen when overridden by eager little "cock-horse" riders, that they have a bone in their leg, is well-known; the bone in the woman's throat seemed likely to have no more injurious effect. An examination was made which resulted in sundry words of comfort, and assurance that it was all right; the bone had disappeared. Next came a tooth-drawing; then some patients were examined for colds and other trifling ailments, and sent off with bottles of physic and instructions about diet, which possibly, poor souls, they may have had some difficulty in carrying out. However trivial the complaint, they were sure of sympathy, and a few kind words from the doctor attending their case, for these medical men and students have most, if not all of them, quite as much interest in the cure of bodies, for the sake of suffering humanity purely, as any clergyman has in the cure of souls. Medical men do not wear their hearts on their sleeves, perhaps, quite so much as most people; but one constantly hears of good deeds done by them in secret, that cause the blood to run more quickly, and the heart to leap up in sympathy and approbation. A recollection flashed across my mind, as I watched the receiving officer and his patients, of a case that had occurred a few days before. A doctor with an enormous practice, found a patient, poor, ill, and almost starving; and not only refused to take a fee, but sent food and furniture down to the sick man's house, and allowed his wife to go there and nurse the patient through the night. And here is another case that has never before seen the light of day. A certain eminent surgeon, in attending to poor patients, frequently bullies them for not taking the liberal diet that he prescribes, well-knowing that their means are the only drawback to their compliance with his orders. They leave the consulting-room, too proud, perhaps, to mention their poverty, and the next moment the surgeon sends a messenger to slip a gold coin into their hands—his "gold cure!"

There were one or two Jewish women in the room, and Dr. S—— drew my attention to a very curious thing. All the women had dark wigs on, which hid their own hair like skull-caps, and gave them a most singular appearance. They did not seem to have the slightest objection to our examination of their strange headgear, but awe of the doctor works wonders with these people.

Several Jews were in possession of the men's reception-room, when we reached it; for the hospital is situated in the midst of a regular colony of Hebrews, who, by the way, are by no means favourites with their medical advisers. "You have no idea what the majority of these poor Jews are like," said Dr. S——, in reply to an inquiry. "Our first difficulty with them is that they understand not a word of respectable English; one must either find an interpreter, or use strong language—trigonometrical expressions will do as well as anything else; but the language must *sound* strong and abusive. Then these Jews of the lower classes seem to have very little idea of gratitude; an Englishman, in the same position, nearly always shows his appreciation of any kindness he may receive; he bears pain with much more fortitude, and altogether gives far less trouble. One case in particular will show what we sometimes have to put up with from Whitechapel Jews. I had been hard at work all day, and had just managed to get comfortably asleep, when I was called up to see a patient. Down below was a middle-aged Jew who had just called about a cold in the head. He had had it on him for days; but in the small hours of this particular night, the idea suddenly struck him that he might call in at the hospital, and get a bottle of medicine. So he dragged me

THE WAITING ROOM



AWAITING THEIR TURN

out of my warm bed, and cut short the only sleep I had that night, in order to cure his cold. He went out with a rather superfluous flea in his ear, I can assure you!"

There was an Englishman among the patients who complained of pains in different parts of his body, particularly his left arm. He was carefully examined, told to call again at an early date, and finally sent away with some medicine.

"It's no good taking that man into the hospital," said S——, "because, unless I'm much mistaken, it's a perfectly hopeless case. Of course, I may prove to be wrong when he comes again; but it looks very much as if he has something the matter with his heart, which will carry him off in a few months."

"You don't seem to have many serious cases in here, comparatively?" I queried.

"Not a very large proportion. Most come with comparatively trifling ailments; though occasionally we get little excitements. The results of a good many tragedies, suicides, murders, and so forth, are brought into us; and of course any number of accidents. When a surgical case that is at all out of the common, comes in, there is no end of excitement; all the students throng in to see it, sketches and photographs are taken, and the medical journals are at once advised. You see that elderly man crossing the corridor over there? He is a curiosity we are immensely proud of, for he has a foreign complaint which has never been known in England before. It is nothing serious and it is said that some of the younger students indulge him as much as they can surreptitiously, in order to retard his recovery.

"One receiving officer, who is a very well-known man now, used to have a short and easy way of dealing with the trivial cases that were brought before him. All the patients were ordered to stand in a row against the wall of the receiving room, while he called out the names of a few common complaints, sore throat, indigestion, cold, and the like. As these disorders were named, those suffering from them were directed to step forward, when a brief inspection soon enabled the doctor to pick out any serious cases. As a rule, a roomful

of people were disposed of in a few minutes by this method, two or three huge bottles of physic being sufficient to dose the lot. Hospital work, when one is constantly at it and constantly brought into contact with suffering and death, is frightfully trying, even to the strongest men; and stories are told of highly staid and respectable house-surgeons, men of some note in their profession, who, after two or three months in hospital, varied the monotony by most outlandish escapades, races in coster' barrows down crowded East-end thoroughfares being among the mildest of their misdeeds!"

Behind a screen in the room a boy who had injured his side was being examined by a house-surgeon. I was talking to a student at the counter in the entrance-hall a few minutes later, when we suddenly became conscious that some one was addressing us. It was a little, grey-haired man, who held the boy tenderly in his arms. When he had attracted our attention, he dropped his head until it was nearly on a level with his hands, and then raised his hat politely.

"Eh, what?" said my medical friend, rather suspecting that he was begging.

"Thank you, very much, gentlemen, I'm very much obliged to you," the little man remarked, repeating his obeisance under considerable difficulties, for the boy was almost as big as he: and there seemed imminent danger of both coming to grief.

We rose, took off our hats, and bowed in return. He was merely thanking us for the kindness shown to his boy.

As the hands of the clock span rapidly round towards midnight, visitors became less frequent. One woman, according to her own statement, was suffering from indigestion of the brain and displacement of the heart, which had occasioned her so much trouble by changing place with one of her lungs that she had already been "under another orspital for six months;" but hers was the only case of any interest, and after a while we bade the receiving officer good-bye.

"You won't stay and see any object-lessons in favour of temperance?" he asked, in parting. "The pubs will be closed in a few minutes, and we shall be hard at work with stomach-pumps, and

TO CURE THE CHILDREN

possibly with galvanic batteries, reviving some of those who have drunk not wisely, but too well."

But, unfortunately, there are plenty of object-lessons to be seen in the streets of London; and we went on our way.

LETTERS AND LETTER WRITERS

By Rev. RICHARD GEE, D.D., Canon of St. George's, Windsor, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty

ON one point we shall all agree. "Letters and letter-writers" offer us a very *seasonable* subject. Letters, real letters, honest four page, large page letters are disappearing, if they have not already vanished! No one under fifty years of age remembers these documents. They were written with the most rigid economy of space. There were close lines on the folded flaps, with room just left for the coming seal. If we possess such a letter, in a few years it will be as well worthy of attention as is now the first issue of a stamped envelope with Mulready's extraordinary design as a bordering. If it have 1*s.* 8*d.* marked on it as the postage, it will be the greater contrast to those circulars which overwhelm us with their advertisements at a cost to themselves of a halfpenny.

Happily no proverb is more true than the line, *Litera scripta manet.* We have the old world's store of letters come down to us. Everybody it seems wrote, and all the letters that were worth preserving seem to be preserved. A severe selection does not enable us to stop at any date or outside of any class or country. We are sure to be reproached with having left out something much better than anything we have taken in. We cannot even confine ourselves to that which is an ideal letter, all about ourselves, to some one who cares to read what we write, for this very reason. We cannot set aside every letter, which is not written with the simplicity natural to those who think they are talking to a dear friend across the hearth.

Our best letter-writers were public characters, and wrote the news of the Court or city to those more distant, and as was thought, less favoured. "Think of me," says Horace Walpole, "chiefly as your newsman, and of my letters as your newspapers." If it be true that he asked to have his letters returned to him, we are still further disillusionised as to his "unstudied style."

A few words as to the characteristics of old letters, before coming to individual writers. The handwriting was more careful, and, we must own, more readable than ours. It was much larger; of the size that used to be called in my school "round hand." It gives us the idea of more leisure than we allow ourselves. The spelling was "at discretion," or there needed be no discretion as to what was an open question or public property. A Dr. Johnson had not risen to "stereotype the English language," as Lord Chesterfield expressed the effect of the famous Dictionary. I have had before me some letters written by Lady Elizabeth Winwood to Lord Broughton about 1650. In two consecutive sentences she misspells, as we should consider, ten words. This is after allowing for archaisms, and reckoning only such as dockter and scolle for doctor and school.

Having mentioned a lady's letter, let me do full honour to women's powers of writing. They have a natural charm of expression and lightness of touch, which put the competing sex at a disadvantage. They can afford to allow a man the small criticism, passed by Sir W. Scott, that they put the most interesting matter in their postscript. So, the lady, who added in her P.S., "You may observe by my altered signature, that I am married." Further, it is said, they cannot do without a P.S. So, the wife having won, as she thought, a small wager by writing without a postscript to her husband, adds one to ask, "Who has won the wager, William, you or I?"

Now we come to specimens which I propose to give of letters written at different

periods, and I will begin with certain letters known as "The Paston Letters." They were written between 1422 and 1500, and they all come from a Norfolk family settled near Cromer, and rising from peasantry to nobility. Their history is peculiar. The letters were unknown beyond the family, until Lord Yarmouth, the last of the line, sold them to a publisher. They attracted the notice of Horace Walpole, and the possessor, Mr. Fenn, was knighted by George III. As an acknowledgment, he presented three volumes of originals to the king. These have disappeared, but Mr. Gairdner has collected 400 from different places, and the number now extant is 1006. They contain the news of the Court written down to Norfolk, and relating how the hapless Henry VI. recovered his mind for a time after the birth of the son whom cruel Gloucester stabbed in the field at Tewkesbury. They also relate two marriages in the family; one is highly approved, and a proposal is made that the bride's mother shall give her a gown, to be either a lively blue or a bright sanguine; and the bridegroom's mother shall find the fur for the same. This would hardly satisfy our daughters as a trousseau. The other marriage is decidedly disapproved. Margaret Paston will marry the bailiff, Robert Calle, and the aristocratic brother declares he will have nothing to do with helping her to sell candle and mustard in Framlingham market. There is a charming letter from an Eton schoolboy, who declares that all he cares for at Eton is the verse-making, which he would wish to continue, and of which he forwards a specimen, "too verses which be of mine own making." He goes to a wedding, five miles from Eton, and of course falls in love with the bride's sister.

I come down some 200 years to notice the one foreigner for whom we can find space. It is Madame de Sévigné. Professor Saintsbury pronounces her the best letter-writer in the world; and to her Horace Walpole says he owes any excellence there may be in his own style. Lord Chesterfield says of her letters, "They are so natural that they seem to be the extempore conversations of two people of wit rather than letters which are commonly studied though they ought not to be so." Madame de Sévigné may be placed in the reigns of the English Charles II., and the French Louis XIV. Her principal correspondent is her daughter, Mademoiselle de Grignan to whom, as the wife of a provincial governor, she writes the news of the capital. Madame relates the horrors of the execution of the Marquise de Brinvilliers for poisoning; and the suicide of Vatel, the Prince of Condé's cook, because the fish for the second table came too late. But a portion of her 1600 letters, more interesting to us, is that which describes her home life at her charming château of Les Rochers in Brittany. It was said by her enemies that her daughter and herself were friends only when apart, and that they quarrelled when together. "I wonder," said the mother, "at my patience, when I hear the cruel remark."

The two following extracts may show the "naturalness" for which Lord Chesterfield gives credit. The first refers to the expected marriage of Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Louis XIV.'s niece. For this the king gave a permission, which he retracted within the week.

"I am going to tell you the thing that is the most astonishing, the most marvellous, the most bewildering, the most unforseen, the greatest and the least, in the world. We cannot believe it at Paris, and how should you believe it at Lyons? Well, M. de Lauzun is going to be married on Sunday in the Louvre. Guess to whom—I will give you 10,000 guesses. I had better tell you at once. It is to Mademoiselle, destined to a throne. If you go out of your mind; if you say that we lie, or that it is a good jest, you will say no more than we said when we first heard of it."

The next extract is from a letter to her daughter.

"The month of June is over at last! I am quite surprised, for I thought it never would end. Do not you remember a September which seemed determined not to make way for October? Well, this is like it; but I see now that all things come to an end. Indeed I am convinced of this. Fouetnel is a charming place. My son and I drove yesterday in a coach with six horses. There is nothing more enjoyable. We seemed to fly. We sang the songs which I send you. The pleasure we take in your prose needs not prevent our sharing with you our verses. . . . .

"Do believe that I think of you. I have my little friend whom I love tenderly. The most pleasing thing in the world is a good portrait, and whatever you may say, yours

does you no injustice. Your letters are the consolations of my past griefs. I know that my answers are too long; but, I do not expect as much from you. You have less leisure than I."

This third extract relates the reception of our King James II. at St. Germain's.

"The king has behaved divinely to the English majesties. His kind heart took pleasure in playing this grand part. He went to meet the Queen with all his household and one hundred coaches with six horses each. When he perceived the carriage of the Prince of Wales, he alighted and embraced him tenderly. Then he ran to meet the Queen and saluted her, and placed her on his right hand in his own carriage. So he conducted her to St. Germain's, where she found everything appointed for her as for the Queen. Among other things provided was a rich casket containing 6000 louis d'or.

"On the next day the king awaited the arrival of the English king at St. Germain's, and came as far as the guard-chamber to meet him. The king of England stooped as if about to embrace his knees; but our king raised him up and embraced him two or three times very tenderly. After some conversation, our king took his leave, refusing to be conducted to his carriage and said to the English king, 'This is *your* house, when I come here you will do its honours to me, and I will do the same to you when you come to Versailles.'

"The English king appears old and tired, his queen looks thin, and her eyes show tears, but they are black and fine. She has a beautiful complexion, a little pale, a good mouth and teeth and fine height. She has much wit and altogether is very pleasing.

Here you have for a long while the matter for public conversation."

I must hurry down another hundred years to get to our great letter-writer Horace Walpole. He, as I have already stated, reports the news of the capital to Mason, Gray and Mann. He reports the trial of Lord Lovat, the execution of Lord Ferrers; and the coronation of George III. But he is not reticent as to his own doings. He gives the acquisition and erection of Strawberry Hill. This we must, in fairness, remember was not a family seat, nor a foundation for a hall that his heirs should inhabit, but a toy for himself, and we must not blame him if he did outlive two sets of his battlements. I must give his own description of this erection.

He writes in 1747 to Marshall Conway, "It is a little plaything out of Chenevix's shop. It is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows with filigree hedges:

> "A small Euphrates thro' the piece is rolled,
> And little finches wave their wings in gold."

A delightful road, which you would call dusty, supplies coaches and chaises. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight; but, thank Heaven, the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry."

The account of the trial of the Scotch Lords, after the Rebellion of 1745, is very familiar, but it is the best specimen of Walpole's public news, and relates his own observations. It is, indeed, the source from which most narratives are drawn. The extract is confined as much as possible to the mention of Lord Balmerino. Johnson's lines are well known:

> "Pitied by gentle souls Kilmarnock died,
> The bold Balmerino were on thy side."

"I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever saw! You will easily guess that it was the Trial of the rebel Lords. A coronation is a puppet show; but, this at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. . . . . Lord Balmerino is the most natural, brave old fellow I ever saw. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and indifference. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. There was some dispute in which coach the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler. A little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself. As he returned to the Tower he stopped the coach at Charing Cross to buy 'honey blobs' as the Scotch call gooseberries. In the cell at Westminster he showed Lord Kilmarnock how to lay his

head, bid him not wince, lest the stroke should cut his shoulders or his skull and advised him to bite his lips. They brought him his death warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said 'Lieutenant, with your . . . warrant you have spoiled my lady's dinner,' &c."

There is another lord who should perhaps have taken precedence, as a person just twenty years before Walpole, in his birth and death. I mean Lord Chesterfield, whose letters we know by name, though I can think that none of us have ever read them. They are instructions to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, and reach from his boyhood, in which he gives him instructions how to blow his nose, until his full manhood in which he counsels him as to qualifications for an envoy to a foreign court. Lord Chesterfield had offended Dr. Johnson in the matter of his Dictionary, and Johnson said that the letters taught the manners of a dancing-master, and the morals of one much worse. After the soreness had passed, Johnson acknowledged that when the objectionable letters were left out "there would still remain, sir, the makings of a very pretty book." Chesterfield was a practical man with very shrewd sense. Some of his counsels might survive, "Dress yourself well and forget it." "If you want a sword or a snuff-box, buy one of each, but do not buy a dozen." "A diamond, while rough, has its value; but it must be cut and polished to be bought. Weight without lustre is bad. All the Greek in the world will not make you a minister, but tact and brightness will do this and more."

The letters show the most untiring affection for his son, and an unflagging interest in his career. They are 385 in number, and reach through thirty-one years, from the son's age of eight years to his death. If it be true that the son's marriage was kept secret and revealed at his death, the Earl's immediate adoption of the children and assured provision for them were most kindly actions. He assures the widow that the two boys shall not cost her a shilling. In later years he always addressed his son as his "dear friend."

The following extract from letter eighty-one, in condemnation of an affectedly absent man, is often quoted:

"What is commonly called an *absent* man is commonly either a very weak or a very affected man, but be he which he will, I am sure that he is a very disagreeable man in company. He fails in all the common offices of civility; he seems not to know those people to-day with whom yesterday he appeared to live in intimacy. He takes no part in general conversation, but on the contrary breaks into it with some start of his own, as if he waked from a dream. Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Locke, and (it may be) five or six more, since the creation of the world, may have a right to absence; from the intense thought which the things they were investigating required. But if a young man who has no such special avocation, claim that pretended right, it should be turned into an involuntary absence by his enforced exclusion from company."

The next is earlier (letter seventy-four), and to the school-boy. "There is no one thing so trifling but which (if it is to be done at all) ought to be done well. I have often told you that I wished you *even to play cricket*, better than any boy at Westminster. Dress is a foolish thing, and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, according to his rank and means in life. Diogenes the cynic was a wise man for despising foolish customs, but a fool for showing it. Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so."

I must keep space for the admiration of my boyhood—Sir W. Scott. He is known so well for so much other writing that we scarcely think of him as a letter-writer. The following extract from his letter announcing to his son-in-law, Lockhart, his financial ruin, is worthy of Scott:

"All the monied people have come offering their purses, but I have declined them all. Unless I die I shall beat up against this foul weather. I fear you will think that I am writing under excitement. My dear Lockhart, I am as temperate as you ever saw me; and working at 'Woodstock' like a tiger. Kindest love to Sophy. Tell her to study the song ('Bonnie Dundee'), and keep her spirits up. Tyne heart, tyne all. It is making too much of money to grieve about it. Kiss Johnnie ('Hugh Littlejohn') for me. I am glad that you were carried away to London before these reverses happened. They would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the ship."

No one thinks of Lady Scott as a letter-writer, but she held her own with her future husband in their correspondence before marriage. She was a lady of French extraction—Mademoiselle Charpentier, Anglicised down to Miss Carpenter. Lady Scott writes:

"Before I conclude I will give you a little hint. It is, not to put so many 'musts' into your letters. It is beginning rather too soon, and another thing is I shall take the liberty not to mind them. You *must* take care of yourself. You *must* think of me. You *must* believe me yours sincerely, C. C."

On one occasion Sir Walter had introduced into a letter the singular subject—where he wanted most to be buried. "Goodness gracious (replies the lively French lady) what an idea of yours! If you always have these thoughts, how very pleasant and gay you must be. Adieu; take care of yourself if you love me; for I have no wish that you should visit that charming and romantic scene—the family burying place."

There is one class of letters—viz., despatches—which are so excellent in themselves that they are entitled to form a division of the national literature. When we think of the difficulties under which they were written we may wonder at the clearness and brightness of their style.

Some years ago, at Apsley House, was shown the rough wooden desk on which, when taken off a mule's back, many of the famous "Wellington Despatches" were written.

This, as follows, is the account of the Battle of Waterloo, written to Lord Beresford by the Duke, no doubt with more favourable appliances at the time:

"You have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call gluttons. Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. . . . . I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

Now, at what used to be taken as a date—the Battle of Waterloo—we must stop. All that remains to say is that the remarks at the beginning were not intended to convey the impression that the letters of later date were not worth reading, or that there were none in recent times to read. It would be absurd to throw a doubt upon this point when we think of Charles Lamb and Coleridge, and of Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, Ruskin and Southey. Only it is well to remind all what a mine of wealth is unworked, if we do not carry back our researches to those in earlier days who so pleasingly describe to us "the very age and body of their times."

THE PRICE

A MAN lived fifty years—joy dashed with tears;
Loved, toiled; had wife and child, and lost them; died;
And left of all his long life's work one little song.
That lasted—nought beside.

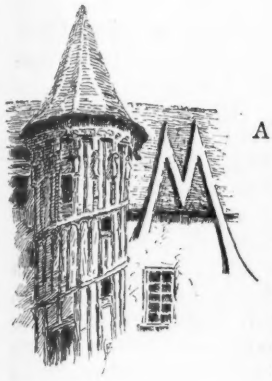
Like the monk Felix' bird that song was heard;
Doubt prayed, Faith soared, Death smiled itself to sleep;
That song saved souls. You say? The man paid stiffly? Nay,
God paid—and thought it cheap.

VIDA BRISS.

CHARTRES

By SOPHIA BEALE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



MADAME comes from Angleterre, and would like, no doubt, to purchase a guide or a view of the cathedral ? " a discourse which is equivalent to saying that Madame, being an inhabitant of the British Isles, is not only expected to pay double fees for being trotted round the crypt, but is also deemed to have failed in her duty to her neighbour if she omits to purchase some of the *chemisettes*, *statuettes*, *médailles*, *livres*, *photographies*, *rosaires*, &c., which are on sale *chez* the *concierge de la Maison des Clercs*. Naturally, if Madame be a large-minded daughter of Britain, she does purchase some of these *objets d'art*, not for her personal edification, but in order to sustain the national reputation for untold wealth.

Chartres, like other miracle-working spots, is rich in these things, and many of them, blessed by Holy Church, are crowded into a little shop attached to the cathedral; but the church is so vast that the *ex votos* which have found their way into the building are in nowise offensive. Often these memorials of the faith which saves crowd up and overlay many a beautiful statue in its niche; and sometimes the arcaded walls of churches are as much disfigured by marble tablets and golden hearts, as is the nave of Westminster Abbey by busts, sprawling Virtues and storming Statesmen.

There is a tradition, that long before the coming of our Blessed Lord, the Druids had erected an altar dedicated to the " Virgin who should conceive — *Virgini pariturœ*." The country around was full of caverns, which were utilised for religious ceremonies; and in one of them was a statue representing the Virgin with her child between her knees. Had the Gauls received this tradition of a Virgin-Mother from the Jews, and were they acquainted with the sacred books of the Chosen People?—" Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." These are queries which it is impossible to answer; but in their ignorance the Druids, like the men of Athens, worshipped the unknown God. Over the grotto containing the Virgin's statue, future Chartrains erected one of the four great cathedrals of Northern France—perhaps the finest of the four; and from all time this grotto was held in reverence as a peculiarly sacred spot: " *La Nostre-Dame de Soubs-Terre a été depuis les premiers jours du christianisme jusqu'à la fin du dernier siècle le plus célèbre sanctuaire européen de Marie.*"

Chartres was the first church in France dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, a dedication

LA PORTE GUILLAUME

THE RIVER EURE

that was the natural outgrowth from the Druidic altar of the *Virgini pariturœ*. But in what year the inhabitants of this particular part of Gaul were converted to Christianity, and whether by S. Savinien or S. Potentian, or by the missionaries, S. Edoald and S. Altin, remains a mystery; but there is no doubt that the country received the Gospel message soon after the Crucifixion. The first bishop was S. Aventin, who converted the old Pagan grottos into Christian oratories, and celebrated the Holy Mysteries in the caverns which had served for the Druidic rites. The people flocked to the sanctuary, and it soon became famous for its miracles; indeed, such was the fame thereof during the reign of Claudius Cæsar, that the Governor, out of envy, determined to slaughter all the Christians whom he could arrest. Hundreds were tortured and put to violent deaths, their bodies being thrown into a pit, which ever since has been called the *Puits des Saints-Forts*. Even the gentle maiden, Moderte, the only daughter of the governor, was not spared; Quirinus putting her to death with his own hands, and with all the refinements of cultured cruelty. But in spite of persecution the Christians increased in numbers, and it became necessary to build a larger church for their use. Appeals were made and money poured in. Each pilgrimage added to the public enthusiasm, and each individual member who had received some benefit therefrom, became a grateful donor. But before long the hated Northmen swooped down upon the city and destroyed the church, killing the inhabitants and firing the houses. Fire succeeded fire, but the most disastrous one was in 1830, when the exquisite building seemed doomed to final destruction, and was only saved by what the good Chartrains were justified in deeming a miracle.

After the Normans had left the country the citizens began to rebuild; but this, the second church, was destroyed in 973 by Richard, Duke of Normandy, during his war with the first Count of Chartres, Thibaud-le-Tricheur. Again the cathedral was rebuilt, and still more magnificently, but only to share the same fate as its predecessors; a terrible storm broke over the city in 1020 and the church was destroyed by lightning. Fulbert, the bishop, soon repaired the wreck, and we can even now trace parts of this, the third building, wrapped up, as it were, in the one which succeeded it; for in the year 1194 it, too, became the victim of an enormous conflagration.

The mere situation of the cathedral, seated upon the highest point of a hill dominating the town, the houses of which

THE WEST FRONT

TERTRE DU PETIT-CERF

rise step by step from the river, is most picturesque. The little Eure flows somewhat sleepily, and winds round and round the hill; here passing under the bridge of the only city gate which remains (*la Porte Guillaume*), and there skirting the backs of the old houses, where the Chartraines find it a convenient, if somewhat dirty, washing place. Above it, upon the opposite side, are the ancient ramparts, now a pleasant promenade and public garden. The towers of the cathedral may be seen at a distance of eight leagues. Formerly there were also two turrets, in one of which six little bells, called *commandes*, gave notice to the ringers to pull the great bells; in the other turret was a *grue*, which was used to assemble the people during Holy Week when the bells were silenced. The elegant crocketed *clocher neuf* contained five bells, one of them having been given by Anne de Bretagne. Coming to Chartres in 1510, she was fascinated by the voice of one of the choristers, Le Fêvre by name; so fascinated that she asked the members of the Chapter to let her take the boy into her service. The Canons consented, and in thanking them, she added: "As you have given me a little voice, I will give you a big one." The bell was called after the Queen, and also nicknamed the *cloche des biens*, because Le Fêvre, having received a canonry through her Majesty's interest, endowed the bell with 3000 *livres*, on condition that it should be rung for an hour every evening, from the Sunday after Easter until Trinity Sunday. This foundation was supplemented in 1720 by 4000 *livres*, which another Canon bestowed upon the bell in order that it should be rung from Trinity Sunday to the Feast of S. Remi. Thus, day by day, during half the year, the bell peals forth for an hour every evening, advertising the faithful far and near. In the lantern above is the great bell, and an apartment for two men whose duty it is to keep a look out for fires, and to summon the *pompiers* by ringing the tocsin.

Unlike most churches which are content with the three deep doorways of their West fronts, Chartres revels in a triple porch upon the north and south walls, in addition. Moreover, these are more elaborate in their sculptures, and more imposing in general effect than those of the principal *façade*.

SOUTH DOOR

Upon the south side, seventeen steps lead up to the portico, the roof of which is vaulted and supported by single-shaft columns. The north portal is ornamented with scenes from the life of S. Anne, and various types from the Old and New Testaments.

The interior of the cathedral is far more imposing than that of Amiens, although it is not so vast; but its exquisite glass, which glitters like a multitude of jewels, cannot fail to make it unique amongst old churches. True, at Amiens, the beautiful carved woodwork of the stalls almost vies with the glass of Chartres; but the glory of the former can only be appreciated upon detailed study, whereas the windows at Chartres are visible to the most hurried visitor; and it seems odd that, with such brilliant examples of transparency and colour, we should be doomed to look upon so much modern glass which is simply hideous. The secret of the beauteousness of the old glass consists in its transparency, its simplicity of form, and flat colouring. Now we fritter away all breadth, by crowding a design with silly detail; the idea being to make the window as much of a picture as the frescoes upon the walls. It is true that the old glass painters aimed at the representation of subjects which were in harmony with the sculptures of the church, but subject was subordinate to brilliant light; one might almost say, the artist's main idea was to dazzle the visitor when he entered the building by their golden yellows, transparent reds, and brilliant rich blue. But they never dreamed of the confusion of detail, and the infinity of folds in draperies, so dear to the modern glass painter; shimmering, sparkling light was the main object of their efforts.

The cathedral contains 125 large windows, three enormous rose windows, and forty-seven small ones; nearly all of the thirteenth century. The lights under the western rose may be a century earlier. M. Lassus, the great architect, whose opinion is certainly of value upon the subject, remarks upon the rose windows: "*Chartres possède trois magnifiques verrières qui font pâlir tous les vitraux dont le XIII^e^ siècle à enrichi cette admirable cathédrale.*" The number of figures represented upon the glass amounts to no fewer than 3889. The windows were mostly given by the members of the various guilds—the butchers, the drapers, the bakers, and the barber-surgeons, who may often be discovered in the act of prayer upon the lower medallions. Other donors were S. Louis, Queen Blanche, the Counts of Chartres, and divers princes and princesses. The most celebrated windows are those designated *Roland*, *The Four Evangelists*, *S. Lubin*, and *Notre Dame de la Belle Verrière*, the figure of the Virgin being an imitation of the ancient statue in the crypt.

Of the four great churches of Paris, Chartres, Reims, and Amiens, the first is the oldest, and it is noticeable that whereas the earlier architects revelled in horizontal lines, the desire of the later builders was to accentuate the perpendicular ones, this giving the effect of greater height. This may be verified by a glance at the *façades* of the cathedrals of Paris and Amiens, and of Chartres and Reims. The chief beauty of the French churches is their enormous height, as

VIRGINI PARITURÆ

SUN-DIAL

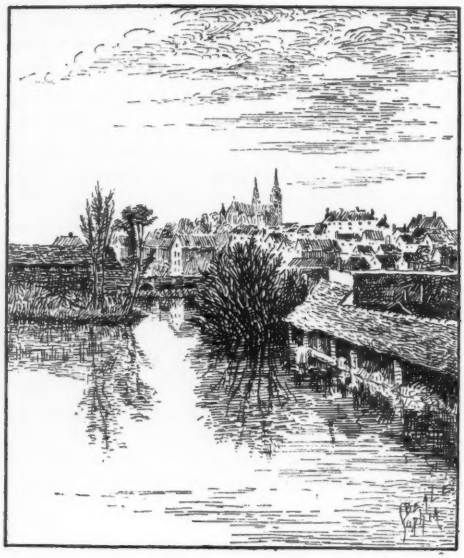
compared to the lowness of the naves of English cathedrals, relatively to their great length. Thus, although the spire of Amiens is a mere *flèche*, it is higher than the spire of Salisbury, which towers so far above the roof of the church; the dimensions being respectively 422 feet and 404 feet.

The enthusiasm which was the leading factor in the building of the cathedral, causing even women and children to help in drawing the stone carts (according to the testimony of d'Hugues, d'Amiens, and d'Haymon de Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives), has been transmitted through countless multitudes to our own time; and the beauties which were felt by S. Louis at the dedication in 1260, called forth from Napoleon the cry: "*Qu'un athée serait mal à l'aise ici!*" If only the men of the eighteenth century had felt some reverence for the building, as well as admiration, they would have left the *jubé* and choir as they had found them. But that was too much to expect of the revivers of Classic architecture attached to the person of Louis XIV and his successors. Not only the screen, but the tapestries, the altar, and in fact the whole interior of the east end, were mauled about, and more or less destroyed. The walls of the choir were plastered over, the capitals and columns were "Classified" by stucco arrangements; and, to crown all, Carrara marble bas-reliefs were substituted for the old ones, and a marble group of the Assumption by Bridan erected to adorn the High Altar. But this was not enough. The gentlemen of the eighteenth century required more light than their forefathers; and, lest the marble monstrosities should escape the eye of an admiring Chapter, eight of the beautiful windows given by S. Louis were sacrificed. Happily, by some extraordinary accident, the bas-reliefs upon the exterior of the choir were left intact, and one has only to walk round and inspect these exquisite examples of thirteenth and fourteenth century sculpture, to see, in imagination, the effect of the whole choir before the *jubé* was demolished. Even now the entire history of French sculpturesque art, may be studied upon this screen. Unlike the bas-reliefs by Jean Bouteiller in Notre Dame, Paris, which are almost all of the same date, these at Chartres show the development of the art of sculpture from the early part of the thirteenth century, through the Renaissance, to almost modern times, each panel being encased and canopied by the most exquisite lace-work in stone. The subjects represent scenes from the lives of the Virgin and of Our Lord, by Jean Solas, François Marchant, Thomas Boudin and Jean de Beauce, the sculptor of the new spire. Between the eighth and ninth panels is an elegant little Renaissance turret, containing a staircase used for winding up the clock which formerly stood hard by. At the top of the turret were the bells which rang out a hymn every morning to the Blessed Virgin.

CAPITAL

S. GREGORY

On the north side of the choir, in a chapel surrounded by a mass of silver and golden hearts and multitudes of wax lights, is one of the treasures of Chartres, the celebrated Black Virgin, *Notre Dame du Pilier*, thus named from the position of the statue, perched upon a pillar after the manner of S. Simon Stylites. Although completely void of beauty, and decked out with costly jewelled robes, this statue is still a striking



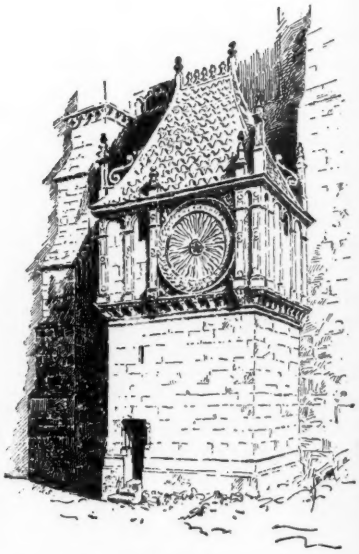
LAVOIR UPON THE EURE

object when, during the *Mois de Marie*, it is surrounded by hundreds of lights and groups of pious worshippers singing and praying. Perhaps there is no scene more imposing than these great churches during the evening offices—the dim vistas, the mass of wax tapers concentrated in one spot, the weird singing echoing through the aisles, the crowd of black-cloaked, white-capped women, with here and there a sorrow-stricken man kneeling at the altar, while the rest of the great building is wrapt in impenetrable darkness and ghostly silence.

The crypt is one of the most extensive, following the plan of the side aisles of the nave and choir. It is a mass of chapels with vaulted roofs, from which hang countless lamps. The principal chapel is that occupied by the Druidic statue, and built over the ancient grotto. It was consecrated by S. Potentien, and behind it is the pit into which the remains of the "*Saints-Forts*" were thrown after their martyrdom. Originally the walls were covered with frescoes; but those which survived the fatal restoration under Louis XIII. were demolished in 1791, together with the ancient statue, which, after being profaned and arrayed in a *bonnet rouge*, was burnt in the market-place. In one of the chapels is the stone coffin of S. Calétric, Bishop of Chartres in the sixth century, bearing the following inscription upon the lid: † HIC REQVIESIT CHALETRICVS EPS CVJVS DVLCIS MEMORIA PRIDIE NONAS SEPTEMBRIS (551) VITAM TRANSPORTAVIT IN COELIS. Bishop Fulbert, the builder of the crypt, was aided, probably in the way of money, by King Robert of France, and Knut of Denmark. The walls were covered with marbles, and the chapels embellished by the costly offerings of the pious votaries of S. Mary; *Notre-Dame-de-Sos-Terre* becoming one of the most celebrated sanctuaries in Europe. Many were the wonders which resulted from the devotion to "*La Dame de Chartres*," as Geoffrey, King of Montlhéry calls Our Lady, in describing the restoration of his son to life through her intercession; a miracle which is depicted, like many others, upon the window bearing the King's name:

> "Car si tu as ferme croyance
> Illec recevras la Santé,
> Dont ton cœur est entalenté."

A story related of one of the chaplains is most quaint. It appears the good man was so ignorant, that his devotions consisted in simply repeating, *ad infinitum*, the words: *Salve, sancta parens.* The poor bishop, scandalised, turned the ignoramus adrift; but the Virgin, appearing in a dream,



RENAISSANCE CLOCK

reprimanded the holy man for his hardness, and ordered the chaplain to be re-instated.

A Latin poem, describing the many miracles which took place in early times, is still extant. It was commenced during the episcopate of Bishop Fulbert, and finished in 1262; but subsequent chroniclers have continued the story down to our own times, when, in 1832, a medal was struck to commemorate the cessation of the epidemic of "*choléra-morbus, qui eut lieu à la suite de la procession solennelle célébrée pour obtenir la puissante protection de Notre-Dame.*"

Several of the bishops of Chartres were canonised, notably the founder, Fulbert, who was the author of several hymns and letters giving historic details of the eleventh century. In 1177, John of Salisbury, secretary to Archbishop Becket, held the See, and occupied it during the space of three years, endowing it with a relic of his master, one of the Martyr's chasubles. Reynault de Monçon took part in the crusade of 1194; and under Pierre de Mincy the new church was dedicated in the presence of S. Louis. In 1594, Henri IV. was crowned in the cathedral by Nicolas de Thou, brother of the historian; and the Ligue being then in possession of Reims, the Holy *Ampoule* had to be substituted by a vial of holy oil from the abbey of Marmoutiers, which had been miraculously delivered to S. Martin of Tours by an Angel to cure a bruise from which the good bishop was suffering.

In 1146, S. Bernard preached the Second Crusade from the pulpit; in 1360 Edward III. of England paid his devotions to the "*Sainte Chemise*" the night before he signed the treaty of Brétigny; and in 1548, the little princess Marie Stuart, betrothed to the young dauphin François, paid her vows to the "*Dame de Chartres.*"

"THE FORLORN POINT"

By LINA ORMAN-COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

AT the extreme south of Ireland a little tongue of land juts out into the sea. It is covered with huge boulders of red sandstone, tumbled together in picturesque confusion. Over these rocks the clear, green waves of the Atlantic break with a booming noise. Covering them is generally a veil of soft, fleecy foam. Around them lies the limitless ocean. Beneath and between them is spread a circle of firm, bright, yellow sand.

It is called "The Forlorn Point."

Seldom is anything heard there but the shrill screams of the curlew, or the seagull's hoarse cry. Few human eyes gaze on the tiny flowers that gem a mat of coarse grass, on the hillocks close at hand. Few human fingers search for crustacea or conches, in the hollows of the pools. But, as "the laws of nature are the hands of God," He has spread a coverlet of blue, marine forget-me-not, over the coarse sedge, and fringed the Forlorn Point with tassels of bog-cotton and a filagree of tiny sea-shells.

To this point—weary of incessant labour—came many, many hundred of years ago, one Veoc, Primate of all Ireland. Resigning the lofty dignity of an Archbishopric, he made his home as far from the northern capital as he could reach.

Amidst the red rocks, beside the ever restless sea and ringing shale, Veoc built himself a celled oratory, and sat down to save his own soul. He prayed for peace as he knelt

at the Forlorn Point. He prayed for contentment. And, withal, in answer, came a restlessness of divine birth.

From over the wide ocean travelled occasionally, news of a vigorous Christian life being lived in Brittany. Of an Apostolic band who laboured to save the souls of others. Of successful missions carried out in the quaint villages around Cournaille and Lesneven.

Tradition romances of the way in which Veoc arose and left the Forlorn Point. Both Brittany and Wexford enshrine his voyage in myth and fable. But the story of his zeal was neither myth, or fable, or romance.

A man greatly beloved, greatly blessed, Veoc worked for the Master until he died "surrounded with light" far from the Forlorn Point, on the 15th of June, in the year of our Lord 585. We can hear his voice ringing down the centuries.

> "I listened there
> With breathless longing by that solemn sea,
> Till through the curtains of the night I heard
> His own voice calling me—that voice which draws
> His children through the flood and through the fire
> To kiss His feet; and at the Master's word
> I left the shore, forth walking on the dim
> And untried waters, there to follow Him
> Who calléd me, and there to see His face." (B.M.)

Such the parable. The meaning is simple.

In each life, at some season or other, we come to a forlorn point. We *must* come. For thus saith the preacher: "To *every one* there is a time to weep . . . . and a time to mourn." It may be we find ourselves there by the failure of earthly hopes, or by the dread visit of giant despair. More often, kindly death, by taking our loved ones from our hand, leads us into loneliness. We sit us down, amongst the shattered remains of our loves and hopes, beside the sea of sorrow, and bemoan us of our solitude. We cut ourselves off from active work and endeavour. We clothe ourselves in sackcloth and ashes. We pray like Elijah that we may die, or, as Rachel, we weep and refuse to be comforted.

But, if we are healthy, living children of God, He will not let us sicken ourselves with vain regrets and longings. A divine discontent will take possession of us. Our hands must stretch across the waste of waters to help others struggling therein. We shall gird ourselves and set our faces towards the sun-rising. We cannot dwell for ever at the forlorn point.

But the lessons learned there will never be lost. Forget-me-nots grow beside the red rocks; sympathy with others will be born amidst loneliness and dreariness. Tenderness for the weak will spring up unceasingly. We shall set sail once more on the wide ocean of God's love, with the prayer of St. Veoc upon our lips:

"Keep me, O God! My boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide."

Over the waves of this troublesome world, with smiles on our lips, and tear-washed light in our eyes, with ready hands and beautiful feet, with eager words and purified hearts, we shall journey towards the land of everlasting life.

There, beyond the stormy billows of life, we shall find no restless sea of sorrow. No forlorn point will stretch into eternity. Tears and loneliness will be unknown. Active service (Rev. xxii. 3), consecrated zeal (Dan. ix. 21) will be the order of that new life.

"Surrounded with light" each soul will then praise God for the forlorn points all left behind, and the cruel ocean past. "For thou shalt no more be termed forsaken, neither thy land any more be termed desolate, for the Lord delighteth in thee" (Isaiah lxii. 4).

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MARCH

THE RICHES THAT ARE CONDEMNED IN SCRIPTURE AND THE POVERTY THAT IS BLESSED

By the Editor

FIRST SUNDAY

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

THERE are millions throughout the world who every Sunday sing the "Magnificat," that glad song of Mary the mother of our Lord, in which she praises God that "He fills the hungry with good things and the rich He sends empty away." Few pause to consider what it is they are saying. It is easy to thank God for filling the hungry with good things, but why should we do so because He sends the rich empty away? Perhaps the congregation which joins lustily in the old canticle belongs wholly to what are termed "the better classes," in the sense that they are at least better off than the poverty-stricken masses which never enter a church at all. And yet without hesitation these very people, who are ostensibly rich, sing with one voice their gratitude for a fact which, if taken literally, sounds very like their own condemnation. Whether it really does so or not will depend on the true force of the words; but the majority of those who use them do so either thoughtlessly, which is wicked, or with the consciousness that they must mean something very different from what they seem to mean. Otherwise they certainly appear to bear harshly on what most people esteem valuable.

But the sentiment expressed by the Virgin is of frequent occurrence through the whole Bible. There is throughout Scripture a tone of studied contempt used in reference to the wealthy, while the claims of the poor are vindicated with an almost exclusive force. Poverty and need are frequently set forth in the Old Testament as if themselves virtues, and "the prosperous in this world, who increase in riches" are identified with evil-doers; the afflicted and cast down are described as God's children and the successful in this world are condemned. Why is this?

It is not enough to say that it naturally arose from the state of society at that time, just as it would be natural for the oppressed in some regions of the world at present to regard the powerful representatives of a corrupt government—the Pashas and Satraps who make their fortunes out of the sufferings of the poor—as being characteristically the wicked of this earth. Riches might thus come to be associated with wrong-doing. But that theory breaks down when we examine the tenor of Scripture more closely. For when we turn to the New Testament we find our Lord and His disciples speaking in a manner which cannot be thus explained. There is no trace of any distinction being in view between the governing and the governed classes. Without a hint of political intention He pronounces woes on the rich and blessings on the poor. "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." "Woe unto you that are full." "Woe unto you that laugh now." He selects a man whose fault was ostensibly no more than that he was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, and having set him in contrast with the beggar lying at his gate, He pictures the rich man ending in torment, while the poor is carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. To the rich young man asking for eternal life He gives the counsel "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," and He concludes his teaching with the warning, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

It is the persistence with which similar lessons are taught by Christ which has led some modern critics to imagine that these sayings represent no more than the class prejudices of a Galilean peasant and the jealousy entertained by a villager respecting those that were better off. But, then, the Apostles are as pronounced in their judgment as was the Master. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world?" is

the purport of many passages in the Epistles.

Such a unity of idea pervading the Word of God deserves our most serious consideration. It is in antithesis to the modern spirit which vaunts success, and glories in material prosperity. Civilisation, men say, would be hurled into ruin and all the fruits of enterprise lost if such rules as these were made dominant.

We also know the use which has sometimes been made of Christ's words in the history of the Church. The student is familiar with the noble sacrifices made by sincere men who, receiving these sayings literally, deemed they were fulfilling Christ's commands by taking a vow of perpetual poverty. The self-abnegation was in a multitude of cases complete—when nobles and men of wealth left all that they possessed of worldly riches and retired to the cell or to the cave for the kingdom of God's sake. We also know what little security was thereby afforded against the pride of life and ecclesiastical ambition. The monkish abnegation of all human interest, which was so striking in its completeness, failed in many of the duties which Christ enforced as elementary. The starveling ascetic lived a life in marked contrast to that of our Lord Himself. It was not by assuming a mere garb of poverty and retiring to the caves of the desert that He fulfilled His mission. He was everywhere identified with human life, and brought upon Himself the evil name of "gluttonous man and wine-bibber," because He associated with all, and was in marked contrast to the Baptist, the ascetic of the wilderness. False puritanism is in like manner an untrue rendering of the spirit of the Gospel.

If we would understand the true meaning of our Lord's teaching as to wealth and poverty we must search for the root-principle of all these sayings, so as to gain a clear idea of the demand for poverty, weakness, sorrow, hunger on the part of all who would really enter His kingdom. In this, as in so many of His sayings, it is pre-eminently true that "the letter killeth, it is the spirit that giveth life." The literalism which would represent the want of money as a token of religion and its possession as a mark of irreligion would be destructive of the Gospel, because making salvation depend on an act which any man might fulfil without love either to God or man, and for mere selfish security. It would also place Christ in contradiction to the facts of life and to many of the most potent powers which make for righteousness and moral elevation. We must, therefore, reach another point of view from that of him who fancies he necessarily pleases God by assuming the cowl of the Franciscan or by shutting upon himself the door of a cell. All praise is due to the sincerity of those who, believing such a course right, thoroughly obey their convictions. Would God we had similar thoroughness carried into other regions! We have no sympathy with the churlish narrowness which withholds a tribute of respect from even mistaken devotion. Devotion to what is believed to be the will of God must assume a very morbid type—as when false zeal set up the Inquisition and perpetrated untold cruelties under Protestantism as well as under Romanism, before it ceases to command respect. But the common mind is apt to exaggerate the religious value of many a deed of self-immolation because it unmistakably proclaims sincerity, however mistaken, while blind to the less obtrusive, but not less real, spiritual sacrifices of the heart. Every one can appreciate the self-surrender of the fakir swinging by the hook through his flesh, but how few can measure the suffering implied in the battle fought out by the man who has "entered into his closet and shut to the door" and by a very agony and bloody sweat has learned to make his the prayer of his Lord, and has thus rendered up all, body, soul and spirit to his Father's will!

SECOND SUNDAY

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE PRINCIPLE

If then, we are not to recognise the kind of poverty which Christ blesses as identical with pauperism, how are we to understand His words?

In seeking for a reply, we may notice, as affording a certain key to the question, a principle which lies at the basis of all human progress, and true greatness, and in harmony with which we affirm that it is the sense of need, rather than actual poverty; the hunger of soul rather than bodily famine, which Christ pronounced blessed and through which we gain access to His kingdom.

For the sense of need may be taken as the source and measure of all human progress. Man's sense of need is the chief stimulus to enterprise. In proportion as a people becomes civilised, it has multiplied and complex requirements. The nations of Europe have to ransack the earth to supply the demands which civilisation has created, while the barbarian, because he is a barbarian, is satisfied with what his immediate surroundings afford. Civilisation creates new cravings, and it is through the pressure of these that society advances.

The sense of social need is in like manner the great promoter of political progress. When custom or superstitution exercise their tyranny, stifling the life of a people, how often has some voice been heard startling a response from a million hearts, because it expressed a sense of need that had been latent; and from that newly recognised sense of want, lo! a nation rises in its strength, and freedom takes a mighty stride forwards.

Nor is it otherwise in things intellectual. The questioner has always been the chief promoter of truth. Not content with assumptions, thirsting for fact and reality, he leaves the horde that are content with traditional common-place, and, winging his flight over the borderland of ascertained knowledge, he becomes "the first who ever burst," into some new sea, and maps out for men a fresh domain of intellectual acquirement. The sense of need, the intellectual thirst, becomes the condition on which, here also, every great movement depends.

These illustrations reveal the universality of the law which Christ applied to things spiritual, when He says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." They help us to understand the use we must make of the idea of wealth or poverty when we turn to the religious affections, and to the desires which ought to be awakened in us as beings who have been made in the image of God.

And thus it was that Christ always discriminated between those who felt their need of Him, and those who were self-satisfied and self-righteous, and were as if they required Him not. "They that are whole need not the physician, but they that are sick." "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." "For judgment am I come, that they which see not may see, and that they which see may become blind." It was not that they were whole, or righteous, or seeing; but they recognised not their wants, and lived as if they had all.

There is doubtless a close connection between worldly possessions and that false satisfaction which deadens the spiritual aspirations. Great wealth securing gratified tastes, amusement, power, pleasure, is apt not only to engross the interests, but to raise a man above those felt needs which drive others in their despair to God. Riches create a certain independence of God. The sympathies are occupied without being really satisfied. Not that this is necessarily the case. Some of the greatest saints in the Old Testament, such as Abraham and Job, were wealthy men. The most earnest cries after God and righteousness were uttered by a king. It was "a certain rich man of Arimathea" who was loyal to Christ when His own disciples had forsaken Him, and who laid Him in his own tomb. The riches which excluded men from the kingdom of God were often of a totally different nature from pecuniary wealth. If Christ commanded the rich young man to sell all that he had, he gave no such order to Nicodemus, the learned Rabbi, who prided himself on his theological knowledge and legal skill. That man's confidence rested on something else than money, and so he was told that unless he, who thought all was well because he was a precise ritualist, became a little child, he would not enter the kingdom of God. What he needed was not to sell his lands, but to be delivered from his Pharisaism.

The difference between the rich and the poor lies in that which separates those who are satisfied with their "good things" of whatever kind, and those who, driven by their sense of need, their hunger and thirst of soul, are ready to receive Jesus as their life, their physician, and their Saviour. The Pharisee who thanked God he was not as other men, might, as far as material wealth is concerned, have been as poor as the beggar Lazarus, while the wealthy publican, Zacchæus, or the centurion who was so rich as to build a synagogue for Capernaum, were in their great humility among the poor on whom Jesus bestowed blessing. The one class in their self-righteousness shut out His aid, the other in their conscious spiritual necessities,

yielded themselves gladly to His grace. There was this common characteristic among all on whom He exercised saving influence—they felt their need of Him. In this, their poverty, they were ready to be enriched; while the others, in their false wealth, went empty away.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE PRINCIPLE AT WORK

IT is marvellous when we consider the greatness of the multitude who, when Christ was in Palestine got no good from Him, although they had seen Him and heard Him, and were often with Him. We may be startled as we reflect on the comparative smallness of the number who derived any saving benefit from His ministry. Crowds followed Him wherever He went; crowds listened to His teaching and wondered at its power, asking "Whence hath this man this wisdom?" crowds witnessed His miracles and were filled with astonishment; there were those, too, who were so stirred by His extraordinary life as to be ready to fight for Him, for they dreamt that the Messiah must be an earthly king, and they wished to carry Him to the promised throne; but beyond the immediate circle of His disciples, there were perhaps, only at most a few hundreds who were affected savingly by His mission. After His resurrection, and previous to Pentecost, the five hundred brethren who met in Galilee seem to have embraced all His true followers in that region where He had chiefly ministered, while in Jerusalem no more than one hundred and twenty persons constituted the entire gathering of believers.

We have thus the suggestive and serious fact presented in the Gospel narrative and in the Acts of the Apostles, that by far the larger proportion of the many thousands of men and women who were privileged to be "eye witnesses of His majesty," derived no saving benefit from His ministry. By far the greater number could have said that they had listened to words which conveyed light and life to some, but they had remained uninfluenced; that they had seen miracles which had undoubtedly filled them with wonder, and had made blind, and crippled, and deaf, and many a miserable sufferer burst forth in Hallelujahs of thanksgiving to God; others had been so moved that their whole subsequent lives were changed; but that for themselves they had got no blessing whatever. They had heard Him speaking, and the words of the life eternal had floated in the air around. Yet, while the same tones which seemed to revolutionise the thoughts of some present, rang in their ears and created a transitory interest, in their case these had been practically powerless.

This Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth, had certainly been a subject of keenest interest over the whole country. His character and power were discussed in every hamlet, and His claims were argued about in every synagogue. The land was stirred by reports of His words, and by the signs He wrought. Courtier and peasant, rabbi and soldier, priest and publican had been excited by what they had seen or heard of Him. And yet few, very few, could join with those who said, "Thou hast the words of eternal life;" "Now we know for ourselves that Thou art the Christ of God."

Why was this? What caused the difference? How was it, for example, when there was a crowd pressing on Him, squeezing and rubbing against Him, that only one poor distressed woman so touched Him as to get healing? The difference did not consist in the matter of previous instruction and education. Those who got good from Him were possibly worse informed as to the Messianic expectations in Scripture, and had brought fewer theological ideas with them than many who stood beside Him and got no benefit. The two classes, however, represented the distinction betwixt the rich who are sent empty away, and the hungry who are filled with good things. The trembling woman whose touch called forth healing virtue, came not with the confidence of great learning, or with the self-righteous pride of the Pharisee who could thank God that he, at least, had more than fulfilled all that was demanded of him. She came in her despair, with a burden of misery, and feeling she must get help from Him and from no other. She believed, too, in the love and the power to save of this Son of God and Son of Man; and when she touched Him, it was with the touch of the helpless—the appealing touch of the miserable, the suppliant touch of the believing, and the humble touch of a timid yet trustful confidence. And that was not in vain. Others

crowded Him, but it was with the cold contact of alien bodies. She touched Him, but it was with the electric touch of vital anxiety and faith.

As it was then, so it is now. Multitudes still press round this Jesus Christ. They go to church, are filled with ideas about Him, and are in a way zealous, for they are ready to fight for their religious party, be it "High" or "Low" or "Broad." Society is charged with Christian opinions, or it is at least occupied with the old dispute, "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He? Is He mere man or God?" And yet the division is as marked now as ever it was in Palestine between those who received or did not receive actual salvation. For how many there are who, if questioned as to whether they have derived real spiritual benefit, spiritual life, healing, strength, courage, hope from Christ, would have some hesitation ere they could reply! Many are painfully conscious of this and confess with bitterness—we have tried many physicians, we have studied books and weighed opinions, we have gone to church and have even partaken of Holy Communion; but yet, in spite of it all, if our attainments are to be measured by rest of soul, conscious love to Christ and others, enthusiasm, prayerfulness, self-forgetful usefulness—then we fear that our actual experience forms a sad contrast to the ideal, for we do not feel that we have got that which is expressed by personal salvation in the sense of a true restoration to God and fellowship with the life that is in Christ. The maladies of sin and earthliness and indifference to God and of selfishness and pride are just as strong as if we had never heard of Christ at all.

Alas! each heart knows its own bitterness, and there ought to be nothing more bitter than the knowledge that years of a certain type of religious life have been as fruitless in the case of many now, as the years of Christ's ministry on earth were powerless in thousands of instances among those who saw and heard Him.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE POVERTY THAT PROVES TRUE WEALTH

For the old rule of the kingdom of God holds as strictly now as in the days of Christ, and by it we can best understand the cause of what may seem failure in His work among men now, as it seemed failure then. The cause is to to be found still in the false riches which deaden spiritual aspirations in contrast to the conscious hunger and thirst of soul, the deep sense of need which drive men to Him as their Saviour. There may be the greatest variety in the external circumstances of the spiritually hungry who are filled with good things. It was so in Christ's days. There were some who were stirred by life-long suffering and pain, to cry to Him for help; and there were others who had made themselves a despair to their own souls and to society, such as the fallen woman, who knew that she deserved to be treated as an outcast, but who longed for forgiveness and purity and restoration with a longing that was deeper and stronger than her despair; and others like Zacchæus, rich men, who were moved by spiritual wants that were pressing them more heavily than the penury of the poor; and learned men such as Nicodemus, and soldiers with the directness of the soldier spirit asking, "What shall we do?" But with such variety there was one quality common to all—they hungered and thirsted for righteousness and for spiritual healing. They were willing to take their place among the lost whom the Son of God had come to seek and save, among the sick who in their sickness had no hope but in the divine Physician. What they knew they required was *healing* and it was *healing* they sought.

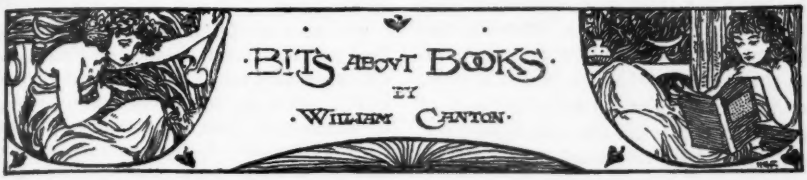
It is a similar attitude, a similar spiritual consciousness which secures blessing now. There may be many important matters connected with religion, such as questions of criticism and theology and ecclesiasticism, but these, however interesting, are essentially different from that of spiritual healing and restoration to God. Just as there is a wide difference between the attitude of the man who is studying systems of medicine or of surgery, and that of him who goes as a patient to submit to the treatment of the physician, not for the sake of knowledge but for health; so there is a vast distinction between studying theology as a science, or between coming as a scholar may come to certain conclusions respecting the claims of this Church or that, and the attitude of one who goes to the personal Saviour for spiritual healing, forgiveness and grace.

For it was as the Saviour of the sinful that

Christ came to earth, to bring the wanderer back to the Father's house and to convey forgiveness and peace to the troubled; and it is on a similar ground He meets us now.

He fulfilled this end in many ways. We could not express in any single formula what He gave to those whom He blessed when He was in the world. Sometimes it was at first merely bread distributed to the famishing, or sight given to the blind eyes, or a word of mercy to the broken-hearted. There was no stereotyped doctrine which was made the shibboleth for admission into His rest. What He gave was essentially Himself, as the Friend and Helper and Guide of all who trusted Him. His healing of diseases and His tender words of compassion undoubtedly attracted confidence and inspired love, but it was the faith they had in Himself and their devotion to Him personally which proved the redeeming power over heart and life. And it is a similar communion and fellowship with the personal Saviour which we require for our daily life, founded on the consciousness of His presence, and that we can go to Him when we are at our weakest as well as when we are at our strongest, and telling Him all the burden of our desires, yield self to be governed and taught by Him who knows us and cares for us.

It is verily a deepened sense of spiritual need which is necessary for the fuller apprehension of the riches of Christ. When religion is but a form, a profession which stands apart from actual life, a customary going to church and an uninquiring assent to doctrines which have no vital influence, it is no wonder that under such conditions there should be but a feeble and fruitless appreciation of the gift of Christ. If an increased consciousness of material requirements arises with a higher type of civilisation, so must an increased consciousness of spiritual needs arise with a higher type of Christian life. What a meagre and starveling condition of soul is that which never experiences the stirring of the wings of strong desire, which has no passionate outcry as from the depths for God, and which, being without great love, has neither joy nor sorrow! Dull content is generally the result of spiritual death. Better the storm-lashed sea full of movement and power than the calm of the icy surface, that responds to no breath of heaven. For the doom of apathy is emptiness of soul. It is thus that Christ tells us there are first which shall be last, and last first; that the sinner, wretched because of sin, is nearer the living God than the cold formalist; the anxious doubter, struggling for truth, nearer than the drowsily orthodox; and the poor and despairing, longing for a friend and saviour, nearer than they whose comforts are so complete that there is scarcely an element, except peevishness, to disturb their self-complacency. It is, therefore, sometimes God's greatest mercy when He hurls in ruin these false confidences; it may be through sorrows that in shattering the earthly things which have been our all, compel us to look steadily at the problems of being; or through earnest doubt which drives into nothingness what has hitherto been only a dead belief and brings us face to face with truth. It is not for us to court trial for its own sake, but it is frequently a part of the loving education of our Father in heaven to send trial in order that we may learn our need of the Eternal, and experience the blessed hunger and thirst of soul which forbids rest until we are led to Himself. It is in this sense we may understand our Lord's words regarding wealth and poverty—the riches that are empty and the poverty that leads to abiding satisfaction.



MISS KINGSLEY has not merely navigated mighty African rivers, traversed labyrinths of equatorial forest, plunged through leagues of pestilential swamp, and scaled plutonic altitudes which threaten to throw the earth off its balance, but she is one of those ideal travellers who have invaded regions hitherto untrodden by a white foot. More than this, she has pursued her quest of fetish and fishes without companion or countryman, and without having recourse to either masculine or rational attire. Indeed, she disapproves of flaunting in a Fan village what you would not dare to "sport" in Regent Street, and she regards petticoats as an efficient protection against the spikes in an elephant trap. It is clear that she possesses all the fine qualities of the typical explorer—coolness, courage, resource, tact. To her dusky followers she was once and again mother as well as master, and probably several of them would never have seen home but for the decision and management of their "Ma." Much of the delightful record of her journeys* will be cakes and ale to the specialist; it will not on that account be any the less delightful and diverting to the armchair traveller who is not to be deterred from wild excursions by the fact that "return tickets are not issued by the West African lines of steamers," and who will only chuckle over the advice given to the author in case she persisted in pursuing her wilful way: "Abstain from exposing yourself to the direct rays of the sun, take four grains of quinine every day for a fortnight before you reach the Rivers, and get some introductions to the Wesleyans; they are the people on the Coast who have got a hearse with feathers."

A good deal has been written about the West Coast, but nothing more vivid and fresh, more gaily humorous, more keen and suggestive than Miss Kingsley's narrative. She has learned the art of seeing and the equally rare art of making what she has seen visible to the reader. Her colloquial escapades give a racy variety to a great deal of really admirable writing, and they are doubtless characteristic of the buoyant personality of the traveller who discovered "that it was almost as safe and far more amusing to be born lucky than wise." One of the most interesting episodes in the book is the ascent of the great equatorial river, the Ogowé, to the foot of the mighty Alemba rapids, which fix the limit of steamboat navigation some 200 miles from the coast. In the forest about Talagouga, "the Gateway of Misery," the ordinary bush-paths were lacking in the dense tangle of undergrowth. "No Fan village wants to walk to another Fan village for social civilities, and all their trade goes up and down the river in canoes. No doubt some miles inland there are bush-paths, but I never struck one, so they must be pretty far away." One thinks, as one reads, of the ancient water-ways in the primeval forest epoch of Europe and of England. Strange and eerie, too, was the prospect from the Talagouga hillsides "of the great, grim, dark forest, under the lowering grey sky common during the dry season on the Equator." So deep down in the ravine does the Ogowé race, that "a person coming to the hill tops close to Talagouga from the N. or NNW. and turning back in his track from here, might be utterly unconscious that one of the great rivers of the world was flowing, full and strong, within some 800 feet of him." Wonderful were the effects of colour which were experienced on this swift and dangerous Ogowé—the Japanese evening glow in the gap which carried the eye into the recesses of the Sierra del Cristal; the huge stars hanging like moons in the deep violet-purple of the

* "Travels in West Africa, Congo Français, Corisco, and Cameroons." By Mary H. Kingsley. With illustrations. Second thousand. Macmillan and Co., Limited. 21s. net.

early night; then the moon itself blackening and hardening the mountains against its disk, and, as it rose, turning the foam of the Alemba into a silvery mist; and last, all around, the "fire-flies" which had come out "to see if our fire was not a big relation of their own, and they were the sole representatives, with ourselves, of animal life."

More engrossing still is the expedition from Kangwe through the unknown Fan regions to Agonjo, and thence, "with divers excursions and alarms," down the Rembwé to the coast. Here geographical research was handicapped by the fact that different tribes call one and the same place by different names, and have even attained the mental subtilty of calling a river by one name when going up and by another when coming down. Every traveller in these parts should, it is suggested, learn every separate native word, or set of words, signifying "I don't know." "Four villages and two rivers I have come across here, solemnly set down with various forms of this statement for their native names." Gorillas, elephants, hippos, bush cows, and crocodiles here afforded the explorer numerous opportunities, which she sadly neglected, of carrying out the final instructions of a most distinguished and valued scientific friend: "Always take measurements, Miss Kingsley, and always take them from the adult male." One would like to linger over the incidents of this journey, but as fetish and fishes are the serious purpose of the book, I must economise space. One small but significant trait however I shall set down. At the first Fan village, when she stated the pay she would give for carriers, "one man, pretending to catch Grey Shirt's words in his hands, flung them to the ground and stamped them under his feet" in most dramatic dissent. Even a small price "carrier palaver" may last for three weeks in these places. "There is no clock in the forest." It must have startled the untimed children of nature to hear the decision of the white man (there appear to be no genders in West Africa, whereby hangs a charming letter, on p. 502, from a friendly agent who understood the comfort of a dry rig-out): "My price is for a start to-morrow; after then I have no price; after that I go away." About 11.30 that same night "Ma" stole out of her sleepless bark hut, glided through the silent townstead to the canoes, and paddled out on to the dark lake.

"It was a wonderfully quiet, lovely night with no light save that from the stars. One immense planet shone pre-eminent in the purple sky, throwing a golden path down on to the still waters. Quantities of big fish sprung out of the water, their glistening silver-white scales flashing so that they look like slashing swords. Some bird was making a long, low boom-booming sound away on the forest shore. I paddled leisurely across the lake to the shore on the right, and seeing crawling on the ground some glowworms, drove the canoe on to the bank among some hippo-grass, and got out to get them.

"While engaged on the hunt I felt the earth quiver under my feet, and heard a soft big soughing sound, and looking round saw I had dropped in on a hippo banquet. I made out five of the immense brutes round me, so I softly returned to the canoe and shoved off, stealing along the bank, paddling under water, until I deemed it safe to run out across the lake for my island. I reached the other end of it to that on which the village is situated; and finding a miniature rocky bay with a soft patch of sand and no hippo-grass, the incident of the Fan hut suggested the advisability of a bath."

And bathe she did in that lonely planet-lit hour in the sleeping Fan country, and as she dressed beheld a ball of violet light, about the size of a small orange, float down through the forest to the shore opposite, and hover to and fro along it close to the ground. Another violet light came from behind one of the islets and joined it, and the two wavered to and fro over the beach, playing and circling about each other. Were they some new kind of luminous insect, as the observer thought, or only bush devils, as the Fans declared?

Trade English is the medium of intercourse along the coast. The languages of the various tribes, "although they are elaborate enough to produce, for their users, nearly every shade of erroneous statement, they are not, save perhaps M'pongwe, elaborated enough to enable a native to state his exact thoughts." Gender, as I have mentioned, is ignored, and it is not always clear whether the subject of a sentence is animate or inanimate. Then so much depends on gesture that the Fans often go to the fire "to see" what is said after dark, and the inhabitants of Fernando Po, the Bubis, are unable to converse without light. Of course, a man's command of language is rarely co-extensive with his intelligence. The most civilised experience a difficulty in stating clearly and

effectively what they want to say, while children habitually understand words which they cannot use spontaneously. No one will question Miss Kingsley's opinion that the native language is far inferior to the native mind behind it, and least of all the reader who gives the attention they deserve to her engrossing chapters on fetish.

No study to my thinking is more intensely interesting than what may be called the moral and philosophic theology of the savage. With these West Coast barbarians God as the creator of man, plants, animals, and the earth, is a non-interfering and accordingly a negligible, quantity; but the universe is crowded with spirits, almost all malevolent, and none to be completely trusted even when they can be coaxed into showing some creditable feeling. They may, with some little uncertainty perhaps, be ranged into six classes—human disembodied spirits; vague beings like our ghosts; a sort of dryad who resent intrusion into their territory, on their rock, past their tree; agents of disease and thwarters of human designs; household and family spirits; spirits which enter into the bodies of animals. Miss Kingsley's description of the malignant surf on the coast and the wicked bush-rope with its sharp curved thorns is in itself an admirable illustration of the manner in which natural things assume in the imagination an independent vitality and an inveteracy of cruelty and evil. The common expression among ourselves, "I cannot get the horror of it out of my eyes," also helps us to understand. To an African this "horror" would mean a spirit coming from the thing itself; and I can imagine an English poet accepting that fetishistic view of the matter. Human eyeballs, especially those of white men, are a potent charm; through them the savage fancies he secures for the service of his village "the man who lives in your eyes." The entrance to the long street-shaped villages is frequently closed with a sapling fence hung with charms to prevent evil spirits from entering, and sometimes with leaves and flowers for the residence of protecting spirits. As a bit of symbolism we might all very well fence our lives about in a similar way, and small shame to us. Among the Negro and Bantu races "the rule is that death is regarded as a direct consequence of the witchcraft of some malevolent human being, acting by means of spirits over which he has by some means or other obtained control." There are exceptions, however; a man may have had a bad disease in some previous life and have brought it with him in his re-incarnation; or as every man has (besides the soul that survives death, the shadow on the path and the dream-soul) a bush-soul which is always in the form of an animal in the forest, that wild creature which is liable to strange contingencies may bring the poor mortal to grief. Unhappily these exceptions are not much regarded in practice; "at almost every death a suspicion of witchcraft arises. The witch-doctor is called in, and proceeds to find out the guilty person. Then woe to the unpopular men, the weak women, and the slaves; for on some of them will fall the accusation that means ordeal by poison or fire, followed, if these point to guilt as from their nature they usually do, by a terrible death—slow roasting alive, mutilation by degrees before the throat is mercifully cut, tying to stakes at low tide that the high tide may come and drown, and any other death human ingenuity and hate can devise." Over the horrors connected with this hideous creed and the revolting death ceremonials it is needless to linger. Let us close this reference to the fetish chapters with a legend found among the Timneh people, north-east of Sierra Leone, for which, however, Miss Kingsley suspects an Arabic origin:

> "In old times God was very friendly with men, and when He thought a man had lived long enough on earth, He sent a messenger to tell him to come up into the sky, and stay with Him; but once there was a man who, when a messenger of God came, did not want to leave his wives, his slaves, and his riches, and so the messenger had to go back without him; and God was very cross and sent another messenger to him, who was called Disease, but the man would not come for him either, and so Disease sent back word to God that he must have help to bring the man: and so God sent another messenger whose name was Death; and Disease and Death together got hold of the man and took him to God; and God said in future He would always send these messengers to fetch men."

So much for the fetish. As for the fishes I must refer the reader to the appendices which also contain information on the beetles, butterflies, and other insects, papers on trade and labour, and disease and its treatment,

and a pretty legend of the invention of the cloth loom, which does not quite harmonise with the author's general statement as to the general ineptitude of the natives in the matter of invention and manufacture.

Miss Kingsley has some frank strictures to pass on the incongruous schemes of technical education adopted at some of the mission stations, but to these I need only refer. She indulges in a delightful burst of invective against the Hubbard—"a female garment patronised by the whole set of missions from Sierra Leone to Congo Belge," and usually made at working parties at home by zealous ladies whose idea of the African female figure seems to be—well, somewhat eccentric. It was either a Hubbard or some other mystery of the toilet that Miss Kingsley measured, and found that with a depth of 30 inches one had a breadth of 42 inches, while another with a depth of 36 inches had a breadth of 60 inches. "It is not in nature for people to be made to fit these things. So I suggested that a few stuffed negroes should be sent home for distribution in working party centres." Then in the case of the Hubbard, which is said to consist of a yoke with a flounce (set in with full gathers) which falls to the heels of the wearer, sometimes the flounce is most reprehensibly sewn on with a chain-stitch machine; once in church an untutored little girl, seeing a bit of white thread sticking out in the back of the yoke of the woman sitting before her, and, wanting some amusement, pulled out that thread by the yard, so that when the lady——

Have you read Mr. Watters' "Stories of Everyday Life in Modern China"? It is an extremely curious book.* We are so much accustomed to the topsy-turviness of the Celestial that it is difficult to credit him with any of the traits and characteristics of an Occidental nature. And yet, after all, it would appear that in spite of his innumerable eccentricities the Chinaman is at heart much like ourselves—laughs if you tickle him, bleeds if you prick him, and is in many ways a very human unit of the Red-earth family. The "Constant Husband" who, loving to the end, goes and talks to his wife in her grave, who honours her memory with a flower of the season always fresh and fragrant, and whose second daughter, the image of her dead mother, refuses to be married and lives with the old man, making his age restful and contented, is a very conceivable soul to the Western mind, and the sentiment of the story is quite as much Western as Chinese. "The True Maiden," with its tragic close, shows that the love of man and maid is the same passion whatever the colour of the skin or the form of the convention. The infatuation of Widow Lee for the beggar is not quite so conceivable to our insular imagination, but the hankering of the beggar for the old free precarious existence, his *cameraderie* with the old associates, are natural enough. "The Teacher and his Pupil," if I may use the expression without offence, is pure "Kailyard" and very beautiful and tender "Kailyard" too. Mr. Buchanan in one of his Scottish idylls treats a very similar theme. Of course the pupils die suddenly and the dear old dominie speedily follows them. He is buried on a spot that looks down the road they used to come. His spirit is seen in the dim morning twilight looking in the direction where their graves lie; but it is only in China that in the springtime the wild roses can bloom about these graves *in white mourning*. There are many other charming and touching details that one might mention, but most satisfaction will be derived from a first-hand acquaintance with this quaint and very noticeable little volume.

Of Miss Mary Beaumont's new story, "Joan Seaton,"* little need be said to commend it to those who have read "A Ringby Lass." Notwithstanding the tragic thread that runs through it, it is really an idyll of one of those racy old-world Yorkshire dales, the inhabitants of which are mostly descendants of the great old families who bore a strong hand in the making of England. It is charmingly written, fresh as North Riding air can make it, and it is full of the sweetness, the sensitiveness of heart, and the spiritual insight one so rarely meets with in the fiction of to-day; but Miss Beaumont is strongest, I think, when she is most idyllic.

* "Stories of Everyday Life in Modern China." Told by Chinese and done into English by T. Watters, late H.M. Consul at Foochow. David Nutt. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*

* "Joan Seaton; a story of Percival-Dion in the Yorkshire Dales." By Mary Beaumont, author of "A Ringby Lass." J. M. Dent and Co. 4*s* 6*d.* net.

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ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

By G. F. Watts, R.A.

"It's preceesely forty-two shillin' and saxpence"

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days and many ways
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song,
Many a road and many an inn,
Room to roam, but only one Home,
For the whole world to win."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XIII

"Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause,
And like a never-ending rhyme
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
Who bides his time."—J. W. RILEY.

"HAVE you had bad news from home?" asked Ralph, taking the letter which Ivy held towards him.

"Yes," she said, in a broken voice. "They have had to move my grandfather to the hospital."

It was but too clear, as Ralph at once perceived from the letter, that the old professor was never likely to recover, and that Ivy's home had ceased to exist. The landlady wrote to demand rent, and since it was impossible to pay this, there would doubtless be a sale of the professor's few belongings.

And here was this pretty girl of sixteen stranded, without a penny in her possession,

in a remote Scotch town, where it was impossible to meet with an engagement.

"What am I to do?" she said, lifting her piteous eyes to his with an appeal that moved him more than he quite liked. He wished that he had not guessed her secret on the previous day, and that he could treat her once more in the matter-of-fact-elder-brotherly fashion which he had once adopted. But this was no longer possible; nay, he felt an almost irresistible longing to say to her: "I will take care of you. We will set the world at defiance, and bear our troubles together."

Fortunately he thought of Evereld, and instantly tried to picture her in the same plight. How would he have felt towards a man who had taken advantage of her poverty and helplessness to place her in a position which must, more or less, have compromised her?

He folded the letter and gave it back.

"Don't worry yourself more than you can help," he said, kindly. "I will talk things over with the others, and we will manage somehow to get you back to London."

But discussion threw very little light on the main difficulty of how to raise the necessary money. Every member of the company was desperately poor, and although Myra Kay offered to take charge of Ivy as far as London, she had only just enough money to pay for her own railway ticket. Some intended to go back to Inverness, others were setting out for Edinburgh or Glasgow, and all were grumbling loudly, and anathematising the Skoots, who could scarcely have chosen a more inconvenient place than Forres for their flight.

He had counted a good deal on Dudley's good nature; but the comedian proved the most unsatisfactory adviser of all.

"Oh don't worry your head about Ivy Grant," he said. "Depend upon it such a pretty girl will win her way somehow or other. It's much more to the point what you and I are to do."

Ralph did not stay to argue the question. Myra Kay was to leave by the next train for the south, and he was determined that somehow or other Ivy must go with her. He went up to his room, threw most of his possessions into a portmanteau, and went to try his fortune at the pawnbrokers. It was broad daylight, but he had long ago ceased to feel any shame at being reduced to such straits. He went to-day, however, with a heavy heart; for he was only too well aware that he could not hope to raise much money on the few shabby clothes, and the wigs, shoes, and such like, which had supplemented the theatrical costumes provided by Skoot. Many weeks before, his father's watch and chain had been parted with, so that he had nothing of much value, and his spirits sank lower and lower as the pawnbroker checked off the garments one by one at terribly small prices.

In the very atmosphere of the shop there seemed something depressing; tales of sordid misery seemed woven in with the shabby rugs and carpets, the stacks of heterogeneous clothing; and tragedies seemed bound up with the workmen's tools, the musical instruments, the relics of household furniture.

"Twenty-five shillin's and saxpence," said the master of the shop. "Will I be makin' oot the teeckets?"

"What's the price of a third single to London?" asked Ralph. "I must raise enough for that."

"Ye canna do it, sir, not with these, its juist beyon' ony man's contrivin'. Why I'm thinkin' the teecket to London will be a matter of twa punds."

He appealed to his assistant.

"It's preceesely forty-two shillin' and saxpence," said the young man, regarding the actor with some interest.

"There's still the portmanteau," said Ralph.

It was an old one of the rector's, solid and good of its kind.

"I'll gie ye a couple o' shillin's for it," said the pawnbroker. "But ye'll no be gettin' to London, sir, upon twenty-seven and saxpence."

"It must be done," said Ralph, with a determined look which took the Scotsman's fancy. "Make out those tickets, and I'll be with you again in five minutes.

"The laddie's weel-bred," said the old man to himself. "He'll win his way depend on it, there's grit in him. Yon's none of your false French polishin'; it's sound, good breedin' and grit."

Ralph, true to his word, appeared again in a few minutes carrying a Gladstone bag, an overcoat, and a mackintosh. The bag with the change of linen in it which he had hoped to keep, went for a little more than he had

expected, and with the overcoat brought in enough money for the journey, and ninepence to spare. He decided not to part with the mackintosh, and gathering up his sheaf of tickets, bade the old Scotsman good-day, and went at once to the manager's deserted rooms.

Ivy had grown tired of talking to the landlady, and being in spite of her troubles exceedingly hungry, had taken her place at the forlorn breakfast table, and was trying to find comfort in a cup of cold coffee.

"Come, that's a good idea," said Ralph, cheerfully. "And now I think of it, I, too, am hungry. Why should we not eat? After Mrs. Skoot's pressing invitation it's a clear duty!"

Ivy smiled, and began to fill his cup for him.

"What do the rest of the company think I had better do?" she asked, anxiously.

"They all agree that you had better go back to London with Miss Kay. She will not be able to take you home with her, but I have been thinking it over, and I'm sure your best way will be to go to my old landlady, Mrs. Dan Doolan in Paradise Street. She is the soul of good nature, and as long as they have a crust in the house they would share it with you."

"But I don't know them," said Ivy with an air of distaste, "and I can't go and beg."

"I will write a letter to them, and explain everything," said Ralph. "They are good, trustworthy people who will see that no harm happens to you; they will, I daresay, house you while you look for another engagement."

"How am I to get the money for my ticket?"

"I will see to that for you."

"But you have no money?"

"Are you so sure of that?" said Ralph, smiling as he rattled the coins in his pocket cheerfully.

The girl's face brightened. "You have enough for both of us?"

"I am going to stay in Scotland. I shall keep enough to get along with; you needn't be anxious."

But this was quite too much for Ivy, she hid her face and burst into tears.

"I can't go alone," she sobbed. "I won't take your money, and leave you behind in this horrid place. Oh, please, please let us stay together."

For a minute he wavered—the sight of her tears was almost more than he could endure; the sunshine streaming in through the uncurtained window turned her brown hair to gold, and revealed in a way that half-dazzled him the wonderful grace of every line of her figure. With an effort, he turned away, and began doggedly to pace the room till he recovered himself, and, with that instinct for straightforward dealing which always characterised him, frankly answered her suggestion.

"That would never do: you will see if you think for a minute. You are no longer a child, and people would say horrible things about you."

"But you always say we are not to trouble about slanders. You don't like conventional people, and yet here you would have me made miserable, for fear unkind tongues should talk."

"We can't throw aside all conventions," said Ralph; "many of them are good and useful in their way. Are you and I so superhuman that we can afford to do without all safeguards? I know you think me hard-hearted, but some day you'll thank me for persuading you to go with Miss Kay."

Ivy shook her head. "It's because you don't really like me; you mean to be kind, just kind and nothing more. I hate your kindness!"

All the grief and love and passion that was pent up in her heart seemed to break loose into this wild, little speech.

Ralph began to pace the room again; he understood her only too well, and he was sorely perplexed as to what he should do. At last he came to the somewhat original determination to treat her as he would have liked in her place to be treated. He sat down by her, and said quietly:

"We are all of us unhinged this morning, but I want you, Ivy, to try and see things as they really are. I'm going to tell you what not another soul in the world knows, for it will help you to see how we stand. I have a friend in England who is as yet only my friend, but I'm presumptuous enough to dream—to hope—that some day she will be my wife."

"Then very naturally you can't care much what happens to other girls," said Ivy, perversely.

"I care a hundred times more," said

Ralph. "It is just through her that I have learnt to reverence all women. Were she in your plight up here in Forres should I not think any man a brute who risked her good name, who didn't do his utmost to shield her and help her unselfishly?"

Ivy did not reply; her wistful blue eyes were fixed on his now with the questioning look of a child who is trying to grasp some quite new idea. She had seen all through her precocious childhood and girlhood a great deal that called itself love, but was only selfishness and animal passion, and now through her sorrow and disappointment she was beginning faintly to perceive another kind of love altogether, a love that was divine and ennobling. It was just a far-away glimpse such as she had gained of the landscape one day, when, in spite of cloudy weather, they had climbed Moncrieffe Hill, and as the mist every now and then cleared off for a few minutes, they had seen the sun shining on lovely scenery far far in the distance. She had the same sense now that the glimpse of love she had gained was real and true, and that the mist was a mere passing discomfort.

"I am sorry I was angry," she exclaimed. "I don't mean what I said, then. I like you to be my friend and to help me—at least if it's right for me to let you."

"Of course it's right," said Ralph. "Didn't your grandfather trust me to take you down to Scotland and place you with Mrs. Skoot? I owe it to him since she has deserted you, to see you safely back in London, and I will write a line at once to Mrs. Dan Doolan explaining things."

"Thank you," she said, in a sad, meek little voice. And as he began to write, her little, sensible, managing ways came back to her and she began to cut thick slices of bread and butter and wrap them up for the journey. She then consoled the landlady with her travelling trunk, packed her few possessions into the smallest compass possible, and by the time Myra Kay called for her, was waiting ready dressed, looking, indeed, very pale, but with an air of determination about her firm little mouth which Ralph could not help admiring.

There was a great bustle of departure, but when he had posted his letters and had taken Ivy's ticket and stood alone outside the railway carriage with nothing more to do, a sense of loneliness began to steal over him. For the first time it occurred to any one to ask what plans he had made for himself.

"Where are you going, Mr. Denmead?" said Myra Kay.

"I'm going to take a walking tour," said Ralph, lightly; "probably I shall work my way down to Glasgow, and try for an engagement there. By-the-bye, where is Macneillie's company now?"

"Just dispersed," said Myra, cheerfully, as she reflected that her lover would be in London to meet her. "Macneillie generally winds up soon after Whitsuntide and starts again at the beginning of August. He has promised to take me on again then."

"If he has an opening you might say a word for me," said Ralph, "and Ivy, let me have a line to say how you get on. I shall have to call for letters at the Stirling post-office, for I hope to hear of an engagement by that time."

Just at that moment he was hailed by a familiar voice from a smoking carriage, and looking round he saw Dudley leaning out of the window.

"So you are off to the south, too!" he said. "Lucky fellow, how did you manage it?"

The train had already begun to move, but the comedian with a beaming face still leant out of the window describing to the last moment the extraordinary run of luck he had had at billiards.

"Go and play the same game," he counselled; "it's the only way to raise the wind. Good-bye, my boy! Meet again in better times."

He waved his hand cheerfully and was borne away, but the thing which lingered longest in Ralph's sight was Ivy's wistful, little face, as to the very last she gazed back at him.

CHAPTER XIV

"And forth into the fields I went,
And nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

"I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow results of winter showers;
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

"I wonder'd while I paced along;
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong."

"The Two Voices."—TENNYSON.

IT was just ten minutes past eleven by the

station clock when Ralph, having parted with his companions, found himself outside in the highroad. He felt horribly desolate, and stood for a minute or two dismally contemplating a flaming red and yellow placard of a scene in "Cramond Brig," which they had invariably played after "East Lynne." Wretched as his experiences with the company had been, they had at least been less dreary than solitude. He sorely missed Ivy's bright face, and the comedian's cheerful companionship. There was a certain bitterness too in the reflection that no one had taken much thought of what was to become of him, and that even Dudley, who had been kind and friendly enough in the past, had never dreamt of foregoing his journey to London and of taking two tickets to Glasgow.

With a last look at Forres he turned his steps southward and somewhat drearily set off on the first stage of his journey. He meant to reach Grantown that evening, and Grantown appeared to be at least two and twenty miles off. Fortunately the weather was all in his favour; it was one of those mornings of early May when the sun is bright and warm and the air deliciously fresh, and he had not gone far along the uphill road before his spirits revived. After all he was young and in good health, and there was something not altogether unpleasant in entire independence. He reflected with a laugh that although a change of clothes might be desirable, a knapsack would have been heavy to carry, that the greatcoat though useful on a cold night would have been unbearable at the present moment, and that the sixpence left to him after stamping the letter to his old landlady and letters to the managers of an Edinburgh and a Glasgow theatre, would at any rate keep him for a few days from actual starvation. Then for a while he forgot his difficulties altogether in sheer enjoyment of the country. The lovely outline of the Cluny hills, the glimpses of the river Findhorn, the beautiful parks surrounding many stately houses, looked their very best on this perfect spring morning. He caught the glowing sunlight through the young leaves just unfolded and thought that the delicate tracery of dark boughs seemed as though ablaze with emeralds. He had walked for about two hours when he came to a little country church and burial ground, and paused partly to rest, partly to look up at the beautiful viaduct which at a great height spanned the river Divie.

"Ay, ay," said a voice, that seemed to rise from one of the graves. "There are many tourists that stop to admire yonder seven-arched work of man's devising, but few—very few—that pay much heed to the works of the Almighty."

There was a strong northern accent about the words; and the careful, precise English showed that the speaker was better used to reading than to speaking the language.

Ralph had started a little at the suddenness with which the silence had been broken, and on turning round, he saw a venerable-looking old man with bushy grey hair and beard, and shrewd yet kindly glance. Evidently he was the minister of this place. Ralph raised his hat, and smiled a little.

"May not the skill of man be taken as one of God's works?" he said.

"No doubt, no doubt," replied the minister. "When rightly applied that is to say. But railways, sir, are the devil's own weapon; they desolate and mar the country they enter; they bring to the country folk all the evil of the towns and cities. You have a prophet in your own land that has told you this in plain words, but you will not heed him, but go on multiplying the works of evil to your own undoing."

"On such a day as this I am all in favour of walking," said Ralph, amused at the minister's earnestness.

"Sir! it's a grand exercise, you'll not be finding a better; there are your bicycles that bend a man's back like an overstrung bow, and your tricycles that are no light diversion to push up our Scottish hills, and there are those works of the evil one which whirl you through creation at such a pace that you are no wiser at the end of a journey than you were at the beginning of it. But a man that walks, sir, must be blind and deaf if he's not a better man after his walk than he was before."

"Well, I shall be able to test your theory," said Ralph. "For I am walking as far as Glasgow."

"And which way will you be taking?" asked the minister. "You should spend a few days among the Grampians, if your are anything of a mountaineer."

"I must push on as fast as I can," said

Ralph; "and by the most direct route. They told me at Forres that after Grantown I had better make for Kingussie."

"If you'll come into the Manse, I will show you on the map the very route I have often travelled myself in past days," said the minister. And Ralph, nothing loth, followed him into his house, and was soon poring over a big ordnance map, and receiving some very helpful information from the old man.

They were interrupted before long by a knock at the door, and the appearance of an aged housekeeper with a large, well-fed, tabby cat in her arms.

"The feesh is on the table, sir, and it's a sair temptation for puss, puir wee thing, starving hungry as she is."

Ralph sprang up to take leave, glancing humorously at the fat tabby, who was in such haste for her food. The minister noted the glance; he noted, too, for the first time, the extreme shabbiness of his guest's clothes, and certain signs of under-feeding about him.

"We'll no keep puss waiting, Tibbie," he said. "But just lay another place at the table, for I hope this gentleman has time to dine with me." Then as Ralph hesitated to accept the hospitality he overruled all objections by adding: "You'll be doing me a real kindness if you'll stay, for it is not very often that I get a visitor to talk with in this country place."

He led the way as he spoke into the adjoining room, a plainly-furnished parlour with nothing ornamental about it, but with a certain charm of its own, nevertheless, from its pure cleanliness and simplicity. Puss occupied a chair on her master's right hand, and purred loudly through the somewhat long grace, and Tibbie, having provided for the wants of the visitor, left them to enjoy the meal in peace. For dinner at the Manse was not an affair with many courses, but just freshly-caught fish from the river, baps baked that morning by the housekeeper, a salad from the garden, and the remains of a cheese which had been a present to the minister on New Year's day.

"Now the majority of travellers, as I was saying," continued the minister, "are just hurried over the viaduct, causing us nothing but distraction and annoyance, but a pedestrian like yourself really sees the place, and cheers the day for us and brings us something to think about."

"I spent the first thirteen years of my life in a country rectory," said Ralph. "And remember what a quiet time we had."

"And are you studying for the ministry?" asked the old man.

"No," said Ralph. "My guardian gave me the chance of doing that, but I think you will agree that one can't be a parson just for the sake of earning a living."

"Certainly not, sir, certainly not. You are quite in the right. No man should take up such work without a clear call; far better seek some other profession."

"That is what I did," said Ralph, colouring a little. "But I know very well that you'll not approve of my profession. I am an actor, and am on my way now to Stirling where I hope to hear of a fresh engagement either at Edinburgh or at Glasgow."

Surprise, consternation, regret, were plainly visible in the old man's face. He said nothing for a moment, it bewildered him to find that this young fellow with his straightforward manner and ingenuous modesty, should have anything to do with the stage.

"I am thinking that you will be asking me as you did of the viaduct—may not the skill of man be taken as one of God's works?" he said, thoughtfully. "And I'm fain to confess that I have ever considered theatres as the highway to hell, and actors as so many servants of the devil. May God forgive me if I have failed in charity and dealt out harsh judgment to them."

So they fell into talk together, and Ralph told of the landlady who had shut the door in his face, and assumed that he was no Christian. He told of some of the arrangements at the two theatres in London with which he was acquainted. He told more than one story which he had heard from Myra Kay of the good that Hugh Macneillie had done. And the old minister listened and pondered these strange sayings in his heart, looking all the time with a sort of wistfulness at the fresh, hopeful face opposite him—a face which somehow haunted him long after Ralph had left the Manse.

"He had been through a hard apprenticeship, and I doubt he had little enough in his pockets," reflected the old man as he paced the bare, little parlour.

"He'd been defrauded of his pay and had

looked on the evil as well as on the good, but still he pleaded like a born advocate for his calling—his art; and spite of his troubles there was a blithe look in his face which sore perplexes me."

He walked to and fro many times, finally he took a Bible from the shelf and turned over the pages until he came to the words he sought. They were these: "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

"It was *that* his look kept bringing before me," he said to himself, and he sighed because he knew that there was too little of the element of joy in his life, and that he plodded on from day to day, considering religion a privilege and a duty, but somehow missing the gladness which might have been his. Ralph meanwhile, much refreshed by the rest and food and by his host's kindly words, tramped on contentedly enough through the wild, desolate country which led to Grantown. The sun was just setting as he reached the village; workmen were making their way homeward, some children with little, dusty, bare feet were playing battledore and shuttlecock in the road, the ruddy light on their hair looked like burnished copper.

"Come awa' bairns, it's time ye were a' in bed," called a comely mother standing in the open doorway of one of the houses.

"Just a wee whilie," pleaded the children.

"Ah!" she replied, yielding under protest, "You're an awfu' care to me!"

But there was love and pride in her eyes nevertheless, as she watched their play.

Ralph sighed a little as he tramped on. He was now both hungry and tired, and began to consider his plans; it was quite clear that he could not afford the price of a bed, and it was still too light to venture upon such shelter as might be found in barns or under hedges. He turned into a baker's shop, secured a good-sized stale loaf, and then for want of anything better to do, found his way to the railway station where he amused himself by looking out trains which he had no money to travel by, after which, having had the good fortune to find a *Glasgow Herald* in the waiting-room, left behind by some traveller, he read until it was quite dusk. The quiet little place roused into a sort of activity about a quarter past eight when two trains arrived, one from Perth, the other from Elgin, and Ralph sauntered on to the platform with a faint hope that he might see some face that he knew—he could almost in his loneliness have welcomed the Skoots! But very few passengers alighted, and directly they had been seen off the premises the porters began to lock up for the night—no more trains were expected.

"After all," reflected Ralph, as he left the village behind him, and tramped along the highroad in the gathering gloom, "if I had gone out to the colonies I should think nothing of camping out for a night. There's no more disgrace in it here than there. And luckily there's no law, as there is in England, against sleeping under a hedge, so I can't be had up as a vagrant in Scotland. Now, if only I had not been forced to sell Macneillie's knife it would have been handy enough for cutting this loaf which must certainly have come out of the Ark." He wrenched off the top with difficulty and laughed to himself as he thought how horrified Lady Mactavish would be could she see him now, in the shabbiest of clothes, tramping a dusty road and munching stale bread as he went.

"Most certainly I should have Sir Matthew's charitable dole of ten pounds thrust into my hand," he said, with an exulting sense that come what would, he would never apply for that relief. "Rather than go to him for help, I would willingly turn into that Refuge for destitute men at Edinburgh, which we saw as we walked down the Canongate." He shuddered a little as the recollection came to him of the sort of man he had seen seeking shelter there. At any rate out of doors he would have fresh air and no companions in misery.

He must have walked nearly five miles from the village, before he saw in the faint starlight a large farmhouse with many outbuildings. "This is the place for me," he thought, making his way into the yard: but he had yet to learn the difficulties before him. The doors of a hopeful-looking barn were securely fastened, and, as he crossed the yard to some other outbuildings, up sprang a huge dog from his kennel, with angry growls and fierce barks. He walked up to the mastiff, with swift, light steps, patted its head, fondled its ears, and explained to it the situation. The dog was mollified, understood that the intruder's intentions were honourable, and even licked his hand, which Ralph took very kindly.

Looking round searchingly, he made out, at last, a sort of open shed, near the stables, and moving across to this, had the good fortune to discover a cart with trusses of hay in it.

"This will exactly suit me, my friend," he said, with a farewell pat to the dog. "May you sleep as comfortably in that lordly kennel of yours!" And, so saying, he climbed up into the cart, stowed the remains of his loaf in a safe place, and with deft hands had soon made himself as warm a bed as could be desired, out of the hay.

He slept soundly, being healthily tired with his long walk—so soundly, indeed, that though cocks and hens and ducks and turkeys all began, at an early hour, to blend their voices in a countrified, but scarcely musical chorus, he heard nothing. In his dream, Miss Brompton, in a waterproof, was thumping out "Scots wha hae," between the acts; and presently, when certain strange rumblings slightly disturbed him, he dreamed that it was the thunder in the first scene of *Macbeth*, finally waking himself up by laughing at the comical sight presented by Mrs. Skoot as she vainly tried to drag him out of his witch's cloak that he might appear as Malcolm. Her angry, impatient face convulsed him with mirth, and it was with no small bewilderment that he awoke to find himself struggling out of a heap of hay, while from above, the amazed face of a red-whiskered man gazed down upon him. The rustic's round, light-grey eyes had a scared look, and Ralph suddenly remembered where he was, and began to apologise and explain. The cart no longer stood in the shed, but had rumbled out into the highroad, and the driver had evidently no intention of proceeding while his uncanny visitant still remained among the hay.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength"

"Gude preserve us!" he exclaimed, "I was thinkin' the cart was bewitched when I hearkened to yon fearsome laughter."

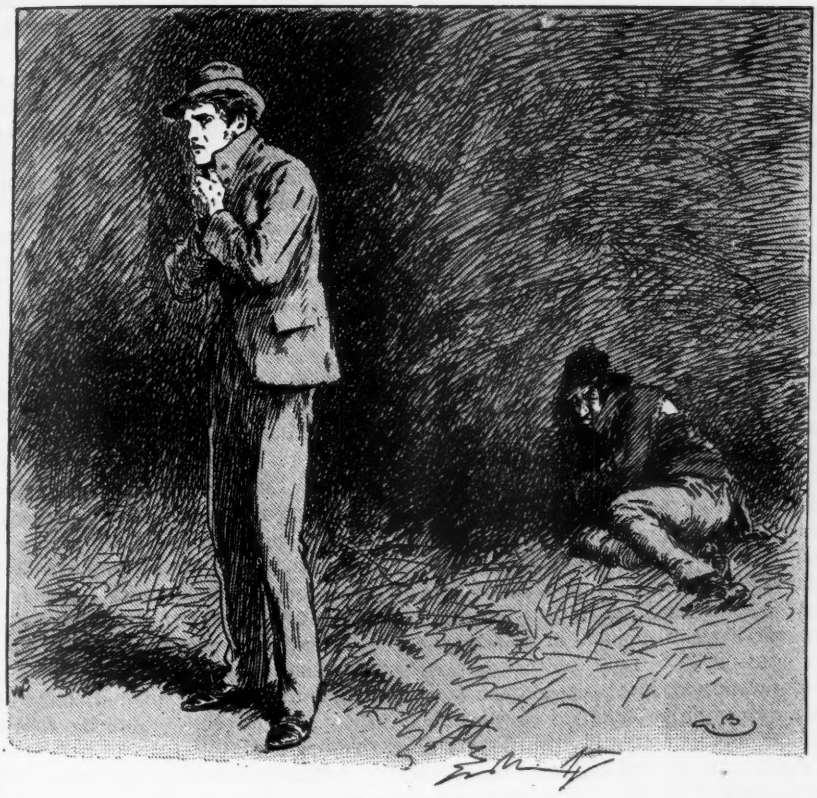
Ralph shook off the hay and leapt lightly into the road; his agility and grace seemed to strike still deeper awe into the heart of the countryman, who stared like one fascinated.

"A doot you hef brought luck with you to the farm, sir," he said, looking down into the comely face and laughing eyes of his astonishing guest. "And there would hef ben a bowl o' milk set for you had you bin expeckit. But it will be a fery long time since the Brownies hef veesited us, and there's bin nae luck aboot the farm for mony a year."

"Great Scott! the man thinks I'm a 'Robin Goodfellow' or a warlock!" thought Ralph, highly amused. "And he's far too much afraid of me to offer me a ride in his cart."

"I'm just a wayfaring man," he tried to explain. "Very grateful for the shelter of your hay-cart on a cold night."

"Oh, ay," said the carter, still evidently holding to his own opinion. "And it is fery glad we are to be seein' you, sir. And



"Bedfellows"

a ken weel that it's no for human bein's to come into our place at night. Lassie wad bark till ilka soul in the hoose was wakened, and she will be flying at the thrapple o' ony mortal man. But dogs hef aye descreemination to tell the Brownies when they see them. I will be wishin' you gude day, sir."

And so saying, he drove off hastily, leaving Ralph to trudge along in solitude, until catching sight of a stream at a little distance from the road, he reflected that the best things in life were to be had free of charge, and that a morning bath would freshen him for the day.

As for the driver he chanced to look back from a distance, and catching sight of his uncanny visitor just as he took a header into the water, was for ever confirmed in his opinion that he had seen and spoken with a Brownie.

The second day's walk proved even more enjoyable than the first had done, except that there was no kindly old minister to provide a midday meal. But the sense of freedom, the bracing air, and the loveliness of the road beside the river Spey, with glimpses every now and then of the Cairngorm range, were things to be remembered through a lifetime. With Aviemore specially he was delighted. He began to weave plans for the future, and to dream of wandering with Evereld among those exquisite hills with their craggy rocks cropping out here and there from between dark pines and delicately fresh birches, while beyond there stretched great pine woods, and mountains whose summits were still white with snow. Kingussie furnished him with bread and with a somewhat draughty sleeping apartment in the ruined castle which goes by the name of

the Ruthven Barracks; but the night air was keen, and many a time he longed for the warmth and comfort of the hay cart. There was something dreary, too, in the desolate shell of the old residence of the Comyns, and he awoke with a feeling of depression which was curiously foreign to him. The morning was cloudy, and the waters of the Spey felt icy cold as he plunged into them; however, the walk through Glen Tromie which the old minister had specially recommended to him soon made him warm enough, and the wild beauty of Loch Seilich, and its surrounding precipices fully justified the praises which his guide had bestowed on them. He rested for some little while by the loch, ate his last crust, and counted over, as a miser counts his gold, the three pence which must somehow carry him to Glasgow.

"I must certainly eat less," he reflected, ruefully, having only dared the previous night to buy a pennyworth of bread. "The worst of it is this mountain air makes one so confoundedly hungry. I shall soon be reduced to eating bird's eggs, or to singing in front of village alehouses in the hope of earning money."

His reverie was interrupted by the falling of some heavy drops of rain; he set out once more on his walk seeing plainly enough from the threatening sky that a storm was at hand. It came indeed with a speed which surprised him. Clouds, which blotted out the landscape, hemmed him in; the rising wind roared through the wilds of Gaick, and the rain came down in sheets, blinding and drenching him, for no mackintosh yet invented could have stood the pitiless deluge which showed no sign of abating, but rather increased in violence. Worst of all, he missed his path so that there was not even the comfort of knowing that every step was bringing him nearer his destination. On the contrary, he began to fear that he had altogether lost himself.

The further he went the more hopeless he grew; he was wet to the skin, every bone in his body ached, and no sign of a track was to be found. It seemed to him that he was the only living creature in this vast solitude, and his delight was unbounded when at length, through the driving rain and mist, he caught sight of a figure approaching him. A collie sprang forward and barked, and was called back by its master, a tall, manly figure with a crook in his hand, and under his arm an ugly little black lamb. He seemed not unlike a picture of the Good Shepherd, and Ralph instantly felt confidence in the clear, kindly eyes which looked out at him in a friendly fashion from beneath the Scotch bonnet; there was something noble and winning in this dark-bearded Highlander.

"Can you put me into the track for Dalnacardoch?" asked Ralph, as he returned the shepherd's greeting. "I have lost my way in the mist."

CHAPTER XV.

"Through ways unlooked for, and through many lands,
Far from the rich folds built with human hands,
The gracious footprints of His love I trace."

LOWELL.

ANGUS LINKLATER was in no danger of mistaking the traveller for a Brownie; one of his long, keen glances told him much of the truth about Ralph, for he had the rare gift of insight and his kindly heart warmed to the tired wayfarer.

He at once protested that it was out of the question to go on in such weather to Dalnacardoch, and invited Ralph to take shelter in his cottage which was but a few minutes' walk.

Ralph hesitated for a moment. The rain streamed down his face and neck, his boots felt like a couple of reservoirs, and the thought of shelter was very tempting.

"I will tell you just how it is with me," he said; "I have but a few pence left and must reach Stirling before I have a chance of getting my letters and further supplies. I think I must press on for there is no time to be lost."

"Put ony thought o' troublin' us oot o' your heid, sir," said Angus, instantly reading his companion's thoughts, and beginning to walk on beside him. "The hame is just a but and a ben, and you're kindly welcome to a' that we can gie you in the way o' food and shelter for the night."

"You are very good," said Ralph. "If you can conveniently take me in I shall be thankful. But don't be putting yourselves out for me. When I tell you that I slept last night in the ruins of the old castle at Kingussie, and in a hay-cart near Grantown the night before, you will see that to be under a roof at all will be a luxury to me."

He laughed. The shepherd gave him another of those sympathetic, discerning looks.

"You have had trouble I see," he said. "But I'm thinkin' that you're meetin' it in the right way."

"Oh," said Ralph lightly, "I'm just an actor out of work. For several weeks we have had plenty to do and no money; now we have neither money nor work, and I am hoping to get into another company."

"It's no right that ony man should work without wages," said Angus; "it's clean against Scripture. But just for a wee while I'm thinkin' that it's maybe no sic an ill thing for us to learn that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance o' the things which he possesseth."

"Well, it's not hard to agree to that now that I'm close to your house," said Ralph, "but I'll confess to you that I was beginning to despair before I met you."

"Ay," said Angus, a smile crossing his face, "Ilka ane o' us is apt to be like this stray lamb that was tryin' to mak' its way hame and was scairt almost to death with encounterin' deefficulties. It might have hed the sense to know that as the sayin' goes, 'Where twa are seekin' they're sure to find.'"

"Is that one of your Scottish proverbs?" said Ralph, struck by the beauty of the thought.

"Ay, it is, sir, and it often comes to my mind when I'm after the sheep. Ye mauna despair though you're oot o' wark. We are maist o' us ready to say 'The Lord's my shepherd,' but at the first glint o' trouble we change the psalm and say, 'but I'm terrible feart that I'll come to want.'"

There was a sort of dry humour in his manner of saying these last words, and Ralph smiled.

"I see you are a thought-reader," he said, "as well as a thinker."

"Oh, as for that," said the shepherd, "those that spend their lives amang the mountains have aye mickle time for thinkin'. It's a gran' preevilege to be set to mind the sheep."

They were now within sight of the cottage and Angus Linklater led the way through a little garden; at the sound of their footsteps his wife opened the door—it seemed almost as though she were expecting her husband to bring some one back with him, but after one glance at the visitor her eagerness died away. She was a grave woman with dark hair parted plainly beneath her white mutch, and with a certain sadness in her eyes and in her voice. Her welcome was, however, as hearty as the shepherd's, and before long she had furnished Ralph with her husband's Sunday garments and was busily preparing tea. When the tired traveller emerged again from the back room in dry clothes, he thought nothing had ever looked more comfortable than that homely little kitchen with its fire of logs, its old grandfather clock, and its quaint corner-cupboard, black with age. Some lines of Stevenson's came to his mind as Mrs. Linklater made room for him by the hearth.

> "Noo is the soopit ingle sweet,
> An liltin' kettle."

Delicious too was the tea and the oatcake after his monotonous bread and water diet. Angus was still out attending to the lamb he had brought home, and Ralph wondered whether the shepherd and his wife lived alone in this quiet place. Among the few books on the shelf, he noticed, however, sundry modern adventuring books which had been the delight of his childhood. "I see you have some children," he said, finding his hostess not nearly so talkative as the shepherd had been.

"We hae a son," she replied, her eyes filling with tears, and crossing the room she took down "The Dog Crusoe" and showed him the inscription on the flyleaf.

It was a prize for good conduct awarded to Dugald Linklater. Ralph instantly felt that he had touched on a sore subject but whether the son were dead or a source of trouble to the mother he could not guess. The book was still in his hand when Angus returned.

"Ah," he said, with a sigh, "you're lookin' at puir Dugald's prizes. We've lost him, sir. But he'll come hame yet. I'm no dootin' that. He'll come hame."

Little by little Ralph gathered the facts of the case. It seemed that Dugald had been a clever and promising lad, that Lord Ederline having a fancy for him had taken him as his valet, and for a time all had gone well. But London life had proved too full of temptation for the young Scotsman, the

betting mania had seized him, and had swiftly dragged him down, until ruined and disgraced he had disappeared into those hidden depths which are sought by the failures of all classes. It was now three years since anything had been heard of him, but the father and mother still lived in the belief that he would return, and Ralph understood now the expectant look which he had noticed in the sad face of his hostess as he walked up the garden path with her husband.

The absent son seemed to dominate their thoughts and it was with something almost like envy that Ralph, in his singularly desolate life, thought of this apparent waste of love. Was it pride, or shame or sheer wickedness that kept Dugald away from such a home, he wondered?

The Linklaters kept very early hours, and after "taking the Book" and "composing their minds to worship," they bade their guest good-night. A bed had been extemporised for him on a comfortable old settle where, with the shepherd's plaid to keep him warm, he thought himself in luxurious quarters. But sleep would not come to him at that hour in the evening and he lay for a long time watching the ruddy glow from the dying fire on the hearth and musing over many things. He was glad that the storm had overtaken him and that he had found shelter in this Highland cottage, for in its atmosphere there was something curiously peaceful and homelike. It was many, many years since he had felt so much at one with any household—almost it seemed to him like a return to his old home. For, perhaps, nothing has more effect on a sensitive receptive mind than moral atmosphere; while those sweet, subtle associations, which are the aftermath of a happy childhood, are more readily awakened by this native air of the soul than by things which can be actually seen.

He took leave the next morning with a sense that these people had become his friends, and that somehow they would meet again. The shepherd would fain have helped him on his way, but he knew better than to offer what his guest would little like to receive; nor did he, of course, realise how very few were the pence still remaining to him. They gave him the best breakfast the house would furnish, and Mrs. Linklater insisted on wrapping up a shepherd's pasty, which she said would make a luncheon for him; then, with kindly cordiality, they bade him farewell, begging him to let them know how he prospered.

Cheered by their friendliness, Ralph walked in very good spirits through the Gaick Forest to Dalnacardoch, and thence, after a brief rest, made his way southward to Tummel Bridge. The air felt fresh after the storm and walking was delightful, but he found no friendly shepherd's cottage to shelter him, and passed a very cold and comfortless night under the shelter of a rick, which proved distinctly uncomfortable as sleeping quarters. Twice he was roused by mice running over his face, and in the dead of night a groan and the falling of some heavy object at his very feet made him start up. It proved to be a drunken and very dirty tramp, whose neighbourhood was highly undesirable, and Ralph shifted his quarters to the other side of the rick where the keen, north-east wind was far from pleasant. He woke again in the grey dawn, feeling stiff and miserable. The tramp still retained the leeward side of the rick, so there was nothing for it but to resume his journey, and gradually the morning mist cleared and the sun rose, revealing the fine outline of Schiehallion and chasing away the chill discomfort of the night. Indeed, by the time Ralph had reached the village of Fortingall, he was both hot and sleepy, and finding the kirkyard deserted, he lay down on a sunny patch of grass, with his head resting on one of the stone ledges that flanked the railings round the famous yew tree of three thousand years old. How long he slept he could not tell, but he awoke at length to the consciousness of hunger. Having eaten all the bread he had saved from the previous night, he wandered towards the kirk, and hearing the sound of a voice through the open windows, realised for the first time that it was Sunday. The preacher was giving out the One hundred and twenty-first psalm, and pausing to listen, he heard, to the familiar tune of "French," the following quaint metrical version.

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes.
From whence doth come my aid?
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heav'n and earth hath made.
Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold He that keeps Israel
He slumbers not nor sleeps.

"The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay;
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.
The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will."

As the last words were sung, Ralph made his way to the door and entered the little building, just as the congregation stood up to pray. He felt, as he had done in the shepherd's cottage, that sense of fellowship which was what he needed in his loneliness; nor could the length of the sermon, with its bewildering array of heads, spoil for him that May morning, and the strengthening influence of the calm worship hour, which seemed to him more spiritual, more grand in its simplicity, than elaborately ornate and showy ceremonials.

He went on his way refreshed, and, taking the road to Fearnan, soon reached the shores of Loch Tay. Away in the distance Ben Lawers rose rugged and stern against the pale blue of the sky, and the walk left nothing to be wished in the way of beauty. The only drawback was the growing sense of fatigue that came over him. He wondered that a walk of eighteen miles could so exhaust him. It was true he had been out of training when he started from Forres, and had walked many miles each day upon short rations, but he was dismayed to find that his powers of endurance were not greater.

It was evening by the time he reached the Bridge of Lochay, and learnt that he was within a mile of Killin. Feeling now tired out, he resolved to go no further; moreover, he had learnt from experience that it was better to sleep at a little distance from towns or villages. He paused to talk to an old labouring man who was leaning over the bridge. To the left there was a lovely little wood closely shutting in the river; to the right, the stream wound its way through green hayfields, and on through the wild beauty of Glen Lochay to the distant hills which were bathed now in a mellow, sunset light. Learning from his companion that he could get food close at hand, Ralph made his way to the little white old-fashioned inn just beyond the bridge. Its walls were covered with creepers, its garden gay with flowers, and in the porch were two comfortable chairs. The landlady seemed a little surprised at his request for two pennyworth of bread: she would have been yet more surprised had she known that he gave her his very last coins in payment; for the rest, she answered his questions about Killin, and the distance from thence to Callander, and let him rest as long as he liked in the porch, bidding him a friendly good-night when at dusk he once more resumed his journey. Evidently the inn closed early on the Sabbath, for Ralph heard the door shut and bolted behind him.

He paused, and looked round in search of shelter. Not far off, the ground sloped steeply up, and fir-trees were planted about it. Climbing over the low stone wall, he made his way towards a fallen tree, the wide-spreading roots of which pointed darkly up against the twilight sky. It lay just as it had fallen in a wintry gale, its rough bark was veiled here and there by clumps of brake fern, and the turf still grew between the roots as it had grown when the tree was torn out of the earth by the storm. It proved a good shelter from the cold night wind, and Ralph crept closely down beneath it, and soon slept. His sleep, however, was disturbed by horrible dreams, and when in the early morning he awoke unrefreshed and with aching head, he felt no inclination to stay longer in his lair. Stretching his stiff limbs, he stood for a minute looking at the wonderful view before him. Beyond the river there lay a grand panorama of mountains; here and there were large plantations of fir, then came wild, bare tracks of heather, black and cheerless now without its bloom, but relieved at intervals by grey boulders and patches of grass, while little, white cottages were dotted, like rare pearls, about the landscape.

A good swim in the river revived him, after which he went on to Killin, and, seeing little chance of selling his mackintosh there, hoped for better luck that night at Callander; and learning that there was a short cut to Glen Ogle, left the road and struck across the mountain-side, gaining, as he walked, fine views of Ben Vorlich. Toiling up in the sun proved warm work, however, and by the time he reached the gloomy, narrow glen he was thankful to wait and rest. He wondered whether it was the effect of the place or merely his own fault that such deadly depression began to creep over him.

The stern, purple mountains seemed to frown on him, the tiny stream down below in the middle of the glen looked miserably insufficient for its wide, rocky bed, and the lingering mists of early morning still hung about in weird wreaths. This was the sixth day on which he had been a vagabond, and he began to wonder whether he should ever reach Glasgow. With an effort he shook off for a time the sense of impending evil, and forced himself to eat the remains of the loaf he had bought on the previous night.

"Now," he thought to himself, as once more he tramped on, "I am bound, whatever happens, to reach Callander this evening. I must walk or starve; that will be a good sort of goad."

The road was mostly down hill, and he made a brave start, passed Loch Earn, which lay far below in the valley, looking exquisitely lovely in the May sunshine, and then toiled up again towards Strathyre, pausing only to ask for some water at a grey, slate-roofed farm on the outskirts of the village. Here he learned the comforting fact that it was but "eight miles and a bittock" to Callander, and went on in better spirits. Away to the right he caught beautiful glimpses of the Braes of Balquhidder, and at last, to his relief, came down to the shores of Loch Lubnaig.

But the loch was nearly five miles long, and before he had gone half its length such intolerable pain and weariness overpowered him that he could hardly drag one foot after another. He was forced to rest for a while; then once more blindly staggered on, wondering what was going to happen to him and counting the milestones with the eagerness of despair. At length the loch was passed, and the two railway bridges. He knew that he must be in the Pass of Leny, and as he toiled up the hill could hear the rushing sound of the river among the trees to the right. Then came the moment when he could do no more, but sank down half-fainting by the roadside, his head resting on a rough seat which had been placed against the wall. How long he lay there he could not tell, but he was roused by the sound of footsteps close at hand. Half opening his eyes he caught sight of two hard-featured men, who glanced at him critically and shrugged their shoulders.

"Drunk," he heard one of them say, "and as early in the afternoon as this!"

The words rankled in poor Ralph's mind.

"If I had not tried to be honest it would never have come to this," he reflected. "Because my clothes are shabby and my boots in holes they judge me. Well, it's what the poor always have to put up with!"

He dragged himself to his feet, and, noticing for the first time some steps in the wall and a path leading down to the river, thought he would hide his misery and escape from further comments. He was parched with thirst, too, but to reach the water proved hopeless. Though the river was swollen with the recent storm, it went surging and foaming below him among the rocks in a way which made him feel sick and giddy. He just staggered on by the narrow, rocky track and the wooden gallery till he reached the smoother path beyond, which led into a little wood, and here once more his powers deserted him, and he again lost consciousness.

When he came to himself he was lying uneasily across the path, his head on the mossy bank and his feet hanging perilously over the water. It just crossed his mind that he might easily enough have lost his life had he fallen in the opposite direction, and he wondered dreamily whether it would not have simplified matters, yet, wretched as he was, he felt somehow glad to be alive. Away in the distance he could see Ben Ledi rising in its tranquil beauty beyond the foaming river. There was a rocky islet, too, in the centre of the flood, with a tall, stately fir-tree growing upon it, the dark foliage strongly contrasting with the white foam and the vivid green of the trees on the further bank. To his fancy, the rushing river seemed to ring out the tune of

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,"

as he had heard it sung on the previous day at Fortingall Kirk.

All sorts of half-misty memories thronged his fevered brain. He thought he was walking again with Angus Linklater as he carried the ugly little black lamb; or he was out boating with his father; or he was at rehearsal, and Mrs. Skoot was wrathfully haranguing him. Through all these feverish fancies, there remained the ever-present

consciousness of physical misery, and the rankling recollection of the words he had heard from the two men who had passed him on the road. Presently, yet another fancy took possession of him. He was sitting with Evereld in a theatre, and could distinctly hear the actual words of Shylock's part:

> "What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?"
> "I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?"
> "I thank thee, good Tubal; good news! good news! ha, ha, where? In Genoa?"

The voice was certainly not Washington's. He was puzzled.

"Thou stickest a dagger in me," it resumed, then suddenly broke off, and in the pause that followed he heard steps approaching. He opened his eyes, but saw only the familiar view of Ben Ledi and the foaming river. He had no notion that just behind him stood a tall, striking figure, and that some one was keenly studying him, not with the critical harshness of the passers-by in the road, but with the reverent sympathetic manner of the artist.

CHAPTER XVI

> "Every man's task is his life-preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God and cannot be spared, defends him."—EMERSON.

"CAN I do anything for you?" asked a mellow, penetrating voice.

Ralph shifted his position a little, and looking round, saw a man bending over him with a curiously attractive face, chestnut-brown hair fast turning white, large, well-shaped, blue-grey eyes, and that mobile type of mouth which specially belongs to the actor. He had a strange impression of having lived through this scene before, and in a moment there flashed back into his mind a recollection of his first day at Sir Matthew's house, of his adventure in the park, and of how Macneillie had pulled him out of the water. "Oh, is it you?" he cried, with a relief that could hardly have been greater had he met an old friend.

Macneillie in vain racked his memory: he could not in the least recall the face. However, he was not going to betray this. "Glad I came across you," he said. "I often come down here by the river to study a part, this path is little frequented till the tourist season begins. Let me see, where did we last meet?"

"You will hardly remember it," said Ralph; "it was at Richmond. I was quite a small boy and ran up to thank you for having pulled me out of the water a few weeks before in St. James' Park. You gave me your knife."

A look of keen and sudden interest flashed over Macneillie's face.

"Of course!" he exclaimed; "I remember it all perfectly. I'm very glad to have come across you again. What is the matter now? You look very ill. Are you taking a walking tour?"

Ralph smiled. "I set out from Forres last Wednesday morning with sixpence in my pocket," he said. "It has been a roughish time."

"I should think so, indeed," said Macneillie, glancing from the slightly-built figure to the thin, finely-shaped hands, and realising in a moment how little fitted this lad was to endure hardships. "From Forres you say? What was it I was hearing a day or two ago about Forres? Oh, to be sure, Skoot's Company came to grief there."

"Yes, I was in the company," said Ralph. "Skoot left us in the lurch, and it was a sort of *sauve qui peut*."

"So you belong to the profession," said Macneillie. "That gives you another claim upon me. Perhaps you are the very Mr. Denmead that Miss Kay mentioned in her letter."

"Yes, I am Ralph Denmead. Miss Kay promised she would inquire if you had any opening for me."

"We'll see about that, but in the meantime, if I'm not much mistaken, the influenza fiend means to work his will on you. By the look of you I should say that you were in a high fever."

"I don't know what is the matter with me," said Ralph, miserably. "I suppose I fainted just now in the road. I know that a priest and a Levite looked at me, said I was drunk, and passed by on the other side."

"Trust them to leap to the worst conclusions," said Macneillie. "It's the way of the world. But come, I must somehow contrive to get you to my house."

Ill and exhausted, Ralph for the life of him could not keep the tears out of his eyes.

"You are very kind," he said, brokenly; "but I didn't mean to thrust the part of Good Samaritan on to you. I'm not fit to come to a decent house."

He looked down at his travel-stained clothes, and at the holes in his boots.

"Did you mean to lie here all night?" said Macneillie.

"No, I meant to get on as far as Callander and to pawn this mackintosh. I am better. I'll push on now. Perhaps there may be a hospital."

"Well, there isn't, as it happens," said Macneillie, watching him attentively as he struggled to his feet; "and it's two miles to Callander, and if you think I'm going to allow you to walk as far as that you're much mistaken. I'm a very indifferent Good Samaritan, having no beast to set you on, but if you'll try to come with me to the little village of Kilmahog which is not far off we can rest at a cottage I know of, have a cup of tea, and take the coach from the Trossachs which will pass there in about an hour. As for your scruples in coming home with me, you must just make away with them. My mother has often received me in quite as bad a plight years ago when I was struggling to get my foot on the ladder. We most of us have to go through it unless we happen to belong to an old professional family."

As he talked he had slipped his arm within Ralph's, and was guiding him up the narrow path, which, after a steep climb landed them once more in the road. Without waiting for much response he went on, telling story after story of his own early days as an actor, and at length the tiny village of Kilmahog came into sight, and they paused before a little, low white cottage with a picturesque porch and tiny garden. The mistress of the house seemed delighted to see her visitor, and responded most hospitably to his request for a cup of tea while they waited for the coach. She took them into a parlour hung round with sacred pictures, and possessing a most curious bed made on a sort of shelf in a curtained recess. Ralph looked longingly at it as he sank into a chair, but Macneillie shook his head.

"Yes, I see you want to be Mrs. Murdoch's patient, but those 'congealed beds,' as I always call them, are not well-suited to a fever."

"And when did ye come hame, sir," inquired the landlady, returning with the tea tray; "and hoo are ye likin' your braw new hoose?"

"I came home at the end of last week," he replied; "and as for the house it's to my mother's liking and that's all I care for. We hear the trains a trifle too plainly for my taste, but she likes that, says, you know, that they are a sort of link with me when I'm away."

"Ah, but Mrs. Macneillie she's main prood o' her beautiful rooms, but I'm thinkin' it's mair because it's her son that's made them a' for her. She was in Kilmahog last month settlin' the account for the milk, and she said to me that if a' mithers were blessed with such a son as hers there'd be a hantle less sorrow in the warld. Those were her verra words, sir."

Macneillie laughed. "My mother was always prejudiced in my favour," he said. "It's the one subject you can't trust her upon."

The good woman bustled off to make the tea, and the actor turned again to Ralph.

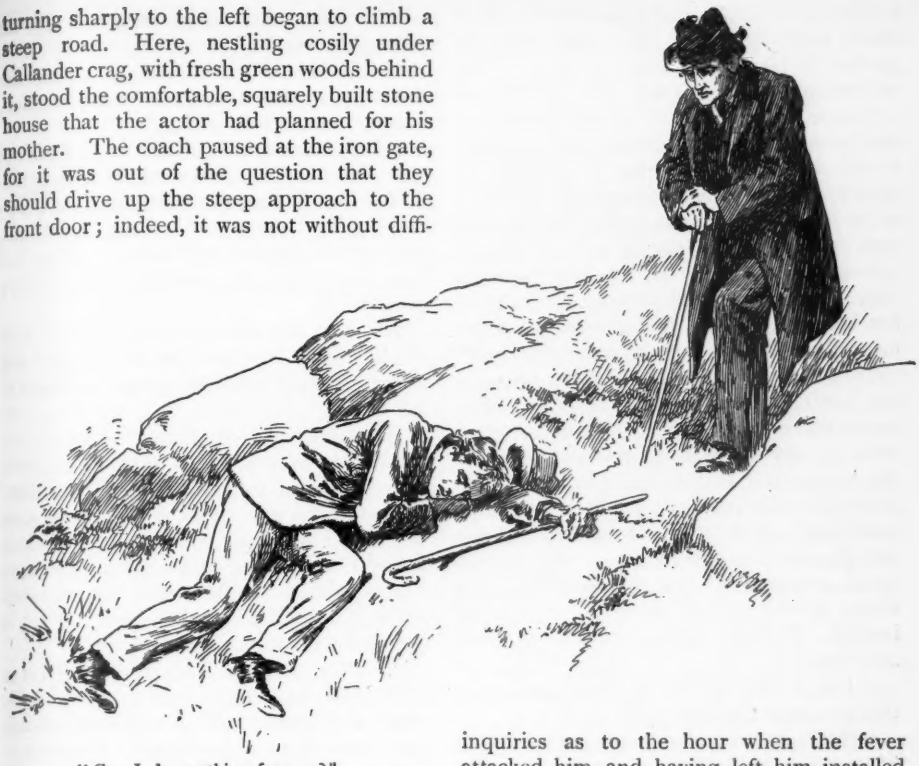
"My mother is the best nurse in the world: she will soon have you well again."

"Why not let me stay here?" said Ralph. "It would give you less trouble. I shall only spoil your holiday, and perhaps bring the infection into your house."

"Oh, we have most of us been down with this plague already," said Macneillie, cheerfully. "I know you covet that antique bed, but we must have you in a more airy room than this. Perhaps it will make you hesitate less if I tell you in strict confidence that the new house would never have been built at all if it had not been for you." Then, seeing the bewilderment of his companion's expression, "I'll tell you just how it was some day, it's too long a story now, for I hear the tea-things coming."

Ralph, utterly at a loss to see how Macneillie could be under any sort of obligation to him, was obliged to leave the riddle unsolved for the present. The tea revived him, and when the coach came into sight he almost thought he could have walked that last mile. A dreamy sense of relief began to steal over him as they drove on beside the river between the wooded hills and through the pretty environs of Callander, until at last they reached the main street itself, and

turning sharply to the left began to climb a steep road. Here, nestling cosily under Callander crag, with fresh green woods behind it, stood the comfortable, squarely built stone house that the actor had planned for his mother. The coach paused at the iron gate, for it was out of the question that they should drive up the steep approach to the front door; indeed, it was not without difficulty that Ralph dragged himself up the pebbly incline; he was panting for breath by the time they reached the house, and it was with some anxiety that he looked up at the white-capped old lady who stood to greet them in the porch.



"Can I do anything for you?"

"Mother," said Macneillie, "this is my friend, Mr. Denmead. He has walked all the way from Forres, and is quite fagged out." The keen, shrewd eyes of the Scotchwoman had perceived from a distance the sorry plight of the visitor, and she looked now not at his deplorable boots and shabby coat, but at the honest, dark eyes lifted to hers; she saw directly that they were full of dumb suffering.

"I am glad to see any friend of my son's," she said, and there was something curiously comforting in the homely sound of the Scottish accent, but when she had shaken hands with her guest an almost motherly tenderness stole into her voice. She begged him to come in and rest, made minute inquiries as to the hour when the fever attacked him, and having left him installed on a sofa in the dining-room, drew her son into the hall. "Hugh," she said, "the poor laddie is very ill. I will go and make a room ready for him, and you had better be fetching the doctor."

"I will by-and-by, but first let us get him settled. Put him into my room, it's the most airy. I'll tell you who he is, mother." The two had gone upstairs as they were speaking, and Macneillie closed the door of his room behind them, and began helping in a deft, sailor-like way to strip the sheets off his bed. "He is the boy I told you about years ago, who saved me from making an end of myself on Christine's wedding day." At the name, a sort of shudder of distaste passed through Mrs. Macneillie; it was a name very rarely mentioned by either of them, and the mother fondly hoped that at last her son had banished from his mind all memory of that romance of his youth. But, dearly as they loved each other, there was a good deal of reserve between them, and she could not tell how it was with him. After his absence in America, he had come back

looking much older, but apparently in good health and spirits, and more than ever engrossed by his work. Little as she liked his profession, for she was full of old-fashioned prejudice and clung to all her old traditions, she nevertheless often blessed it in her heart for she saw that he lived for it, and, spite of herself, could not help taking some interest in his efforts to raise the drama, to give only such plays as were worth acting, and to manage his company in the best possible way. Still it was undoubtedly the grief of her life that her son had chosen the stage instead of the ministry, and he was quite aware of it, and was obliged to get on without her entire sympathy. She was unable to see that he was really doing quite as good work as any minister in the land, nor did she understand that an actor in refusing to follow his clear vocation, would be as blameworthy as a divine who put his hand to the plough, and then looked back. She did not speak a word now until they had the clean sheets spread and all things ready for the invalid. Then she drew her son's face down and kissed it.

"I shall love to wait on him, Hugh, now that you have told me that."

"You'll like it for his own sake too," said Macneillie. "It takes a fellow of good mettle to tramp more than a hundred miles on six-pennyworth of bread, and wear the look he wore when I found him. Oddly enough, too, I learnt something about him from Miss Kay's letter on Saturday; he belonged to that company that failed, and she told me that she much feared he had spent almost all the money he had left, on sending back to London a forlorn little child-actress who had been deserted by the manager's wife."

"A child? Poor wee thing! There are many perils and dangers in your profession, Hugh, you can't deny that."

"Yes, there are," he said, "but I am not sure that life in society, or in other professions, or in shops and factories, isn't even more risky. As for this little Ivy Grant, you may be quite happy about her; he had the good sense to send her to trustworthy people."

No more was said, for it was time to fetch the invalid and to send for the doctor. But later on, Mrs. Macneillie opened her heart to her son.

"It's all very well, Hugh," she said, "to think that everything is made right by the little girl being in good hands for the time; but you mark my words, it will be the same story over again as your own. This poor lad will be shielding and helping Ivy Grant, and when she has other admirers, why she'll throw him off like an old glove. It will be your own story over again, Hugh."

"I hope not," said Macneillie. "Let us believe he would have done as much for any distressed damsel. He is a generous fellow, and every inch a gentleman; why must we assume that he has fallen in love with the lassie?"

"Didn't I find him sobbing his heart out the moment he was left to himself," said Mrs. Macneillie.

But at this her son would do nothing but laugh. "My dear mother," he said; "that is just the sure and certain sign that he has the influenza, but as to that far worse malady no sign whatever."

IN CHINA

WITH wings green and black and a daffodil breast,
He flies day and night; without song, without rest;
Through summer, through winter—the cloudy, the clear—
Encircling the sun in the round of the year.

But now that it's April and shiny; oh, now
That nests are a-building, and bloom's on the bough,
Alight, pretty rover, and get you a mate—
Our almond's in blossom—fly *out* of the plate!

VIDA BRISS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS COUNTRY

By HANDASYDE

FROM the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, but specially from

> "The west, from the west,
> From the land of the free,
> Where the mighty Missouri
> Rolls down to the sea,"

do pilgrims come to worship at the shrine of the first Scottish storyteller, who, though he be dead, shall yet speak for ever.

Any intelligent traveller or ordinary guide-book can give a sufficiently good account of Abbotsford, of Melrose, of Dryburgh where Scott lies sleeping; but it is when leaving these well-trodden highways for the quiet country byways that many unsuspected memories and influences can yet be found.

It was on the verge of a steep hill, close against the sky, that the old man who had seen "Sir Walter," spent most of his days. A fitting thing it seemed on this countryside thus to meet with such an old man.

He was fumbling with the rusty fastening of a moss-grown gate, and with his weather-beaten face and clothing appeared some gnarled excrescence of the shaggy hawthorn hedge which shut in his high strip of pasturage.

"Is't what ye ca' a picnic?" he asked, as a light at length broke over his mystified face. And with friendly zeal he hastened then to open wide the gate.

That he was "unco' deef" was too evident to need his toothless apology, as it was long before he could be got to understand that fears were entertained of passing his alarming red cow grazing close by.

"O, it will no' hurt ye! It's a canny beast. It will no' meddle ye, it's a canny beast, yon," he made emphatic assurance. And still lingering around he set himself to help collect dry sticks and fir-cones, and to set the fire alight. Though mellowed by time, his features still were comely; and his good Scotch eyes were keen and piercing yet, as he stood leaning on his staff and gazing like The-stag-at-eve, over the varied realm extending far beneath. Much he had to tell of this wide prospect: where the winding roads led to, and what gentry lived in the big houses.

"I have the honour to be ae year's bairn wi' Her Majesty the Queen," he said; so he had known this land, man and boy, through a long life.

"Yes, he minded Sir Walter fine. I seen him driving out in his carriage and pair with Tom Purdie on the box-seat. He had on a shepherd's tartan plaid, and a glengarry cap with two black ribbons hanging down the back. I mind his dog too; Maida he ca'ed it, and a muckle work he made over it! But he was as pleasant a man as you could speak to, though he wasna thought muckle of as a pleader when they made him sheriff of Selkirk. Is it his works ye're speiring on? Ou aye, I've got all his works ben the hoose."

Not altogether the case of a prophet and his own country! though the aged man clearly considered the making of many books as but a poor substitute for failure in the law courts; having his own share of the typical caution, which constitutes Scotchmen a ready-made nation of lawyers.

And this man had really seen Sir Walter! Had, indeed, attended weekly at Abbotsford on business with the gamekeeper; and while waiting in the large kitchen used to spell out the letters over the fireplace, "Waste not, want not."

Doubtless he had been personally addressed by the great man himself, who in kindly feudal fashion took account of all in any way connected with his household; and would even break off his world-wide occupation to correct the stable-boy's blotted copy-book, or hear the under-gardener stumble through a column of spelling.

Many thanks were due this ancient link with an immemorial past, though he waved it all aside with the gracious country courtesy, "You're very welcome."

Felicitously chosen phrase when Sir Walter called this "Such a livable country."

In springtime the little village of Gattonside is a pink place, smothered with the glorious "flourish" on the orchard trees. The hills behind shine gold like the New

Jerusalem. Echoes of the minstrel song are in the air.

"O, the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknowes."

the rushing voice of the silver Tweed taking up and prolonging the tones.

It was in blossom-time, one beautiful afternoon in May, Sir Walter laid the mother of his children, asleep in her deep sleep, by the grey ruins of Dryburgh. The whole scene floating as a dream before his eyes, and her last words still ringing in his ears, "You all have such melancholy faces."

A godforsaken lonely air there is about the ruined Smailholm Tower where the bold baron rose with the day. The child Walter Scott has it stamped on his mind from early days, when weak and crippled, he lay on the grassy lea while the flocks of sheep from Sandyknowe Farm grazed around.

Ercildoune is near by where lived True Thomas; he who sat under the Eildon tree on a stone which still remains, and in oracular manner gave forth the rhyming prophecies. This second sight he learnt from the Queen of the Fairies who met him in the Glen one day and carried him off to Fair Elfland. But an uncertain tenure he held on mortal life afterwards; and when the mystical pair, the snow-white hind and hart, appeared in the gloaming, he saw the sign, he knew his hour had come, and vanished from the haunts of men for evermore.

Sir Walter walked often in this Rhymer's Glen, and, if a simple faith and a childlike heart make the vision plain, doubtless he too may have seen the bonny road winding by the fernie brae, and held communion with the fairies; though quietly keeping his own counsel the while.

Perhaps he told Johnnie Hugh, the little invalid grandchild, with the pale face and old-fashioned ways. "The poor dear love," who was almost too good for this world. A tender, suffering, baby child, listening in the summer home, Chiefswood, to these fond tales of an immortal grandfather. This picture of Sir Walter is the saddest, prettiest of all—his love for his children's children crowning his latter years.

Nature changes a landscape more gracefully than man. Were he to return to life he still could easily find his way through the "brown heath and shaggy wood" as he did so often of a dewy summer morning, thus escaping for the day to Chiefswood, when grown wearied of playing host to all Scotland.

Still it would scarcely seem surprising here to meet and recognise that genial, honest face with smooth hair straggling on his forehead—that slightly limping figure clad in the cut-away coat, the plain, leather shoes, and tall, white hat, before they were put away in the glass case at Abbotsford.

When with every year the heath grew somewhat heavier, Sir Walter gave up his yellow cane with the silver top, and leant on the shoulder of faithful Tom Purdie. And for this man who "lived upon love" the filial welcome always waiting at Chiefswood must have been sweeter even than the applause of the world.

"For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Here he brought the tangled creepers taken when the old porch at Abbotsford was pulled down; and with his own hands he planted the pink roses and honeysuckle, training them over his daughter's cottage doorway, Sophia going and coming the while busied in laying the dinner-table under the shade of the trees, for the open-air, informal meal he loved so well. And Lockhart looking on, little knew his quiet observation was to tell a tale to ages yet unborn.

Ripe September hours of Summer's decline, when the flowers still were bright in the garden beds. When good John Lockhart read aloud of the Many Mansions, and pausing, closed the Book.

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day," when the mile-long procession set off from Abbotsford. The nodding of black plumes, the slow pace of the horses, and the one common voice of lamentation, for the blinds of a kingdom were drawn down that day.

Pure pathos in that unexplained pause on the brow of the Bemerside Hill. There where he loved so well to gaze on the prospect; and where from constant habit his carriage horses had learnt to halt of themselves.

Bleak and stormy autumn day, with an impenetrable grey sky frowning over a lowering landscape, when Caledonia stern and wild received into her arms her marvellous, well-loved child.

MY NIGHT WITH THE CONGER

By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. SYMINGTON

MY study is on the ground floor, and the end window opens upon a narrow roadway passing between the house and the edge of the cliff. This is a convenient arrangement, for fishermen and other friends who have found objects of interest to a naturalist have only to pull down the upper sash, and deposit their "curios" on a shelf inside, whether I am at my post or not. One day at the beginning of September last there came a tap at this window, and looking up from my desk, I beheld the face of my neighbour, Joe B., who held up a bunch of squids, and asked if I knew them. Replying with an affirmative, I inquired what he was going to do with them.

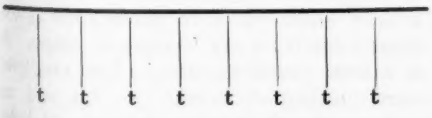
"Bait my boulter," he said; "but I want a lot more. We are going after the conger to-night; would you like to come?"

"That I should," I replied, "if I should not be in the way?"

"Not at all, sir; come, and welcome. Be down in the Porth at six o'clock, for we have to catch more cuddle [cuttle] before we can bait all the hooks."

I was down in the Porth at the appointed time, and took my seat in the bow of the boat. Joe was already there with his partner, Will C., and they were busy cutting up the squid into long strips, and winding these round the big hooks of the boultey, or boulter. I sat and watched, and occasionally asked a question. Let me give you the results of my inquiries.

First, let me ask the intelligent compositor to help me by setting up a diagram:



Continue in imagination the horizontal line with the vertical hooked lines dependent from it at equal distances apart, and you have the idea of the boulter. This is of variable length, but in this instance Joe and Will had each contributed a portion, and the two were united, the combined line being 2700 feet long. To this three hundred hooks were attached, each with its own "stropping." The strop is a bundle of half a dozen short pieces of line, lashed together, and attached to the big hook. This work requires to be very carefully and neatly done, for when the conger has taken the baited hook into his throat, his jaws close upon this part, and bad work probably means the severing of the strop, and the loss of fish and hook. These strops and the double line connecting it with the boulter are about 2½ feet long, and are attached to the long line at regular intervals of 9 feet, which allows one conger to be hauled into the boat and despatched whilst the next is still in the water.

A STROPPED HOOK

It seemed an endless task to bait these three hundred hooks, and the squid would not serve, so some were baited with pieces of pilchard, but the supply of this too, soon gave out. As the hooks were baited, the line was coiled in a special manner in the stern, to prevent the hooks fouling when the boulter was "shut." All the available bait having been used up, we rowed out to sea, and about a mile down the coast, with lines baited with pilchard, in order to catch squid. This, of itself, was an interesting bit of sport, of which I must give a very brief outline description. The line is not weighted, the baited hook floating on the surface. It is not there long before a tug is felt on the line—a peculiar tug which tells you a squid is there, and not a fish. Now, instead of the steady and rapid hauling-in necessary to

land a fish, you require to draw in your line very softly, so that the cuttle does not take alarm, for he simply holds the bait in his sucker-covered tentacles, whilst he devours it with his beak-like mouth. He does not take the hook, and can therefore quit his hold, and retire swiftly on the slightest alarm. But the fisherman is prepared with a long thin bamboo-rod, from the end of which half a dozen hooks radiate, and with this he gaffs the cuttle, taking care so to work it that the squid's back is turned towards the boat: a wise precaution, as we soon see. The squid is hooked, there is a rushing sound, as of a small rocket being fired "si—ish!" and the squid has squirted out the contents of a bag of ink he carries in the innermost part of his organisation. A novice at the game usually has his face well blacked before he learns the trick of so manipulating the creature that the jet of ink goes harmlessly into the sea. It is almost impossible to handle squid without getting terribly messed with this ink.

My friends catch a few squid, and I amuse myself with a plummet line, baited with squid, trying to catch "chad," as the immature sea bream is called. I have not been able to let my line down half way to the bottom before a violent pulling satisfies me that a stronger fish than chad has taken the hook. A rapid haul of the line, and a gleaming bar of pink-tinged silver and blue is hauled aboard. It is a fair-sized mackerel, which is soon followed by several chads, and a small pollack. But it is now getting dark, and the squids are shy, so my friends, fearing they will not be able to bait all their hooks, determine they will have pilchards for the purpose.

The pilchard "drivers" are up in Gerrans Bay, and as their lights are now twinkling, it is a sign they have begun to haul their drift-nets. So we row to the nearest of them, which is about three miles to the north, and come up just as two other conger boats arrive on the same errand. Finding this driver has not yet hauled, though about to do so, we row on to the next. The enormous length of net is being drawn up over the side of the lugger, and by the light of the lantern, I see the silver pilchards sparkling in the meshes. Many of them drop into the sea again as the net is hauled, but a company of gulls, swimming near the net, soon make short work of these, their perquisites. Will boards the driver, and is told that we can have bait, but fish is scarce, and the price has gone up a bit that day at Falmouth. We take a hundred and a half, which cost 2*s.*, and row off again. Now the pilchards are cut up, the smaller ones into two, the larger into three portions, and with these pieces the remainder of the hooks are baited. We find the proper marks, and get on the right ground.

Then Joe stands up in the stern, and throws over the buoy. This is built up of large corks with a stick through the middle, from the upper end of which floats a red flag, and to which also a little tinkling bell is attached. One end of the boulter is attached to this buoy, and at a considerable distance from it the line is weighted with a heavy stone to keep the business portion deeply submerged, in fact, so that the baited hooks lie on the bottom. Then follows the whole length of the boulter, with the stropped hooks hanging from it, and finally, when the last one has been "shut," another stone and buoy are thrown over, but held attached to the boat.

That business so far accomplished, we have to give the congers time to find out and swallow the bait. They have a weakness for cuttle, and cannot pass it untasted. It wants now a quarter to ten o'clock, and we must allow the congers an hour's enjoyment before disturbing them. We occupy the interval by all fishing for chads, and have fair success. To a townsman used to well-lighted streets, the idea of this night spent on the dark, open sea, in a seventeen feet boat, would be one of tedium; but to me it was full of interest. Looking over the side of the boat I saw gleams of phosphorescent light, or "briming," as some luminous creature scuttled down my line. Then a great mass of silvery light appears far in the depths below, and rushes, comet-like, through the water. It is a fish that has come like a meteor within range of vision, but at too great a depth for me to mark its shape. It is a mere nebulous patch. You can, however, distinguish between a flat and an ordinary-shaped fish by the body of light, and a small conger will cause a very long and narrow streamer. When you have hooked a fish and hauled him within a foot or two of the surface, he makes a very pretty

demonstration, and when he leaves the water, it is amid a fountain of pearls. But now Joe rouses me to the business on hand by inquiring about the time of night, and finding the boulter has been down over the hour, declares it is time to haul. Up to this time we have worked entirely by the light of the stars, and the moon being in the west will not rise over the land until midnight; the candle is now lighted in the lantern that we may see what Joe is about. Having put on his "oilers" (oilskin trousers) to keep off the wet, he begins to haul.

BAITING

Taking the buoy on board, he hauls up the stone and then the boulter. A few hooks come up bare; the bait has gone; then there comes up one with a conger about four feet long upon it. Seizing the strop Joe slings the conger round his head and brings its body with great force upon the edge of the "room" or compartment of the boat specially reserved for the fish. By this means it is so far disabled that its power for mischief is gone; for the conger is a savage fish, and snaps at the fisherman like an angry dog. Like a dog, too, it barks. The hook is extracted, sometimes with difficulty, the fish having to be cut open for some distance in order to get at it. In the case of a very large fish, whose market value would be depreciated by cutting it, the hook is sacrificed and separated from the boulter.

Hook succeeds hook as Joe continues to haul, some bare, some occupied by a large or a small conger; then one to which a Jack-crab clings tightly, not willing to cut short the banquet he is having, though liberty can be obtained in his case by simply opening his pincers. The next hook brings up a twelve-pound pollack, then comes a conger of about twenty pounds, bare hooks again, then a large rockling. And so the business proceeds until the tinkling of a tiny bell informs us we have reached the buoy, and the other end of the boulter. The result of this first shoot is twenty-five conger weighing something like sixty or seventy pounds, a pollack or two, a crab and a rockling.

Hook by hook the boulter is now overhauled, and rebaited where necessary; then shot again in a different direction. This accomplished, it is felt that we are deserving of some refreshment, and some ready-made cocoa is poured into the kettle from a stone bottle, made hot over an oil-stove, poured into cups, and drunk to the accompaniment of pasties or sandwiches. That important item finished, we do a little more line-fishing, and in the intervals between bites, I amuse myself by glancing around at the semi-darkness. The stars and planets shine brightly from a clear sky, the most brilliant of them making long zig-zag reflections on the sea. We are about a mile from the shore, and the high cliffs look but a low undulating bank. Away to the north the two great headlands are merged into one, about which twinkle the lights of many pilchard-drivers.

HAULING

At an equal distance southwards there is a similar, but greater display of lights from another fleet of drivers, and here and there around us are the lights of other conger-catchers. I am struck by the distinctness of sounds. The bleat of the sheep, or the gentle lowing of cows in the fields come to us very plainly, as well as the continual grind of surf and shingle on some of the beaches. Half a mile or more away one of our congering friends is hauling, as we can tell by the sharp sound that testifies to his having stropped a conger on his boat.

A higher light than we carry is coming towards us silently, and, keeping my eyes upon it, I see the shadowy form of a driver emerge from the darkness close to us, with all sails set, and apparently bearing straight down upon us. She passes to leeward, however, and her light is soon lost in the crowd up north. The moon rises over the land and Joe inquires again about the time. The boulter has been shut long enough, so we prepare again to haul.

Ay, but it was a sorry lot. Hook after hook came up, not merely without a conger, but without a vestige of bait. Here and there was a conger, a pollack, a bib or a dog-fish, but it was clear that something else had been busy before the congers had a chance, and had picked the hooks clean. At least so it appeared to me, and I asked for Joe's opinion.

"There's not enough movement of the tide," he explained, "to rouse the conger from their holes; and the chads have cleaned off the bait. The sea is too still."

As if in support of this view, the next hook came up with a chad upon it. A conger-hook is so large that it is impossible for any but a big fish to take it. But this impudent chad had tried it, and had got the

barbed point fixed in his throat. At length —all too soon—we got to the buoy with the flag and bell. I had been keeping count of the conger as Joe stropped them, and felt sorry to have to tell him there were but fourteen, some of them rather small. Joe was a bit disheartened; he was tired, he said, and it was really not worth the trouble to bait three hundred hooks for such miserable results. We sought to cheer him up and the hooks were baited afresh. I do not think there were half a dozen that did not require re-baiting. It was a long job, but steady industry conquered it, and at three o'clock we sought fresh ground and shot the boulter a third time.

How little dreams the dweller in inland towns, when he complains of the scarcity or high price of fish, of the patient endurance, the disappointments and losses of the fisherman, to say nothing of the dangers he has to encounter. I have known the men to go out toiling night after night, and return with so slight a catch that it would not even pay for the bait used in catching it. And sometimes a sudden storm will sweep away trammels, or other nets, and strings of crab-pots. These are not insured and the loss falls entirely upon the poor fisherman.

Having shot the boulter we determined to cast off from it, and go in pursuit of squid to serve as bait for the next night. We set free the smaller buoy and rowed a mile or so away. Scarcely had we commenced fishing when Will bade us listen. We let the boat drift, and sat listening to a roar and rattle as of breakers rolling rocks and shingle on a shore where we knew there was no shore for a hundred miles. Around us the sea was perfectly calm, the surface scarcely rippled, and the air was almost still; but Joe said the noise we heard was the wind far out at sea, and we should probably get a tumble shortly —we had better look to our boulter. So we rowed down-along again and looked for our marks. But before we could reach the near end of the line the sea had begun to come in with a heavy swell and considerable waves, so that it was difficult to see any floating marks in the uncertain light.

Now the eastern horizon began to warm into pinky streaks, and a pale yellowness spread up the sky beyond the dark purple bars of cloud, and turned to richer and richer gold until at last, where the first faint colour had appeared, it was now an intense fiery crimson. The sea beneath was a sea of blood, but nearer it was molten gold, yet nearer silver, and still nearer white and grey. It was an hour before the sun peeped over

"SHUTTING" THE BOULTER

the horizon, but the stiff breeze came and big seas broke around us. Some fellow-congerers drifted near us and we saw they were catching squid, so we also caught a few. Then between us and the dawn-glow we got a glimpse of our bell-buoy. We could not yet hear the tinkle of the bell, but there was the drenched flag hanging from its staff.

As the boulter had now been "shut" a couple of hours, we elected to haul for the third and last time, and go home to breakfast. How glad we were that we had not given up after that last rebuff. When Joe put on his oilers and hauled again there were plenty of unprofitable hooks brought to light, but thirty-four held fair-sized congers, a few of that number were large—thirty or forty-pounders, and one a few pounds heavier than that—with several big pollack, a ray, a scad or horse-mackerel, a crab and several worthless dogs. The heavy sea had done the business for us by waking up the congers and showing them our attractive bait, so that our third haul in point of weight was equal to the other two combined. We returned to port with a good "room" of fish, weighing upwards of two and a half hundredweight. These were heaved out upon the rocks and packed into hampers, which were sent to Falmouth by steamer, a little later.

I have briefly summarised the catches, without giving many details. There were, however, a few incidents that might be recorded, but for fear of incurring the editorial displeasure by making this article too long. Many wonderful stories are told about the conger, which takes the place in narratives of sea-fishing that is occupied by the Jack in the yarns of the fresh-water angler. But the wildest estimates of the size and weight of the Jack that got away will not compare

A FINE FISH

with the well authenticated weights and measurements of the conger that have been actually caught and brought ashore; though it must be admitted that even here it is always the very large fish that get away. Mr. Mathias Dunn, of Mevagissey, gives particulars of a catch which included three specimens weighing one hundred and twelve, seventy, and sixty pounds respectively. Fifty-pounders are by no means uncommon, though they have a trick when hooked to the steel-yard of only registering about forty-two pounds; but this is probably due to a defect in the weighing instrument! One of our specimens when brought to the surface was found to be surrounded by a very big fellow, who had all but entirely swallowed her smaller brother, but had the good sense to take her teeth out of her prey and slip off as Joe attempted to haul her on board. The smaller specimen was scored with scratches from the bigger one's teeth. In several cases the conger had the line tied tightly round his body, and was thus doubly secured. This he had done in his efforts to pull the hook out of his own throat. They have the power of setting up a *revolving* motion of the body upon its own axis, and by this means they coil the short line up into a tight ball which so shortens it that the hook gets pulled from the conger's flesh. Often when one has been disabled and thrown into the room, he has sufficient vitality left to rush around it and seek with his tail for a crevice that may offer a chance of escape or concealment. He will as frequently make a grab at a smaller specimen the fisherman is holding over the room as he extracts the hook. It would be anything but cheering to a person of nervous disposition to sit at night in the boat and see these monsters rushing about the room, barking, coughing, and yawning. Those we caught, being chiefly from the rocks, were mostly blackish on the upper surface, white beneath: where they are taken from a sandy bottom they are whitish-grey or cream-coloured. It is said that digestion is so rapid in tbe conger that a hook left within one very soon becomes entirely corroded.

MICROBES AND MINERAL WATERS

By Mrs. PERCY FRANKLAND

THE ever-increasing demand for artificially aërated waters, whilst largely due to the improvements in manufacture and diminished cost of production having placed an article of luxury, hitherto prohibitive in price, within comparatively easy reach of every one, is also doubtless partially attributable to the prevailing impression that by substituting carbonated waters for ordinary potable water, the risk of contracting zymotic disease from water is, if not altogether removed, at any rate very materially diminished.

Already, some years ago, Duclaux wrote: "Contentons-nous de conclure que l'usage de l'eau de Seltz, recommandé en temps d'épidémie peut en effet être recommandable, surtout si on laisse vieillir l'eau quelques jours. On a *chance* d'y voir diminuer ou même périr les germes nuisibles."

The hygienic aspect of the subject was one which early attracted the attention of bacteriologists, and already, in the year 1885, when the study of bacteriology was as yet in its infancy, we find a very interesting memoir by Leone on the vitality of water-microbes in carbonated waters, and since then numerous researches have been undertaken to determine the bacterial contents of various artificially aërated waters, as well as the behaviour of disease germs in such waters.

There seems to be no doubt that these waters are subject to very considerable fluctuations as regards the number of bacteria present; thus, whilst in some instances as few as 3 per cubic centimetre (25 drops) have been found, in other samples as many as 100,000 have been detected. Such different results are to a very large extent dependent upon the initial bacterial purity of the water employed; thus, Sohnke found in samples of seltzer water manufactured from well-water numbers varying from 200 to 6000 per c.c., whilst seltzer water for

which only distilled water had been used contained only from 10 to 30 microbes per c.c.

But there is another important factor which comes into play and makes itself felt, even when the initial bacterial purity of the water has been assured through boiling or distillation, and this is the contamination which takes place subsequently during the process of manufacture. This is a point which has been frequently dwelt upon by various investigators, but which it appears extremely difficult to impress upon manufacturers.

In some instances the water before use is stored by manufacturers in reservoirs, where, if not exposed to fresh contamination, an opportunity is offered for microbial multiplication to take place.

Merkel, for example, examined some samples of seltzer water in which 355, 999, and 3840 bacteria were respectively found per c.c., whilst the original water employed contained only from 4 to 5 microbes per c.c. In this case storage had been resorted to, and the subsequent unsatisfactory bacterial results Merkel attributes to this fact.

But a source of contamination is, at any rate in some cases, frequently present in the condition of the bottle-syphons used for the distribution of aërated waters. These syphons, on being returned to the factory to be recharged, are not only left unsterilised, but are frequently not even washed out or even emptied completely, with the result that a deposit always remains at the bottom of the vessel, in which microbes grow and multiply, thus providing a source for the bacterial contamination of the freshly added water. Dr. Abba has drawn particular attention to this in his recent report on the aërated waters manufactured in Turin.

In numerous cases Dr. Abba states that he found a considerably larger number of microbes present in the aërated water than in the same water before aëration, and he further mentions that as regards the varieties of bacteria, or, in other words, the bacterial flora of these carbonated waters, no difference could be detected in the aërated and non-aërated water, indicating that these water-microbes at any rate were not prejudicially affected by the process of gaseous aëration.

A glance at the following table will convey some idea of the length of time some microbes can persist in carbonated waters kept at the ordinary temperature of the surrounding air. The bacterial contents and the age of the water are in each case respectively given.

Age of Water after Manufacture.	Number of Microbes per c.c.
1 hour	797
24 hours	313
2 days	1116
3 ,,	1573
4 ,,	1573
5 ,,	1557
7 ,,	1879
11 ,,	1859
14 ,,	743
1½ year	34
2 years and 3 months	22

Thus some water-microbes, it appears, may not only multiply considerably in aërated waters, but are endowed with a remarkable tenacity of life under these circumstances, and such results at first sight seem irreconcilable with Duclaux's recommendation to select those aërated waters for drinking purposes which are some days old and have not been freshly prepared.

Later on, however, when we consider the information which has been collected as regards the vitality of disease organisms in water we shall be better able to estimate the value of Dr. Duclaux's advice.

Other investigators have also found that during storage the bacterial contents of aërated waters tend in the first instance to increase rather than diminish. It would be of much interest to determine in such experiments whether the bacterial multiplication is participated in by all the microbes present, or whether it is brought about by one or two particular varieties.

It has been experimentally demonstrated that, whereas some microbes can flourish abundantly in carbonated waters, others not only do not multiply, but rapidly disappear, a fact which may account for the divergent results obtained by different investigators who have endeavoured to define the effect of storage on the bacterial contents of aërated waters. In some instances where no multiplication, but only disappearance of the bacteria, has been observed, it is probable that only those bacteria happened to be present which were deleteriously affected by the conditions to which they were subjected.

That gaseous aëration does exert an inhibitory action on the growth of at least some varieties of water bacteria has been well shown by Slater, who found that if the gas were allowed to escape, the contents of

the bottle being meanwhile carefully protected from any chance of contamination, a rapid multiplication of the bacteria takes place.

This point has also been very carefully worked out by Abba, and the following experiment shows how, with the loss of carbonic acid gas, the bacterial multiplication regularly increases.

Amount of CO_2 per litre.	Number of Bacteria per c.c.
15·08 grammes	299
12·10 ,,	388
11·74 ,,	435
9·07 ,,	1207
8·01 ,,	1354
6·90 ,,	1580
6·03 ,,	2032

Some years ago Fazio examined a series of mineral springs in the neighbourhood of Castellamare (Bay of Naples) all the waters of which are particularly richly charged with carbonic acid gas. Very small numbers of bacteria were found at the source, a fact which Fazio attributes to the concentrated condition of this gas in the water where it rises, whilst the larger number which he observed in the same water at some distance from the point where it was first examined, he ascribes to the partial dissipation and consequent diminution in the amount of gas present effected during the passage of the water.

So far we have considered the behaviour of ordinary water microbes in carbonated waters and presumably harmless varieties of bacteria, but of far greater importance from a hygienic point of view is the conduct of disease germs in artificially aërated waters. On this part of the subject our information, as far as it goes, is precise. In order to make these investigations readily intelligible, and render them easy of reference, I have grouped them together in the following tabulated form, so that a glance will suffice to show the nature of the results so far obtained.

VITALITY OF ANTHRAX BACILLI AND SPORES IN AËRATED WATERS.

Authority.	Remarks.	Vitality.
Hochstetter	Unsterilised* seltzer water (*Anthrax bacilli*)	15 min. to 1 hour.
,,	Unsterilised seltzer water (*Anthrax spores*)	Upwards of 154 days.

These investigations bring out the extreme susceptibility of anthrax bacilli to the process of aëration; for it must be remembered that in ordinary unsterilised potable water these bacilli retain their vitality for from two to four days. Again we have another instance of the vastly superior vitality possessed by the spore over the rod form, a fact which has been, of course, demonstrated in a variety of ways over and over again.

The communication of anthrax through the medium of water is fortunately, as far as we at present know, extremely rare, and I only know of one case in which an outbreak of anthrax amongst some cattle was directly traced to the contamination of the water employed on the farm with the germs of anthrax.

Of far greater consequence is the behaviour of cholera microbes in aërated waters, for no doubt exists as to the communicability of this disease through drinking water.

VITALITY OF CHOLERA BACILLI IN AËRATED WATERS.

Authority.	Remarks.	Vitality.
Hochstetter	Unsterilised seltzer water	3 hours.
Slater	Simple aërated but not sterilised water	½ to 1 hour.
,,	Sterile soda water	1 to 1½ hour.
Abba	Tap-water, aërated but not under pressure (not sterilised)	30 hours.
,,	Seltzer water: not sterilised	2 ,,
,,	Soda water: not sterilised	3 ,,
,,	Tap-water, sterilised and aërated	48 ,,
,,	Distilled water, sterilised and aërated	16 ,,
,,	Tap-water, rendered alkaline by the addition of 1 per 1000 bicarbonate of soda and aërated, not sterilised	7 days.
,,	Ditto, sterilised	12 ,,
,,	Distilled water, rendered alkaline as above, sterilised and aërated	14 to 15 days.

The above table is extremely reassuring, for we learn that cholera bacilli, supposing them to be present in the water used for the manufacture of aërated waters, have little chance of surviving the process and being conveyed to the consumer. It is satisfactory to see that after being carbonated, the various unsterile waters do not afford any opportunity for the growth or proliferation of cholera bacilli, that in all these aërated waters manufactured from ordinary water untreated in any way, these microbes were destroyed in from half an hour to three hours. I have excluded the experiment in which the water was aërated but the gas was

* Unsterilised implies that the water was not deprived of the water-bacteria which might be present, but has been employed in its natural or raw condition.

under no pressure, in which case the bacilli lived for thirty hours. The superior vitality of the bacilli in the sterile aërated waters is of not so much hygienic consequence, as in the preliminary process of sterilisation, should cholera bacilli have been present in the original water, they would have been destroyed. The fact is interesting, however, on other grounds, for it indicates that the removal of other microbes, or competing forms in the struggle for existence, favours the growth of cholera bacilli.

The addition of bi-carbonate of soda, it will be observed, is highly advantageous to the prosperity of the cholera bacilli, the alkalinity of the water prolonging their existence under various, otherwise adverse, conditions for from seven to fifteen days. This circumstance is doubtless attributable, at least to some extent, to the extreme sensitiveness of cholera bacilli to even traces of acid in their surroundings, the presence of the latter interfering most materially with their growth and vitality.

The next micro-organism which we have to consider is the typhoid bacillus, another microbe whose habitat is justly associated with drinking-water.

VITALITY OF TYPHOID BACILLI IN AËRATED WATERS.

Authority.	Remarks.	Vitality.
Hochstetter	Seltzer water	Longest duration of life observed 5 days.
Slater	Simple aërated, not sterilised water	11 days
,,	Sterile soda water	Dead on the 5th day.
Abba	Tap-water aërated but not under pressure (not sterilised)	Dead after 48 hours.
,,	Seltzer water	Dead in 6 hours.
,,	Soda water	Dead after 6 hours.
,,	Tap-water, sterilised and aërated	Dead after 5 days.
,,	Distilled water, sterilised and aërated	Dead after 1 day.
,,	Tap water, rendered alkaline by the addition of 1 per 1000 bicarbonate of soda and aërated, but not sterilised	Dead after 5 days.
,,	Ditto, sterilised	Dead after 18 days.
,,	Distilled water, rendered alkaline as above, sterilised and aërated	Dead after 12 days.

As regards typhoid, we do not find that gaseous aëration provides such a barrier to infection as was observable in the case of cholera. Thus in ordinary water which has been aërated, we find typhoid bacilli living as long as eleven days, whilst cholera bacilli were destroyed under similar circumstances in from half an hour to one hour. In seltzer water their vitality is not so marked, but even in such water they have been observed to live as long as five days.

Thus supposing typhoid bacilli to be present in the water employed for the production of aërated waters, and we cannot afford to disregard such a possibility, we have no guarantee that such waters will be safe for drinking purposes unless a fortnight has elapsed since they were first manufactured. Similar experiments have been carried out with the *b. coli communis* or *colon bacillus*, a microbe normally present in the human system, endowed under certain conditions with disease producing properties, frequently found in water and closely allied in so many respects to the typhoid bacillus that its separate identification is a matter of great difficulty. It has, however, the reputation of being hardier than its more objectionable rival, and in these investigations it has not belied its character, for in nearly every instance it is more slowly destroyed than the typhoid bacillus.

There is one obvious conclusion to be drawn from all these experiments, and that is when ordinary water in its natural condition with its full complement of microbic life is permitted to be used for the manufacture of aërated water, then if gaseous aëration is to offer any barrier to the dissemination of zymotic disease, such waters must be stored, as Duclaux recommends, before use.

If during such storage the ordinary water microbes assert themselves, as they may very possibly, then we have the comforting assurance that their multiplication is detrimental to the vitality of cholera germs should they be present. This fact comes out very clearly in the above tables, for in those cases when the water was deprived of bacterial life by sterilisation, the vitality of the cholera bacilli was undoubtedly promoted. This is perhaps most noticeable in the case of both cholera and typhoid microbes in the sterilised and unsterilised alkaline waters respectively.

In addition, however, to Duclaux's recommendation that all aërated waters should be stored before distribution, it would be advisable that all waters used in their manufacture should be sterilised or deprived of all bacterial life before use. In this manner any morbific material which may be present is removed in the first instance, whilst every measure possible should be subsequently taken to avoid the bacterial contamination which, in some cases, undoubtedly takes place during the process of manufacture.

In Italy, the aërated water manufacturers are closely looked after by the State, and no factory may now be opened unless a satisfactory guarantee can be given of the chemical and bacteriological purity of the water which is intended to be used, whilst the authorities must also be assured that the methods employed are satisfactory from a hygienic point of view. The sale of all aërated waters prepared from insanitary water supplies is strictly prohibited by the State.

THE GREAT EMPEROR

By WILLIAM CANTON

IN the heroic traditions of various tribes and nations there is nothing more remarkable than the strange belief among the people that the great warriors of the past are not dead, that some day they will assuredly return in the splendour of battle array and make a terrible end of injustice and oppression. For centuries the Irish are said to have placed their trust in Brian Boroimhe who was "sleeping" at Kincora till the day should dawn for the redemption of "the distressful country." Our own Arthur slumbered in the deep-bosomed meadows of Avilion; Barbarossa, his red beard growing through the stone table, dreamed in his cavern in Thuringia, and Charlemagne and Kaiser Charles V. were also waiting for the hour of Germany's extreme need. One meets with this singular belief in all parts of the world—in Mexico, Brazil, the Sandwich Islands just as in Norway, Spain, Switzerland, and Persia. That it should have sprung up in the present century among the French peasantry in out-of-the-way villages is perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the irresistible glamour which invested the personality of the great Napoleon. And the fact is at once perfectly intelligible and absolutely incomprehensible — incomprehensible when one thinks of the wasted millions of money and the hundreds of thousands of French dead scattered over his sixty battlefields; intelligible enough when one regards only the amazing career which made the son of an obscure attorney the master of half of Europe and the prospective suzerain of the planet.

Even to ourselves the ideal Napoleon means so much, implies such possibilities of achievement, such realisation of the ambitions of youth, that we are carried away by the magic of his genius. The heroic of our day-dreams takes the shape of the invincible figure in grey overcoat and cocked hat. To the French who had revolted against the horrors of feudalism he was the incarnate spirit of democracy triumphant. His Legion of Honour was but a symbol of the dazzling future which he had flung open to the aspirations of every Frenchman. The seventeen mortals of common clay whom he had made into kings, dukes, marshals, generals were so many guarantees of the new law that success was to the adventurous.

What appeals to us most in the man is, I fancy, without any exception admirable. There is first the splendid accident of youth. Think of it! He was but seven and twenty when the bronze lips said "Fire!" and the "whiff of grapeshot" of Vendémiaire 13 blew "the thing we specifically call French Revolution into space;" at twenty-eight he was conquering Italy; at thirty he was in Egypt dreaming of a great Oriental Empire; at thirty-one he was First Consul; at thirty-six he was Emperor. What a dash and daring and resourcefulness there were in the man! The past-masters in the art of warfare thought

(*From a lithograph by Carrière*)

NAPOLEON, FATHER AND SON

they had learnt all that could be known in tactics and strategy; past-masters on the quarter-deck had thought the same till Rodney shocked their sense of propriety by breaking "the line of battle." Bonaparte, who laughed their rules and customs and conventions to scorn, discovered the value of "the quarter of an hour," saw that the fate of battles might be decided in those fifteen minutes, and in a similar way perceived that the secret of victory was to concentrate, without a scruple of economy, horse, foot, artillery, gold, blood, everything, unhesitatingly on the crucial point of resistance. Then there is his endurance, his hardiness—sixteen hours in the saddle at a stretch—his Red Indian tolerance of hunger, his romantic faculty of sleeping and waking at will. Then his clearness of business insight, his decision, his rapidity of despatch, his versatility, his easy mastery of detail! It was all one to him whatever the matter in hand. To remove a library he stationed regiments along the streets and passed the books from hand to hand, from shelf to shelf in fact. To find a ford in the Red Sea he sent out his horsemen like spokes from the nave of a wheel. To engulf a division crossing the ice he fired into the air and let the shot drop as nearly perpendicular as might be. This is the type of the schoolboy's hero; and being not a mere creation of fiction but an actuality of history, he is the young man's hero too. Finally one has to take into the account the huge scale of his success. "Whatever appeals to the imagination," says Emerson in his admirable essay on "The Man of the World," "by transcending the ordinary limits of human ability, wonderfully encourages and liberates us." And Emerson, it seems to me, has well stated the moral appeal of this ideal Great Emperor: "The lesson he teaches is that which vigour always teaches—that there is always room for it. To what heaps of cowardly doubts is not that man's life an answer."

Unhappily there is another side to the picture, and it is one which it is no longer possible, and which if it were possible it would not be wise, to ignore. Long ago Madame de Rémusat observed of Napoleon with a wonderful keenness of perception and directness of expression:

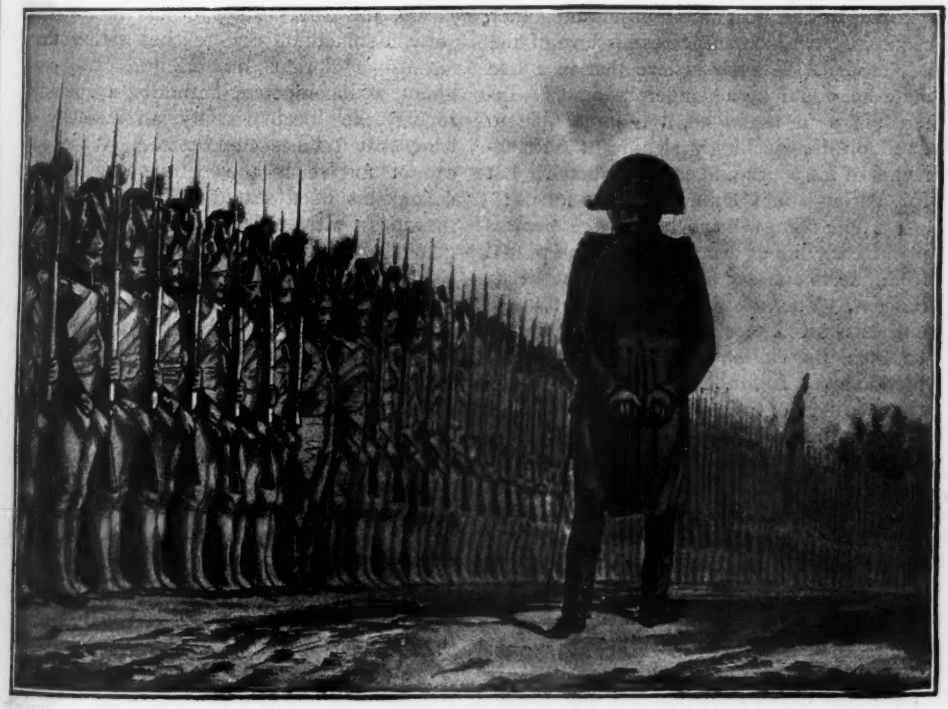
"There would seem to have been in him two different men, the one gigantic rather than great, but nevertheless prompt to conceive, also prompt to execute, who laid from time to time some foundations of the plan he had formed. This man, actuated by one single idea, untouched by any secondary consideration likely to interfere with his projects, had he but taken for his aim the good of mankind, would with such abilities have become the one greatest man of the earth. Even now he remains, through his perspicacity and strength of will, the most extraordinary.

"The other Bonaparte, forming a kind of uneasy conscience to the first, was devoured by anxiety, agitated by continual suspicion, a

slave to passions which gave him no rest, distrustful, fearing every rival greatness, even that which he had himself created. . . . . This suspicious jealousy, which incessantly pursued him, fastened like a canker on all his undertakings, and prevented him from establishing on a solid foundation any of the schemes which his prolific imagination was continually inventing."

This passage might almost serve as a text for the searching, exhaustive, and, it must be confessed, disenchanting analysis which Mr. Baring-Gould has made of the character of Napoleon from his earliest years down to his closing days at St. Helena.* With the practised skill of a novelist whose *forte* is the delineation of the elemental passions of man "over proof," the author handles his subject with an intimacy of knowledge, a dispassionate appreciation of evidence, a clearness of statement which, so far as I am aware, have never before been brought to bear on the life of the Great Emperor. And yet there is something wanting. This is the brief of an *Advocatus Diaboli*. I am convinced of the truth of the impeachment. I cannot gainsay any single fact or controvert any single deduction, still I feel that these six hundred pages of moral and mental microscopy, this unbroken record of falsehood and falsification, of duplicity, meanness and rascality, of baseness and crime, of fierce lawlessness and mad ambition leaves an unfair and perplexing impression. In this rapid narrative the perspective of forty years is blocked up, due value is not given to the gradual evolution of character, one is not sufficiently aware of the varying lights which played upon this man's complex personality and in a great measure disguised its repulsiveness. As one closes the volume one asks, how was it possible, if all this were true and if this were the whole truth, that such a man succeeded at all; how is the historian

* "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." By S. Baring-Gould. Methuen & Co. 36s.



(*From a lithograph by Raffet*)

INSPECTION OF THE TROOPS FOR RUSSIA

to explain the growth of the legend of "Père la Violette" and "Le Petit Caporal;" how can one account for the electrifying enthusiasm of the veterans of Italy and Austerlitz, whose pulses leaped at the thought of the spring and the return of the invincible little man in the grey overcoat? This result is doubtless inevitable in any attempt to write the life of a man of action from the moral side alone. Let the reader bear in mind that if ever a man's career required a dual personality to explain its greatness and its littleness, its glory and its baseness, it was so in the case of Bonaparte. In these pages we see little of the colossal builder of dream-empires; they are devoted to the portrayal of the second man, who formed "a kind of uneasy conscience to the first."

With the sure insight of a reader of men Mr. Baring-Gould has thrown a vivid light on Napoleon's early years. Under it the enigma of character becomes singularly clear and intelligible. There is a distinctly traceable continuity from the outset to the close. Even at twenty-four his brother Lucien had detected in him "an ambition not altogether egotistic, but which surpasses his love of the public weal. I firmly believe that in a free State he would be a dangerous man." Interesting as it would be, it is impossible to dwell on the strikingly significant developments of his youth and early manhood. Let Mr. Baring-Gould summarise them for us:

"There seem to have been three periods in the early life of Napoleon, and he passed from one to another on a gradual but steady descent. The first was that of honest boyish enthusiasms, invigorated by personal ambitions; this latter gradually became the predominant factor, and it exacted of him the sacrifice of one ennobling enthusiasm after another. First Paoli, then his profession, lastly Corsica, were thrown overboard. Thus lightened, he was ready for the second period, in which ambition was degraded into self-seeking, and enthusiasm into cant. His one remaining faith was in the power of reason, his only veneration was for success. . . . . His common sense told him that the policy of the Revolutionists of '93 was unreasonable, and that success on these lines was impossible; but his opportunism demanded one last sacrifice, and that, perhaps, the bitterest of all. He had already been false to what he knew to be right; now he was false to what he knew to be reasonable. . . . .

"He did not relish wholesale murder, he loathed it; he looked on it as worse than a crime—a mistake; but the masters whom he served exacted it, and made of him their minister. After he had cut lanes through the trembling fugitives on the quay with his shot, and sunk boatloads of them, women and children, with his shell, as they attempted to creep past l'Aguilette to escape to the English transports; and after he had opened the gates of Toulon to the commissioners to fusilade and guillotine the inhabitants; and stood cringeing, hat in hand before them, asking to be invited to sit at their table, then his heart had gone through a bath that had hardened it."

The history of the next twenty years is foreshadowed in these scathing sentences. Faith, enthusiasm, principle, the natural sense of right and justice, truth, sincerity—everything was sacrificed to a boundless and unscrupulous egotism. And yet to the unregenerate Adam in us there is in the very excess, the extravagance of his moral obliquity, a something one relishes rather than resents—a glorious masterfulness and contempt of incompetent authority, a splendid roguery, an ideal rascality, an audacity of lying that catches the breath. What one cannot forgive is the petty sharping, the callousness of a seared heart, the ignoble meanness with which he discredited his generals with his own failures and appropriated the glory of their successes, the cynical and ruthless egotism which outraged common humanity and defaced the divine image in his own nature.

In turning the pages of this searching indictment, Napoleon's faith in his star and his assurance of a divine predestination assume a wonderful significance. In the midst of the lurid chaos of clashing armies and broken thrones, which began with the Revolution and closed with the rout of Waterloo, one seems to catch glimpses of a shadowy overruling providence which never relaxed its vigilance. The Revolution itself was, one can scarcely doubt it, an inevitable purging of the Augean stables of the world; the river turned into them was a river of fire and blood. When the controlling Spirit which shapes the rough-hewn epochs of life cried "Enough!" the necessary human instrument

(*From a lithograph by Du Faure*)

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

appeared, alert and equipped. Mr. Baring-Gould makes the suggestive observation:

"It was one of the limitations of Napoleon's genius that it could only find scope on a clear field. His mental force and fertility lay in the planning and executing of structures complete in themselves; he could not adapt what he found, and he could no more carry out the plans of another than he could entrust his own to the execution of another. Had not the conflagration of the Revolution cleared the ground, his genius would have died within him undeveloped."

How much he owed to his own audacity and originality and how much to an unseen power cannot even be surmised. Of the brilliant Italian campaign Kléber remarked that "Bonaparte gained his celebrity by fighting all the most imbecile generals the House of Austria would scrape together and launch against him;" yet even here Arcola was won on the very brink of annihilation. The Syrian adventure proved a fiasco. On the momentous 18th Brumaire he lost his nerve, "fainted in the arms of his grenadiers," and probably would have lost his head, not figuratively but beneath the knife of the guillotine, save for the pluck and promptitude of his brother Lucien. If, at a later period, we examine the rapid series of his astounding victories we shall find that again and again the stars fought in their courses on his behalf. In the advance on Vienna in 1809 the Archduke Charles might have crushed column after column in detail, but through some—fatuity, chance, preordination?—he allowed them to concentrate; and even after the desperate battles of Aspern and Essling he failed to drive the Emperor reeling back to the Rhine. "When Napoleon was met by a man of ability at Marengo he was saved from defeat only by accident; and when he encountered Bennigsen, a man of second-rate ability at Eylau, he was defeated." Fortune supplements too largely and too often for the reader to attribute Napoleon's long succession of triumphs to his genius alone.

If the notion of an interposing providence seems fanciful, the mission of the man at least appears to be unmistakable. From the first campaign in Italy Napoleon had released, in one State after another, the strong

FAREWELL TO THE OLD GUARD, APRIL 20, 1814

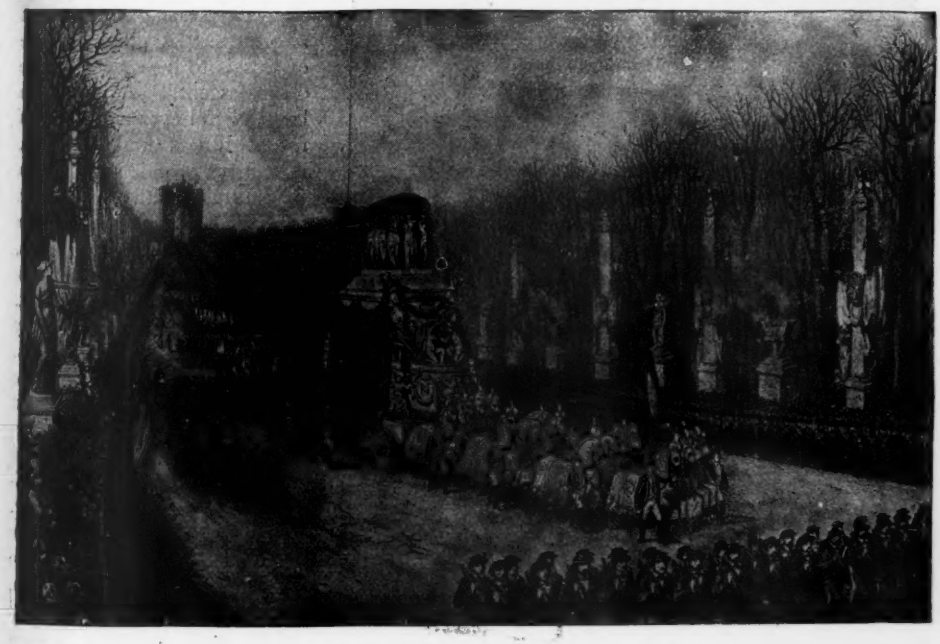
national spirit which had so long lain confined under feudal restraints. "The force of the Revolution," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "the spirit of all that was good in it, had left France, and had found its resting-place among her bitter enemies." On the unspeakable rascality by which the Emperor endeavoured to master Spain, there is no space to dilate, but it found its retribution in the vast popular revolt which baffled his efforts. From this rising the doom of Napoleon dates; he had done his work as the instrument of the Spirit of the new epoch. Nationality had sprung into fiery life; nationality was to annihilate his forces in the wintry wastes of Russia; nationality was to consign him to the living tomb of St. Helena.

And as the end approached there was not wanting the sign of destiny which marks the man whom the unseen powers brand for destruction. In his *Catéchisme Impérial* he taught the children of France that "God had made the Emperor His own divine image on earth; that to honour and serve the Emperor was to honour and serve God; that to fail in duty to the Emperor was to render themselves deserving of eternal damnation." His religion consisted in the conviction that he was the Lord's anointed. "Apart from himself, in the political sphere, he could not conceive of God acting." Before he set out for Moscow he was subject to hallucinations. He would start up suddenly from sleep, shouting, "Who calls me? Who calls me?" and then drop off to slumber again. One thinks of Caligula and the Sea who, to his disordered brain, seemed to come in some strange elemental shape of terror and speak to him. Last symptom of weakness and dereliction, after signing his abdication in 1814 he attempted suicide. But the prussic acid which he always carried about with him had been kept too long and had lost its virulence. "The dose was not strong

enough, God did not will it," he said when he had recovered.

One other curious thread of mysterious purpose runs through the story of the Great Emperor—the influence of England on his career. England had destroyed his dreams and projects in Syria; to shut the ports of Europe against English commerce he flung himself into the continental wars which led to his ruin. "All who had an opportunity of closely studying the character of Napoleon knew," says Mme. Junot, "that the predominating desire of his mind was the humiliation of England. It was his constant object; and during the fourteen years of his power, during which I was able to observe his actions and their motives, I knew his determination to be firmly fixed upon affording to France the glory of conquering a rival who never engaged upon equal terms; and all his measures had reference to the same end." When he went to Boulogne to inspect the preparations made for the invasion of England he passed at Amiens under a triumphal arch inscribed, "The Road to England." "This was the road," says Lanfrey, "which he was never more to quit; the road that he would continue to follow unconsciously, when he entered as a conqueror into Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow. It was destined to be much longer than he anticipated, and it would be made illustrious by miracles unnumbered. But at the end of this triumphal avenue, if his eye could have pierced the darkness of the future, he would have beheld with horror, not the triumph he anticipated but the motionless *Bellerophon* awaiting its guest."

In conclusion one word about this deeply interesting and valuable work apart from its literary qualities. It contains a superb collection of artistic memorials of the Great Emperor. In addition to twelve splendid photogravures there are between thirty and forty signatures and specimens of handwriting, and 438 engravings, portraits, and medals, from among which the publishers have kindly permitted us to take the illustrations of this article.



(*From a lithograph by Lafosse*)

THE SECOND FUNERAL

PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES

THE KEPPLESTONE COLLECTION

By I. M. W.

SECOND PAPER

THERE is still much for us to see and admire in the Kepplestone Collection, and many of our greatest painters remain to be dealt with in this concluding paper. The difficulty of the artist is to know what to omit in the richness of Nature, and the writer experiences now the same difficulty in the richness of Art. In such an *embarras de richesse*, what must one choose for special mention? There can be no mistake in beginning reverently to-day with the works of the lamented master, Sir John Millais. Two picture-portraits of young girls come from his brush. Among the painters of modern times, no one has given more beautifully than Sir John Millais the simplicity and innocence of child-life. He seems to have been fascinated by the grace of childhood. This trait is not to be wondered at when we think of his own gay, bright, simple nature, so easy and unaffected. His own happy life seems mirrored in his representations of the beauty of young English girls. Like Sir Joshua's, his child-portraits are more decorative than searching, partaking more of the drawing-room than of the nursery—posed rather for effect than spontaneously child-like. Still they always charm as being fine representations of a pure English type, guileless and frank. If they are sometimes wanting in mobility of expression, they have always a pleasing serenity and sweetness. A good example of this is to be seen in "The Convalescent." A child, with large wistful eyes and traces of recent illness and weariness, now gives promise of a return to natural health and beauty. Her long auburn hair falls on her fresh white nightgown, which is boldly painted with strong slashes of brushwork, with its frills charmingly touched in their high lights. The somewhat wasted hands are beautifully drawn and modelled, and hold with happy ease a bunch of variegated sweet peas, touched with delicacy, and full of rich colour. What a point of decorative colour do these flowers give to the whole composition, which is a study of grey and white and yellow. It is a good example of Millais' best work in the painting of flowers

(By Sir John Millais, P.R.A.)

THE CONVALESCENT

as an accessory. His other portrait is called "Brown eyes." A young brunette looks out of the canvas with modest, truthful, trusting gaze. Again the serene expression and sweet grace are distinctly given. She is dressed in a cloak of a brilliant pure red, a colour Millais loved to handle. Both these works of Millais belong to his middle period, and are characterised by a firm, manly, fused workmanship. In both is to be found proof of his remarkable skill in drawing as in modelling—truly a rare combination, and still more rare when we add to these his gifts of colour and technique. I have in my possession an interesting letter from an artist, who writes his impressions of the work in the Royal Academy at the time when Millais was painting in the style of "The Convalescent." He says: "I think there can be but one opinion as to who is *the* man. In fact it is a clear case of Millais first—all the rest nowhere. . . . . Is it not a glorious thing to have one man among us who has followed Nature *so far in* (if I may use the expression), and who, to my way of thinking, has thus come much nearer to the highest type of art with which we are acquainted, viz., that of Velazquez, than any man of modern times with whose work I am acquainted. Though I recognise the lack of some art qualities in his work, I hardly see how those could be superimposed on it without the pictures losing more than they would gain. In fact, what I am driving at is, I wouldn't have him other than he is and will be. We have had lots of the other sort of thing. Let us have one Millais. There's no danger of our having another in a hurry." Alas! no; and well may British Art mourn the loss of one whom Disraeli gracefully alluded to as the *Apelles* of English painting.

And now we turn in admiration to a work of Mr. G. F. Watts. Looking at it, we feel entirely out of the circle of English painting. Here is profound thought combined with learning, and given pictorially in the manner which recalls the action and repose of Tintoretto. The subject is taken from the beautiful story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Watts has chosen the moment when Orpheus, forgetful of the warning of Pluto, who had granted him a descent into the lower world, takes one glimpse into the face of his long-lost lovely bride. Already the judgment overtakes him, already she is drooping in his embrace, nor can his strong arm and agonised endeavours save her from fading into the "mournful gloom." Luckily for us, like the beautiful figures on the "Grecian Urn" described by Keats, "She cannot fade," though Orpheus "has not his bliss." See how wonderfully Mr. Watts gives the sense of arrested motion, a point so dear to all true artists. The tones are low and in sympathy with the sadness of the scene; light quivers on the diaphanous draperies of Eurydice. It is a fine example of one of the greatest of our artists. A companion picture, fine also in its broad, masterly treatment, but not approaching the grandeur of the conception of the "Orpheus," is his "Eve Tempted."

Mr. J. C. Hook, one of Mr. Macdonald's earliest friends and frequent guest, is very well represented at Kepplestone, and shows us in this collection how versatile he can be. All his works speak of an intense love of nature and a close study of her beauties—though he is best known as a sea-painter, yet he now and again paints inland scenes, and here we are fortunate enough to find two examples of his treatment of rural life. His "Fishing by Proxy" gives us an insight into that strange mode of fishing with trained cormorants, which Mr. Hook had seen in the South of England. One fisherman stands in the water handling a bird, while another on the bank forces his cormorant to disgorge its prey. A soft English landscape stretches on either side of the stream, where the greens of grassy meadows, pollard willows and water-reeds are deftly varied. In another canvas the scene is taken from Holland, where Mr. Hook has done some of his finest work. "The Milkmaid of the Maas" is a delightful picture. The Dutch peasant girl leans over the brink of the river and scrubs her bright brass milk-pot, on which Mr. Hook has lavished much care. Like the old Dutch Masters he recognises the glorious possibilities which such a bit of brass can afford. The distant town comes in charmingly on the horizon. But the most characteristic of his pictures at Kepplestone is a large sea-piece called "Tanning Nets, or Witches and Cauldrons from the Macbeth Country," a peculiar title which is explained when we examine the painting. It is a scene of busy fishing life, taken near Portsoy on the

(*By J. C. Hook, R.A.*)

THE MILKMAID OF THE MAAS

(By Mark Fisher)

WEANED CALVES

(By J. C. Hook, R.A.)

THE MILKMAID OF THE MAAS

Banffshire coast. Fishermen are heating the dye for their nets in huge cauldrons beneath which fires are burning. The women in the foreground are fetching water from a stream —all are active and moving. Beyond the low green tents a calm blue sea murmurs. In a tiny picture, "Gathering Mushrooms," Mr. Hook gives us the roll of a sea as it breaks over the rocks. The spray dashes against the coast line and rises into a soft sky. Truly might this veteran painter be called "The Old Man of the Sea," so well does he love and paint it.

Mr. Hook has a great objection to being interrupted when he is at work, and always chooses some remote corner of the earth where he can have solitude. On one occasion as he was painting on the shore, he saw to his dismay some ladies approaching. A bright inspiration seized him. Turning to his boys who were sitting near him, he exclaimed, "Quick boys, strip and bathe." The coats were off in a moment and the parasols disappeared! Poor landscape painters, what with inquisitive faces and unsympathetic remarks, and midges and mists, and winds and rain, theirs is not altogether a life to be envied. "That'll no be onywhere here-aboots," said an old woman reflectively, after gazing at the canvas of a well-known artist, which depicted the landscape before her eyes. And are our criticisms less trying? No wonder that Mr. Hook trembles before a Parasol.

To turn from sea to land here is a very charming pastoral scene of Mr. Mark Fisher's. The tender greens of a soft spring landscape are poetically treated in this picture "Weaned Calves." A group of young calves have been turned into a paddock and the animals stand disconsolately together, gazing towards the farm. They are delightfully drawn, and the whole picture is full of charm. How delicate are the budding trees, how fresh and sweet the meadows. Spring is here—Spring, "the year's pleasant king," who

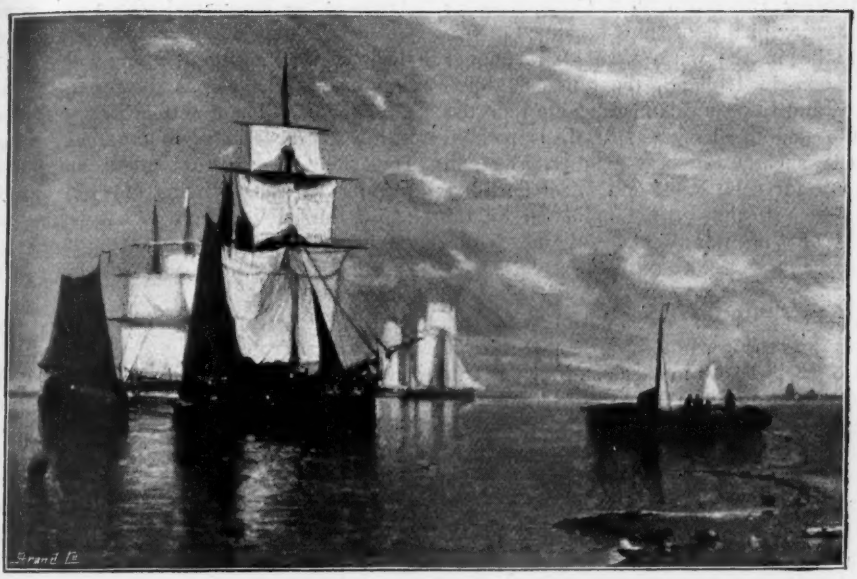
> "calls around
> The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
> And lightly o'er the living scene
> Scatters his freshest, tenderest green."

Another of England's artists exhibits his work here. Mr. Briton Rivière's well-known picture "Mother Hubbard" belongs to the collection. The little girl, standing

(*By Jules Breton*)

LA GLANEUSE

before her mother's cupboard in her black dress and mob cap, has become the friend and companion of many hundreds of other little girls. In this picture the dog asserts itself as a prominent feature, for Mr. Rivière is essentially the painter of animals, whose habits and ways have been to him a constant study. He gives to his animals a quality both in conception and painting which is peculiarly his own. The same clever



(*By P. J. Clays*)

VESSELS BECALMED, MOUTH OF THE SCHELDT

treatment and understanding of dog-life is seen in his other picture, in which a dog barks wildly before the coat and hat of his absent master. The little animal bristles with excitement, and one can almost hear his despairing yelps.

Nor has foreign art been overlooked in the collection at Kepplestone. First and foremost there are two very choice pictures of Israels'—very different in subject and treatment, but both typical of the great master. The one represents youth, the other old age—one is sparkling with life and air, the other is sombre and reposeful. Look first at the autumnal scene of "The Sleepers." Like everything that is truly great, the picture is perfectly simple. A sweet-faced old woman, still retaining traces of early beauty, sleeps gently on a high-backed chair beside the little square-paned Dutch window. The soft light pours on her face and on an old cat—the second sleeper. On the table are some dishes, in the background one can see the curtained bed. That is all, but what an idyll Israels has made for us. The colouring is very subdued, but the picture is warm and glowing. A famous art critic has said that "To colour well does not consist in the employment of *bright* colours, but in the power of carrying the dominant note of colour through the entire picture, through the shadows as well as the half-tints;" and this is what Israels has achieved in the painting before us and in many of his subdued works. Rembrandt was a royal colourist, yet think with what a reduced palette he loved to work. Browns and golds played the greatest part in his canvases, but how rich and colour-full he has made them. So here the sombre-toned browns and greens seem alive with rich colour. Altogether the quality of Israels' brush is seen in high perfection in "The Sleepers." The contrast to this picture of serene old age is found in a charming representation of young life—all sunshine and brightness—in which Israels is quite as successful as when he is in his sadder vein. It is on the sea shore—a blue sea sparkles in the sunlight, and the air is clear and brilliant. Two fisher-girls stand on the edge of a pool, and watch with smiling faces a quaint little Dutch child who comes across the yellow sands to meet them.

Another Dutchman, P. J. Clays, gives us a charming picture of ships becalmed at sea. They lie in the warm haze of a summer afternoon in Holland, the sails hang listlessly, and ships and landscape are reflected in the smooth glassy water. It is painted in Clay's early and best manner, when, in his love for calm water and fine reflections, he seems to have been animated by the spirit of Van der Velde and the Dutch marine painters of the seventeenth century.

And here we have a fine bit of work from Jules Breton, a painter whose pictures are not often met with in this country. In the charming story of his own life, "La Vie d'un Artiste," he tells us of his upbringing in the country, and lets us see how intimately he knew and loved it. All his works speak of this devotion to rural life and scenes. The harvest field has always an especial attraction for him. His great "Procession through the Cornfields," now hanging in the Luxembourg, is a beautiful representation of a harvest ceremony in Brittany. The priests are out in the fields blessing the crops, and the country people stand around with devout expressions. Here in a smaller but very noble picture the same poetic feeling for country life is shown. There is a subtle dignity in his art. The landscapes are always faithfully treated, and his peasants are invested with a touching nobility and serenity. This stalwart girl before us, as she gracefully poises the last sheaf of corn on her shoulder is worthy of a sculptor. She stands in the foreground with a sad, earnest face, while around and behind her the violet shadows of an autumn evening gather. The fiery disk of the sun is disappearing below the horizon. The deserted harvest field is a fitting accompaniment to the lonely woman. Has she too, like that other immortalised reaping-girl, been singing of "old unhappy far-off things?" There is a touching sadness in the figure, and the whole scene breathes of the melancholy solitude of the country.

Very different is the work of a contemporary French painter, Aubert, belonging to an entirely different school. France has always had painters who loved classic art, with an infusion of purely French spirit. Aubert gives us here a youth in Greek costume bending to kiss the flower in a maiden's breast, suggesting the sweetness of a Greek idyll with the flavour of a French salon. But it is very charming—the drawing is beautiful, and the colour delicate and refined, and the picture makes a pleasing addition in this varied collection—a collection which from its peculiar history and wide range must be attractive to every lover of Art.

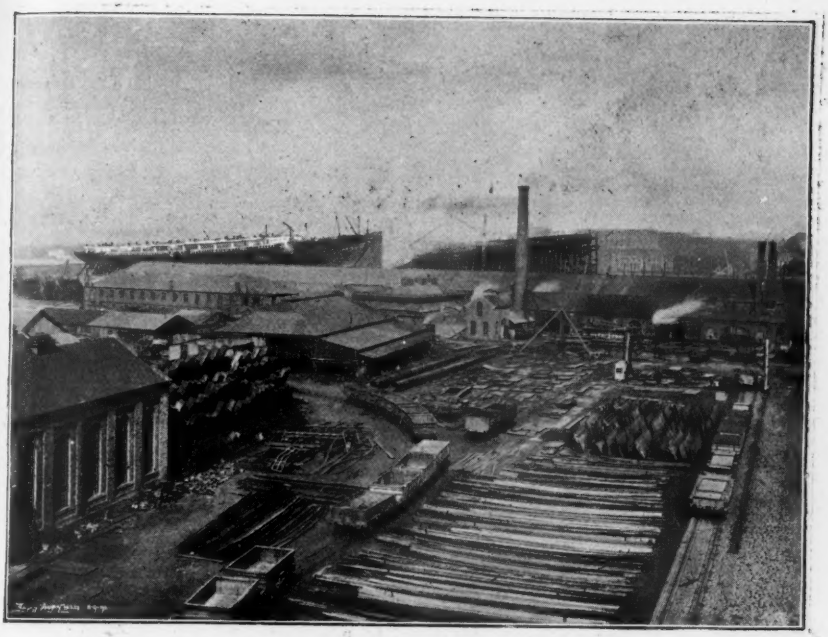
Charles Lamb would have it that a grace was wanting before "Poetry" as well as before a feast. And why not before a banquet of Painting? For all great works of all great men let us indeed be "truly thankful." Have they not given us moments of infinite happiness? Have they not lifted us into a larger, sweeter air?

A GREAT SHIPBUILDING YARD

By the Rev. WILLIAM THOMSON, M.A., India, Sometime Fellow and Scholar of Glasgow University

AFTER my first visit to the world-famed Fairfield Shipbuilding Yard, I felt stunned and confused, and sought refuge in "a chamber deaf to noise and blind of light." The noise in the yard seemed to me tremendous, but even I, who am fond of cloistral stillness, soon became used to the din, and thus was able to receive many impressions of the birthplace of the *Livadia* and *Normannia* and *Campania* besides that of noise.

The visitor to this vast shipbuilding yard, over sixty acres in extent, is strikingly reminded of the wisdom of not despising the day of small things. The Fairfield authorities trace their descent from Messrs. Randolph and Cunliff, who started a millwright's business in Tradeston, Glasgow, in 1834, and there



(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

PORTION OF YARD

is an interesting tradition, not too curiously to be inquired into, "that the price paid for the first 'job' done by the firm amounted to the sum total of sixpence." The firm prospered, but was not of special note till 1852, when Mr. John Elder became a partner, and quickened and transformed it. In that year the firm, designated Randolph, Elder and Co., began to build marine engines. In 1854 they added boiler-making, and in 1860 shipbuilding, to their business; and it was not long before they gained marked distinction as shipbuilders and marine engineers. In 1864 the need of an adequate theatre for their operations was met by Mr. Elder, who secured the ground at Fairfield, which has been the birthplace of so many record-breaking and notable ships: witness, for instance, the best of the celebrated blockade-runners, the swift Atlantic greyhounds, many marvellous ironclads and stealthy torpedo-boat destroyers; and the tale is not yet told.

The first work done at the Fairfield Yard was the building of four blockade-runners in less than six months, a remarkable achievement that set men speculating about the future of this enterprising firm of Clyde shipbuilders, from whom they began to expect great things. The most notorious of these blockade-runners was the *Falcon*. Having brought "a cargo of 1086 bales of cotton out of Wilmington, the largest quantity ever carried up to the time," she simply walked away from the Federal squadron, which made a ludicrous attempt at pursuit. This successful performance was mainly due to the strenuous efforts of Mr. John Elder as a marine engineer.

His great idea was to add to the efficiency of the marine engine by "reducing the friction of the parts, increasing the power, and at the same time decreasing the consumption of fuel." He improved Watt's steam jacket; and applied to the marine engine the principle of expanding steam in two cylinders. This, his greatest achievement, revolutionised the shipbuilding world. Its great importance was soon recognised by Government, and decisively tested. In

(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

PORTION OF ENGINE SHOP

1863, the Admiralty sent on a trip from Plymouth to Funchal, in Madeira, three vessels—the *Octavia* and *Arethusa* with the ordinary engines of the day, and the *Constance* with Elder's compound engine, as improved by him. In dimensions and in other respects the vessels were alike. The *Constance* forged rapidly ahead, and by the time she was within thirty miles of Funchal she had left the *Octavia* 130 knots and the *Arethusa* 200 knots behind. The *Octavia* and *Arethusa* had then to stop their engines for lack of coal, and finished their voyage under canvas. This victory of the *Constance* put the superiority of the compound engine beyond question. Greater horse-power was secured with a lessened consumption of fuel. These are the definite figures:

	Constance.	*Octavia.*	*Arethusa.*
Mean indicated horse-power of engines.	1747	1399·8	1052·2
Consumption of coal per indicated horse-power.	2·51 lb.	3·17 lb.	3·64 lb.

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company had adopted the compound engine as early as 1856 in the paddle-steamers *Valparaiso* and *Inca*, but it was not till after this triumph of the *Constance* that its use became universal.

Mr. Elder died at the comparatively early age of forty-five years, in 1869, amid general and deep regret. The year he died, fourteen steamers and three sailing ships of a total tonnage of 25,235 tons were constructed. It is interesting to note the record of work done at Fairfield in 1895, twenty-six years after Mr. Elder's death. Eleven steel vessels were built (eight, screw; three, paddle), of a total tonnage of 23,024 tons. The indicated horse-power of the engines made was astounding, namely, 61,200. That same year (1895) one vessel was repaired and overhauled, and a steamer was repaired and furnished with new boilers.

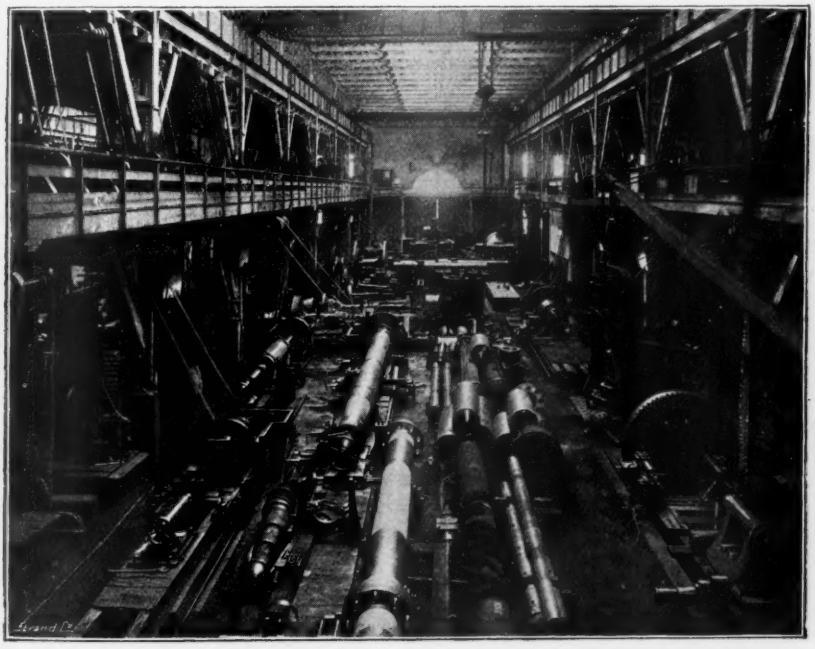
When Fairfield lost Mr. John Elder, it gained Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Pearce, whose consummate business capacity and splendid genius have done so much to make

Fairfield win world-wide fame. In 1878 he became sole partner of the firm, styled, since 1869, John Elder and Co. In 1885 Mr. Pearce assumed Mr. Richard Barnwell as a partner. A year later the firm was transformed into "The Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited," and Mr. Barnwell was appointed Managing Director. The advent of Mr. Pearce was marked by the production of many swift vessels, including some of those commonly known as Atlantic greyhounds. The *Arizona* was the first of these greyhounds, and she was the first vessel fitted with the built crankshaft, now very largely adopted, as it increases the possibilities of greater steam power.

The *Arizona*, built in 1879, was followed by the *Alaska* in 1881, the *Oregon* in 1883, and the *Umbria* and *Etruria* in 1884. Each of these vessels in turn held the Transatlantic record for fast steaming. Fairfield, with the great *record-smashers*, the twin steamers *Campania* and *Lucania*, built in 1892–3, is still the holder of the coveted blue ribbon of the Atlantic.

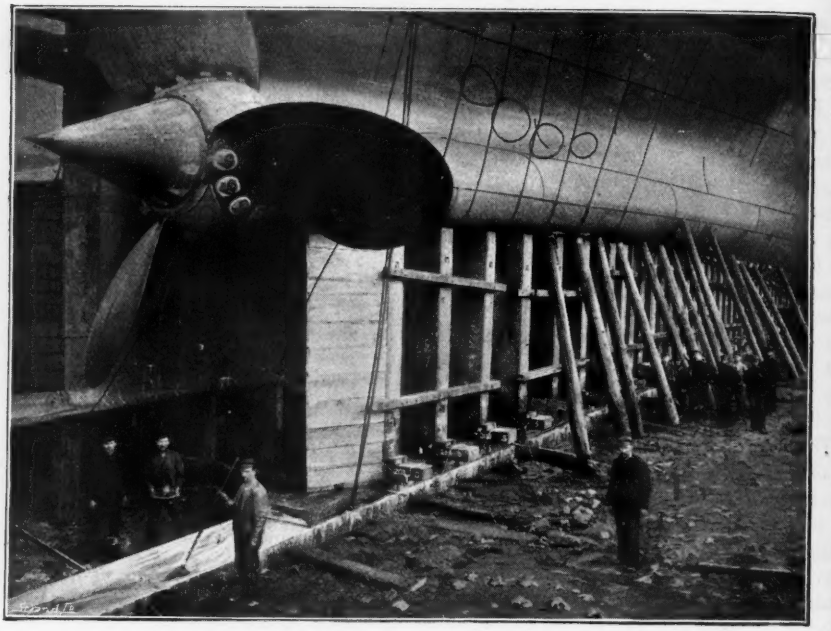
Ever since 1840, when the *Britannia* arrived at Boston after a voyage of fourteen days eight hours, the interest taken in the Transatlantic race has been very keen. The *Britannia* was a remarkable ship for her day, and it is interesting to remember that on landing at Boston, Mr. Cunard received 1873 invitations to dinner: an overwhelming and somewhat embarrassing proof of admiration from our friends over sea.

The passage of fourteen days eight hours of the *Britannia* in 1840 seems a trivial achievement beside the swift passages of the *Arizona* in 1884: westward in seven days six hours fourteen minutes, and eastward in seven days three hours thirty-eight minutes. In 1882 the *Arizona* had, however, been superseded as a record-breaker by the *Alaska*, which came home from America in six days eighteen hours thirty-eight minutes. The rivalry between the steamship companies was intense, so that when, in August 1885, the *City of Rome*, built at Barrow, broke the outward record by a passage lasting only six days twenty hours thirty-five minutes, at



(*From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow*)

PORTION OF ENGINE SHOP



(*From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow*)

AFTER-PART OF VESSEL JUST BEFORE LAUNCHING

Fairfield and elsewhere there were doubtless much searching of hearts and sharpening of wits. Shipbuilding went on merrily, but time and space, not to mention consideration of the reader, compel the present writer to pass by the *Oregon*, *Umbria* and *Etruria*, that he may here record the great achievements of the *Campania* and *Lucania*. In fair weather and in foul these floating palaces cross the Atlantic in a little over five and a quarter days. The record is now five days seven hours twenty-three minutes outwards, and five days seven hours forty-eight minutes home. One cannot help wondering, "What next?"

The fame of Fairfield has crossed not the Atlantic only; it is carried over almost every sea by steamships built for the Orient Company, for the New Zealand Shipping Company, for the Castle Line of Sir Donald Currie, for the Norddeutscher Lloyd, for the Hamburg American, and for the governments of various foreign States. Among the latest Fairfield products are the *Dunvegan Castle*, the *Tintagel Castle*, and the *Avondale Castle*, for Sir Donald Currie's Cape Mail Line. There are at present under construction first- and second-class cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers for H.M. Navy, another Castle Liner, larger and more powerful than the *Dunvegan Castle*, a large paddle-steamer for the Isle of Man service, and a splendid steamer for a new service in connection with the Roumanian railways. The torpedo-boat destroyers now being built are expected to steam thirty knots an hour. They will thus be more wonderful even than those already built, which on trial ran at a speed of over twenty-seven knots an hour (one knot is equal to $1\frac{1}{8}$ miles).

Fairfield has also won golden opinions for efficiency in the building of Government cruisers. The second-class cruisers *Venus* and *Diana* were recently handed over to the dockyard authorities at Chatham after a series of very exhaustive trials, which had eminently satisfactory results. The *Diana* proved specially noteworthy by establishing a record for a low consumption of coal—a most important factor in the working of steamships

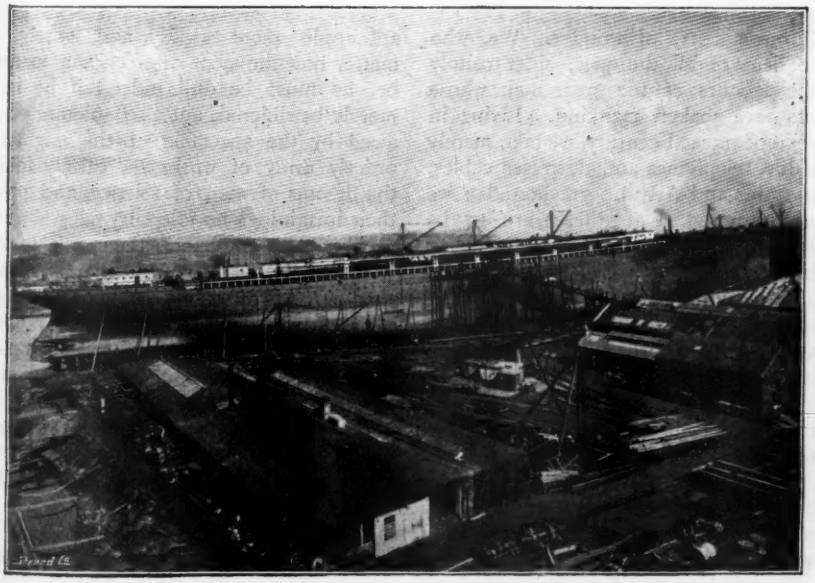
of any kind, as those who are interested in shipping too often learn to their grievous hurt. The success of these cruisers must be very gratifying to all at Fairfield, as they were more quickly built than any of the other cruisers ordered by Government from various contractors at the same time.

One of the most famous vessels of the Orient Line is the *Ormuz*, built at Fairfield in 1886. She is 465 feet long, and runs 18 knots an hour. In 1887 she created quite a sensation by steaming from Plymouth to Adelaide, with stoppages at Naples, Port Said, Aden and Albany, in thirty-three days. Another celebrated product of Fairfield is the *Stirling Castle*, built in 1882 for Skinner's China Line. This vessel averaged 18·4 knots on trial, and made the passage from Woosung Dock to Isle of Wight in twenty-nine days eleven hours on her first voyage with first season's teas. With the *China*, built in 1889 for the Pacific Mail Co.'s fleet, Fairfield holds the record for the Pacific.

To come nearer home, the Manx paddle-steamers, *Queen Victoria* and *Prince of Wales*, have run from Douglas to the Liverpool landing stage—some seventy knots—in three hours eight minutes, and hardly ever take longer than three hours and a half. The magnificent steamer now being constructed, is expected to diminish still further the time taken for this passage. Thus to Fairfield must be given the credit of bringing the Isle of Man within easy reach of Liverpool and Manchester trippers—to the sorrow of Mrs. Grundy and many others less fastidious than that respectable and ancient dame.

Those who suffer from sea-sickness and dread the choppy English Channel, have had their period of torment diminished by the *Victoria*, *Empress*, or *Calais-Douvres*, all of which frequently make the passage between Calais and Dover in an hour. More recent triumphs of Fairfield are the *Adder*, which sails from Ardrossan to Belfast and back again every day, the *Koh-i-noor* and *Royal Sovereign* on the Thames passenger routes, and that magnificent steamer, *La Marguerite*, built in 1894 for the "London to Boulogne and back in a day" route, which has become so popular. The steamers on the Liverpool and North Wales passenger line, *St. Tudno* and *St. Elvies*, are also productions of the Fairfield Works.

Familiarity with these great triumphs of shipbuilding and marine engineering is apt



(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

R.M.S. "CAMPANIA" READY FOR LAUNCHING

(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

JOINERS' SHOP

to dull one's sense of wonder. We, who are the heirs of all the ages, enter calmly into the labours of the great men whose thoughts have shaken mankind. Living in this much be-praised century, we take merely as our due, telephones and deep sea cables, express trains and Atlantic greyhounds: we incline to forget that these are to be reckoned among "the glories of our birth and state."

Nothing could be better for quickening one's sense of wonder than a visit to such a yard as the Fairfield, where so many marvellous vessels and engines are *in the making*. "The Adventures of Alice in Wonderland," "The Shaving of Shagpat," and the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," are fairly commonplace reading for a man who has seen with his own eyes huge steel plates lifted by immense cranes and bent by rollers as if they were pieces of cardboard. It is amazing to watch steel bars pared as quickly as you would trim your nails. And as for punching holes in steel plates, a schoolboy can't bite an apple more swiftly and surely. No matter how innocent of science a man may be, he must be dull indeed if he is not merely bewildered, but also solemnised and awed by the spectacle of the mighty and orderly army of workmen, calmly fulfilling the dreams of men of science, and proving their imaginings no idle fairy-tales.

The photographs of the yard, taken at various times by Messrs. Annan, give better than any words at my command a general idea of what the place is like; but, of course, unless a photographer went up in a balloon, he could not get a view of the whole sixty acres. Mr. John Annan, however, by going to the top of the 130-ton sheerlegs, has been able to show several of the *shops* as well as the docks in one photograph.

At present there are about 6000 men employed. When the works are in full swing another thousand could be added.

The greatness of Fairfield is based on the work of many men. Not a few of these

now rest from their labours; but, though "the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," the names of Elder and Pearce live on to summon their successors to still greater and loftier achievements. When Sir William Pearce died in December 1888, Fairfield sustained a well-nigh irreparable loss, but its fame has continued to grow under the management of Mr. Richard Barnwell, who is supported by a band of talented men of science.

The administration of such a vast establishment as Fairfield must of necessity be a strong one. At present it consists of Sir William G. Pearce, Bart., Chairman; Mr. Richard Barnwell, Managing Director; the Right Hon. Sir William T. Marriott, Q.C.; Sir William Arrol, M.P., and Dr. Francis Elgar, F.R.S.

During the Pearce *régime* great improvements in machinery were made. At Fairfield in 1873 Dr. Kirk constructed for the *Propontis* triple-compound engines, carrying the principle of expansion one step further. The compound engine has been constantly improved with eminently satisfactory results. Minute attention is given to seemingly little things; for "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." For instance, by using manganese bronze for propeller blades, speed has been increased by almost one knot an hour. And it was only a month or two ago that increased horse-power was secured by means of the Belleville water-tube boilers. Out of a natural desire to do good work and not lag behind in the keen race for existence, in which so many great companies take part, the Fairfield Company have kept steadily in view the necessity of being up to date and always alert to take advantage of genuine improvements, so that work may be turned out quickly and yet economically. They have also borne in mind that it is suicidal to refuse to incur considerable expense, if that is necessary for the production of some new improvement, the value of which has been fairly proved.

Relying, for instance, on the results already obtained by the Belleville boilers, they have quite recently laid down extensive plant for the manufacture of these water-tube boilers, with which the four cruisers presently under construction are to be fitted. Experts of the present day incline to believe in water-tube boilers as the boilers of the future—at least for warships, their great advantages being lightness and ability to raise steam very quickly. The three torpedo-boat destroyers building at Fairfield are to be fitted with Thornycroft water-tube boilers.

One of the most anxious days at Fairfield is the day when a great ship is to be launched. The Clyde at Govan is so narrow that the risk of accidents is considerable, and yet the launches of such enormous vessels as the *Campania* and *Lucania* were free from misadventure. . . . . The writer of these notes had the good fortune to witness the launch of H.M.S. *Diadem*, a first-class cruiser of 11,000 tons and 16,500 horse-power, on the 21st October (Trafalgar Day) last year. The day was cold and clear. An immense crowd had assembled shortly after noon; but I had no eyes for them, as I was absorbed in considering the elaborate precautions taken to keep the vessel in perfect control. By the time the supports were almost all knocked away the feeling of excitement was keen. And when the ship began to move even the most matter-of-fact, dry-as-dust person might have dropped into poetry. Indeed, the ship seemed a living thing, rejoicing that at last she was out of the bondage of the stocks, and now free to haste to the sea, her lover. She seemed eager to be taken to the "moaning, storm-laden" heart of that bridegroom, on whose "azure brow" "time writes no wrinkles." Nor did she seem to have any forebodings, so deep her longing to be compassed by the inviolate sea, whose magical embrace bringeth delight or death.

To be quite matter-of-fact once more, the sight of H.M.S. *Diadem*, lying in the river, quite helpless, at the mercy of a masterful little tug, was enough to make one realise that many a day of waiting would have to pass ere she would be ready to go out to sea.

After a vessel is launched, she is taken into the large wet dock adjoining the shipyard. And what can be said about the importance of the dock better than the saying of a popular novelist, that "a dock is to a ship what a dressing-room is to a lady?"

A PLEA FOR PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN

By FLORENCE MacCUNN

"MASTER THOMAS MORE in his youth devised in his father's house in London a goodly hanging of fine painted cloth with nine pageants, and verses over every pageant.

"In the first was painted a boy playing at the top and scourge (whipping-top) and over the pageant was written:

> "I am called Childhood, in play is all my mind,
> To cast a quoit, a cockstele [shuttlecock?] or a ball.
> A top can I set and drive it in its kind;
> But would to God these hateful books all
> Were in a fire burnt to powder small,
> Then might I lead my life always in play,
> Which life God send me to my ending day."

If there is a touch of Blake in the simplicity of these charming lines, there is also, in the matter of them, a healthy satisfaction in ignorance, a distaste for instruction that should commend them to those most respectable authorities on all that relates to children, the mothers of fine, large, healthy, stupid families. Listening to these kindly dogmatists, one learns that any sign of intelligence in a child under seven is a kind of disease to be regarded with concern if, by a miracle, it appears in one's own family, and with suspicion and marked disapproval in the household of one's neighbours.

"I have asked eight mothers to let their children join mine in a modest kindergarten class," said a quick-witted young matron the other day, "and they have all refused on the plea that their children's brains are so highly developed that the doctor won't hear of their learning anything. I am driven to the conclusion that mine are the only normally stupid children, or that I am less pervious to flattery than my neighbours."

So, slaves to this new superstition, we deprive our children of the advantage of being able to read story-books in the early years when lessons are short and leisure is ample. We prescribe fairy tales, and "Alice in Wonderland" for all "natural children," while "Nature" has already strung some little minds to a romantic pitch, that only "Ivanhoe" or the tale of Troy can satisfy. "A child," we dogmatise, "ought to be a child," as if every child had not an indefeasible right to be himself.

Yet more than a hundred years ago a certain wise Scotchwoman, the Countess of Mar, knew better than this. She and her old lord had been left guardians to the first little Countess-Duchess of Sutherland, and when her husband showed some distrust of education for the child, Lady Mar had her answer ready, "Hoots, my Lord, ye will never manage a thinking human child into a hedge-sparrow a' the gither."

Now, if even an average human child refuses after all to live the careless contented life of a fowl of the air, what are we to expect from the extraordinary children?

No one denies that men and women of genius are in the course of Nature, are, indeed, the fruit and crown of Nature—why, then, should a child of genius be looked on with suspicion, disapproval or dismay? Yet we affect to pity the mother whose child, dreamily imaginative, or original and inquisitive, or high-spirited and enterprising, has upset all our prescriptions of what a child ought to be. A gifted man or woman in the future may possibly not be a comfortable child in the present, he will certainly not be a usual one. Mothers of healthy, stupid children are welcome to point triumphantly to Walter Scott at the bottom of his class in the Edinburgh High School, only when they have explained away the other fact of the marvellous lame child of two years old lying on the bank below Smailholm, watching the thunderstorm and shouting "Bonnie, bonnie" at each flash. They may speak with horror and indignation of that "shocking example" in education, the intellectual precocity of John Stuart Mill: let them at least remember that the child who could not remember the time when he began Greek, but who had certainly read six Platonic dialogues before he was eight, was yet the most elastic as well as the most reasoning optimist of his time.

And yet, as in many healthy human prejudices, there is something to justify this dread of unusual gifts or rather of gifts unduly developed at an early age. Too

many wonderful children have been like "the rathe primrose that forsaken dies." Either the flame, burning too brightly, has shattered the frail vessel that held it, or the premature ripening of the powers was itself Nature's protest against foredoomed decay, or—and this is most likely—the promise and graciousness of such gifted children, early dead, have left a clear light of memory, while the green earth has closed silently over unnumbered little ones whose sweet round bodies and tender ways were no more different from those of other children than one flower of the field differs from the next.

More than two hundred years ago there died, at the age of five, a child whose early knowledge, singular piety, and incomparable promise so worked on his father's heart that he, who else concerned himself chiefly with gardens and buildings and the movements of States and societies, has given us the most moving picture of a child's life and death ever limned by paternal pride and sorrow.

Under the date January 27, 1658, Evelyn writes: "Died my dear son Richard, to our inexpressible grief and affliction, five years and three days old, but at that tender age a prodigy of wit and understanding, for beauty of body a very angel, for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes." It was an age which had none of our prejudices against introducing children early to the dryer studies. There is the well-known letter in exquisite clear writing addressed to his "Sweet, sweet father," which attests that little Charles I. was declining substantives and adjectives at the age of five. So it is perhaps only grievous and not miraculous that little Evelyn at the age of four had "got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin and *vice versâ*, construe and prove what he read," and so on through a list of acquirements that would do credit to a Shrewsbury scholar. It was the child's *love* of learning that was extraordinary. Still more remarkable and more affecting was his apprehension of the things of God. His father tells us that "his sense of God was astonishing." Conscience seems to have been as early awake as intelligence in this gentle child. "He understood his Bible and New Testament to a wonder, how Christ came to redeem the world, and how, comprehending these necessaries himself, his godfathers were discharged of their promises."

Even simple children feel the august beauty of the Old Testament when they are wisely permitted to receive the Word itself, weakened neither by paraphrase nor elucidation, but few could appropriate its language to their own case as Richard Evelyn did, dying in his "cradle": "He would of himself select the most pathetic Psalms and chapters out of Job to read to his maid during his sickness, telling her, when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction."

A child so singularly endowed could not fail to excite hopes and ambitions in his father's heart; but for himself he seemed, by a strange intuition, to understand the vanities of the world before he had seen them. It is difficult to remember that it is a child of five of whom we are told: "The day before he died he called me to him and, in a manner more serious than usual, he told me that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things to his brother, Jack. He should have none of them." And then immediately after comes the childlike perplexity as to whether he might pray with his hands unjoined. "What shall I say," adds the father, "of his frequent pathetical ejaculations uttered of himself: 'Sweet Jesus save me, deliver me, pardon my sins, let Thine angels receive me'?"

It was a special grace in this incomparable child that superiority to other children with him took the form of precocious patience and tolerance. "He would give grave advice to his brother John, bear with his impertinence, and say he was but a child!"

A certain aloofness from their fellows—in whose ingenuous bosoms superiority excites distrust, contempt, and irritation—is the inevitable bane of remarkable children, and constitutes the worst danger of precocity. According to temperament this solitude of superiority may produce pathetic self-distrust, or proud and morbid irritability, or an aggressive self-complacency. Perhaps this last is the special and unlovely snare of little girls. They have not been subjected to the criticism of school life, they have all the sense of responsibility for other people's sins innate in the feminine conscience.

A generation earlier than Richard Evelyn, little Mistress Lucy Apsley—whose boast it was later to be known merely as the wife of Colonel Hutchison—was an object of fond admiration to her parents and of terror and distaste to other children. "Play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me I tried them with more grave instructions than their mothers, plucked all their babies (dolls) to pieces, and kept all the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with older company, to whom I was very acceptable."

Even for that older company prim Mistress Lucy had critical eyes. She discovered that the tutor who taught her Latin was a "pitiful, dull fellow," and probably pronounced equally forcible judgments on the half-dozen teachers who, in her eighth year, taught her "languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework."

It is pleasant to learn that Latin, sermons, and contempt for her needle, did not entirely fill up Mistress Lucy's hours, and that, though she "exhorted her mother's maids and turned their idle discourse to good subjects," she "thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs, and amorous sonnets and poems, and twenty things of this kind, wherein I was so apt that I was the confidante"—one wonders at what age precisely—"in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women." It was lute playing and sonnets as well as godly discourse that formed the prelude to Mrs. Lucy's own married life, the record of which, more than any other book, has preserved for us the humane and dignified spirit that animated the nobler Puritan households.

It is the peculiar praise of women like Lucy Hutchison, in whom the intellectual virtues predominate, that, more than others, they can merge themselves in the man—father, husband, or son—in whom their love and pride are centred. Perhaps their superior intelligence convinces them how little a woman can effect alone, how much through the man she inspires and sustains. "So as his shadow she waited upon him," she writes of herself and her husband, "till he was taken into that region of light which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing."

The women we have agreed to find charming are precisely the opposite of all this. They are born princesses by the divine right of all-bountiful Nature. How can they walk in the shadow when it is their blessed distinction to reflect every ray of sunshine? How can they efface themselves when every one they meet treasures their individuality as we treasure a rare flower? They may profess no art, but they offer a subject for every art; they are rarely conspicuous for learning, but the learned are ambitious to talk and understand their language; they may not abound in "good works," but the sight of their grace and gladness fills with generous pleasure the hearts of the poor and wearied. *Life* is the Art in which they are past masters, and the hearts of men and women the instruments from which they draw their concords.

Where these gifts are bestowed they necessarily show themselves among the earliest instincts. There are baby-girls who establish the tenderest relations with elderly admirers long before they can stand alone; there are little girls not yet in their teens who can entertain a company with their wit and tact and sensibility, and then relapse, with captivating quaintness, into simple, childish play. Miss Burney, whose eyes were as kind as they were keen, has described such a precocious charmer in the person of little Selina Birch, whom she met at Tunbridge in the company of Mrs. Thrale.

"She [Selina Birch] is the niece of the charming Mrs. Pleydell, and very like her.... As you have seen that sweet woman, only imagine her ten years old and you will see her sweet niece. She sings like her, laughs like her, and alternately softens and animates like her. Her conversation is not merely like that of a woman already, but of an uncommonly informed, cultivated, sagacious woman, and at the same time she can at pleasure fling off all this rationality and make herself a mere playful, giddy, romping child."

There must have been extraordinary tact about a child who could first sing with "mingled grace and buffoonery" then run into the middle of the room and try some new step of a dance and finally fling herself affectionately into somebody's lap without her "vagaries growing tiresome."

Poor little woman of the world, she was

"distractedly fond of the French opera. She told us the story right through of some of them, singing the *sujet*, when she came to the airs, and comically changing parts in the duets."

"We hardly knew how to get away from her when the carriage was ready to take us from Tunbridge," and Mrs. Thrale confidently predicted that whether they met the "sweet syren" again or not, nothing was so certain as that they would hear of her again, let them go whither they would. Whether that prophecy was fulfilled in days when Mrs. Thrale was Madame Piozzi—and somewhat discredited—and Miss Burney was taxing her lively observation to make her dismal court life endurable, we have no means of knowing. We, at least, have not heard of her again, though one would like to think that somewhere, in some old manor-house, a miniature may exist of a beautiful woman with bright eyes under her powdered hair, and that perhaps some modern Selina owes her formal name and tuneful voice to a great grandmother whose wit and melody have left a pleasant tradition among her descendants.

There is, of course, much delusion about the precocity of many children. The humour of half their reported sayings lies in the ear of the grown up hearer. The anthropomorphisms which appal and divert the listening mother are as serious and unimaginative to the child as the crudest mythology to the savage. There is no child, however dull, of whom some funny sayings cannot be reported. Let us enjoy these as windfalls without putting any stress on them as indications of ability. Sensibilities of all kinds are a safer test, including nightly fears and a haunting intimacy with vampires and the Witch of Endor. Perhaps we can best gauge a child's gifts by his power of playing.

The precocius child differs radically from the child of genius in this respect, that the former is ever reaching forward to anticipate his share in grown-up life, whereas the latter, absorbed in his own proper business, draws all the elements of grown-up life into his play. If any one would know the perfect method of the child of genius explained and illustrated, he can find it in every page of Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses." To that gentle and spirited child, grown-up people seem to be a mere background to the drama he is constantly acting to himself. He has the true artist's sensitiveness to all that offers material to his art, all his unaffected indifference to all that lies outside it. Only at times is he concerned at the curious insensibility of his relations to the real nature of a world in which he works and they sit idle. Parents sitting in the warmth of the fire and the witchery of the lamplight miss their opportunity and merely

> "Sit at home, and talk and sing,
> And never play at anything."

Uncles and gardeners are perversely unconscious of the enchanted ground on which they tread, but it only excites the kindly regret,

> "Oh how much wiser you would be
> To play at Indian wars with me."

But nothing can be more futile than to generalise about the methods of genius or the ways of children. There is one precocious child, who, to the endless inventiveness and exquisite honesty of a child, has added the sensibility of a young woman, and the point and wit of an old one. Thanks to her wise and tender biographer, Pet Marjorie is as well known in most Scottish and many English households as Cinderella or Lady Jane Gray. She stands between Sir Walter Scott and Dr. John Brown, linking together the greatest and the rarest of Scottish men of letters; she died at the age of seven with Burns's words of solemn repentance on her innocent lips.

The list of books she read is, in its own way, as remarkable as the familiar studies of little Richard Evelyn; her comments on them are full of pith and deliciously childish in spelling and expression. "'Tis a fine work Newton on the Prophecies. I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible." "Macbeth is a pretty composition, but awful one." "The Newgate Calendar is very instructive."(!) "Tom Jones and Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly the men." "The history of all the malcontents that ever were hanged is amusing."

Other children, indeed all children, play at love-making and marriage—how could they fail to do so when fairy tales turn on little

else?—and Marjorie has her own experiences:

"I forgot to say that I have four lovers, the other one is Harry Watson, a very delightful boy." But what other child ever discovered that "love is a very papithatick thing." "Sentiment" she longs to practise, and indeed succeeds pretty well in doing so. "Mr. Crakey (Craigie) and I walked to Crakeyhall hand in hand, in innocence and matitation . . . . no one was ever so polite to me in the whole state of my existence."

Other children—perhaps too many—have taken religious teaching home to their consciences, tormenting themselves over half imaginary sins, but when Marjorie makes a confession the sin is wholly concrete and original: "To-day I pronounced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips; it was that I called John an impudent Bitch. I will tell you what I think made me in so bad a humour to-day, I got one or two of that bad, bad senna-tea to-day." But, as a rule, she pleads no such material excuse; in most of her sins she is convinced that "it is the very same devil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure, but he resisted Satan, though he had boils and many other misfortunes which I have escaped."

We cannot place this child, made up as she is "of every creature's best," with any other children. Beside her, little Selina Birch appears a woman of the world, and Lucy Apsley a premature blue-stocking. Louis Stevenson's fanciful child seems hardly human beside this passionately loving little heart, only little Richard Evelyn might perhaps in some heavenly field clasp her warm hand in his frail one and learn from her that wealth of human love and gladness which both had to relinquish so early.

RECALLED TO LIFE

By B. M. WARD

RECALLED to life—the expression is not too strong for the wonderful work of deliverance from a state of mental darkness and isolation which has been brought about in the case of the blind deaf mute, Therese Exner, whom I have seen to-day.

Charles Dickens's story of the unfortunate Bastille prisoner, with his intellect deadened by the long, hopeless monotony of his imprisonment, recurred at once to my mind, but there was here a task even more desperately hopeless than that of re-awakening the dormant intelligence of the unhappy doctor.

Since her fourth year Therese Exner's mind had been utterly inaccessible to all outward influence, the ordinary channels of intercourse with her fellow-creatures all closed. It is almost impossible to realise the state of such a mind. Never seeing a kindly human face nor hearing a kindly human voice, as lonely in her spirit as if she were the only inhabitant of the universe, knowing nothing of her fellow-creatures except in so far as they ministered to her bodily wants, existence must have seemed to this poor child a dreary puzzle to which no one could give her the clue. Such was Therese Exner's mental condition when, at thirteen years of age, she was placed under the care of Herr Otto Wolf, the Director of the Institution for Deaf Mutes in Würzburg, Bavaria. Her case is similar to that of the well known Laura Bridgeman, also an American, but it had to be treated with as much originality as if that previous experience had not existed.

She was born in America of German parents, and was quite a normal and healthy child. In her fourth year she lost her hearing completely in consequence of an attack of scarlet fever, and about the same time a disease of the eyes set in which gradually impaired her sight. Operations were performed on both eyes but without result, and she became totally blind.

Being now also in delicate health her mother could not bear to part with her, and so no attempt was made to have the

poor child instructed. She was eleven years old when her mother died suddenly, and the father, with this helpless little being left on his hands, could think of nothing better than to send her to be taken care of in a convent. Here also no effort was made to teach her. Two years later her father died, and she was left to the guardianship of a gentleman in Würzburg. He took up the duty in a conscientious spirit, and determined that every possible effort should be made to devise a system of instruction for her and to awaken her slumbering intellect.

But the difficulties in the way were very great. The teachers of the blind were accustomed to base their teaching on the hearing, and were helpless here. The ordinary methods of lip-reading employed with deaf mutes were impossible with a blind child. Her guardian at last decided to place her under Herr Wolf's care to see what could be done; and I was witness to-day that the impossible has been achieved, the chasm of isolation has been bridged over, and Theresa Exner now leads a cheerful, active life, in touch with all those about her, able to express her feelings and to understand those of others—she is, in a word, recalled to life.

(From a photograph by R. Gast, Würzburg)

LEARNING SOUNDS BY TOUCH

It has of necessity been a long and tedious task, and I could well believe the Director's assurance that he and his fellow-workers had had many moments of despair. A system of communication had to be invented, and the sense of touch was the only medium that could be employed. The child was, for instance, taught to feel with her finger the movements of the teacher's lips and the vibration of the larynx produced by the emission of the sound "ah," then encouraged to imitate it, and when she had mastered the sound she was taught to commit it to paper, the Braille method of writing for the blind being employed.

In this necessarily slow and laborious way simple sounds were first learned, then more complicated articulations, and finally words.

In teaching her to produce the sounds they went to work in the same way as with all other deaf mutes, with whom the German, or oral, method is employed; only as substitute for watching the motion of the teacher's lips a series of signs were introduced, as nearly related as possible to the motions the child had already learned to connect with the sounds as produced by the teacher. For example, the teacher would take the child's finger and touch her chin with it for "ah," since for this sound the mouth must be opened and the chin lowered; for "a" she would lightly pass the finger from one corner of the mouth to the other, since in pronouncing "a" the mouth must be slightly distended. For "o" in like manner the finger would be made to draw a circle round the mouth, reminiscent of the rounding of the mouth necessary to produce "o."

In course of time the process was shortened by the addition of signs for whole words and then for phrases, much in the same way as contractions are made in shorthand.

It must be borne in mind that these signs are only used now for communications made

(From a photograph by R. Gast, Würzburg)

COMMITTING SOUNDS TO PAPER

to the girl, she being now able to answer in words, most of which are quite clearly and distinctly pronounced.

The first few years of her training were by far the most difficult, as it was a long time before she could see any purpose in these constantly reiterated, tiresome processes. When at last the meaning dawned upon her, when she began to realise that here was a method of communication with those around her, her will was enlisted on the side of her teacher's and the task grew easier. She was roused from her melancholy apathy, and was all eagerness to learn. From that time the endless patience of her kind instructors began to have its reward.

By degrees, by slow degrees, her mind awakened. Beginning with the practical and the tangible they were able in course of time to proceed to abstract subjects, and in the ten years that she has been in the institution she has been through all the ordinary subjects of elementary education.

She is now twenty-three years old, but does not look more than fifteen. At first a little disconcerted at the presence of strangers, she brightened up considerably afterwards. I, of course, could only communicate with her through her governess, an intelligent and most sweet-looking woman; but I was quite surprised at the rapidity with which these two could understand one another.

Therese's own voice is clear and soft —not often the case with deaf mutes —and her pronunciation is fairly distinct. She appeared interested in her visitors, especially when she heard that one of them had a niece who was also deaf, and asked further questions about the latter.

Quite a lively altercation ensued when the governess suggested that she should let us see her wardrobe, to note the beautiful order in which she kept her clothes, Therese insisting that it was "nicht werth, nicht werth." But she finally relented, and seemed pleased at the admiration which we could with sincerity express, both for the orderliness of her wardrobe, and for the beautiful specimens of her handiwork that we saw—hemming, knitting, and crochet, the two latter in quite elaborate patterns.

To religious ideas her mind seems particularly impressionable. Brought up a Catholic, she takes delight in the services of her church, and is always ready to learn prayers and devotional hymns, though other poetry interests her little. Her ideas of right and wrong are also clearly developed. She said recently to her teacher with touching simplicity, "You must please tell me when I do wrong, as I do not always know." As pure and innocent a mind must hers be as that of a little child, for she knows nothing of wickedness. The teaching of her kind instructors has had no counteracting influences to contend with from the outer world.

It is touching to see the affection with which she clings to these two, the principal and her governess, on whom she is so dependent, though they are far from being the

only ones with whom she can communicate, the other pupils having all mastered her sign language, so that they can talk to her and she can enter into their games. Besides which she takes a great delight in letter-writing, and corresponds, not only with former fellow-pupils, but even with comparative strangers who have become interested in her. She writes these letters without assistance, and they bear the impress of a certain degree of originality of mind.

Her life indeed seems now an active and contented one—one might almost say a happy one. All honour to those whose patient and tireless efforts have resulted in recalling this once slumbering intellect to life, in bringing this once isolated mind into the warm bonds of human fellowship!

THE PATRIOT SONGS OF GREECE

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO

THE interposition of Greece in the troubles of Crete carries one's thoughts back to that stormy period, between 1770 and 1830, which closed with the recognition of the independence of the kingdom of Greece. It was a time rich in story and song—a Homeric time in the country of Homer; and it is singular how little it is remembered in this country, or rather how little many of its most picturesque episodes have ever been known.

Perhaps the best possible way to enlist the sympathy and interest of the general reader in this past time is to give a few renderings of some of the popular songs of that epoch—songs which yet linger in remote corners of Greece, where there are still aged grandfathers who can remember the heroes of some of the later ballads.

We must explain, to begin with, that this long protracted conflict between Greece and Turkey was mainly a guerilla warfare, carried on by Greek Highlanders dwelling on the mountains to which their forefathers had been driven as to well-nigh impregnable fortresses. These men were called "Klephts," and from time to time their numbers were augmented by the people of the plains, as tyranny became too bitter, or taxation too extortionate.

It may be noted that these songs—as is always the case with songs which spring, simple and strong, from the heart of a people—are dramatic in form, and waste no words either in "description" or "sentiment." They have been intended for sympathetic and comprehending ears, on which every phrase would tell for its full value.

One of the oldest of these ballads recounts how certain Moslem rulers, desiring the death of a leading "klepht," sought to compass it by guile, sending on the errand a Moslem who had been on friendly terms with the Greek. But the Moslem's heart failed him at the treachery, and though he did not refuse his errand he avowed it.

Three birds are seated on the heights above the outpost of the Klephts:
One looks towards Armyros, the other to the way of Valtos;
And the third, the gentlest, bewails herself, and cries:
"Passers-by, what has become of Christos Milionis, for we see him not on the hills?"
"Bird," they answer, "they have told us he has crossed Arcania;
He has entered Arta and has taken prisoners the Cadi and two agas.
The Pasha has heard of this, and is grievously incensed;
He calls two of his council and he says, 'If you would do yourselves good,
If you would have honours, go and kill Christos—this Captain Milionis,
For the Sultan has ordered it; he has sent his firman.'"
The fatal day came—and oh, would it had not been he! Soliman is sent to search for Christos.
He goes, and he meets him in Armyros, and they embrace as old friends should.
All night they drink together, till day draws near, and as the dawn breaks they rise to part.
Then Soliman cries to the Captain Milionis: "Christos, the Sultan wants thee and so do his agas."

"As long as Christos lives, he will never give himself up to the Turks."
And they ran, and aimed their guns at each other: they fired again and again.
And they fell, both together, slain, upon the spot.

Another old song relates to the fate of a wealthy Greek living in peace and security.

I will tell you a story that will make you wonder.
There was a certain Greek named Kyritsos Michalis.
He possessed great riches and was held in much honour.
And he lived quietly in his own house, and there was no malice in his heart.
But somebody wrote a letter to the divan—a mischievous letter—
And it said he troubled his neighbourhood and was secretly plotting.
As soon as the Sultan heard this, he got very angry and called to an official, saying,
"Go quickly to Achelos—to the dwelling of Michalis,
And take him and hang him before his door, and take his little son,
And take all his wealth, and take care you do not lose a pin."
In the middle of the night, the messenger left the port and sailed to Achelos.
He flew like a bird; he went like an arrow.
Michalis Bey, as soon as he saw him, advanced to meet him.
"Be welcome, my lord," he said. "Be seated with us at breakfast."
"I do not come to eat; I do not come to drink. I come to do the Sultan's will."
And he threw his rope, and threw it round the neck of Michalis.
And so he took him and hung him before his door.
And then he sought for his little son and carried him off.
And put him in the ship with all the treasure of his father.

Was it any wonder that another song—one of many—declared by the mouth of a famous "Klepht" and his warriors—

Never heed that the passes belong to the Turks.
Never care that they are full of Albanians:
Sterghios, as long as he lives, will make no note of the pachas;
So long as there is snow on these mountains, we will never submit to the Turks.
Rather will we lodge in the lair of the wolves.
Let slaves live in the cities and on the plains, beside the Infidels:
But the cities of the brave men are in the solitudes of the mountain tops.
Rather than live with the Turks we will live with the wild beasts.

Two quaint ballads tell the story of a husband and wife. The tale of the wife's deliverance is significant of something in the Greek mind which dignifies animal life and draws it into loving unison with the human—a trait which we recognise in the works of the greatest Greek poets of antiquity, and which appears on their ancient monumental sculpture, where the household dog, cat, bird, or rabbit, is always depicted, along with the family, making last adieux to the departed. But we must hasten to give

THE ESCAPE OF LIAKOS' WIFE.

"What misfortune has happened to the wife of Liakos?"
"Five Albanians have taken her prisoner and ten others question her.
'O Liakena, wilt thou not be married? Wilt thou not take a Turk for thy spouse?'
'I would rather see my blood redden the earth, than that a Turk should kiss my eyes.'"
And Liakos, her spouse, looked on from a hill top.
And he drew to him his black horse and he whispered to him:
"Canst thou not, my horse, canst thou not save thy mistress?"
"Yes, I can, my master, I can deliver my mistress, and she will feed me the more."
And he flew off, and he saved his mistress, and he brought her back to the door of his master's dwelling.

The story is told as if the horse did it all himself, because the Klepht knew he could not have done it without the horse!

The next song we take tells of Liakos' death, and every line is redolent with the terrors of the time.

THE DEATH OF LIAKOS.

Liakos! the mountains of Agrapha and their waters and their woods weep for thee,
And thine adopted son weeps for thee, and thy followers weep for thee;
But did I not say to thee once, twice, thrice, ay, five times,
"Submit thyself to the pacha, Liakos, submit thyself to the vizier!"
"So long as Liakos lives," said he, "he submits not to viziers!
For vizier, Liakos has his sword; he has his gun for pacha."
But the Turks prepared for him an ambuscade in a blind pass,
And Liakos was thirsty and he went forward sword in hand.
He stooped down to drink to refresh himself and they shot three times,

First, in the back, and second, in the body, and third, and deadliest, in the breast.
His mouth filled with blood and his lips with the poison of death.
And his tongue murmured words. It murmured and said,
"Where are you, my brave boys? Son of my soul, where are you?
Quick! Take my gold pieces and my silver hauberk,
Take my sword, too, this famous sword, *and cut off my head*,
That the Turks may not cut it off and carry it to the Pacha, and set it on his palace,
When mine enemies would see it and rejoice, and my friends would see it and be sad,
And my mother also would see it and the sight would kill her with sorrow."

There are many snatches of song which tell us how the heroines of Souli "fought like men," with a babe on one arm and a gun in the other hand, and an apron full of cartridges. The courage of one Souliote woman turned the fortune of a desperate battle.

But possibly none of the songs tell their grim story with more restrained energy and internal fire than the following:

An awful sound is heard—bullets fall like rain.
Is it a marriage that they celebrate? Is it a day of rejoicing?
Nay, it is not a marriage that they celebrate, neither is it a festival,
It is Despo who defends herself, with her daughters and daughters-in-law.
The enemy have surrounded her in the tower of Dimoulas.
"Wife of George," they cry, "lay down your arms,
You are not now in Souli.
Here you are the slave of the pasha and the prisoner of his troops."
And she answers "Souli may have surrendered, Kiapha may have become Turk,
But Despo has not. Nor will Despo ever have the Turks for masters."
She seized a torch in her hands, called her daughters, and her daughters-in-law,
"Never be slaves to the Turks, my girls, but follow your mother."
She set fire to the powder—and every thing vanished away.

And all the while these poor people, condemned to live in this horror, with all that was wild and fierce in them drawn to the surface and developed, were really a gentle, kindly race, who were devoted to their church, and loved the village dance, and the neighbourly gossip. The fiercest of the Klephts were not only good husbands and fathers, but it was the very rarest thing for one of them to inflict either cruelty or insult on the children or wives of Turks who, in their turn, had wreaked cruel wrongs on the families of the klephts. Indeed, the one or two Greek captains who did forget themselves in this fashion, found themselves disgraced and deserted by their "pallikars," as the young men following them were called. While these fierce songs were, as it were, "singing themselves" off the red heat of indignant and struggling freedom (for the authorship of most of them is as unknown as that of "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground"), sweet playful cradle songs were rising from mother hearts, and pretty caressing love verses were passing to and fro among the young people. It is true that many even of these domestic subjects bear witness to the national anguish by some pathetic turn of incident or feeling. Take, for instance, that of "The Herdsman and Charon." One feels that the allegorical conflict between the simple rustic and Death's ferryman is true to the reality of many an unexpected conflict and defeat on the wild hillsides.

A slender shepherd runs down the mountain,
His cap on one side and his hair a-curl,
—And Charon sees him from the opposite height.
He descends to the valley, and awaits him there.
"Whence do you come, slim shepherd?" says he,
"And where do you go?"
"I come from my flocks and I go to my home.
I come to look for my bread, and then I return."
"And me, shepherd, God has sent me to look for your soul."
"O let me live still, Charon, I pray thee; let me live.
I have a young wife, and to a young wife widowhood is bitter!
—If she go gently, folks say she seeks a husband,
And if she go hardily, they call her insolent.
—And I have little children, whom I should leave helpless."
But Charon would not heed, Charon was determined to take him.
"Well, Charon, as thou art resolved—as thou wilt take me,
Come! let us struggle together on this stony ground.
If thou conquer me, Charon, thou canst take my soul:
If it is I who conquer thee, leave me and go where thou wilt."
And they closed together, and struggled, from morning until noon.
But towards the dining hour, Charon overthrew the shepherd.

Then the involuntary separation of husband and wife is touchingly drawn in the

PARTING SONG.

Thy going away is misery: thy farewell is a death:
But thy coming back will be a blessing, all tenderness and love.
Thou goest, and thou leavest me a jar of bitter poison.
I shall drink it at my morning meal, at my evening meal,
All the time thou art away, until thou shalt come again.
That stone which thou shalt tread as thou springest into the boat
I shall go and I shall search for it, and cover it with my tears."
"I go, and I leave thee my blessing, I leave thee my faith."

The last song we shall give, "The Recognition," may have a peculiar interest, inasmuch as it is believed to be a Cretan song. M. Fauriel, who discovered it in the Cretan dialect, thinks it is very ancient. In it, the long absent husband returns, steals by night to his house, and at first his trembling wife doubts his identity, and questions him:

"Who are you? What do you call yourself? What is the name you go by?"
"I am he who brought you apples in my handkerchief,
Apples and peaches and sweet grapes. I am he who kissed your red lips."
"But before I open to let you in, describe something in my courtyard."
"At the gate there is an apple tree. In the yard there is a vine.
And the vine gives a white grape, and the grape gives a good wine,
And whoever drinks that wine is refreshed and asks for more."
"You deceive me, you trickster, somebody in the neighbourhood has told you that.
Before I open and let you in, describe me something that is in the house."
"In the middle of thy chamber there hangs a golden lamp,
It shines on you as you undress, as you unfasten your buttons."
"You beguile me still, you trickster, somebody in the neighbourhood has told you that.
Before I open the door and let you in, tell me something about myself."
"You have a mole upon the cheek, another on the shoulder,
And on your bosom shine the stars and the moon!"
"Run servants, run, and open all the doors."

And then we know quite well all that happened; for is it not written in our own Scotch song "There's nae luck about the house."

ON THE HILL OF THE DEAD

THERE is a narrow pathway familiar to my feet,
That crowns a bank of sadness and forms a silent street:

The green moss lies upon it, so seldom is it trod
Save when the living use it to leave their dead with God.

I love that silent pathway where only footprints fall,
Of those whose love is faithful beyond the grave's recall.

And there I often linger, and watch the setting sun
Light up the home that waits me when my short day is done;

And sometimes idly wonder, if, when I come to stay,
Any will come anigh me to break the long still day.

I shall be dead and know not, but if I knew it now,
The death-dew might not gather so coldly on my brow:

Still I would live, for, living, the dead are with me yet;
Their lives in mine up-gathered till I their love forget.

Of God above, I pray not that He my soul shall save,
But that He keep His arms close-wrapt about this little grave:

It is the spot most precious on all His earth to me,
Where now my heart lies buried, where soon my bones shall be.

The old cathedral's shadow comes creeping up the hill,
Uniting those who worship and those who wait His will;

And deep within the darkness the dead and living lie—
The living that are dying, the dead that cannot die.

JOHN REID.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR APRIL

BY THE EDITOR

FIRST SUNDAY

"BEHOLD THE MAN"

IT is meet at this season, when so many millions throughout the world are remembering the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord, that our Sunday readings should be in harmony with the thoughts of those who are thus dwelling on themes which are the common property of all Christians.

The great figure of the Passion is set before us in these words of Pontius Pilate, "Behold the Man." It is an emphatic call to consider the pathetic picture of the Man of Sorrows as led forth by the Roman officer. He stands on the elevated pavement—the Gabbatha—on which the tribunal was usually placed, and where He now appears in full view of the great multitude. He had just been scourged by the lictors and mocked by the soldiers in the barracks in the adjoining court, and with sad dignity, bearing the purple robe and with the crown of thorns upon His brow, He gazes on the sea of faces, each one there scowling with hatred and expressing furious rejection.

What we behold must depend on the eye with which we look. How differently He appeared even then to the Jews, the Roman soldiers, and the disciples! The Jews viewed Him as a blasphemer daring to claim divine honours, and by His teaching endangering their most sacred historic beliefs. The Romans regarded Him as a curious fanatic, carried away by the mad idea that He was King of the Jews. They who had followed Him and had received from His lips the words of eternal life recognised Him, in spite of the shame of the moment, as the Son of God, and their Lord and Master. With a different and more awe-struck gaze must the legion of angels have looked down upon that mystery of woe.

It is always thus; we see according as we ourselves are. The eye of the flesh and the eye of the spirit may be fixed on the same object and yet behold different things. The beast of the field may look on the splendour of sunset, flushing sea and land with glory, as well as the poet or artist, but it cannot perceive what those behold. And so it is that what we behold in the Man to whom Pilate pointed must depend on the eye with which we gaze. Interpretation is according to what we bring to an object. The man of science sees more in the specimen than he

who has never studied. If, therefore, we contemplate Christ as He then stood, despised and rejected of men, how awing is the spectacle! For we recognise there the only sinless man the world has ever seen, the only one of whom God could say, "In Him I am ever well pleased." That is He who is met by this storm of scorn. The eye of faith beholds also in Him the most marvellous historical personage, for He it is of whom the Law and the Prophets had spoken, for whose advent patriarchs and religious men had waited, and who, although then deserted of all, was to become the most potent influence in the future of the world. But faith realises what is still more impressive, for in the light of all that the Church has learned, and what has been sealed by its experiences, He who appears there calm and kingly under the great contumely, is the One of whom it is written that He "came from God and went to God," that He "was in the beginning with God and was God," that "being in the form of God and not thinking it robbery to be equal with God," He had taken our nature and was made man. This is He who afterwards rose from the dead and ascended to the right hand of Power, who shed forth the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, and before whom there will one day be gathered all nations. Gazing upon Him thus with an eye which, however dimly, realises such truths, it may overwhelm us to connect with such an One the dreadful details of the narrative, "and when they had platted a crown of thorns they put it on His head and a reed in His right hand, and they bowed their knees before Him and mocked Him, saying, 'Hail, King of the Jews,' and they spit upon Him and took the reed and smote Him upon the head."

Behold the man yet more closely. The eye of the flesh can appreciate His bodily sufferings, but where is the eye so profound in its gaze as to pierce to the far greater spiritual suffering He was then enduring? It is not difficult to produce a certain emotion and to move men to tears by descriptions of the physical agony endured by the Saviour. It is indeed this aspect of the Passion which constitutes too frequently the all in all of religious meditation. These sufferings form apparently the only message told at the "Stations" in certain churches, where one dreadful scene of torture follows another. God forbid that we should refuse to acknowledge the influence which even the grossest of such pictures may exercise on minds that are touched by the revelation of the love of Him who thus endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself, and who is acquainted with grief and pain. But they are too much an appeal to the flesh, and may fail to lead into the more awful significance of the Passion. Any stranger can understand the pain inflicted by a blow; but if that blow was struck on a father's face by his own son how inadequate would be the visible bodily hurt to express the bitterness of the wound! It is not the blow, but the hatred manifested which would pierce the sufferer; and, therefore, as we behold Jesus we should pass from the thought of the outward to the inward suffering, and stand in awe as we try to imagine all it meant for Him. He had revealed what God is, and this is the result! "Now have they seen and hated both me and my Father." He understood it all. This was the eye of Deity, the eye of holy love, fathoming the abyss of human alienation. "Behold the man." "See if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow."

SECOND SUNDAY

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD"

THESE words condense a wide and varied field of historical allusion. Many lines of type and prophetic utterance meet here, but the vital meaning is plain without investigation of these. For they were spoken not to learned theologians but to two workingmen, young and sincere; spoken also by John the Baptist, the most practical of teachers, and in reference not to dry doctrines of the Scribes but about a living Person who was walking near them. When they gazed on this Person they saw one who was outwardly a peasant, and yet of Him John says "Behold the Lamb of God." When we realise these circumstances we perceive the simplicity of the saying in its intention. We do not require to weigh all the references to the Old Testament in order to get at the heart of what he said, just as little as we need to master all possible theories of the Atonement before we accept the message of love and forgiveness which the Cross plainly declares. It is religion not theology which we primarily require, and

the religious force of this saying of John is sufficiently plain.

Whatever else the Baptist may have intended by "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," he doubtless meant that Jesus was the Anointed who was to fulfil all that was underlying the ancient sacrifices and offerings, and which was indicated in the great prophecy that spoke of one who was to be "brought as a lamb to the slaughter," to be "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." The very vagueness of his words compels us to regard them in a broad, untechnical sense. Literalism is out of the question here, for John was addressing Jews who well knew that the lamb was never used as a sin-offering. They would therefore perceive that he did not wish them to think of any one custom or institution of the past, but rather of the general bearing of the whole as carrying the promise of redemption. He gathers into a pregnant phrase the spirit of the past, and, without naming a particular rite, he links the meaning of the entire ritual of sacrifice to the burning words of the prophets who had transferred the idea of the physical sufferings of animal victims to the inner experience and spiritual sorrows of the servant of Jehovah, and condensing these into one suggestive expression he points to the hitherto unknown Jesus of Nazareth, and says, "that is He in whom it is all fulfilled. Behold the Lamb of God." The young men who heard him would understand what it meant. They had been looking for a deliverer—this is He!

There are some things plainly taught here.

(1) The name "Lamb of God" obviously suggests sinless purity as necessary to the true bearing of sin. Absolute physical spotlessness was required under the law in every animal selected for sacrifice, and this outward freedom from blemish was surely to signify that perfect holiness was necessary to constitute fitness to bear sin in Him who was to bear the sin of the world. Sin is not felt by the evil as by the good. Dishonour means little to the man of low moral tone, while it is as death to the noble minded. Impurity conveys no shock to the polluted, but it is horror to the elevated and refined. The sin of the world has little significance to the worldly and selfish, while in proportion to our fellowship with the mind of God it becomes a crushing load. It was because Christ was holy as God is holy, because He loved as God loves, that our sins, as by a moral necessity, became His terrible burden of suffering. The spotlessness of the victim under the law was a picture of a spiritual reality, and the phrase "Lamb of God" indicates this divine pureness of soul as an essential condition for the true bearing—not of sin's punishment—but of the sin of the world, the tasting of its nature and the confession of what it is in the spiritual suffering even unto death of Him who was Son of Man and Son of God. The holiness of Jesus thus meets us at the very outset of His ministry as the vital element which constitutes Him the Sin-bearer—meeting it at once in fellowship with God and as the Man Christ Jesus.

(2) Again, the phrase Lamb of God indicates that He is the One whom God gives and whom He accepts.

In the old ritual the transgressor had to provide the sacrifice from his flocks and the priest confessed over it the man's sin. But the Baptist makes us think not of what we can give to God, but of what He gives to us. The question therefore becomes not one of man sacrificing to God in order to purchase forgiveness, but of man seeing what God sacrifices for him; hence it becomes man's part to take the gift, to accept the love, to rejoice in the forgiveness. It follows that the Lamb of God thus giving Himself for us all is what God accepts. The heathen idea of sacrifice was different. They deemed that it was mere pain and death which God required—the equivalent of what was due to the transgressor. But it was not pain as such which gave the sweet savour to the Lord's offering of Himself. It was because the sufferings of Jesus were right sufferings that they satisfied the heart of God—such sufferings as the Holy One could not, in the nature of things, help experiencing, as His soul was in contact with the sin of the world. They were not an adequate penalty inflicted, but an adequate response rendered to the divine mind. He was the Lamb of God, and His sacrifice as perfectly fulfilling what God sought from our humanity in answer to His holy will, rendered it acceptable. It was the true "Amen" uttered in our humanity to God's

righteous condemnation of the sin of the world which went up from the cross where "He tasted death for every man." The physical gives place to the spiritual as we learn how through that awful woe of His spotless soul He rendered an offering well-pleasing and acceptable unto God.

THIRD SUNDAY

DARKNESS AND LIGHT

THERE was perhaps never a moment when deep despair and triumphant joy were closer than at that morning hour when the black night of the Lord's death was quickly to change into the brightness of the resurrection. The disciples had no anticipation of a resurrection. Christ had often dropped strange hints of such an event, but they had failed to understand Him. It was with difficulty they could be brought to believe that He was risen, even after He had appeared to some of them. The astonishment of St. John and of St. Peter and of the women shows how unprepared they were. St. Thomas absolutely refused to believe it. This prevailing feeling was vividly reflected in the conversation of the two on the way to Emmaus. Their astonishment had been unbounded at the tidings of the women.

When the terrible Thursday night fell, with the betrayal, followed by the more awful Friday of the crucifixion, when there had been no deliverance as they had hoped, but when the tragedy ended in death, and in the stern fact that He was buried and the sepulchre sealed, then all their old beliefs were shrouded in mystery and doubt. The night passed and the Sabbath dawned, the great day of the feast, and the courts of the temple were thronged, and the blue smoke of the sacrifices went up to the smiling heavens, and the old psalms were chanted, and all the world went on as if the story of Jesus of Nazareth was for ever closed, and it seemed as if the priests and rulers had been right, and possibly their dream of the Messiah a mistake—how agonising was the suspense! They did cling doubtless to their faith even in the darkness; but how dark it was! For who can measure the despair during that long Sabbath day, that "day of nothingness," when every interest seemed gone?

After the sun had set, closing the feast, the women met to prepare spices and ointment for the dead. All they thought of was the corpse lying away in the tomb and how to honour it. Not a dream had they of resurrection, their one difficulty being about the stone that lay on the door of the sepulchre, and how, with their weak arms, they could roll it away. And then very early in the morning, before the first white light of dawn showed itself in the Eastern sky, they set out for the garden. When Mary found that the stone was away from the door of the rock-hewn chamber she did not even then suspect the reason, but rushed back to the city to tell the disciples. "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre and I know not where they have laid Him." Then, following Peter and John, who had run off to see, Mary returned by herself to the tomb, and gazing through her tears she recognised not the angelic visitants. Her eyes, perhaps, were so fixed on that empty space on the floor that she looked at nothing else but that. To the question, Whom seekest thou? she but repeats the refrain of her sorrow: "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him." Turning away she meets a figure, but in her distress she observes it not. Only thinking this might be the gardener, she says, "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." It was all so true to nature and to the ways of deep sorrow. One soft word "Mary" startled her into recognition, and she fell at His feet with the cry "Rabboni! Oh my Master!"

Great darkness and great light, so close that the eye is dazzled by the flash, is not a common experience. Such intensity of opposite feelings suddenly clashing together is dramatic, but not usual. We generally pass gradually from the despair of a great sorrow to the slowly reached consciousness of mercies that before seemed impossible. Little by little, almost unperceived, the blackness of night yields to the dawn, the despair of grief to new forms of blessing which grow to a fuller and more glorious day. The cry "They have taken away my Lord" has indeed its echo in many a bereavement, and it seems vain in such moments to speak of the higher good which such trials may subserve. It is given to few to know what Mary felt that morning when the mystery of

death changed as by a stroke into the mystery of life restored, and when, perhaps, with the spices still in her hand, she gazed once more upon the face of Him whom she had been mourning for. Oh, the gladness of it all! What it was to lead to she knew not, enough that He was there alive! Everything would seem possible now. His presence there was the seal and assurance of all the beliefs of the past and the pledge of the future. When she returned to the city, amid the flood of morning glory, as the sun rose behind the mountains of Moab and over Olivet, with the tents of the pilgrims scattered along the terraces among the grey olive trees, and when she passed through the gate and into the streets, where the traders were preparing for the busy day, but one thought possessed her soul and made all the world appear new—"He is risen! He is risen!" With eager gladness would she tell it to all who knew Him, aye, and perhaps to those who had crucified Him: "He is risen, and has appeared to me and to Peter and to John. He is risen from the dead!"

The gain of such overwhelming joy was greater than all the loss had been.

FOURTH SUNDAY

GAIN THROUGH LOSS

GAIN through loss is the lesson which the past teaches for our continual comfort. It was so in the case of the disciples when, after the forty days of strange communion with the Lord after His resurrection, there came the fulfilment of His own word, "yet a little while am I with you, and then I go unto Him that sent me; ye shall seek me and not find me." But the loss of His personal presence was the condition on which the higher gain of His universal and spiritual presence became possible. It is true that the old blessed life they once lived with Him never would be restored. Never again would they wander with Him by the Lake, never would they gaze into those eyes, or watch the changing lights and shadows of that countenance, or hear that voice, every accent of which conveyed some fresh revelation to be cherished. At the moment of seeming parting, when He was lying in the tomb, there was nothing which could have satisfied them but the restoration of what had been. And yet they lived to see it all otherwise. For the change from what they were when living daily in His society to what they became after Pentecost was as great as the passage from childhood to manhood, from the attitude of the boy receiving from the lips of his parent rules and directions for every hour, to that of the full grown man who lives under the influence of the principles of which the rules had been the expression.

This example of gain through loss is of permanent value for (1) the individual, and (2) for the Church.

(1) We grow up surrounded by those we love and on whom we depend for guidance. Our every aim is associated with them. The ivy has not its fibres more closely intertwined with the tree to which it clings than our life has clasped other lives or one special life. We have never imagined they would not continue. Our hopes and joys have been shaped by the unquestioning sense of their permanence. When the storm comes and sweeps all away there seems nothing left to live for. It seems cruel in God to have thus robbed us. We say day will follow day, but now all is purposeless. We may exist, but never live truly. And yet is there not a higher good which can be attained only through such deprivation? We are under education, and just as the freedom of childhood must be sacrificed, with its sweet dependence on others, in order to reach what is stronger, though not purer, deeper though not brighter, so is it here. The loss of one familiar centre of attachment may be the means of recognising an infinitely larger purpose in existence, of revealing a wider horizon and a grander orbit for our being. To the man the old home of his childhood, while ever precious, becomes but one among others. He learns the largeness of human interest; and so God educates us from being the children of the earthly to become the children of the heavenly, and from dependence on the creature, he brings us, through loss, into the spiritual manhood of sons of God—whose love has widened into fellowship with the all-embracing love of Christ.

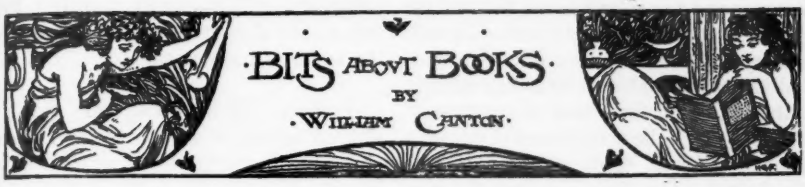
(2) The Church in like manner has continually gained its victories through loss. How terrible, for example, must the destruction of Jerusalem have appeared at the time

to those who were educated under Judaism. For them every vessel of the sanctuary, every priestly ceremony, every stone and ornament of the Temple—circumcision and the Passover and the Sabbath—bore the stamp of divine authority. Loyalty to the historic Church had been for centuries identified with loyalty to God. What could the new religion appear, which was preached by these Nazarenes, which challenged ancient rites and threatened to break down the fences which inspired law-givers and kings had erected, but sheer blasphemy to the pious Israelite of that age? To many an earnest Jew the triumph of Christianity must have seemed nothing less than the doom of all that they called religion. And yet has not the loss of the old worship, with its narrow ideas and its clinging to the local and external, not proved the grandest step ever taken towards the gain of that for which it had been instituted? The universal and spiritual arose upon the ruin of the local and sensuous.

Such another period was that of the Reformation. The shock to many a simple believer in hitherto accepted authority must have been tremendous, when the errors that had been the growth of centuries were attacked in the name of the Lord. To many of these pious souls it must have seemed that the reformers were taking away their Lord, and as if they knew not where they could find religion at all if these men triumphed; and yet what seemed loss proved richest gain. The stride forward was immense. Freedom of thought may have brought its risks, but it also brought health and manhood. If many a sweetly tinted and time-encrusted image was cleared from the windows of the soul, it was only that the more glorious light of Christ might stream in unhindered upon heart and conscience. What appeared destruction was truest restoration.

And may we not from these recollections gain hope and courage at this hour when faith is passing through another crisis, and when perhaps we also may have to part with some particular form of belief to which custom has imparted a certain sacredness and authority? There may be many views which our fathers held as indubitable—respecting the nature of inspiration, the literalism with which we are to regard the first chapter of Genesis or the dates and authorship of various books—and when these questions are being discussed, and many another doctrine is challenged, and when the attack on what has been hitherto accepted threatens to be victorious over this outpost, and that—there are now, as of old, good souls who mourn as if all was lost. Like Mary, they say, "They are taking away my Lord, and I know not where they may lay Him." Religion itself seems in peril.

Let us rather, gathering instruction from the past, have courageous faith in God. When the old order is changing or giving place to new, let us believe it is because God can "fulfil Himself in many ways," and that it is for good not evil, for enrichment not destruction, that the age is working. The Lord Jesus Christ can never be taken from us. Whenever one period has tried to bury Him away from humanity, the attempt has only led to another resurrection in greater glory. When mediævalism had for a while buried Him under a heap of superstition and error, then there came the Reformation and the great outburst of new life and thought and devoted energy, And when Voltaire and the eighteenth century shouted "Ecrasez l'infame," and when the "Age of Reason" sought to crucify Him afresh and to seal the stone upon His tomb for ever, then came the mighty resurrection of the nineteenth century and the grandest advance of the Faith the world has ever seen. So will it be in our time also. Materialist, secularist, agnostic may fancy that they, too, have been able to kill the Christ and to place Him in the sepulchre of outworn beliefs. But how vain the attempt! The keenest criticism has only served to clear away our misunderstandings; but no criticism of the letter can touch the Eternal Lord. Forms may change and beliefs once deemed all-important may pass away, but "Jesus Christ being risen from the dead dieth no more—death hath no more dominion over Him." He abides sure in the intrinsic beauty of His divine goodness. No attack from without can deprive us of that light which is now shining upon us, and which we know to be the very light of our life, quickening us and bringing forth the richest fruits of our humanity, and which, in its brightness and glory, is its own witness.



IS it not far too readily taken for granted that "the sentiment of nature," the love of cloud and rock and water, of moor and forest and wild creatures for their own sake, is quite a modern development of the æsthetic sense? I find so keen and sympathetic an observer as Professor Miall accepting this view in his new book of short nature-studies,* and even going so far as to conjecture that "perhaps the first man who ever climbed a mountain in order to gaze from the top, and then wrote an account of what he had seen, was Petrarch." I am not prepared with chapter and verse to controvert this specific surmise, but I have little doubt that there is abundant evidence to show that the "ancients," and those earlier men who were the ancients of the ancients, were fully alive to the enchantment of nature, and felt even more vividly than we ourselves do that "sentiment" which is supposed to have first flowered in the twilight of the last century or in the dawn of the present. In the second volume of "Cosmos" Humboldt devotes a delightful chapter to this very subject, and quotes amply from both Greeks and Romans to justify my contumacy. Ten centuries before Petrarch, Basil the Great, seeking for peace among the Armenian hills, wrote to Gregory of Nazianzum that he had found the end of his wanderings—such a place as had often flitted before their imaginations; and he describes a high mountain clothed with forest and cut off by deep ravines from the great fruitful well-watered plain far below. His hut is situated on the mountain top, so that he overlooks the whole region and can follow the broad shining course of the Iris; and he notes the hill streams and waterfalls, and the great river of his wilderness which breaks in cataract after cataract to the plain. "Shall I speak," he asks, "of the sweet songs of the birds, or of the luxuriance of the flowering plants? What charms me beyond all else is the calm repose of this spot. It is only visited occasionally by huntsmen; for my wilderness nourishes herds of deer and wild goats, but not bears and wolves."

And what about "the sentiment of nature" in the Bible? Custom may have deadened our sensibilities in this particular, and the unfortunate literary form in which the sacred Scriptures have been presented to us may be responsible for a great deal of our lack of insight, but let any one look into Professor Moulton's "Literary Study of the Bible," and doubt, if he can, the sympathy between the "ancients" of Israel and the natural world which surrounded them. But has not this doctrine of modernity been based on far too narrow a view of "literature"? Humboldt remarks that in some portions of the Greek Anthology there is "a deeper feeling for nature and a greater delicacy of sensibility" than in the great classics. Suppose we take the hint and look into the folk-tales, the fairy stories, the bible of the rude hunters, shepherds, tillers of the soil, which we so rarely think of as literature. Why, they are alive with natural magic, with a sylvan lore, with a knowledge of nature and a consciousness of its spiritual power—sometimes a loving, sometimes a shuddering consciousness—that are simply amazing. "No description," says the author of "Cosmos," "has been transmitted to us from antiquity of the eternal snow of the Alps reddened by the evening glow or the morning dawn, of the beauty of the blue ice of the glaciers, or the sublimity of Swiss natural scenery, although statesmen and generals, with men of letters in their retinue, continually passed through Helvetia on their road to Gaul." No, but we have the Slav legend of the little step-daughter sent out to seek violets in the mountain forest in midwinter, and the

* "Round the Year: a Series of Short Nature-studies." By Professor L. C. Miall, F.R.S. With illustrations, chiefly by A. R. Hammond, F.L.S. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 5s.

vision of the twelve Months seated on huge boulders around the solar fire on the mountain peak; and we have the Eskimo legend of the East Greenlander, who when he had doubled Cape Farewell had to return home, sick with longing for the island where he had been used to watch the sun rise out of the sea, and who was found dead, sitting with his eyes fixed on the east—"his delight at again seeing the sunrise had overpowered and killed him."

It may readily be conceded that in an age of conventionalised literature Rousseau struck a note that was new to the bulk of his town-bred contemporaries. But it was a renaissance, not a fresh creation. Indeed, was not the very success of this fashion of "impassioned landscape" an evidence that, however rarely expressed outside of the folk-stories, the feeling for nature was universally alive among the mass of the people? Let it be remembered that the "Nouvelle Héloïse," published in 1760, must have been unknown to Duncan of the Songs, who at the very moment was thrilling the crofters of the north with the glory of "Ben Dorain" and the glamour of "The Misty Corrie." And realise, if it be possible, that at a time when the closest approach to nature was represented by Gray's "Elegy"—an enormous advance on Pope's "Pastorals" and "Windsor Forest"—there was a voice in the Western Highlands singing such music as one can imagine this to be in the original:

"Glen Etive! O Glen Etive!
There was raised my earliest home.
Beautiful its woods at sunrise,
When the sun struck on Glen Etive.

"Glendaruadh! O Glendaruadh!
Each man who dwells there I love.
Sweet the voice of the cuckoo on bending bough,
On the hill above Glendaruadh.

"Beloved is Draighen and its sounding shore,
Beloved the water over the clear pure sands.
O that I might not depart from the east,
Unless I go with my beloved."

Let the reader open "Sylva Gadelica," or the lives of some of the Irish Saints, or the "Fioretti" of St. Francis, and he will find a nature-note more liquid, more searching, fresher and more beautiful than anywhere in modern literature. But he will *not* find what is too obtrusively present in the work of to-day—nature crowding out man, a foreground of landscape against a background of humanity. It has been reserved to us to reverse the due order of things, and to lose the sense of proportion.

Professor Miall's book, from which I have strayed too far, is an engrossing collection of shrewd observations—a record which all lovers and many students of nature will be the richer for possessing. His little chapter on the moon is a curious commentary on the pretension that "the sentiment of nature" is a novelty of yesterday. The dullest plough-boy of the Middle Ages knew more about the phases of the moon than most of our novelists and many of our poets, who will doubtless be grateful to the Professor for the "wrinkle" that when the moon is waxing the illuminated edge is to our right hand, and when it is waning it is to our left. Two or three days after new moon the silver crescent is to be seen in the evening, being then near to setting; the full moon rises about sunset, shines through the night, and sets at sunrise; the waning moon rises later and later every night, until she rises in the early morning and sets a little before sunset. We are all familiar with the long summer twilights; but it is interesting to note that in London twilight never ends between May 22 and July 21; that the shortest twilights (about one hour fifty minutes) occur about the 28th February and the 12th October; and that, curiously enough, there is a maximum twilight in midwinter lasting about two hours and ten minutes. As twilight, however, is the light from the sunken sun reflected by particles floating in the air, obviously the condition of the sky must be allowed for in any statement of this kind. How many of us were aware that green pigment is extremely rare and blue quite unknown in birds' feathers, that the play of colours is very largely, perhaps chiefly, due to the close-ruled grooves and ridges of their structure, and that casts of feathers in black wax were found to exhibit the same lovely play of light? There are numerous other details in this attractive book which I should have liked to mention, but I must pass on. By the way the silvery catkins of the willow are called "palms" by country people; but is it "because they are plentiful in most years on Palm Sundays"? Is it not rather because, being plentiful, they served for Church purposes in lieu of the palms used

in southern countries on Palm Sunday? The word was in vogue at least as early as 1530, but it ought apparently to be very much older.

I cannot give the space its interest merits to Mr. Aflalo's admirable sketch of the natural history of Australia.* A peculiar attraction draws one's imagination to a continent which, to use the words of another naturalist, has served as a kind of ark for animals and plants which a few score thousand years ago were abundant in Europe and America but which have long been extinct in their original habitat. What curious questions present themselves when one perceives the evidence of man's remote antiquity in this "land of sand and ruin and gold," when one discovers that a weapon similar to the famous boomerang is known in the south of India, when one learns that the dingo, conjectured to have been an immigrant, has not found its way to Tasmania, and that the strong-winged birds have never succeeded in reaching New Zealand! For how many generations the flora and fauna of this belated continent will survive the influence of man it would be hard to say, but there are strange stories of ravage told. In 1888, according to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, there were ten thousand emus destroyed in a single district, and in 1891 the government of New South Wales spent £50,000 in bonuses for the slaughter of 871 emus, over a million marsupials, 65,000 hares and rabbits, 11,530 dingoes, 3502 eagle-hawks and some other marauders.

Frivolous as the suggestion may seem, I am quite serious in advising the student of Australian wild-life to supplement his scientific work by a perusal of the Australian legendary tales collected by Mrs. K. Langloh Parker.† In his brilliant little preface Mr. Lang calls this the Jungle Book of black little boys and girls; and indeed Mrs. Parker's welcome glossary gives one the notion that Australia must be the primeval cradle land of the child-story. Imagine a land where the *bumble* grows on the *bumble-tree*, where a baby is a *birrahlee*, and an owl a *boolooral*, where water may be found in *dungles*, where the hunter may shoot the *goomblegubbon* — how poor a creature a bustard seems beside it! — and a storm of temper can be described in a single word as *wurrawilberoo*, "a whirlwind with a devil in it." But, like all folk-literature, this is much more than a children's book. It is a reflex of the mind and sometimes of the morality of the ancient black man; it contains some hints of his habits and customs and bush-craft; it records his efforts to account for some of the beginnings of things. It was only the other day that I found an English naturalist insisting on the conspicuousness of white among leaves and branches; the black fellow tells how when the bat wanted honey he caught wurranunnah, the bee (how the word hums!), and stuck a white feather between its hind legs, so that he might follow it to its nest. What singular threads of superstition bind the ends of the earth together! You remember in the "Lady of the Lake" the incident of the sword of the Douglas falling with a clang as FitzJames crossed the threshold, and Scott's note on the subject? Well, here we have Mullyan, the eagle-hawk, twice forewarned by the fall of his great spear. There is not much poetic feeling in these stories, but the legend of "Mayrah, the Wind that Blows the Winter Away" is at least one instance that even "the race without a history, far more antique than Egypt, nearer the beginnings than any other people," can express something of the "sentiment of nature."

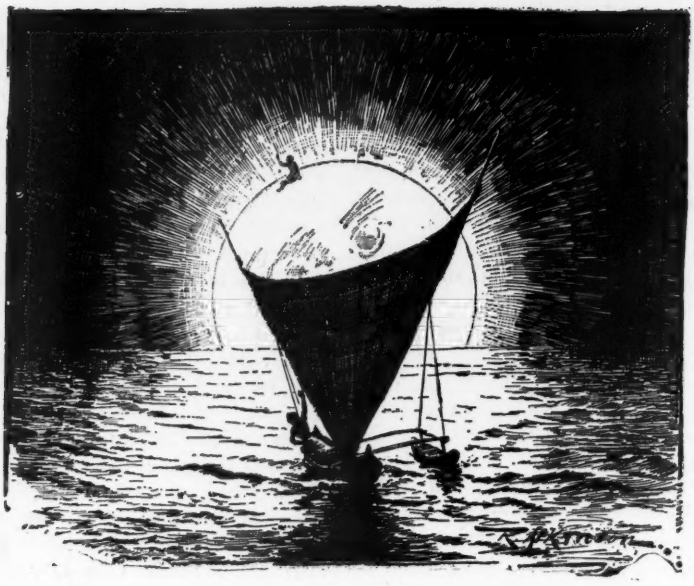
If you want the poetic folk-tale in full flower, you must turn to Mrs. Clark's "Maori Tales and Legends."* Charming as are Arndt's "Fairy Tales from the Isle of Rügen,"† with their dwarf people of the nine

* "A Sketch of the Natural History of Australia; with some Notes on Sport." By Frederick G. Aflalo, F.R.G.S. Illustrated by F. Seth. Macmillan & Co., Ld. 6*s*.

† "Australian Legendary Tales: Folklore of the Noongahburrahs as told to the Piccaninnies." Collected by Mrs. K. Langloh Parker. With introduction by Andrew Lang, M.A., illustrations by a native artist, and a specimen of the native text. David Nutt. 3*s*. 6*d*.

* "Maori Tales and Legends." Collected and retold by Kate McCosh Clark, author of "A Southern Cross Fairy Tale." With illustrations by Robert Atkinson. David Nutt. 6*s*.

† "Fairy Tales from the Isle of Rügen." By Ernst Moritz Arndt (1817). Selected and translated by Anna Dubis, with four of the original illustrations, portrait of Arndt, and map. David Nutt. 3*s*. 6*d*.



TERETÉ AND THE MOON

"Maori Tales and Legends"

mountains, their glass slippers, and enchanted gardens, and magical transformations —and they are very charming in this translation—they seem colourless before these iridescent prose-poems which have sprung up under the Southern Cross. In spite of the narrator's assurance that she has endeavoured "to adhere to the true spirit of the tales themselves, and to give them the form, expression, and speech, characteristic of the country and the clever native race," it is difficult to credit the Maoris and South Sea Islanders with such grace and freshness of imagination, so much sweet humanity, and such a playful observation of nature. Is not this quite in the spirit of the "Mabinogion"?

"Once Maui had put on his mother's green apron with the fringe of dog's-tail hair, and her girdle, and had changed himself into a pigeon. The green apron made the lovely colours on the breast of the bird, and the dark girdle the dark band round its throat, and his mother, when she saw him, cried: 'Now, indeed, you look beautiful, Maui, and when you sit amongst the green leaves of a tree all who see you and hear you coo softly will love you.'"

The rays of the sun, the colours of birds, the knots tied in long reeds or grass, the marks on a cocoanut, the grouping of the stars, have all been played over by an idyllic fancy, and the dew, rain, snow, sunshine and moonlight have been woven into a love story of the earth and sky. In "Niwareka, Great Delight," the Maori has his myth of Eurydice; in "Marama, the Moon-God," his Tithonus. The "Tale of the Fishing-Net," might have come out of "The Earthly Paradise." Read this delightful close:

"And if ever the fairy wife of Huia expressed any wish to go back to her people, he would point laughingly to the net in which she had been caught, and which he ever kept hanging on the walls of their wharé."

Scarcely less beautiful is the story of the maiden Hinemoa who swam through the darkness to her lover across Lake Rotorua —a few miles from the site of the wonderful pink and white terraces of the North Island. Very pretty, too, is the myth of little Tereté, the boy who wanted the moon—and got it; and very sweet the song sung to him when the warriors arm for an expedition:

"O child of the moon,
Our pathway make clear,
In hours of dark danger
Let thy light be near."

But alas! "whether little Tereté is happy we cannot tell."

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THE FIRST AUDIENCE

By Margaret Dicksee

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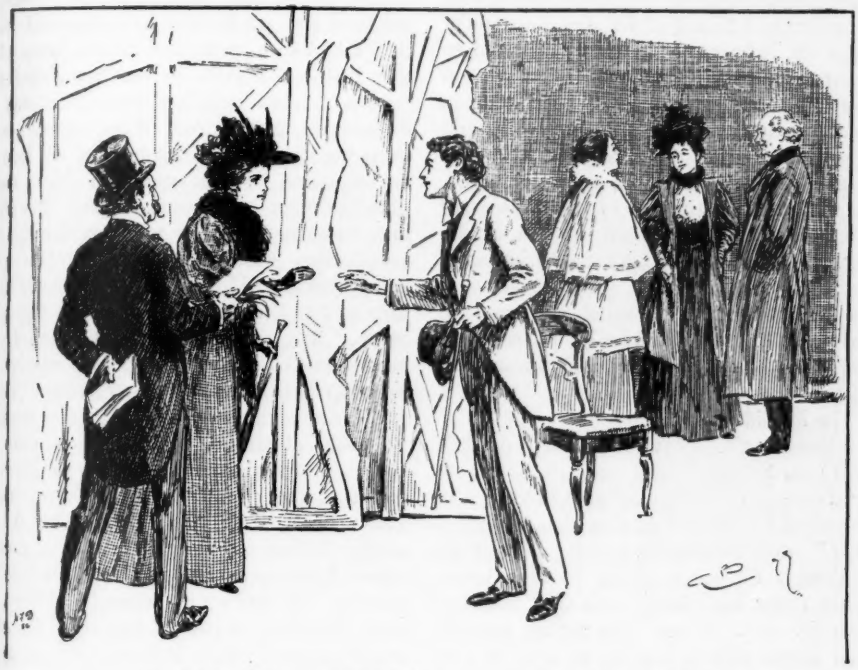


"So Ralph, to his no small delight, was presented to the great lady"

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days and many ways
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song,
Many a road and many an inn,
Room to roam, but only one Home,
For the whole world to win."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XVII

"So, from the pinched soil of a churlish fate,
True hearts compel the sap of sturdier growth,
And between earth and heaven stand simply great,
That these shall seem but their attendants both."

LOWELL.

FOR some days Ralph gave his new friends a good deal of anxiety; no doubt the worry and the underfeeding of the past nine months had told upon him, and culminating in this week of hardship and exposure had left him very ill-fitted to resist the modern plague which was scourging the country. By the time he had turned the corner and was able to spend part of each day in the adjoining room, he had wound himself very closely about the hearts both of the mother and the son. For there was something in his blithe cheerfulness which was very winning and which not even the depression which always accompanies influenza could affect for very long, any more than Sir Matthew Mactavish's treatment could really embitter his nature, though it occasionally made him speak a few cynical words.

Macneillie had by this time heard the story of his life, and had set his mind at rest by offering to have him in his company

at the beginning of August. He wrote, moreover, to a friend of his, the manager of one of the Edinburgh theatres and tried to obtain a temporary engagement for him, to fill up the summer months. To this there was for some days no response, and Ralph, who was beginning to chafe at the thought of his penniless condition, grew depressed, and with the sensitiveness of a convalescent feared that he was a burden to his kindly host. Macneillie was quick to discern what was passing in his mind.

"Pining for that hospital you were so anxious to find at Callander?" he said one afternoon when he had found Ralph unusually depressed.

The invalid smiled.

"Not exactly. But I'm wishing I needn't spoil your holiday."

"Have you forgotten what I told you as we waited for the coach that day at Kilmahog?" said Macneillie, bracing himself up as though for some effort. "This house would never have been built if it had not been for you. I saw you hardly took in what I was saying, but it's as true as that you and I sit here together smoking. I will try to tell you the whole story.

"Years ago, when I was a young fellow playing juvenile lead in Castor's travelling company, there joined us a little, forlorn girl of sixteen, fresh from school, and utterly innocent. She was very unhappy, and I, naturally enough, fell into the sort of position that you fell into with Ivy Grant. She badly wanted a protector, and I did what I could for her. Well, little by little, this sort of friendship drifted into love, and though our engagement was not made public and was never recognised by her parents, they did not exactly forbid it or in any way hinder our intercourse, being shrewd enough, I suppose, to see that had they done so, their daughter would only have become more resolute and determined. Things drifted on like this for ten years. For five of these years we were acting in the same theatre in London, and I was fairly satisfied to wait, and never once doubted her. But there came a time when she felt hampered in her profession for want of money, and just then came an offer of marriage from a man who, though old enough to be her father, was immensely rich. He had a title moreover, and as far as I know, he was not a bad fellow—had he not been of decent repute, I am sure she would not have married him. Still I had seen enough of him to know that they had not a taste in common, and the misery of it all unhinged me. She was to be married at the close of the season, and every night—twice on Saturdays—we had to act together. It all went on like some ghastly dream"—he pushed back his chair and began to pace the room as though the recollection were intolerable. "The play was invariably 'Hamlet;' I have never been able to face the thought of acting the part again. The only thing that carried me through was a sort of desperate resolve to keep up appearances for her sake. There had been, naturally enough, a certain amount of gossip about us, but few knew that we had been actually engaged, and in the very worst of the time there was a sort of odd sense of triumph, for I knew that I was acting behind the scenes with a perfection which I was never likely to touch before the curtain. It told on me, though. When the end of the season came I had been for eight nights without sleep, and after saying good-bye to her, and realising that there was no need to keep up any longer, all power of rational thought seemed suddenly to go from me. I had acted my part so well that she believed I had become reconciled to the thought of her marriage, and I suppose she thought that I should take that position of friend, which she wished me to take. At any rate her last words were a request that I would be present at the little country church where the wedding was to take place.

"I left it uncertain whether I would go or not, and went home debating which would really be best for her, which would set her most at ease. Could I for the time efface myself so completely as to play the part of an old friend? If she had really cared for the man she was to marry, that would have been possible; I could have rejoiced in her happiness. But this, as things were, I thought out of the question. And then in the darkness of the night, as I lay wondering stupidly which would be the best for her, a wild notion that it would be best if I were dead suddenly took possession of me. I was too worn out to think anything at all about the right or wrong of the matter; it was just an overmastering idea that crowded out every other consideration. I even forgot my own

mother, that has always seemed to me the most incredible part of the whole business. When morning came, I made my preparations and walked out, with no notion at all as to place, but only a vague wish to be away from bricks and mortar. After a time I found myself in Richmond Park, and was making for a quiet glade I knew of, when there came a sound of footsteps hurrying after me, a small boy was speaking to me, telling me I had saved him once, and begging me to accept a silver knife. Here it is you see—I have carried it ever since."

Ralph in amazement looked at his father's old fruit knife; could such a trifling thing have played so great a part in the life of his friend?

"I only parted with yours the other day at Forres," he said, "when everything that could be spared had to go to the pawnbroker."

"Well, I'm glad it is gone," said Macneillie. "This is the only souvenir needed. I have had presentations both before that time and since, but never one that touched me as yours did. Your emphatic assurance that fruit-knives were of no use to you, since you always ate peel and all, tickled my fancy and made me smile; that was the first step back to life. And then your boyish praise was so real that it pleased me, and your hero-worshipping face haunted me. It reminded me that I should be missed at any rate by some, and when I reached the glade I was glad that by a sudden impulse I had given you my knife in exchange. Being thus disarmed there was nothing to do but to lie down and rest, and what with the heat of the day and the long walk, I somehow fell asleep at last. When I woke my brain was perfectly clear again, but there was this little embossed knife to remind me of the narrow escape I had had. I remember that in the distance the deer were feeding peacefully, and within a few hundred yards of me rabbits were scampering to and fro. A great longing for home seized me as I lay there watching them, the sort of hunger that always comes over a Scotsman when he has been long away from the mountains. So I hurried back to town, packed my portmanteau, and took the night train to the north. There! that is all I have to tell you; and perhaps now you'll understand that you are no ordinary stranger to me and to my mother, but that you belong to us."

"It is good of you to have told me," said Ralph, "to have trusted me with so much. But I, too, have a confession to make. That day, when we were in St. James's Park, Evereld and I knew who was talking with you as you walked up and down, and once when you stopped close to the water we could not help hearing what you both said. I think it was partly that which made us look on you as our special hero."

Macneillie paced the room silently, seeing with all the vividness of a powerful imagination that scene in the far past: the broad sunny path, the calm expanse of water, with its little wooded island, the white sails of the toy boat, the two children watching its progress, and beyond the trees on the further side of the park the great gloomy pile of Queen Anne's Mansions looming up against the sky. Again he seemed to stand in his misery beside the iron railing looking down into a face which was deliberately hardening itself against him, yet was still the face that haunted his dreams with its strange inexplicable fascination.

Since her marriage he had never seen Christine; at first he had purposely avoided her, and after his return from America had still deemed it prudent to refuse a London engagement, and to enter on that career as manager of a travelling company which had now for some years absorbed his thoughts and his energies. He wondered often whether their paths would ever again cross, and with a certain sturdy Scottish resolution he held on his way, neither seeking nor avoiding a meeting.

He was still talking to Ralph on this summer afternoon, when his mother came into the room with the letters of the second post.

"Ha, here is one from Edinburgh!" exclaimed Macneillie. "Now we shall hear your fate. Well, it's not much of an offer but better than nothing. Middle of June to the end of July, that will fit in well enough. To be walking gentleman after the parts you have been playing will be uninteresting, but you will at any rate be secure of your salary, and will be acting with better people. Here is the list of plays; let us see who the stars are."

Glancing down the paper he gave a perceptible start.

"That's an odd coincidence after what we

were just talking about," he said, handing the list to his companion; and Ralph saw that in the second week of July, Christine Greville was to be the great attraction. He hardly knew whether he were glad or sorry. Naturally his affection for Macneillie tended to make him a somewhat severe judge of the woman who, after a ten years' betrothal, had forsaken her lover and married for money; but nevertheless he wanted to meet her, and Macneillie was not ill pleased at the chance of thus learning indirectly how Christine prospered in the life she had chosen.

Somehow the news seemed to cheer them both. Macneillie stood gazing out of the window, lost in thought. The rain had ceased, and though the sky was still in part overclouded there were little rifts of blue, and in the west a bright gleam which swept across the hills facing the window in a long level line of golden brightness. Above were the dark mountain tops, below, in deep shade, the woods; and the points of the fir trees stood out sharply defined along the broad intervening strip of sunlit grass. He could not have explained his own feelings, but it seemed to him that some unexpected gleam of brightness had come, too, into his overclouded life.

During the days that followed something of the old hero-worship began to reassert itself in Ralph's heart as he learnt to understand more of his friend's character. To the genius and fervour and romance of the Celt, Macneillie united a singularly strong and virile nature, and although he had shaken off some of the trammels of the school of theology to which his mother still belonged, he was emphatically one whose life was ruled by faith. This was indeed generally recognised, although he was not given to many words; but the world agreed in describing him by that unsatisfactory phrase, "a religious man," and many in the profession could testify that his religion was of that pure and undefiled kind which is known not so much by words or outward observances, as by the living of a good, manly life.

There was, to Ralph's mind, something very touching in the relations between the actor and his mother. His care in avoiding all topics that could pain her, his solicitude for her comfort, and the pleasure he took in the restful home-life, which could only be his at long intervals, formed but one side of the picture. There was the ineffable pride of the old lady in her only son, her delight in his success being only modified by the unconquerable scruples which she still felt as to the stage, scruples which were, however, difficult to maintain in all their fulness when she was every day confronted by so admirable a representative of the profession.

As soon as it was practicable, Macneillie made the convalescent spend a great part of each day out of doors, at first in the garden or in the wood at the back of the house, and later on, when walking became possible, on the hill-side near the wishing-well, where far away from houses and with a glorious panorama of lake and mountain they rested for hours on the heather.

It was at these times that Ralph received some of those lessons in his art which were later on of the greatest service to him.

By the middle of June he had shaken off the last effects of the influenza, but although he was thankful to have secured an engagement, he left Callander very reluctantly, only comforting himself with the reflection that at the beginning of August he should once more be with Macneillie, and able perhaps to do a little in return for all the kindness that had been shown to him.

His Good Samaritan started him on his way with sound advice, and all things needful for a fresh beginning, and the weeks in Edinburgh passed pleasantly enough.

CHAPTER XVIII

"On the oppressor's side was power;
And yet I knew that every wrong,
However old, however strong,
But waited God's avenging hour."

WHITTIER.

AT length the day arrived when Christine Greville was to appear. A rehearsal had been called for eleven, and it so happened that Ralph reached the stage door just as the "star" with her maid in attendance drove up. He had naturally been very anxious to see her, and was pleased that their meeting should be in bright sunlight, not in the dreary gloom of the empty theatre. He caught a vision of fair hair beneath a broad black straw hat, and of blush roses that harmonised well with the beautiful but rather grave face. Then it chanced that in alighting, Miss Greville dropped her parasol, and Ralph of course promptly stooped to pick it up for her.

"Thank you," she said, and her low voice thrilled him. "It was careless of me." As she spoke her lips smiled, but he thought the brown eyes that for a moment met his fully were the saddest as well as the sweetest he had ever seen.

The doorkeeper having now perceived her hastened forward, and she passed into the building.

It was with some surprise that in glancing round she saw that Ralph also had entered. Something in his manner had pleased her, and she presently turned to the manager with a question.

"Who is that young fellow behind us?" she inquired, lowering her voice.

"He is a pupil of Macneillie's," said the manager, "and at present is only 'walking gentleman,' but he has the makings of a good actor in him."

"Introduce him to me," said Miss Greville.

So Ralph, to his no small delight, was presented to the great lady, who gave him a cordial hand-shake.

"They tell me you are Hugh Macneillie's pupil," she said.

Ralph flushed a little.

"He has taught me more than any one else," he replied, "and it was through him that I got this engagement. In August I am to join his company."

"Ah!" she said, and Ralph fancied there was a sort of envy in her tone. "You are very fortunate to have such a chance. He is one of a thousand. Where did you come across him?"

"At Callander, soon after Whitsuntide. He has built a house there for his mother."

"She is still living? I am glad of that. She never liked me, having a rooted aversion to the stage and all connected with it, still she was kind to me in her way, though disapproving all the time."

"She still disapproves of the stage," said Ralph. "But she is kindness itself; if you could but have seen the plight I was in when Macneillie found me, and took me home with him."

At that moment they were interrupted, but when the rehearsal was over, Miss Greville again spoke to him.

"We must finish our talk," she said. "I like to hear all about my old friends. To-morrow I am driving with my little invalid nephew to Melrose—come and join us, we shall have plenty of room for you."

Ralph was delighted with the invitation; it was quite impossible to remain a stern judge of Miss Greville now that he had seen her and spoken with her. He had wondered how it could be that Macneillie, after her faithlessness, still for her sake remained single. But he wondered no longer, for it seemed to him, that quite apart from any beauty of feature or form, she was the most inexplicably fascinating woman he had ever met. Her every movement seemed to possess a subtle charm; there was a refinement and delicacy about her manner, a delicious originality about her way of talking, that made all others in comparison with her seem tame and commonplace. There was, moreover, something that specially appealed to Ralph, in the sadness of her face when in repose, and its brilliant beauty when animated.

There was no rehearsal the next day, and Ralph, punctual to the minute, presented himself at the Royal Hotel, at the time appointed for the drive. He was shown into a private sitting-room where a little lame boy of about nine years old sat by the open window.

"Aunt Christine will be here directly," he said, greeting the visitor with great friendliness. "She was reading to me and forgot the time. Did you ever hear her read?"

"No," said Ralph, "what book was it?"

"Oh, only about Melrose, but it doesn't matter what she reads, she makes everything beautiful—it's the way she says the words. Mother used to read to me in Ceylon, but I never cared for it—it sounded so droney."

"Do you come from Ceylon?"

"Yes, I came last year," said the small invalid. "I live now with Aunt Christine, she's mother's sister, and I like her next best to mother in all the world. But Sir Roderick's a beast. You mustn't say I said so, but I hate him because he always says horrid, cutting things to Auntie. He's to meet us here, when Auntie's engagement is over, and we are to go to the Highlands to stay at a big country house belonging to his cousin."

It was impossible to check the confidences of this small child, who, with his light brown hair, eager blue eyes and sunburnt face, was by no means the typical invalid of romance, but just a restless, high-spirited boy, brim-

ming over with life and merriment. Perhaps it was as well that at that moment his aunt came into the room.

"So sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Denmead," she said, greeting him in her charming way. "I was always a sadly unpunctual mortal, but Charlie has no doubt been entertaining you. Is the carriage at the door? Then we will ring for one of the waiters, Charlie, to take you down."

"He carries so badly," said the small invalid, querulously. "I wish Dugald were here."

"Well, he will come with Sir Roderick on Saturday," said the aunt. "What does the waiter do?"

"I don't know, but he hurts," said Charlie, wriggling in his big chair.

"Will you let me carry you?" said Ralph.

"Yes," said the child, with the air of a monarch bestowing a favour. "Your hands are so nice and long, not podgy little things like the waiter's."

The journey to the Stanhope having been safely accomplished, and the child comfortably installed in the back seat, Christine gathered up the reins, and with Ralph in the front seat beside her, drove off in the direction of Melrose.

"There is nothing I enjoy so much as driving," she said. "It is the one real pleasure of my life."

"Greater than such a triumph as you had last night," said Ralph.

She glanced at him with a sort of surprise.

"Did you really think I cared for that?" she said. "How young you are—how worn and *blasée* you make me feel. "I cared nothing at all for that ovation—was thankful when the din ceased and I could go home and be quiet. When one is miserable, there is at any rate some comfort in being miserable alone—you can throw aside your smiling mask, and so get something approaching to ease. It is off now, you see, and I am treating you as if you were a trustworthy, old friend, but then you are trustworthy, I could tell that the moment I saw you. Now tell me candidly, did not Mrs. Macneillie tell you she detested me?"

"No, but I heard something of your first acquaintance with them long ago," said Ralph; and then he coloured and hesitated, feeling that he had perhaps said too much.

And oddly enough Christine felt that he understood all, and knew that he would soon find out how, having sacrificed everything to ambition, it now profited her nothing.

"Auntie," cried a small voice from the back seat.

She glanced round with love and tenderness in the face that a moment before had been so sad.

"What is it, darling?"

"Why those two girls were so awfully delighted to see you. I saw one catch hold of the other's arm and say, 'There she is!' just as if you'd been the Queen herself."

She laughed, but the child's pride in her, and perhaps the remembrance that the public really loved her, touched her heart for a moment, and brought back a look of youth and gladness to her wistful eyes. She turned again to Ralph.

"Now take up our talk where it was interrupted yesterday. You were telling me what a plight you were in when Hugh Macneillie found you. How had you got into such difficulties? Couldn't you get an engagement? Tell me your story, for we two must be friends."

She was so *simpatica* that it was impossible to resist her, and Ralph told her his story; all about the old days at Whinhaven, and his father's death; all about his adoption by Sir Matthew Mactavish and his final dismissal; all about his search for work, his first engagement, and his experiences at Washington's Theatre. Christine would have blamed him more for his folly in relinquishing his position there had she not, with her womanly insight, guessed all that he left untold of his feeling for Evereld, and understood why just at Christmas time he was in such desperate haste to get on in his profession.

With the keen interest of one who had lived the same wandering life, she heard of the adventures of Skoots' Company, and listened pityingly to the account of what Ralph called his "sixpenny tramp" through the Highlands. But when he told of the friendly shepherd who had met him in the wilds of Gaick, she made a sudden exclamation:

"Did you say the name was Linklater? Why then I think I can help you to find the lost son—my husband's man is named Dugald Linklater. He has been with us for

a year, and would scarcely have endured it so long, I think, had he not been very fond of Charlie, and anxious too to get a good character. He had been valet to Lord Ederline, but had left him under a cloud, and had been out of a situation for a long while. My husband had had a succession of men, and really took this one in despair."

"Then there can be no doubt about it," said Ralph, his face lighting up. "For I know the son was Lord Ederline's servant. This will be good news for the shepherd and his wife. How odd that one should come across him in this way. The world is but a small place after all. What is he like?"

"A dark-haired Celt, very well mannered, and a decidedly clever fellow. I know something of his past life, for he is going to marry my maid as soon as they have each of them saved a little money. Dugald is steady enough now, but he was nearly ruined by betting. We have very little notion, I fancy, of the sort of temptation our servants are often exposed to."

"Will he be coming to Edinburgh? Can I see him?"

"Certainly, I expect my husband on Saturday evening. Come and call on Sunday afternoon, and I will make some excuse to send Dugald round to your rooms afterwards. Then you can tell him all about his home people. But now tell me about the rest of your journey."

Ralph told the whole tale, and there were tears in his companion's eyes as he described the dire struggle of the last day of his wanderings, and his final collapse in the Pass of Leny.

"And it was there Hugh Macneillie found you?" she said tremulously.

"Yes, he is fond of going up and down that path by the river, he says it is good practice to rehearse a part in that roar of many waters. I dreamt I was back again in the theatre with Evereld, then I heard footsteps, and looked up to see his face. You can't think what a contrast it was to the faces I had seen just before in the road, with their cruel contemptuous stare; it was like looking up into the face of the Christ."

By the time they had returned from Melrose, Christine had heard all that there was to be heard, with the exception of course of the Richmond Park incident, and she was able fully to realise the sort of life which her old lover was living. She did not presume to pity Hugh Macneillie. She knew indeed that, compared with her lot, his was one to be envied; but she felt intuitively that he would never recover from the wound she had dealt him, and knew that she had deliberately robbed him of all that a man most values. Her heart was very sore that night, and Ralph, now that he knew more of her, understood with how weary an effort she laughed and talked in the green room. He longed to be able to serve her, but there was of course little he could do, beyond showing Charlie the sort of kindness which a small boy best appreciates.

It was with some trepidation that, on the Sunday afternoon at the close of her engagement, he called to take leave of her. Other visitors were in the room. She just introduced him to Sir Roderick—a tall, grey-haired, and decidedly good-looking man, and then left him to make his way as usual to Charlie's couch.

The child greeted him with delight and eagerly showed him a Kodak which Christine had just given him, and with which he was longing to take snap-shots at the people in Prince's Street. "But I mustn't do it, Sir Roderick says, because of the fourth commandment and the Scotch being so particular. Now do you really think that the fourth commandment was meant to forbid Kodaks on Sunday?"

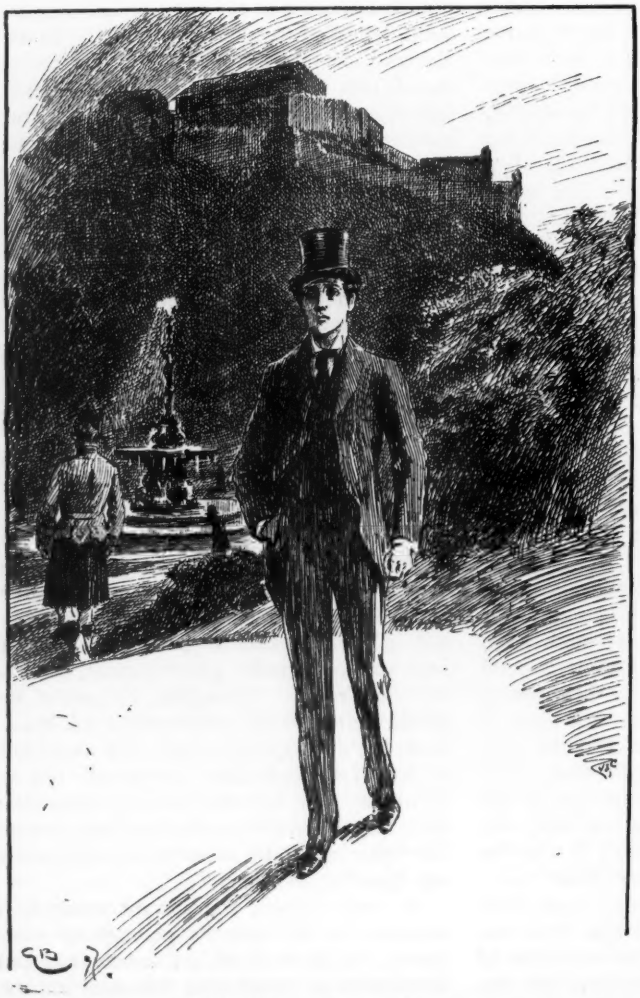
"Well no," said Ralph smiling. "I don't think it has much to do with photography or with our Sunday."

"And you see," continued the child eagerly, "even if we are not to do any manner of work—and of course, every one really does a good deal—you can't possibly call it work to take a snap-shot. Why it says, you know, in the advertisement, that it's no labour at all. '*You* press the button, *we* do all the rest,' and one wouldn't ask them to do the developing to-day. It's really not so bad as Sir Roderick's ringing the bell as he's doing now, for when he rings twice like that, Dugald has to come hurrying upstairs like lightning, and I know he has had hardly any time for his dinner."

At that moment the servant entered in response to his master's peremptory summons. Ralph watched him keenly, and had no manner of doubt that this man was the shepherd's son, for the likeness to Angus

Linklater was marked. An expressive little bit of pantomime followed; he could not hear the actual words spoken by Sir Roderick, but the insufferable tone and manner of the master and the expression of long-enduring but sorely tried patience on the face of the man, were quite sufficient to reveal much of their characters. Soon after this the visitors rose to go, and Sir Roderick having taken leave of them in a pleasant and courteous fashion, turned round on his wife the moment the door was closed, and apparently forgetting that they were not alone, hurled at her a torrent of abuse and scathing sarcasm, which made Ralph long to kick him down-stairs. It seemed to be about some salmon flies which had been left behind in London, Dugald having failed to find them in their right place, and imagining that they had been sent by his master with the first instalment of luggage brought to Edinburgh by the rest of the family some weeks ago.

In Lady Fenchurch's manner of receiving her husband's anger there was the calmness of long use, but her colour rose a little because of the injustice of the attack, and from a sort of shame that Ralph Denmead should witness the scene.



"The world seemed out of joint"

"I am sorry the mistake was made, but you forget we are not alone," she said, seizing on a moment when for want of breath he ceased to swear.

He glanced towards the window with annoyance, and with a malice which his hearers perfectly understood, suddenly changed his line.

"Well, if it is not your fault then it must be Dugald's fault. The d——d scoundrel shall leave the very day I can get another man. I'm sick of the sight of him. He shall see that I'm not to be imposed upon by an idle fellow who doesn't know his duties. He shall go, and with the worst character I ever gave to a servant. He came to me with a bad one, and I'll add a telling bit to it."

"I only wonder he has endured the situation so long," said Christine, stung by the unfairness of this retaliation. "But you punish yourself more than you punish him; think what trouble you had before he came. The best servants must now and then make mistakes."

"A whole train of memories"

"The best mistresses are supposed to look to the ways of their household," he said maliciously, "and to have some regard for their husbands' comfort. D—— you, say no more. I tell you the man shall go, and if he chooses to bring an action against me for giving him a worse character than he brought with him, I'll show up his whole past life."

With that he sauntered out of the room and Ralph, with some presence of mind, picked up the Kodak and began to talk to Charlie about the best position for taking a photograph of the Scott memorial just opposite. In a few minutes Christine slowly crossed the room and sat down in a low chair beside Charlie's couch. Her white taper fingers played with the child's light hair, but she was quite silent, sitting there listlessly, with the exhausted look which people wear when they have been battling with a strong wind.

"And she might have been Macneillie's wife!" thought Ralph. "How can she endure this wretched existence!"

He was made so miserable by the sight of that worst tragedy of life—a mistaken marriage—and by the thought of the grievous pain and sorrow it had entailed, that he was quite unable to perceive how immensely both Christine and Macneillie had been developed by the consequences of that very mistake.

The woman who at seven and twenty had sacrificed the entire happiness of another to her own ambition and the worldly arguments of her parents, who had allowed the love in her heart to grow weak for lack of nourishment, who had been capable of utterly deceiving herself and stifling her conscience, had at four and thirty grown clear-eyed and humble through much sorrow. And as for Macneillie, his years had been spent to such good purpose that no one with deep insight

could have wished that he had married Christine Greville as she had been seven years ago. There had, perhaps, been truth in her assertion in St. James's Park—she might have dragged him down to a lower level. Undoubtedly, apart, they had each of them climbed a step higher, and she was more worthy of him now than in the old days.

"Auntie," said the child, breaking the silence at last, "you won't really let Dugald go, will you?"

She sighed.

"Not if I can help it, dear, but of course he is Sir Roderick's servant. Say no more about it, though. I know you are fond of him and would be sorry to lose him, but we can't always have what we like."

"I should have thought you might," said the child. "You who earn such lots of money. *Can't* you have all you like?"

She laughed, but there were tears in her eyes.

"I can have you, dear, and you are my chief pleasure now," she said caressingly. Then, shaking off her cares for a while, she began to talk to Ralph, who at the end of the call felt more ready than ever to be her devoted servant for the rest of his life.

"How Evereld will like to hear all about her," he reflected as he went down the stairs, "there will be no end to tell her next time we meet."

He was unpleasantly roused from these reflections by encountering on the staircase Sir Roderick Fenchurch, who paused to shake hands with him in the most courteous and pleasant way imaginable, as though he had utterly forgotten that Ralph had been a witness of the stormy scene in the private sitting-room. As a matter of fact, it was so entirely his custom to abuse and swear at his wife before the child, before the servants, and before any one staying in the house, that he never for a moment imagined that this young actor would have liked to horse-whip him for daring so to treat a woman.

All the world seemed out of joint to Ralph as he walked away from the hotel through the beautiful city whose noble buildings and grand situation made such an incongruously fair setting to the sad picture he had just looked on. He chafed bitterly against the thought of such a man as Sir Roderick ruining the happiness of his hero Macneillie, and went back to his rooms with a heart full of indignation to write the letter he felt bound to send to Callander after meeting Christine Greville. Having written sundry details as to the plays they had been giving during the week, he turned to the subject which he knew would interest Macneillie.

"Miss Greville has been staying at the Royal Hotel with her small nephew, a boy of nine, to whom she is devoted. I have been there several times, as the child took a fancy to me. He is lame, but likely they say to recover, and it is wonderful to see her care of him. Two or three times we went out driving together. She spoke much of you and of the old days. She looks as young as ever on the stage, but off it her face is careworn and awfully sad. To-day, when I went to take leave of her, Sir Roderick Fenchurch was there. He was decent enough till the other visitors were gone, but then fell into a rage with her about some salmon flies that had been forgotten; he has a tongue that cuts like a sharp razor; there's not a pin to choose between him and the ordinary, wife-beating 'pleb'—in fact, I prefer the latter, for at any rate he can be properly punished, while this polished scoundrel with his sarcasms and his cruelties of the tongue can't be touched. She was very quiet and dignified all through this scene, but when at last he went out she looked dead tired; this sort of thing at home, and the hard work of professional life, must be more than any one could stand for long, I should think. An odd thing has happened. I have found the son of Linklater, the shepherd who housed me so kindly in the Gaick Forest. He is now Sir Roderick Fenchurch's man, but will not be with him much longer as the brute has given him warning—chiefly to annoy his wife I believe. Dugald Linklater has just been in to see me, and I told him I had been to his home, and that they were always looking for him to come back. He promises to write to his father at once. So there is one pleasant thing in this day, which Sir Roderick Fenchurch has overclouded. What can be the purpose in creation of such brutes? They are enough to have staggered even your prophet Erskine of Linlathen."

CHAPTER XIX

"Nothing mars or misleads the influence that issues from a pure and humble and unselfish character. A man's gifts may lack opportunity, his efforts may be misunderstood and resisted; but the spiritual power of a consecrated will needs no opportunity and can enter where the doors are shut."

DEAN PAGET.

MACNEILLIE read and re-read this letter with the awful craving of a man whose love has for years been starved of all knowledge of the beloved, except the mere knowledge that she was still in the world. He had, of course, seen her name daily in the papers, and had known what plays she was acting in, but of her real life he had known nothing. He had tried to think that her marriage though necessarily falling below his ideal of married life might at any rate be as happy as the average, might at least be tranquil and not without a certain comfortable respectability. But the brief account given in Ralph's letter, and the many details which he could so easily read between the lines, filled him with misery. The post had brought him as usual a mass of correspondence; with a sigh of impatience he ran through it, then pushing it aside caught up his hat and hurriedly left the house. He was in no humour to climb the hill-side to the wishing-well; instead, he passed through the village, over Callander Bridge, and taking a little foot-path across the meadows, sought out a favourite nook of his beside the river Teith, which wound its peaceful course through the hayfields. A tiny wood had sprung up near this walk at one part, and Macneillie had a special affection for a certain beech-tree which stood just at a bend in the river, and under its shade many of his pleasantest holiday hours were spent. He threw himself down now on the sloping bank beneath it. Everything was curiously still and peaceful; Ben Ledi rose majestically in the distance, framed by soft foliage in the foreground, and the river was emphatically one of those which "glideth at his own sweet will," a great contrast to the Leny, which dashed and foamed through its rocky pass. It was just this calm peacefulness he longed for in his inward struggle. With all the vividness of one blessed or cursed with a powerful imagination, he realised Christine as she now was. He knew instinctively that her heart had awakened from its sleep, that, with the dead failure of the *mariage de convenance*, her love which had only lain dormant had returned—but had returned of course to torture her. Hitherto he had been able to think of Sir Roderick Fenchurch with a sort of impartiality. He knew so very little about him; and it was Macneillie's nature to think well of people until they disillusioned him; he had even felt a sort of compassion for the man, because he knew that he could never really possess Christine's heart as he, for a time at any rate, had possessed it. But Ralph's picture of what the husband really was behind his society mask had driven out all gentler thoughts, had filled the Scotsman's heart with loathing, had over-clouded his whole world.

Macneillie was, however, before all things, an honest man. He had not accepted conventionally the first religious truths put before him, he had thought much, he had waited patiently, had learnt by degrees, and the hard training of his life had borne its fruit—it was impossible now, that he should remain for long in darkness. It flashed upon him that his trouble came from having stepped out of the right order; for a time he had lost that absolute trust in God's education of every human being, which had for many years been his stronghold. The words of Ralph's letter came back to him—"brutes like Sir Roderick are enough to have staggered even your prophet Erskine of Linlathen."

The name of Thomas Erskine in itself awakened within him a whole train of memories, for he was one of the many thousands who have been rescued by the writings of that barrister, laird and saint from falling a prey to the spirit of unbelief which is the reaction alike from Calvinism and ceremonialism.

Lying under the shade of the beech-tree, the fresh air from the hills playing softly about his uncovered head, he tried to picture to himself what Erskine would have thought of this mistaken marriage, with its unhappy results, and there came back to his mind a passage in "The Spiritual Order," in which the writer spoke of the strange difficulty of retaining faith in God's loving purpose when confronted with the evils of the lanes and closes of great towns which seem to be mere hot-beds of vice and profligacy. How look on those and still believe that education was God's whole purpose in creation? "It would be impossible," said Erskine, "did

we not also realise that *there is no haste with God*."

Clearly then it was the imperfection of his own nature, the weakness—not the strength—of his love for Christine, which made him so desperately impatient at the thought of her suffering; for her sake he must learn to be "strong and patient," learn to love with a diviner love, to wait with a more perfect trust. The letter had come to him like a call to arms, he was perfectly conscious that it marked a fresh turning-point in his life; he had learnt more of Christine and her difficulties than he had known for years, and the only way in which he could interpret the meaning of it all was that he should pray for her in her grievous need more unceasingly than he had yet done.

And so the time passed by, and at the close of the six weeks' engagement Ralph returned to Callander for the few days that remained before Macneillie's company was to open at Southbourne with "The Winter's Tale."

It felt more like a home-coming than he could have imagined possible. His friend was delighted to have him back again; old Mrs. Macneillie was scarcely less so, and the servants gave him a cordial welcome, for though his illness had given a good deal of trouble in the house, he had the gift of winning hearts, and the forlorn plight in which he had first arrived had awakened all the best sympathies of the hospitable Scottish household. He fancied that Macneillie's deep-set grey eyes were somewhat graver in expression than before, but his manner, with its touch of quaint, dry, humour, was exactly the same as usual, and it was not until the Tuesday morning when they set off early to walk together to the Trossachs, that any allusion was made to the contents of the letter. Then, at last, as they walked along the shores of Loch Vennachar, Macneillie put a direct question about Christine.

"I am glad you got to know Lady Fenchurch," he said. "Where did she go after leaving Edinburgh?"

"She went up to the Highlands a fortnight ago to a place called Mearn Castle, which belongs to a Mrs. Strathavon-Haigh, a widowed cousin of Sir Roderick's—a very fast widow, if what I heard in Edinburgh is true. Lady Fenchurch did not want to go there, but said her husband particularly wished her to accept the invitation. So she had given up her original plan of taking Charlie to the sea, and hoped the Highland air would do him as much good."

"I suppose she was right to try to please her husband," said Macneillie, "but Mearn Castle is one of the most abominable country houses going."

"She seemed to know very little about it," replied Ralph, "only disliked this gay widow, and wanted to go to some quiet place where rest would have been more possible. But she evidently tries to do what can be done for her brute of a husband. Oh! if you could have seen her patience, her dignity, while that scoundrel was abusing her! I wish I could horse-whip him."

"No need," said Macneillie, in a low voice, "for every brutal word he will one day have to give account."

Something in his manner, with its deep conviction that every wrong should in the future be righteously avenged, silenced Ralph. He felt ashamed of his vehement impatience and was not sorry that, as they approached Loch Achray, Macneillie led away from the subject by asking after the shepherd's son.

They had passed the Hotel, and were walking through the Trossachs, when they overtook a gentleman's servant laden with a soda-water syphon and a great basket of fruit which he was evidently carrying down to Loch Katrine.

Glancing at the man, Ralph gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"Why, Linklater! is it you? I was speaking to Mr. Macneillie about you only just now."

The man's face lighted up as he returned Ralph's cordial greeting, and he looked searchingly at Macneillie, having very often heard that the actor was one of Lady Fenchurch's oldest friends.

"I little thought to see you here, sir," he said, turning to Ralph. "We came this morning from Stronachlachar, for there was a good wind for sailing, and Master Charlie was wanting to set foot on Ellen's Isle. He's there now, with her ladyship, and I came on to the Hotel to get these things for lunch."

"They have left Mearn Castle then?" said Ralph in surprise.

"Well, sir," said Linklater, with a little hesitation in his manner, "if you've not

already heard, maybe I had better tell you the whole truth, for all the world must know it as soon as her ladyship sues for a divorce."

Macneillie made an inarticulate exclamation. Like one in a dream he listened to the man's brief account. It appeared that there had been a scandal regarding the young wife of one of the game-keepers on the Castle estate—that the enraged husband discovering Sir Roderick had given him such a castigation that it had been impossible to hush up the affair, and that Lady Fenchurch, on learning the truth, had left Mearn Castle.

There was a pause when the man had ended. Ralph waited for his companion to ask some question, to make some comment, but Macneillie walked on in absolute silence, evidently too deeply engrossed in his own reflections to be even conscious that he was not alone.

This, then, was the meaning of his inward perception of Christine's grievous need! In this fortnight, during which his whole soul had been absorbed in prayer for her, she had lived through the most awful crisis of her life, and now she was near to him in her forlorn, unprotected, worse than widowed condition. He must at any rate, inquire if she would see him, ask if he could in any way help her, and here in this quiet spot there was fortunately no danger that idle talkers would comment on their meeting. He pencilled a few words in German on one of his cards and turned to Linklater.

"Give this to your mistress," he said, the title somehow sticking in his throat. "I will take a boat and row out to the island in a few minutes, and you can bring back the answer."

By this time they had walked through the glen and had reached the picturesque landing-place. Linklater hailed the Stronachlachar boatman, and set off for the island, and the others followed more leisurely, Ralph taking both oars and Macneillie sitting in the stern, though the far-away look in his eyes scarcely qualified him for the duties of steersman.

The story which Linklater had told them had been so entirely unexpected, and was in itself so revolting, that neither of them felt inclined to talk. To Macneillie, moreover, it was as though he had suddenly heard of the death of the man who had saddened his life; to all intents and purposes he considered Sir Roderick as dead to Christine for he came of a race which for more than three hundred years has always regarded infidelity as the dissolution of a marriage. To him there had never been the least question as to the distinct teaching of Christ on this point, he believed that His words clearly sanctioned divorce for infidelity to the marriage bond and gave freedom to the innocent one. No *man* could rightly put asunder those who were married; sin only or death could part them. But proved infidelity was as truly the divider as love was the bond of union; the legal ceremonies, whether of marriage or of divorce, were but the appointed and expedient symbols of spiritual facts—the outward signs of the birth and death of married life.

The seven years of his solitude had taught Macneillie a stern self-control, and whatever he felt as they rowed across the lake was not allowed to appear at all in his face. Ralph glanced at him from time to time and marvelled, perhaps only now realising of what splendid stuff his hero was made, and how nobly he held in check that difficult temperament with which actors, artists and musicians are usually endowed.

"Which side is the best landing-place?" he asked as they drew near to the lovely wooded island.

"To the right in that bit of a creek," said Macneillie, beginning to pay heed to the steering. "There is the boat, I see, but the men are both out of it."

As he spoke they glided into the little, rocky cleft with its overhanging trees, its moss-grown boulders, its patches of crimson heather and purple ling. Then came a few minutes of utter silence, as they waited for Linklater's return; Ralph felt anxious and restless, each minute seemed to him an hour, and he feared that perhaps after all Christine Greville would refuse to see any one. As for Macneillie he just waited like one who is intently listening, but Ralph was not sure that the listening was for Christine's voice or for the servant's approaching footsteps, he had a suspicion that it was for something much more inward.

At length, to his great relief, there came a rustling among the boughs and a trampling of feet, and in a minute Linklater was striding down over the rocks towards the boat,

bearing a note in his hand. Macneillie thanked him as he took the missive, and unfolding it less deftly than might have been expected of a seasoned actor, read the following words:

"You are the only man I could bear to speak to yet; please come."

He promptly stepped on shore, but Ralph lingered.

"I will stay in the boat," he suggested, "and have a pipe."

"Master Charlie is very anxious you should come and help him with his Kodak, sir," said Linklater respectfully. "He's just up here at the top, and her ladyship is at the further side of the island, sketching."

"Very well, then, I'll come," said Ralph, and he followed his friend up the steep ascent.

In a little clearing at the top they found the small boy, who gave a war-whoop of delight as Ralph emerged from the brushwood.

"If I hadn't had such an awful longing for gooseberries, Dugald would never have met you!" he said gleefully. "Auntie is over there making a sketch, she's hidden right away by the trees, but don't go to her just yet, do stay and help us lay the things out for lunch, Dugald is going to make a fire and boil some water, he thinks Auntie will like some tea, she's been having such dreadful headaches the last few days." Macneillie heard no more, he left Ralph and the child, and Dugald Linklater, and made his way straight through the tangle of shrubs, trees, and bushes, in the direction that Charlie had indicated. There was a gleam of white between the green leaves—it was the sun lighting up the sketching-block on her easel; in another moment he had parted the thickly growing branches and had seen her once more.

She was sitting on a fallen tree — not attempting to sketch, but with her elbows propped on her knees and her face hidden by one of those shapely white hands he had so often kissed; the sun made a dazzling glory of her fair hair; her light grey dress and grey straw hat seemed exactly to harmonise with the green trees and the patches of heather. She had always had that instinct of "fitness" which makes some women know exactly what to wear, and when to wear it.

Macneillie stood for a minute watching intently the down-bent head, his heart throbbing so fast that he felt half-choked. At last, putting force upon himself, he moved forward. His step recalled her from her sad reverie, and starting to her feet with the nervous alarm of one who has lately undergone some great shock, she looked round as though in terror of pursuit. That startled movement, and the momentary expression he had seen in her pale face, strengthened Macneillie as nothing else could have done; he forgot all about himself, realised only that she wanted his protection.

"You need not be afraid," he said, taking her hand in his, "of what use are old friends if not to help you in time of need?"

She struggled hard to reply, but her eyes swam with tears, her lips refused to frame a word.

"Let us sit down here and talk things over quietly," said Macneillie; "as I wrote to you just now, Dugald Linklater told us what had passed at Mearn Castle."

"He told you what he knew," said Christine in a broken voice. "He could not tell you of my interview with Sir Roderick." She paused for a minute, then the pent-up torrent of words broke forth. "I have heard of women, yes, and of men too, refusing to be separated from a guilty partner; but there must at least be a genuine repentance to make such a plan even moral. There was none with Sir Roderick. He was vexed at the discovery, but he made light of the sin itself. In my presence he laughed over the affair. The house seemed like hell. I could not have stayed in it another hour!"

The look of shrinking horror in her face tortured Macneillie, who could so well understand how her whole being recoiled from the foul atmosphere that had surrounded her. It was because he understood how she felt herself degraded by all she had lived through that he intuitively stretched out his hand for hers, and held it in a strong, firm clasp.

"Do not dwell on all this," he said, "but tell me how I can help you."

His quiet, tender voice, the reverence of his manner quickly soothed her. She looked up into his face, and by that mere look seemed to draw in endless stores of strength and comfort.

"Do you know," she exclaimed with seeming irrelevance, "what Ralph Denmead said about the day you found him in the Pass of Leny, when he was lying there ill and half-

starved, and looked up to see you bending over him? He said it was like looking up into the face of the Christ!"

"Poor boy!" said Macneillie. "He was in an awful plight, no one with a grain of kindliness in his nature could have passed him by. He has made me his debtor for life now, though; it is through him that I have met you to-day."

"We little thought," said Christine, "that those two children in St. James's Park, playing with their boat, would have anything to do with our future. How is it, though, that you are grateful to him for bringing about this meeting? It is I who am grateful to him. But you who have so much to forgive—you who have avoided me all these years?"

"I dared not seek you out," said Macneillie, "our paths parted naturally, and it was safer so. What could I have done for you then? But now all is different. Are none of your people coming to be with you?"

"There is no one to come. As you heard, I daresay, my father died four years ago."

"Yes, I saw the notice in the papers," said Macneillie.

"He lived just long enough," she resumed, "to see how miserably his scheme had failed. I had married to please him and to help the family. Well, my sister's husband, with no help at all from me or my position, got an excellent appointment in Ceylon, so there again the scheme proved useless. Three years ago my mother went out to live with her there, she could do nothing to make me less miserable, and it only pained her to see my unhappiness. She realises things less at a distance, and now she is too much of an invalid to bear the return voyage. A year ago they sent me back Charlie, Clara's little boy, and he has been a great comfort. Except for him I am quite alone."

"I want you to understand," said Macneillie, "that it is still my highest happiness to serve you. It is quite possible that in the difficult position you are in you may need the help of a friend."

"Do I deserve your friendship?" she said questioningly; "you stood aloof all these years—you would not be my friend then, though I asked you."

"If I had been a worse man I should have accepted the place you offered in your company," said Macneillie; "or perhaps if I had been a better man, I could entirely have effaced myself and dared to take such a perilous post. But as things were, it seemed best to go right away. Did you not understand?"

"Yes, yes," she said in a choked voice. "I understood—and honoured you. Is it only seven years since you and I acted together? It seems to me a lifetime. All that has gone between has been a sort of dreadful nightmare. And the worst of it was the feeling that I had deserved the misery, had deliberately chosen the low level and fought against you when you tried to drag me up. Oh, it is so long since I had a real friend to talk to—may I tell you all?"

"Of course," he said, gently. "Why not?"

"After a year of it I had grown almost desperate," she said, clenching her hands tightly, like one in pain, "and the season's work had tired me out; it seemed no use to try any longer even to live an honest life. There was only one thing that still held me back. I knew if I sank lower still it would grieve you more than all, and the thought of the pain I had already given you was always with me. Then one Sunday afternoon I happened to be alone. Sir Roderick had gone to stay with some friends for the Ascot week, and there came to me a little girl bringing a note from Lucy Seymour—you remember how soon after you and I were engaged we had been able to help her when she was in great trouble. Well, she wrote that her husband had died abroad and that she had just returned with her child, was herself dying and wanted to see me. I went to her at once and found her in great poverty, and in terror of being turned out of her lodgings before the end. Her life, she said, had been a very happy one, thanks to you and me. Oh, if you could have heard her gratitude for the past. Every word she said seemed to draw me back from the horrible indifference that had paralysed me—she somehow stirred up all my best memories. She had heard that you were in America, or she would have appealed first to you, for the help had been chiefly your doing."

"Did she die?" asked Macneillie.

"Yes, about ten days after that Sunday. I had promised to send her little girl to school, and to befriend her, if, later on, she

went into the profession, and after that Lucy seemed actually to long for death, young as she was. I saw her every day, and the last night they sent word to the theatre that there was a sudden change for the worse. Directly my part was over, I went to her; she died very happily and peacefully, just as day was breaking. I had never seen any one die before, and on the stage death is always made somehow to seem like an end, a grand sort of finale. But Lucy's death was not like an end at all, it was as quiet and serene as if she had been merely turning a page in a book. I can't describe to you how it altered all my ideas. Afterwards there was her little girl to care for, and that helped me too, and though I knew everything must still be hard, I tried after that—tried my very best to please Sir Roderick, and as far as I could to make our home life more endurable. We had each of us been much to blame in marrying without any real love, and I knew that I must 'dree my weird,' as you used to say. Well, it is over now—over, and I can hardly yet realise things. Last night I wrote to my solicitor."

"I hope he is a good one," said Macneillie.

"Yes, Mr. Marriott, of Basinghall Street; but I am half afraid whether he himself is back yet from his voyage."

"Ralph Denmead may know, he is an old friend of his. I will inquire. But in any case many months are sure to pass before all the legal forms are gone through, and in the meantime you will have to live as quietly and guardedly as possible. Have you realised that?"

"Yes," she said, with a little shiver. "A fortnight of country-house life, in such a place as Mearn Castle, makes one realise evil more keenly than years on the stage."

She remembered miserably the people she had met there—men and women so utterly unprincipled that she loathed and despised them. She remembered the callous indifference with which her husband had observed all the annoyances to which she was subjected. She remembered the age-long hours, unoccupied by professional work—barren of all that could be called employment.

And then, turning from the past as from some hideous dream, she thought how restful it was to be here in this little island, with the man whose heart had never faltered from its allegiance, the lover whose self-sacrificing constancy was as untiring as the love of God. Never from his lips would she have heard such words as had filled her with a sense of degradation at Mearn Castle. It was the depth of his love, the fineness of his reverence, which kept him now from expressing the passion which she knew filled his heart. He would wait till the law had declared her freedom—would wait and think only of how she could best be shielded from the strife of tongues.

"If you are really at a loss for some quiet place, and for friends who can rightly protect you, why should you not go for a time to the Herefords' house near Firdale?" said Macneillie.

"I know them very slightly," she objected. "Besides, is not that meant for people who have no money?"

"Monkton Verney is for all, I think, who are in need—it's a Cave of Adullam—and though you don't know Mr. and Mrs. Hereford well, you know Miss Claremont and she is the practical head of things."

"I will at any rate write to her, she is a wonderful woman for understanding," said Christine. "I am glad you reminded me of her."

Macneillie stood up, for he knew that it would be unwise to stay longer, and that he must somehow tear himself away.

"Write and let me know whether you go there," he said; "and don't forget that if I can do anything for you in any way, I have at least the right of an old friend. I see the steamer over yonder, and before long a host of people will be at the landing-stage and some of them may be rowing out to visit Ellen's Isle. Even here, in this paradise, Satan walks you see in the shape of the gossiping British tourist; and your face and mine are public property. I might do harm by staying here."

"Not even here," she sighed, "in this lonely place? And it's so long since I saw you!"

He took her hand in his, and held it for a minute tenderly; looking into his face, the beauty of its expression of strong patience startled her.

"No, not even here," he said with a quiet smile. "Your reputation is too precious to me. But remember that in any difficulty

"She was not attempting to sketch"

or danger I have the first right to help you."

His courage nerved her to face the parting and even to assume an air of cheerfulness.

"I must come back to Charlie," she said. "He is sure to be hungry, and there will be plenty of time for you to have lunch, too, before any tourists molest us."

So together they walked to the little encampment, where they found the photographers fraternising over the Kodak, while Dugald had the tea just ready. And since laughter and tears are not far apart, and the very people who have lived through a tragedy are happily the ones most easily moved to see all that is humorous in daily life, there followed a cheerful meal which might have surprised and even shocked a mere superficial observer of life, but contained elements of comfort in it for all who understood the griefs and trials of human-kind. Crowning it all was the unalloyed happiness of the child, whose beaming face and ringing laughter soothed Christine's sore heart as nothing else could have done.

"*Auf wiedersehen!*" said Macneillie, when the last moment had come, and Christine said nothing, but all her soul seemed in her eyes as she lifted them to his.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF 1870

By the Very Rev. G. D. BOYLE, D.D., Dean of Salisbury

I HAVE been asked more than once to put into shape my recollections of some remarkable experiences in the year 1870. But I greatly fear that I shall be unable to convey to any who may happen to read this paper the interest which was felt by all continental travellers during the time of the Franco-German war. When I left England at the end of June, I heard in London that an experienced official in the Foreign Office had congratulated Lord Granville, when he took the place of Lord Clarendon, on the peaceful condition of Europe. When I mentioned this to a friend who had many relations on the continent, he shook his head and said, "There are rocks ahead."

I left England with my wife and two nieces with the intention, after a stay in the Engadine, of going to Ammergau, as it was the year of the performance of the great Passion Play. Our first resting-place was at Cologne, and when walking round part of the city with Dr. Sewell, we met a distinguished German officer, who told us that the question of the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern's candidateship for the throne of Spain had taken a very serious turn. Dr. Sewell was living in the hotel at Deutz, where he saw a great deal of the Prussian officers who were quartered there. He astonished me by his account of their general accomplishments, the range of their historical knowledge, and their great interest in their profession. He never heard at their mess an objectionable word, and spoke very warmly of the way in which they received his opinions, particularly on questions of Biblical criticism.

He told me that a scientific soldier, a friend of Von Moltke, had lately visited Cologne, and had expressed strong opinions as to the imperfections of the fortifications. At Frankfort, when looking at the famous statue of Ariadne, I met an acquaintance, who told me of the excitement caused in Berlin, when it was known that King William had had a serious interview with Mons. Benedetti, and that war must soon be declared. It was the impression, he said, of many well-informed persons that the contest would be short, and that the French would soon occupy Berlin. I told him what I had heard from Dr. Sewell, and I was struck with his reply: "I know nothing of military men, but there is a seriousness about the German temper that makes me think that the friends of France are deceiving themselves."

As we proceeded on our journey we had constant evidences of the rising excitement, and when we reached Pontresina our experience was a very strange one. On the morning of July 15, when we came down to breakfast, we were informed that many Germans had been recalled for active service, as war was declared. Mr. Alexander Knox, so well-known in London circles, was then at Pontresina. I suppose very few persons had better opportunities of knowing the real condition of affairs. The evening of July 16 was a remarkably fine one. I had spent the day at Samaden, where I had met an American man of letters, who told me that he believed that in a fortnight the Emperor Napoleon would be at Berlin. He had been resident in Paris for some time, and in constant communication with Mons. Ollivier, and he said he felt certain that he would not have ventured on war, unless he was thoroughly satisfied that the army was ready. "I," said Mr. Knox, "take an entirely different view. I know that an adequate account of the Prussian army was lately given to Louis Napoleon himself, and that he was startled. The French," he added, "are not ready. Let us go to the post office, and see what the telegrams say." Mr. Knox translated one, which said that the King of Bavaria would support Prussia, and turning to me with considerable feeling, he said, "This is the doom of Louis Napoleon."

The rapid succession of events was the most astonishing feature of the time. When we reached Innsprück we heard to our regret that there would be no more representations at Ammergau, as the services of

some of the actors were required for the war. Then I met Dr. Liddon, from whom I heard many interesting particulars of a visit he had recently paid to Munich. There was something very remarkable in the fact that in the hotel where we were, there were several Roman Catholic American ecclesiastics who were returning from the council at Rome, and who were strongly advocating the cause of Louis Napoleon, as being also the cause of the Roman Church. One of these gentlemen told me that he could trace his ancestry to one of those who had sailed in the *Mayflower*, and I could not help contrasting the faith of the ancestor with the entire loyalty of his descendant to Cardinal Manning, whom he called the king of the council.

I ought to have mentioned that on our way from Pontresina, we passed a Sunday at Bormio, where I had the great satisfaction of meeting Mr. John Ball, who bore emphatic testimony to the views of Mr. Alexander Knox. Mr. Ball said he believed the first great contest would show that the French army was not in a healthy condition. But what struck me most was his own strong persuasion that the Emperor himself must be fully aware that the contest must end in the fall of his dynasty. In reading, as I have often done since, the very remarkable passage in the late Professor Mozley's sermon "On War," my conversation with Mr. Ball has come into my mind. Mozley expresses the same belief, and shows what pathos was added to the great struggle, when its chief actor knew that success was hopeless. Every one knows what Mr. Ball has done for the Alps. He was on his way to the Baths near Bormio, where he hoped to add to his already extensive knowledge of the Alpine flora. But I was glad when he returned to the subject of France, and told me much that was interesting about the entourage of Louis Napoleon. He gave him credit for a real desire for peace, but he thought that he had yielded to the restless passion for glory, and he attributed much of the confusion in recent French politics to the unhappy influence of Persigny. "Persigny," he said, "though an able and ambitious man, aimed at playing the part of a nineteenth-century Richelieu. Unfortunately," said Mr. Ball, "there are now no great nobles in France whose heads can be cut off like the poppies in Roman legendary story." Mr. Ball was one of those who lost his seat at the general election of 1857, and his absence from the House of Commons I had often heard regretted by men who knew his character and wide culture.

After a visit to Verona, Milan, and the Italian Lakes, we reached the Hotel Byron by the Simplon Pass, and heard the first news of the great contest. It is impossible to describe the prevailing excitement. In the *Pall Mall Gazette* there was a remarkable passage about the departure of the Emperor Napoleon from Paris. "For him, at least, there is no future but in success; in drawing the sword he has thrown away the scabbard, he has burned his ships. That gay and glorious city which, as with an enchanter's wand he has remodelled and rebuilt, will either close her gates to the fugitive or welcome the return of a victorious leader. Bold as the Emperor may be to beard Bismarck in his power, it will require more boldness still to reappear at home without his army." I lent the paper containing this extract to an elderly lady who was staying at the hotel; when she returned it to me, she showed me a travelling edition of Byron, and said that she had been reading his ode on the fall of the First Napoleon. I found out afterwards that the lady in question was the widow of George Combe, the daughter of Mrs. Siddons.

On August 5, I was spending the day at Geneva, when the keeper of the hotel, an old acquaintance of mine, came in great excitement to tell me of the victory of the Prussians at Weissenburg. I have ventured to record elsewhere that at this very moment I was reading in the "Golden Treasury" Wordsworth's lines on the "Extinction of the Venetian Republic."

> "Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
> Of that which once was great is pass'd away."

The proprietor of the hotel advised us at once to make the best of our way to England. The railway journey from Neufchatel to Paris was by no means a pleasant one. At every station we encountered groups of soldiers in great excitement, shouting and screaming, and in passing from one railway station to another in the early morning at

Paris, it was impossible to mistake the anxious looks of all people in the streets.

I heard at the station from a foreign servant who was with me, that the news of a great French victory was disbelieved, and on the day after we reached England Paris was declared in a state of siege, and the Empress Regent was obliged to issue a proclamation, that the armies of France had suffered a check.

The surrender at Sedan took place on September 2, and on the 4th, after a midnight sitting of the Corps Legislatif, the empire of Louis Napoleon passed away. Almost at the same time the Comte de Flahault expired. He had been in the flight from Moscow. I had once seen him in my childhood, and had often, of course, been interested in hearing of the important part he had taken in the affairs of Louis Napoleon. It was fortunate he was laid to rest before the popular indignation against the fallen emperor had taken possession of the populace of Paris.

It was a strange coincidence, however, that the friend of La Reine Hortense should have died with the empire of her son. The extraordinary escape of the Empress Eugénie is well known to the world, but there is no more touching incident of this eventful year than the arrival of the Prince Imperial at Dover from Ostend on September 5.

Many years afterwards, when Dean Stanley entertained the idea of placing a monument to this ill-fated Prince in Westminster Abbey, I heard from one who had opportunities of knowing, that he had some most remarkable qualities, and that he often spoke of his hopes of being able to do something for France. After the surrender of Sedan, Sir Bartle Frere met in London the foster sister of Louis Napoleon, who had done everything in her power to assist him, when a prisoner at Ham, and in the days of his exile had been of signal use. The strong disapprobation of the *Coup d'Etat* made her refuse all the favours of the Imperial period, but when the day of adversity had again come, faithful to her promise to his mother, she was starting for the place of his captivity. Whatever may be thought of the fallen Emperor, it should never be forgotten that he gratefully remembered kindness shown to him in the days of his exile, and like his great uncle enjoyed the affection of his dependents. It may perhaps be worth recording here, that a friend of mine, now dead, who had been at one time in the company of Gambetta, heard him express the strongest belief in the undying influence in France of what may be called the Napoleonic idea. "*Parlez nous de lui, grand'-mère*" in Beranger's song is still often said in French cottages, and if the boy lives—the boy being the Prince Imperial—"he may still strangle the Republic." 1870 is now so far distant that these slight recollections of the opinion prevailing during the war may be of some slight interest. Perhaps one of the most singular features of the year of the struggle was the change of feeling in England, when the hard terms of Germany were announced. Mr. Carlyle's utterance in the *Times*, as to the original acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine, had no real weight, and a perceptible change in the public opinion of Great Britain was soon manifested. Sympathy for the besieged in Paris was shown in unmistakable ways.

A letter of Mons. Guizot's to Mr. Gladstone, published in the *Times* in the early part of 1871, contained a sentence which seems fully to express the feeling of that remarkable man. "France wants time to reap the fruit of her past experience, and to learn the value of that political freedom for which she has not ceased to sigh for three-fourths of a century, although she has never known how to use it or to keep it." When the ex-Emperor was permitted to leave Wilhelmshöhe and arrived at Dover, where he was met by the Empress and her son, he saw among the crowd that welcomed him a former friend who was well known to him during his stay in England, and who had rendered him valuable assistance when he left England in 1848. The whirligig of time with its revenges must have given to both many strange thoughts.

THE LONDON CORN EXCHANGE

By W. C. MACKENZIE

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. VEDDER

AS in the City of London, Mincing Lane and tea are inseparably connected, so is the neighbouring Mark Lane closely linked with corn. For it is there that the great corn trade of London has its headquarters.

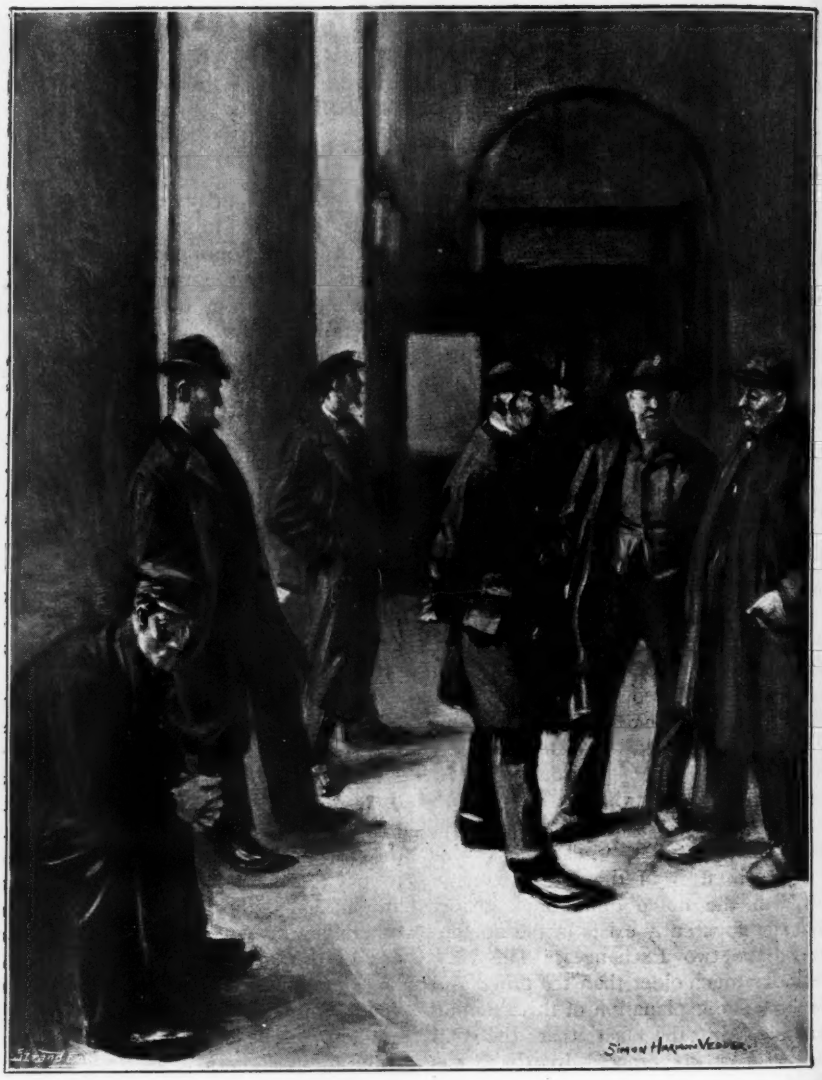
Unlike the exclusive "Baltic," the Corn Exchange is open to the public during business hours, the reading and luncheon rooms alone being reserved for the use of subscribers. But the stranger finds, to his confusion, that there are two Corn Exchanges, each communicating with the other. Which is *the* Corn Exchange? A member of the Old Exchange would probably claim priority of importance for his institution, whilst those who buy and sell in the new building would be found staunch supporters of that market. A member of both Exchanges—for there are such—would probably claim precedence for the spacious building known as the Old Corn Market, between which and its rival there is no comparison, from an architectural point of view. The Doric columns outside the new market befit the plainness of its interior, whilst the Corinthian façade in front of the Old Exchange accords with the noble dimensions inside. An anomaly apparently exists in the nomenclature of the two Exchanges. The New Market looks much older than the other, and *vice versâ*. The explanation of this seeming anomaly lies in the fact that the Old Exchange, originally erected in 1747, was rebuilt fifteen years ago, while the so-called New Exchange has been in existence since 1825.

Upon entering the Old Market, one finds oneself in a large vestibule, where are to be seen a number of men of a very un-City-like appearance. These are the "bargees," awaiting instructions for the employment of their craft.

The floor of the Exchange presents an animated spectacle on market days, of which there are three held during each week—on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, respectively. The "Mark Lane Express," which runs every Monday morning from the eastern counties, brings up to town, as a rule, a large contingent of farmers and dealers. These are readily recognisable on the Exchange from the London factors, or brokers, alike by the colour of their coats and their faces. And beside the factors and the farmers and country dealers, there are seedgrowers and representatives of other trades more or less intimately associated with agriculture. The millers, too, are greatly in evidence. There is an influential body, named the London Millers' Association, which practically controls the flour market. Small in number although the millers are, they thus exert an influence which is widespread, affecting, as it does, more or less directly, the interests of all bread consumers.

Ranged along the walls of the Exchange are about one hundred and fifty stands, for which the brokers and dealers pay the Corn Exchange Company an annual rental of from £50 to £150. Although, as stated, the Exchange is open to the general public, those who offer produce for sale there have to pay for the privilege. London men pay an annual subscription of ten guineas; others pay five guineas annually. For the use of the subscription rooms—which embrace reading, smoking, and luncheon rooms—an annual payment of three guineas is exacted. The revenue of the Company from these sources is such as to keep well ahead of the expenditure. Its business is managed by a Board of Directors, who are elected by the shareholders. The latter are, numerically, a considerably smaller body than the stall-holders and members, of whom there are about one thousand.

The business of the Exchange is not regulated by an elaborate code of rules: on the contrary, the law of custom is practically the only reference when a dispute arises. One of the prevailing customs appears to be somewhat unbusiness-like. A buyer after examining a sample of produce concludes a bargain, subject to approval of bulk. Up



BARGEES

till 11 o'clock on the following market-day he is at liberty to cancel the purchase, if the bulk is not so approved. This seems reasonable enough on the face of it, but it leaves the door open for the withdrawal of a buyer from his bargain if prices fall during the interval between the two market days. But, on the whole, the system answers well enough, and its inevitable drawbacks cannot, presumably, be avoided.

The Corn Exchange has been evolved from the primitive conditions of buying and selling corn, which prevailed during the Middle Ages. In those days factors were unknown. Farmers, millers, and bakers, met on Corn-hill and in the Chepe (Cheapside), and there transacted their business

without the intervention of middlemen. Gradually, however, as the trade expanded with the growing population of London, the farmers found it necessary to employ the services of agents to dispose of their surplus corn. The first corn factor is said to have been the landlord of a Whitechapel inn, at which some Essex farmers were wont to stay. Since those days the corn trade of England has undergone remarkable changes. It is no longer possible for the farmers of the home counties to bring their produce to London and offer it for sale in the streets. Nor, since the abolition of the Corn Laws, have they been able to command their own prices for the corn which they grow. Since London became a great centre, towards which gravitated shipments of corn from nearly all quarters of the globe, the foreigner has, by a gradual process, been cutting the ground from under the feet of the English farmer; and at no time has the pressure of foreign competition been so great as of recent years. Prices of corn have reached a level which is having marked economic results upon English agriculture; and the farmer, paying his weekly or bi-weekly visits to Mark Lane, shakes his head sadly as he thinks of other days, and of the glory which has departed from the farming industry of England. During the last few months, however, he has felt happier than for years past, owing to the big rise in the price of wheat. When one considers that out of every five loaves of bread which are consumed in this country, no less than four are made from imported wheat or flour, one can realise the enormous dimensions which the foreign corn trade has attained.

The visitor to the Exchange will therefore not be surprised to notice that the samples of corn displayed on the factors' stands are mainly from "foreign parts." It is, indeed, a geographical education to walk past the stands and examine their contents. The novice is shown the wheat from which household bread is made, and learns that it come from North America, which exports wheats of various kinds well known to "the trade." "No. 1 Hard Duluth," "No. 1 Northern," "No. 3 Manitoba," are glibly quoted like household words. The visitor also sees everywhere samples of flour of varying whiteness; barley from the Black Sea and from Persia, as well as the native grown article; New Zealand and American, as well as Scotch, oats; maize from America, from the Black Sea, from the Danube; beans from Egypt, from Barbary, from Smyrna, supplementing the English bean crop; pease from Canada, from India, from Russia; lentils from Egypt, from India; rye from the Danube; dari from Morocco; locust beans from Cyprus—these and other products are on view. Seeds of various kinds are also to be seen, including a foreign importation

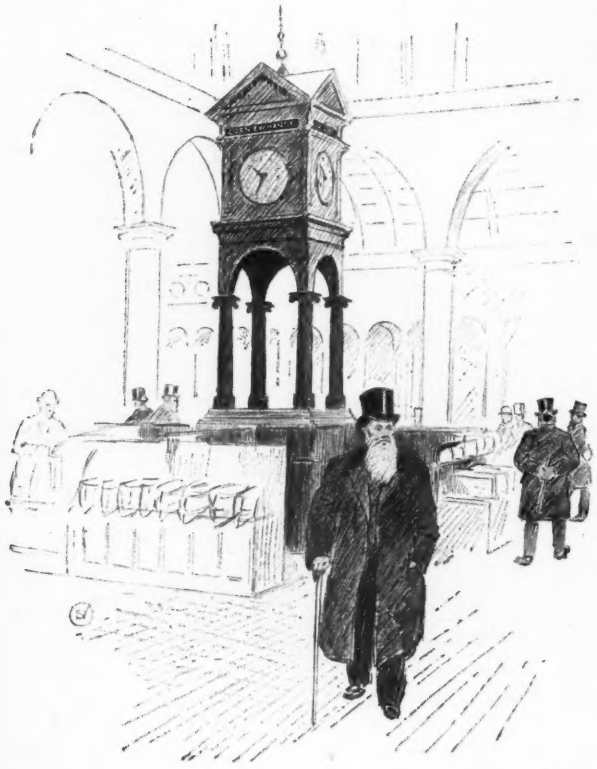
STAND IN THE OLD EXCHANGE

(from Egypt and Morocco) called Fenugreek seed, containing certain fattening properties, of which Oriental women are said to avail themselves with the object of enhancing their charms!

Near the centre of the room may be noticed samples of cake, and one learns that the darker substance is manufactured from linseed and the lighter from cotton-seed. Both kinds of cake are used extensively by farmers for feeding their stock; they form the residue of the seeds after the extraction of the oils by crushing.

The different types of men to be seen on the floor of the Exchange form an interesting study. The top hat does not reign paramount here, and still less obligatory are the demands of the frock coat. The sturdy Essex farmer believes in none of these things. His felt hat and tweed jacket are good enough for him, and he is content to leave "they new fangled notions" to the London brokers, who are bound, perforce, to be well groomed. The most conspicuous figure of all is that of the Chief Inspector, a giant, by whose side the ordinary man appears quite a pigmy. He who would venture to disturb the peace, with Hazlewood looking on, would indeed be a bold man.

The adjoining so-called "New Exchange" looks at once cramped and antiquated after the imposing appearance of its rival. If the "Old" market has the flour trade in its hands, the "New" has almost a monopoly of the seed business. It may be noticed that the title of the "Old" market is "The Corn Exchange," while that of the "New" has the prefix of "London"—a distinction without a real difference. The "New" market, by the way, is a prosperous concern. Its annual income approaches £8000, while the expenses are only about £2500, enabling the payment of a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum on the paid up capital of £67,500, a splendid investment for the 100 odd shareholders. The affairs of the Company are managed by a Board of ten Directors, all of whom are in "the trade," and are members of the New Exchange. The charge for the privilege of selling on the New Exchange is only two guineas, which is perhaps sufficient considering the narrower scope of the market. The tavern adjoining the New Exchange is hardly an encouragement to teetotal principles, but it contributes some hundreds of pounds annually to the revenue of the Company, whatever its contribution may be towards mellowing the hearts of those members who transact their business at its bars. But that is another story.



INTERIOR OF NEW EXCHANGE

Generally speaking the business conducted in both Exchanges is of a quiet, unexciting character. Speculation may be rife on "The

EARLY MORNING AT THE CORN EXCHANGE

Baltic" where the business in grain cargoes is conducted, but it rarely touches the Corn Exchanges. Occasionally, perhaps, a venturesome dealer may have a small "flutter" in future deliveries, but the canker of gambling has not yet eaten into the stolid life of Mark Lane. The result is that the trade is in a healthy condition, suffering, unfortunately, from low prices, but not from the violent fluctuations which follow in the train of speculation.

There is in existence a body known as the London Corn Trade Association, which is often found useful by members of "the trade," particularly in the settlement of disputes. These are referred to the Association for arbitration, and the Committee of the latter nominate the arbitrators, who, by the way, make a remarkably good thing out of the appointment, the fees paid to the few whose services are most often in requisi-

tion running, it is said, into four figures each annually.

When one considers the all-important position which the "staff of life" holds in a bread-eating country like our own, one realises the value of Mark Lane as a distributing centre, and one feels that its interests are—remotely it may be, but none the less truly—bound up with one's own. The existence and working, therefore, of the Exchanges which have been described are of national importance, affecting, as they do, all classes of the community. The recent rise in the price of bread has brought this home to the British householder as nothing else could.

FORCE

By EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

EXACT definitions are of the utmost importance in science, not because they offer an easy method of acquiring ready-made knowledge by rote, though it is to be feared that many so-called students regard them principally in that light; but because they are or ought to be accurate and concise expressions either of carefully ascertained facts, or of the sense to be attached to various important terms used in describing those facts. The term *Force* is constantly used in Physical Science of which it is often regarded as a fundamental conception. Nevertheless, a satisfactory definition of it has yet to be framed, for the one in general use: "Force is that which changes the motion of matter," cannot be regarded as either satisfactory or even, for reasons to be presently stated, as strictly speaking accurate. The difficulties besetting any serious attempt to supply this need are not hard to account for. In considering the question of force we touch upon foundations, not necessarily because force is itself a fundamental conception, for some leading physicists do not thus regard it, but because it appears to be directly involved in others which are fundamental; and wherever in science we come to foundations, we find that the limits of the known are reached. Instead, therefore, of being able to move steadily on towards a visible goal, we are like men groping in the darkness to find a secure foothold. We may, perhaps, be assisted towards its discovery by endeavouring to ascertain in what sense force can be said either to involve or to be involved in fundamental conceptions, and considerable light is thrown on this question by the following quotation from the "philosophic creed" of an eminent physicist. "My philosophic creed," he says, "runs somewhat thus: First that by our senses we become aware of motion, I don't much care by what sense it is, it seems to me by the muscular sense, partly eye muscles perhaps, mainly leg or arm muscles, but it may be by a succession of tactile sense-perceptions as some modern physiologists and psychologists believe. But none of these questions belong to pure physics; somehow or other we are aware of Motion and Time and Space..... Next in order of complexity, we become aware of *force*, plainly through our muscular, or our tactile sense, and thus indirectly we gain the tremendously important idea of matter."*

Thus the fundamental character of force appears to lie in the fact that by means of it we gain "the tremendously important idea of matter," itself usually regarded as fundamental. The method of gaining this idea requires, however, a little analysis. What through our "muscular or tactile sense" we really become aware of is *resistance to motion*, which when rightly understood turns out to be resistance to *change* of motion. That motion should resist change implies of course its own previous existence, and it is therefore clearly more fundamental than force which cannot be looked upon as standing to it in the relation of cause to effect. To our perception the cause of change of motion is some other motion; or, to put it rather differently, since, as the first law of

* Professor O. Lodge, F.R.S., "Letter to Nature," vol. xlviii. p. 102: "Fundamental Axioms of Dynamics."

motion tells us, a moving body if left to itself would never change its motion, we may regard motion as self-persistent. In order to continue, it requires nothing besides itself, but in order to change an external "cause" becomes necessary, and the action of this external cause we call force. "Force is therefore a general name for the action of external things on matter, when we are considering the question from the point of view of the matter whose motion is changed, and especially when we want to get rid of the necessity of considering those external things whose action we call force." This, perhaps, is the best definition of force to which our present knowledge lends itself, and in the science of Physics the "external things whose action we call force" are always other portions of matter.

Since one material body or system may be (and generally is) so situated with regard to others that it is subject to several or even many different actions at the same time, we are compelled to use the term force in the plural, and we therefore speak of the various *forces* acting on the body or system. It should be remembered, however, that the effect produced is always the same in kind, viz., change of motion. There is no other known way in which one portion of matter can affect another than by changing its motion. This appears a sweeping assertion which we must endeavour at some future time to justify; but for the moment it is necessary to confine our attention to the way in which interaction between material bodies and systems takes place.

It is evident that we may regard the matter from two points of view. We may look on the system as isolated, and study only the actions of the various parts upon one another, or we may take into account the presence of bodies foreign to the system, and observe how it is affected by them. In the former case we never find any change of motion on the part of the system as a *whole*, however much its component parts may alter their position relatively to one another (as do the imprisoned molecules of gas in a closed vessel for example, or the various members of the solar system), the system as a whole does not move. There must consequently be one point in it which is fixed. This point is the *centre of mass* which coincides with the centre of gravity, when there is a centre of gravity. The system might, however, be under such conditions that there would be no gravity (if it were placed at the centre of the earth for example), and then the centre of gravity must necessarily disappear; but since the same mass (or roughly speaking, quantity of matter) would remain, the centre of mass would remain also. The latter is therefore a definite point in the configuration* of the system relatively to which all the other parts of the system may move, but which itself remains at rest, unless it is acted upon by an external force. In that case it moves, and the whole system with it, in the direction of the force, provided of course, the latter is not counterbalanced by an equal force acting in an opposite direction.

We see, therefore, that change of motion on the part of any portion of matter only occurs when there is an unbalanced *external* force acting upon its centre of mass. When this condition is not satisfied and the external forces are in equilibrium, no change of motion is possible, for the effect is equivalent to there being *no* external force. Thus a carriage in a railway train may move with constant velocity in a straight line, though in all probability such an occurrence is exceedingly rare. If it does happen, however, it is because all the external forces acting on the carriage "such as the traction of the carriage in front of it pulling it forwards, the drag of that behind it, the friction of the rails, the resistance of the air acting backwards, the weight of the carriage acting downwards, and the pressure of the rails acting upwards—must exactly balance each other."†

It is of special importance to remember this fact, that *external* force is required in order to change the motion of bodies, in reference to the third law of motion.‡ Otherwise curious misunderstandings and confusion arise. Thus the well-known and often ridiculed difficulty of the horse and cart (viz., why the cart moves if horse and cart act upon each other with equal and opposite forces) would not occur if the considerations above applied to a railway-carriage, were brought to bear on this similar case. The horse and the cart are two

* By configuration is meant an assemblage of relative positions of parts.

† Clerk Maxwell, "Matter and Motion," p. 36, art. xlii.

‡ Action and re-action are equal and opposite.

different bodies. The force with which the horse acts on the cart is therefore an external force, and motion in its direction must take place unless it is counter-balanced by all the other external forces acting simultaneously with it on the cart. In that case of course the latter will not move, an occurrence not unknown if the cart is "too heavy" for the horse.

When one portion of matter moves towards or away from another, we immediately think of it as pulled or pushed, and in most instances if the material agency by which the pull or push is conveyed is not visible, we nevertheless confidently infer its existence which a closer examination does not fail to reveal. There are, however, two very important cases which are apparent exceptions to this rule. All those phenomena which can be classed either under the head of gravitation, or of electric and magnetic attraction and repulsion, appear to be pulls or pushes taking place between bodies not connected by any medium through which the pulls and pushes can be conveyed, and it looks therefore as though, "action at a distance"—*i.e.*, action without connection between what acts and what is acted on—were not only possible but of constant occurrence. The modern scientific conception of force was evoked to overcome this difficulty. "There is no *necessity*," says a leading English physicist, "however convenient it may be, to introduce the notion of force; the other bodies in the universe are a sufficient cause for motion of each, without postulating an entity, force. The principal reason for introducing this notion, was to account for a body acting where it was not; force was invented to get over this; the body produced force, and this force existed where the body did not, and there acted on other bodies. This whole difficulty seems, however, to be partly due to want of distinct ideas connected with the question of where a body *is*. We are so accustomed to consider a body as having a definite boundary, that we think there is a definite boundary in reality. All we know of the atoms and molecules, however, would lead us to conclude that round the centre of each there is a very complexly structured region which may or may not change abruptly in structure, but which often extends to considerable distances from the atom, so that it is practically impossible to state absolutely where the atom ends and where the empty space begins. With this view of matter there is no serious reason why we may not rightly consider each atom as existing everywhere that it acts, that is, throughout the whole of space, for its action in causing gravitational accelerations exists, so far as we know, throughout space. A view of this kind entirely gets over any difficulty of a body acting where it is not; for all bodies *are* everywhere, and if we consider matter to be the cause of motion in other matter, there seems no very imperious necessity for imagining another cause which we call force."* One is reminded of the story told of Dr. Johnson, who on being plied with arguments to prove that a body cannot act where it is not, answered, "With all my heart, but pray, sir, where is it?" In any case all truly scientific thought has been consistently against the idea of action at a distance; and Newton, often erroneously regarded as its adherent, thus expresses himself on the subject: "That gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance through a vacuum, without the mediation of anything else by and through which their action may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, could ever fall into it."

One way either out of the difficulty of a body acting where it is not, or of producing force to act where it is not, is to regard the structure of the universal medium, the ether (frequently referred to in former articles), as continuous, instead of atomic like that of ordinary matter. All action would then take place through the ether, the latter being in immediate contact with every particle of matter in the universe. This solution of the difficulty specially commends itself if the theory—very favourably regarded by many physicists—that matter is a form of motion in the ether be accepted; for it is evident that wherever motion communicates itself, there the motion itself is and not some "effect" of it merely; and the conception that "bodies *are* everywhere," is thus very much facilitated. We should not be so apt

* Professor G. F. Fitzgerald, F.R.S., "Nature," vol. li. p. 284.

to think that they must have boundaries, if we regarded them as forms of motion merely and not as portions of some "material" substance. It must be observed, however, that in thus getting rid of the "entity, force," we do not get rid of the mystery attached to it. We simply change the words in which this mystery is expressed, because we perceive more clearly that what it really consists in is not "action at a distance," but the power of communicating motion. This is what we want to explain, to find a "cause" for, and in our present state of knowledge there is no solution of the difficulty.

We must, however, leave these considerations which perhaps appear somewhat recondite, and turn our attention to the more practical question of the measurement of force—*i.e.*, of the "action of external things on matter." This action as we have said always consists in change of motion, and it can therefore only be measured in one way, viz., by the amount of change produced. Change of motion may be either in rate or in direction or in both. The scientific term *velocity* includes both rate and direction, and *acceleration* change in either or in both. But it is very evident that when we are speaking of a moving *body*, "velocity" does not include the whole idea of the motion, nor "acceleration" the whole idea of the change, because expressions merely implying considerations of space and time, leave the "body" out of account altogether. In other words to estimate the amount of motion or of change of motion we must know how much matter is moving or changing its motion, as well as its velocity and acceleration. Mass (for all practical purposes determined by weight) is therefore an important factor in the measurement of force. The product of mass into velocity gives us the *momentum* (or whole amount of motion) of a moving body; and the product of mass into acceleration gives *change of momentum*. This being understood, the second law of motion tells us how to set about measuring the amount of change of momentum produced. "Change of momentum," it tells us (substituting this more modern term for motion, as being what Newton intended to express), is proportional to the intensity and time of action of the force and takes place in its direction." A little reflection will show that this law includes within itself the law of composition of forces—*i.e.*, it tells us not only how to measure the effect of one force which is a comparatively simple matter, but also that of any number of forces acting on the same body at the same time, and this appears as if it must be very complicated indeed. As a matter of calculation such is indeed often the case, but as a principle it is exceedingly simple, for it is independent alike of the initial momentum of the body, and of the number of forces acting upon it. For each one of any number of forces, as for a single force, the change of momentum which it produces is proportional to its intensity and its time of action. This being the case, it follows that in order to discover the combined effect of a number of different forces acting at once upon the same body, we must add their effects together. The simplest way of doing this is by means of the "diagram of forces," which would perhaps be more appropriately called a diagram of momenta. In such a diagram the intensity of any force—*i.e.*, the amount of change of momentum produced—is represented by a greater or less length of line, according to a chosen scale, an arrow being put to indicate the sense in which the direction* is to be taken. The number, direction and magnitude of the forces are indicated by an equal number of lines joined one on to another, each line representing some one of the forces, taken in any order. Then the line drawn from the starting-point to the extremity of the last line, represents the change of momentum due to the combined action of all the forces, so that if this number of forces were acting at the same time on the same body, the resultant change

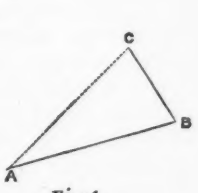


Fig.1.

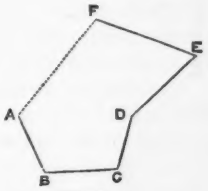


Fig.2.

of momentum would be indicated by the dotted line AC in Fig. 1 and by the dotted line AF in Fig. 2.

These illustrations represent (1) the *triangle*

* One factor in momentum being velocity, it, of course, has direction.

of forces, whereby we see that when two forces act in different directions on the same body at the same time, they may be represented by two sides of a triangle taken consecutively and the same way round; and (2) the *polygon of forces*, in which also the lines representing the different forces must be taken consecutively and the same way round.

Both in the case of two forces, and in the case of any number, there is a possible condition of things in which the sum of the actions does not produce motion. In the case of two forces this occurs where they are equal and acting in a straight line in opposite directions, for then there is equilibrium between them. In the case of any number of forces, suppose one more added to them, represented by the line FA in Fig. 2, then again the sum of the actions on A is zero and equilibrium is attained.

Thus though we have some difficulty in satisfactorily defining force, we have no difficulty (save as a matter of calculation) in measuring it. We are not able to say what the "action of external things on matter" really consists in, but we are very well able to say what to our perception are the effects produced, what conditions are requisite to bring them about, in what manner it is possible to regulate those conditions, and, given a certain combination of them, to foretell all the consequent results. "Practical" people would therefore say that we know all that is necessary, and need not trouble ourselves any further. But it has never yet been found, and probably never will be found that "practical" considerations suffice to the mind of man. He always wants to penetrate further into the secrets of nature than mere utilitarianism would justify, unless we accord to utilitarianism a far more extended signification than is usual, and allow it to include the satisfaction of those higher aspirations which not a few among modern teachers recommend us to strangle in the birth. Until their advice is universally followed, and this is a prospect which we may safely relegate to an indefinite future, we shall find that the true nature of "force," along with a few other questions of equal difficulty and apparent "unpracticalness," will continue to be studied and discussed with unabated fervour and interest. Let us be thankful if, as years pass on, some nearer approximation to truth is attained.

GEORGE BORROW AND EAST ANGLIA

By WILLIAM A. DUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL

FOR many years of his life—between 1840 and 1881—George Henry Borrow lived at Oulton, a little East Anglian village about a mile from the most easterly point of England, and within hearing of the beating of the waves of the North Sea. His house, which was little more than a cottage, stood upon a slight incline overlooking one of the most picturesque of the East Anglian broads, and was sheltered from the winds of the marshland by a belt of storm-rent firs. In a summer-house within its grounds much of his best literary work was done. There, where one can still listen to the rustling of the sedges and the piping of the reed-birds, he wrote his virile descriptions of a roving life.

There are many people who can remember well the tall, erect, mysterious figure that was to be met in the early hours of summer mornings and late at night in the lonely pathways that wind in and out from the banks of Oulton Broad. Borrow loved to be mysterious, and the children used to hush their voices and draw aside at his approach. They looked upon him with fear and awe—for was he not the friend and associate of gipsies, who ran away with children? But in his heart Borrow was fond of the little ones, though it amused him to watch the impression his strange personality made upon

them. Older people he seldom spoke to when out on his rambles, but sometimes he would flash such a glance from beneath his shaggy eyebrows as would make the country folk hasten onwards, filled with vague thoughts and fears of the evil eye. Mr. John Murray, who knew Borrow well, has referred to his love of mystery, and also to his moody and variable behaviour, and Mr. G. T. Bettany has related how he enjoyed creating a sensation by riding about on a fine Arab horse which he brought home with him from Turkey.

Borrow was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and he seldom tried to hide his feelings, whether antagonistic or otherwise, from those in whose company he chanced to be. He was always rather inaccessible, but an "East Englishman" had a better chance of successfully approaching him than one who was not so fortunate as to be born within the borders of East Anglia. Theodore Watts discovered this when Borrow and he were the guests of Dr. Hake at Roehampton. "When I went on to tell him," writes Mr. Watts, "that I once used to drive a genuine 'Shales' mare, a descendant of that same famous Norfolk trotter who could trot fabulous miles an hour, to whom he with the Norfolk farmers raised his hat in reverence at the Norwich horse fair, and when I promised to show him a portrait of this same East Anglian mare, with myself behind her in a dogcart—an East Anglian dogcart—when I praised the stinging saltness of the sea-water off Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer, the quality of which makes it the best, the most delightful of all sea-water to swim in; when I told him that the only English river in which you could see reflected the rainbow he loved was 'the glassy Ouse,' of East Anglia; and the only place in England where you could see it reflected in the wet sand was the Norfolk coast; and when I told him a good many things showing that I was in very truth not only an Englishman, but an East Englishman, my conquest of the 'Walking Lord of Gipsy Lore' was complete, and from that moment we became friends." "It is on *sand* alone," said Borrow, "that the sea strikes its true music—Norfolk sand." . . . . "The best of the sea's lutes," added Watts, "is made by the sands off Cromer."

Borrow loved the open air life that he lived near the Suffolk coast, where the fresh, salt-winds sweep up from the sea, across gorse-clad denes and pleasant pasture lands. He abhorred conventional restraints and the thronging crowds of busy streets. He was happiest when amongst the "summer saturated heathen" of the heath and glen. His love of nature and of nature's children is always breaking out in all his writings. More than anywhere else it shows itself in "Lavengro."

The wide reaching solitudes of the marshlands; the lonely heaths and sand dunes sloping upwards from the North Sea; the broadland haunts of the wild-fowl; the reed-fringed rivers and lagoons, through which the wherries glide, these are East Anglia, and were the scenes that Borrow loved and thought of with longing and regret in all his wanderings. Writing of him in the *Athenæum* soon after his death, Mr. Egmont Hake said: "He could draw more poetry from a wide-spreading marsh with its straggling reeds than from the most beautiful scenery, and would stand and look at it with rapture."

Although the earlier pages of "Lavengro" are largely autobiographical, great difficulty is experienced in ascertaining when Borrow is telling his own story or giving rein to his imagination. We know that he was born at East Dereham, and that part of his boyhood was spent in Norwich, where his family occupied a small house in Willow Lane, but he seldom condescends to give any clear or consecutive details of the method of his early life and education. He has told us that he always looked back with pleasure to the days when he lived at Dereham, and that the quiet old town was ever endeared to him for the sake of the poet Cowper, who sleeps within the chancel of its venerable church. Norwich, where he went to school and was articled to a firm of solicitors, he described as one of the finest cities in the world. Its grey old castle and stately cathedral were a never failing source of interest and delight to him, from the time when as a boy he watched the rooks and choughs circling about the battlements and spires. On the few occasions when he could be persuaded to speak of his youthful associations with Norwich, he would recall with enthusiasm the old northern hospitality that still lived in the descendants of the Angles and Danes who dwelt within the city, and he

(*From a photograph by H. W. Bevan, Lowestoft*)

SKELETON MILL, FROM BORROW'S HOUSE

would tell of the city's history, and of the Saxon and Danish mythology interwoven with its records. From its heights, he would look down upon the park-like meadow-land, through which the winding river swept toward the Broadland and the sea, and would stand spell-bound at the scene before him.

During Borrow's youth pugilism was rampant in the eastern counties of England, and, though he lamented the corruption that had crept into the ring, he often defended the English bruisers, with whom, he contended, the Roman gladiators and Spanish bull-fighters were not to be compared. At that time, a pugilistic encounter was looked upon as a national affair, and people came in their thousands from far and near to witness a fight. Norwich was noted for its prize-fights, and Borrow had the names of all the champions at his tongue's end. Cobbett, Cribb, Belcher, Tom Spring of Bedford, Black Richmond, Irish Randall—he knew them all, as well as the leading fighting men amongst the gipsies. They were to him leaders of the old spirit of English aggressiveness, and as such he revered them. He, himself, was no unsuccessful student of the art of self-defence, and there is some ground for believing that the scene between Lavengro and the Flaming Tinman, in which the burly tinker succumbs to the former's boxing prowess, is founded upon an event which occurred to Borrow in the course of his wanderings. There were some critics—Borrow had plenty of critics—who found it difficult to make his admiration for the prize-ring fit in with his denunciation elsewhere of "those disgraceful and brutalising exhibitions called pugilistic combats." One explanation that has been offered, and it is given for what it is worth, is that in one place it is the "John Bull" Borrow, with his patriotic exaltation of all things English who is speaking, while in the other the proselytising agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society is in the ascendant. "He was always at his best," says Mr. Watts, "in describing a pugilistic encounter, for in the saving grace of pugilism as an English

accomplishment he believed as devoutly as he believed in East Anglia and the Bible."

When Borrow left Norwich Grammar School his parents had much difficulty in finding him a profession. This was a matter in which he himself could help them but little towards a satisfactory conclusion. His erratic tastes were a source of continual astonishment and mystification. What could be done with a lad whose only decided bent was in the direction of philological studies, who at an early age had become proficient in Erse, and whose great pleasure it was to converse in Romany with the gipsies whom he met at the fair-ground on Norwich Castle Hill? His father was anxious he should enter the Church, but Borrow's unsettled disposition was an effectual bar against this step, for he would never have been able to apply himself with sufficient attention to the necessary routine course of college study. It was at last decided that he should enter upon a legal career.

There is little doubt that the legal profession was one for which Borrow was the least adapted, and of this he was well aware. When, however, the time came for his being articled to Messrs. Simpson and Rackham, he apparently offered no objection, and his recollections of the years when he was tied to a lawyer's desk were always pleasant when recalled in after life. These pleasing recollections, however, had little to do with the duties of his calling; they arose rather from the fact that his work was easy, and so intermittent as to give him ample opportunity for indulging in his day-dreams. Who can doubt the personal basis of that passage in "Lavengro" in which he says:—"Yes, very pleasant times were those when within the womb of a lofty deal desk, behind which I sat for some hours every day transcribing (when I imagined eyes were upon me), documents of every description in every possible hand. Blackstone kept company with Ab Gwilym—the polished English lawyer of the last century, who wrote long and prosy chapters on the rights of things—with a certain wild Welshman, who some four hundred years before that time indited immortal cowydds and odes to the wives of Cambrian chieftains—more particularly to one Morfydd, the wife of a certain hunch-backed dignitary called by the poet facetiously "Bwa Back"—

(From a photograph by H. W. Bevan, Lowestoft)

OULTON BROAD, FROM BORROW'S HOUSE

generally terminating with the modest request of a little private parlance beneath the greenwood bough, with no other witness than the eos or nightingale, a request which, if the poet may be believed, rather a doubtful point, was seldom, very seldom, denied. And by what strange chance had Gwilym and Blackstone, two personages so exceedingly different, been thus brought together? From what the reader already knows of me, he may be quite prepared to find me reading the former; but what could have induced me to take up Blackstone or rather law?"

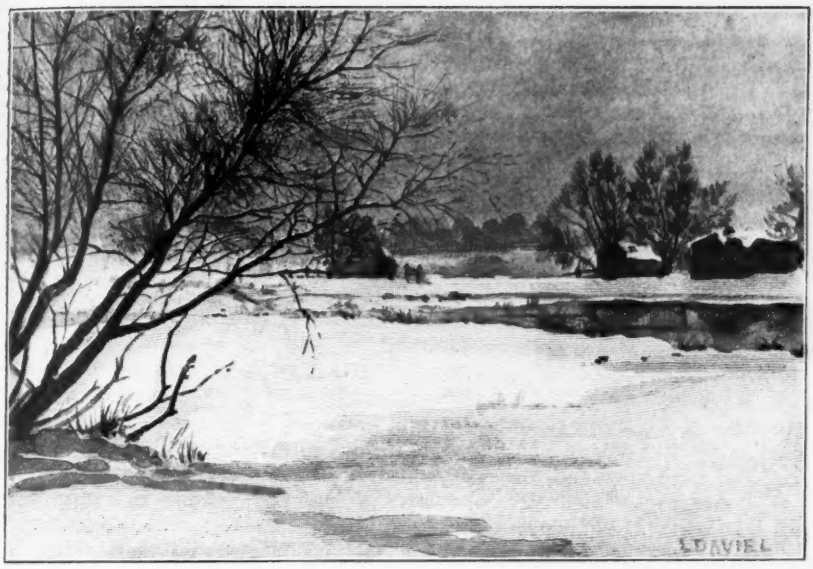
From the date of his father's death, when Borrow gave up the law and started off to London, to the time when he accepted an agency from the British and Foreign Bible Society, it is impossible to trace his movements with any degree of certainty. "Lavengro" is not to be depended on, and the searcher after facts soon finds himself putting the question Borrow was continually asking, namely, "What is truth?"

We have no sure knowledge of whether while in Norwich Borrow made the acquaintance of Old Crome. We know, however, that he was an ardent admirer of the self-taught master of the old Norwich school of artists. Still he may never have been brought into close contact with him; for Crome was in his forty-sixth year when Borrow's family first appeared in Norwich, and George was then but in his early boyhood. But before 1821, when Crome died, Borrow must have learnt a good deal, both of the painter and his pictures, for the admiration which he afterwards expressed for him cannot have been entirely the outcome of the artist's posthumous fame. "He has painted," writes Borrow, "not pictures of the world, but English pictures, such as Gainsborough himself might have done—beautiful rural pieces, with trees that might well tempt the little birds to perch upon them. Thou needest not run to Rome, brother, where lives the old Mariolater, after pictures of the world, whilst at home there are pictures of England; nor needest thou even go to London, the big city, in search of a master, for thou hast one at home in the old East Anglian town who can instruct thee while thou needest instruction. Better stay at home, brother, at least for a season, and toil and strive midst groanings and despondency till thou has attained excellence even as he has done—the little dark man with the dark brown coat and the topboots, whose name will one day be considered the chief ornament of the old town, and whose works will at no distant period rank amongst the proudest pictures of England—and England against the world!—thy master, my brother, all too little considered master—Crome."

But although we cannot be assured that Borrow met the great painter, we know that as a young man he could boast of the friendship of Dr. William Taylor, the accomplished German scholar and translator. Dr. Taylor was a friend of Southey's and it was to the poet he wrote:—"A Norwich young man is construing with me Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell,' with the view of translating it for the press. His name is George Henry Borrow, and he has learnt German with extraordinary rapidity. Indeed, he has the gift of tongues, and though not yet eighteen, understands twelve languages—English, Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese."

The East Anglian gipsies looked upon Borrow with considerable curiosity. It is not sufficient to assume that he was popular amongst them because he usually succeeded in getting upon good terms with them. He attributes his success in this respect to the fact that, in consequence of his knowledge of the Romany tongue, and of gipsy habits and customs, they believed he had gipsy blood in his veins. This error on their part served Borrow's purpose well, as it enabled him him to obtain a good deal of curious information that would never have come into his possession had they been aware he was one of the despised "gorgios." He was known amongst them as the Romany Rye; but that is a name by which even at the present day, gipsies distinguish any stranger who can "rokra Romany" to the extent of a dozen words.

It is probable that the "Amazonian Sinfi," who is one of Borrow's most delightful characters, was drawn from a gipsy girl of that name whose exceptional beauty gained her a considerable notoriety, in the Eastern counties and elsewhere. Be this as it may, we know for certain that many of the gipsies met with in "Lavengro" were transferred to its pages from the Norfolk and Suffolk heaths and fairsteads. It was to Jasper Petulengro



(*From a photograph by H. W. Revan, Lowestoft*)

WINTER IN THE EAST ANGLIAN MARSHES

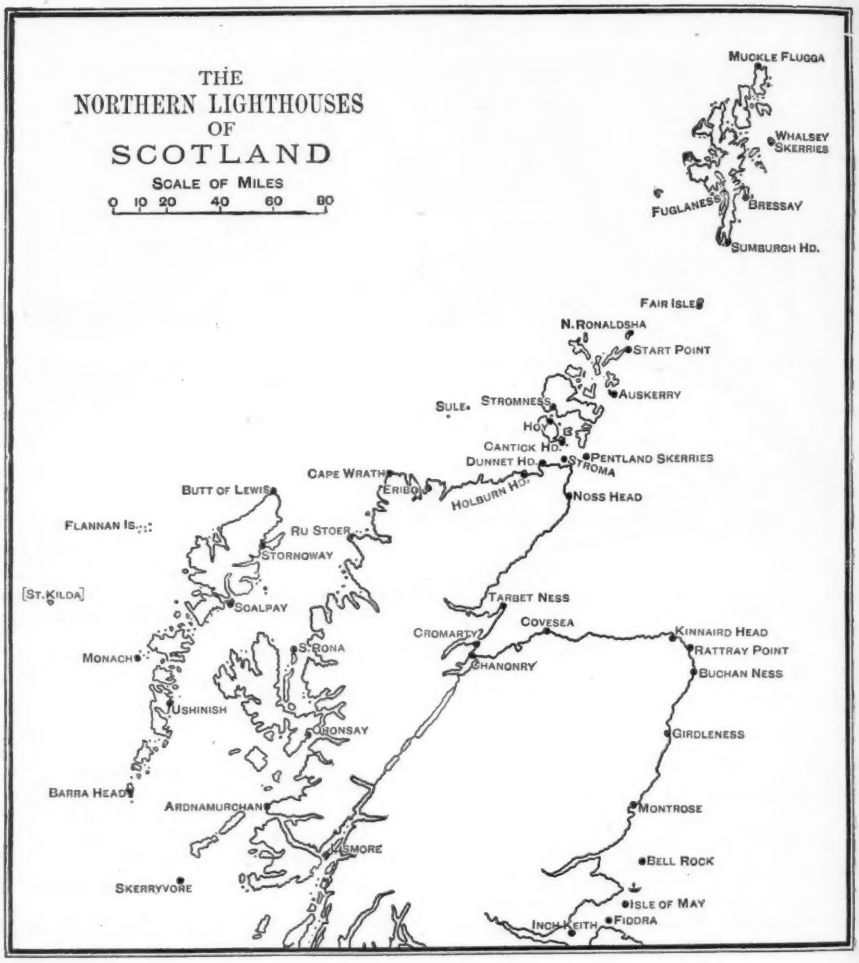
that, on a heath not far from his home, Borrow introduced the Jew of Fez in order that the former might refute the theory entertained by one of his critics that the Romanies were nothing less than the descendants of the two lost tribes of Israel.

Like Bamfylde Moore Carew, though for a far different reason, it was to the gipsy life that Borrow turned after his ill-success at literary work in London. It is easy to read between the lines how heart-breaking must have been his experiences while working with Sir Richard Phillips, and to imagine how great was his sense of freedom when he cast off the shackles of city life, and breathed again the air of the hills and pine-woods of rural England.

As did Cowper, whose bones rest within the church of the little East Anglian town in which Borrow first saw the light, he felt, and all his life maintained, that :

> " 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
> Of fleeting life, its lustre and perfume,
> And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
> Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
> Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes
> Their progress in the road of science ; blinds
> The eyesight of discovery, and begets,
> In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
> Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
> To be the tenant of man's noble form."

Borrow died at Oulton in 1881, and was buried at Brompton Cemetery on August 4 of that year. Previous to his death he lived for some time in London, occupying a house in Hereford Square. He went back to Oulton, as he told his friends, to die. But for the fact that his wife had been previously laid to rest at Brompton, it would seem strange that he should have chosen to sleep his last, long sleep so far from the scenes where he had spent his happiest days. It would be more in keeping with his whole life and nature that his grave should be in the little churchyard at Oulton, which overlooks miles and miles of the level, unbroken valley through which he loved to wander when the twilight deepened and the earth was slowly hidden by the shades of night.



THE LIGHTHOUSES OF THE FAR NORTH

By EDWARD H. ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

FEW people have ever had the opportunity of visiting the lighthouses on the wild, northern coasts and islands of Scotland, and therefore probably the following notes upon the subject, together with the map and photographs, will contain something that is new to many.

The lighthouse service of Scotland and the Isle of Man is managed by a commission of the maritime sheriffs and a few leading citizens of large towns. They employ three well-equipped vessels to carry provisions and stores to their little colonies, planted on headlands or on rocky islands. One can well imagine how welcome must be the arrival of one of these steamers at such lonely spots as Sule Skerry, or Whalsey, or Auskerry, bringing letters, newspapers, books and fresh provisions; yet perhaps the exiles look forward almost more to a chat with some one, even

for a few minutes, from the outside world. There are what are called shore stations and rock stations. In the former, two men live at the base of their tower in comfortable strong-built cottages along with their wives and families; they may be forty miles from a church, as at Ushinish, and the children may have to tramp many a weary mile to school, as at Sumburgh Head, but still they are within the pale of civilisation. They sleep on an iron bedstead and not in a wooden bunk; they can enjoy a dinner cooked with feminine skill; and usually they have a stretch of macadamised road or some grassy ground on which they may drive a cycle or wield a club.

But these luxuries are denied to the inmates of the rock stations. On these, three men keep watch while a fourth enjoys a fortnight at the cottages ashore. At Whalsey and at Rattray Head the keepers can exchange salutations with their families by means of pre-arranged hand signals across the hundred yards of water that separates them: at Muckle Flugga an anxious husband can with his telescope make out the faces of his family if they walk up to the top of a hill. At the Bell Rock and at Skerryvore, in clear weather an "All's well" signal can be read from the shore over twelve miles of sea; but at Sule Skerry, forty miles north east of Cape Wrath, the seabirds and the seals, with an occasional trader, are the only evidences of life that the watchers see between the monthly visits of the *Pole Star*. It is certain that Sule Skerry will welcome the change from monthly to fortnightly reliefs now reported to be under the consideration of the board.

The subject of communication between a rock station and the shore has often been considered by those interested in this service. Carrier pigeons have been tried with success at Ailsa Craig, but at Sule Skerry they have so far failed to give satisfaction. There are telephones in these days that need no wires—thus might the Muckle Flugga tower be linked to the cottages at Burrafirth; there is the simple Morse Code worked manually by a little flag or handkerchief, which an intelligent boy can learn in a week. One can imagine the anxiety with which a keeper would watch his cottage door for the handkerchief that waved him accurate news of his sick wife, or the amusement it might give him to flag home the latest lighthouse jest over the waters. The men on the Outskerry at Whalsey, or on the Ron Rock at Rattray Head, must have often felt the full force of the words "So near and yet so far." I venture to think that in this suggestion there is practical utility as well as a means of relieving the dead monotony of a rock keeper's existence. Many of the stations have been given the mercantile flags and can by their aid communicate with passing vessels; more practice would make some expert signallers among them, but it is not a system in the least suited for communication between the keeper and his home or between the shore and the boat-landing stores.

Coming back to the lighthouse on Sule Skerry—it is a typical one to describe, and

ARDNAMURCHAN POINT

A QUIET LANDING AT THE START, ORKNEY

of modern construction. It rises in the centre of a twelve-acre rocky patch, covered with a rank growth of big daisies and coarse sea-grasses. In the summer time it is the home of countless puffins, cormorants, and terns, who are but little put about by the presence of man. The base of the tower is surrounded by a strong pent-house containing rows of huge oil-cans, whose size and number remind one of Ali Baba's oil-jars in which Morgiana boiled the forty thieves. The lighthouse has naturally many storeys, and nothing to boast of in the way of a staircase; two store-rooms lead up to a kitchen; a bright little fire makes this a pleasant apartment, and having everything within reach is certainly an advantage. On the wall a violin, a concertina, a carved boat, or a full-rigged ship miraculously inserted into a bottle, indicate how the leisure hours are employed. Library books are, of course, regularly supplied, so also is a certain amount of periodical literature. Up further, the men's berths occupy a stage, and close to the pillow there is a fiendish device for waking the next man on watch. This floor has actually two rooms, with tiers of three berths in each, the youngest keeper, of course, having to go aloft. Above this comes the lantern room, a magnificent place glittering with polished brass-work, machinery and crystal facets. The lamp has six rows of circular wicks, is one of the most powerful

THE "PHAROS" AT CAPE WRATH

in the service, and is surrounded by a revolving dome of glass prisms, which concentrate and shoot out the beams over the surface of the water at the rate of three flashes per half-minute. Round the panelled walls various interesting objects catch the eye. There is the time-table, to show lighting-up time for every day in the year, and indicating a 17½ hours night in midwinter; there is a photograph of the lamp itself in full flame, signed by Mr. Stevenson, whose family has been so long and so honourably connected with the lighthouse service; there are certain government and admiralty printed regulations; there is a clock, too, corrected by a dial when the sun shines; and, last of all, a visitors' book, containing as yet but few signatures, though destined in time to hold the names of all the great Scottish lawyers and Lord Provosts who are not afraid of sea-sickness. On the outside is a balcony from which Sule's only neighbour, Stack Skerry, with its teeming feathered population, can be seen; also a faint outline indicates some Sutherland-shire hills; nothing else relieves the dreary prospect of restless water. If not satisfied with this inspection, you can by an outside ladder climb up to the combined ventilator, weathercock, and chimney which crowns this compact structure.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSES AT THE STANDING STONES OF CALLERNISH, LEWIS

After all, one lighthouse much resembles another, but it is strange to find on this utterly out-of-the-way isle of Great Britain, the most modern machinery and the most powerful lighting plant that money can produce. The Bell Rock has a history, and is in a populous district; its foundations are below water-level, it rings bells and fires shots during fogs, and is celebrated and romantic; but the plain white tower on Sule Skerry drives its beams more powerfully over the seas, and its patient attendants have longer terms, and a more lonely, if less cramped, existence than those on the Bell. Skerryvore and the Bell Rock are the fashionable lighthouses; the more northern lights, whose very names are only known to navigators, are unthought of, and their sites never visited by excursion boats.

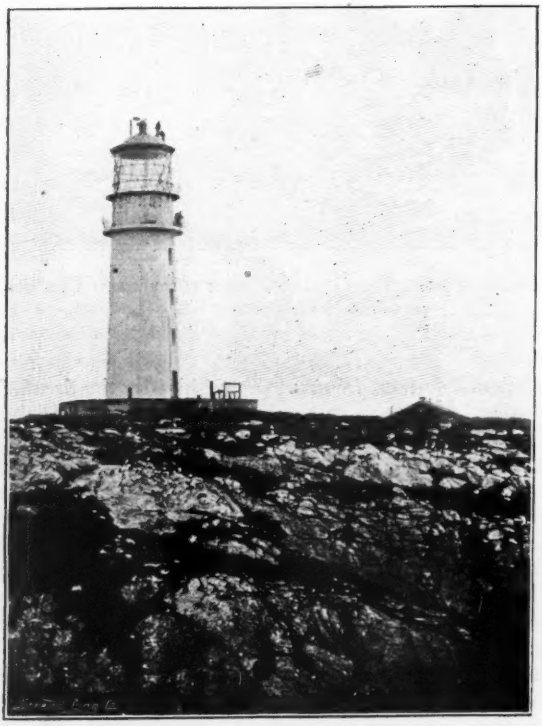
Sir Walter Scott, in the "Pirate," has vividly described some of this northern scenery, as seen from the deck of some former *Pharos*. Since his day the dreaded Pentland Firth has no less than five lighthouses to guide captains among its racing tides and dangerous rocks. A light has just been finished on Stroma, which, with the island of Swona—names suggestive of swirls and gurgling waters—has hitherto been the scene of frequent wrecks. This restless Firth, whether seen in sunshine or in storm, is always impressive; the tides foam and rush in the quietest weather, and a single glance at the chart, with its feathered tide arrows flying in all directions, is enough to increase one's affection for the mainland.

Sir Walter also speaks of Fair Isle, from

whose hill summit the Orkneys and Shetlands are visible on either hand. This island, with its quaint inhabitants, celebrated to this day for their Spanish Armada stockings, has now a north and a south station. In addition to powerful lights, each has a fog-horn worked by an oil engine, and in thick weather their hoarse voices often turn a vessel from the rocks. The note and pitch of fog-horns have been carefully studied recently, and mariners confidently look to the board for further improvements in this branch of coast protection. They boom out also from St. Abb's Head, from Rattray Point, and from several other places.

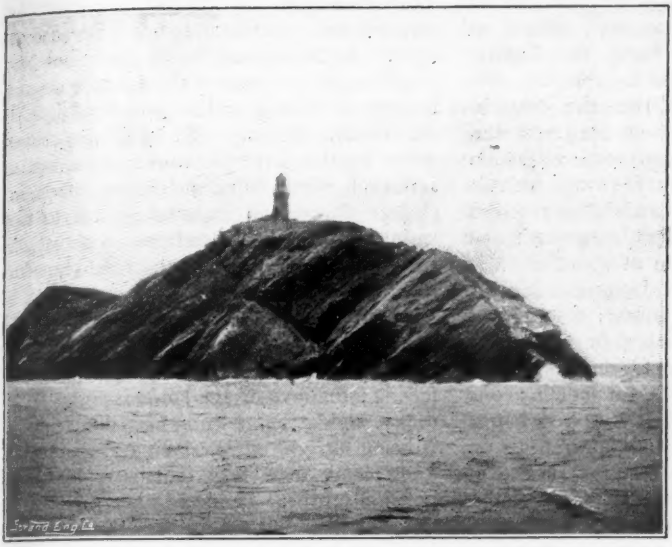
The most interesting work at present in hand is the building of a rock lighthouse on the Flannan Islands, which lie out St. Kilda way, between it and the Lewis. On the completion of official negotiations a contractor from Glasgow is sent on a small steamer with a few men and some plant. First of all, a landing has to be effected, and a landing-place made. The particular islet selected seems about sixty feet high, with wild wave-torn rocky sides and a grassy top. The landing of cranes, stones and gear, the erection of huts on this wind-swept tenement, the hardships, privations and toil entailed before a settlement can be put together, must be a remarkable experience for all concerned. The *Rossgull* carried the hardy contractor and his men out in the middle of August 1896, their aim being, after conquering the difficulties of landing, to get a foundation made before the autumn gales rendered work impossible. So the work will go on, and we shall hear next that the lighthouse is finished, and the timber-laden steamers from Canada will soon recognise in its beams the first sign of Scotland.

With all these warning fires our sailors have fewer risks to run, and these northern waters have lost their ancient terrors; yet there are other outlying dangers that the board has its eye upon. A part of the western seaboard of the Hebrides and the west coast of Shetland are practically unlighted. If the reader happen to know where the Vee Skerries are, he knows a useful site for a lighthouse.



SULE SKERRY LIGHTHOUSE

A very important part of this lighthouse service is the supplying these scattered stations with the necessaries of life and light. The three vessels already mentioned serve the three coasts of Scotland, and have their head-quarters at Granton, Stromness and Oban. To land barrels of oil, with a heavy sea running, takes a lot of care, and is often rough, dangerous work. It says a great deal for the pluck and skill of all concerned that hardly ever, in spite of the ugly rocks that girdle it, has the fortnightly relief man been unable to get off and on the Bell Lighthouse. But probably larger waves are to be found at the most northern extremity of her Majesty's dominions where the Muckle Flugga stands sentinel. A broad avenue, with nasty sunken rocks, leads up to the jetty: if the swell happens to be coming in from the east this approach is sometimes a perfect



THE MUCKLE FLUGGA, THE MOST NORTHERN POINT OF SCOTLAND

inferno. There is what we may call a postern wicket on the landward side through which, with shortened oars, a boat may creep, but in all weathers a call at the Muckle Flugga is anxious work for a landsman. To get up when once landed is a gymnastic exercise. Red-painted rings, and railings are sunk into the rocks; steps are cut, iron bridgelets, solid enough to withstand an Atlantic wave, cross from boulder to boulder; a funicular railway is clamped on to the cliffs for raising the stores. From the summit, and when safe within the little fortress one is inclined to crow about man's victory over the elements, but should a gale suddenly spring up, the incautious visitor may be subjected to a long term of imprisonment. Indeed, it is curious that on three occasions this rock has been shaken by an earthquake, as if the powers below were chafing under the indignity put upon them.

Landing is often difficult also at Cape Wrath, but is specially so at the Butt of Lewis, with its tall brick tower, built in economical days. Contrast its made-in-Germany appearance with the beautiful stone structure on another wild promontory, Ardnamurchan Point—those that built it, built for centuries.

The *Pole Star* and the new *Hesperus* are neat twin-screw fast vessels, just suited for their work; they can turn easily in narrow channels; they can keep their posi-

THE BELL ROCK AT LOW SPRING TIDE

tions alongside gas buoys; and in case of accident they can fly to the rescue at fourteen knots. The *Pharos*, the flagship of the little fleet, is comfortable but old-fashioned; it is on her that the commissioners annually visit their scattered servants. No one can spend some weeks on board during an inspection voyage without remembering the hearty handshakes received on landing to visit the lighthousemen: one may be tempted to smile at some of their little grievances magnified into mountains by being brooded over in solitude: to hear that two families have lived next door on a desert island without speaking to each other for eighteen months is sad but comic; one wonders why as a rule the wives look happy and the men look sad; and one reflects on the unfairness which covers the service of the scarlet coat with glory while these devoted men work on, unknown, undecorated and almost forgotten by the country they serve.

Besides the lighthouses there is much done by the Board of Northern Lights to make the seas safe. There are buoys, some dull, others bright with gas; there is a light-ship ceaselessly pitching off the East point of Fife; there are beacons to mark channels in intricate places. There is also a sort of second class kind of lighthouse, of which examples may be found at Stromness, at Fuglaness, and at Lock Eribol; they are stumpy towers, with a kerosene oil lamp, and are named Lindberg Lights. They need no attendant, want feeding only every few weeks, and occasionally, especially in snowy weather, they get their glass faces washed. They thus give no trouble, are cheap in erection and upkeep, and show a very decent light. At Stromness, by an ingenious application of the heat of the lamp, a shutter is made to revolve and an occulting light is the result. Perhaps the day may come when lightkeepers will be no more and a series of wires from the Board offices in George Street will transmit power to the various towers, the secretary, or perhaps a lady assistant controlling the whole from an ivory keyboard.

Unattractive as the life seems, the light-house service has a certain fascination about it. In early youth Ballantyne inspires the feeling; the love of the lamp is often hereditary, and as more complicated machinery is being introduced, the men are required to know more than how to trim a wick and polish a mirror. If one had been writing of the Board's southern lighthouses, mention, in this connection, would certainly have been made of May Island, at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, with its elaborate electrical and fog-signal machinery.

Unlike the soldier, the lighthouseman is never exposed to the plaudits of the crowd; he remains in the shadow while he flashes his light on the public, and therefore this little article on himself, his home, and the service to which he belongs, must exhibit a similar modesty. His fellow countrymen are none the worse of being reminded that, in common with the two branches of the public service, he too works for their protection, nay, he does even more, for as his own motto says his labours are "In salutem omnium."

SOME OLD GUIDE-BOOKS

By Mrs. E. T. COOK

"LOOK upon these great ranges of the Alps, in what confusion do they lie; they have neither form nor beauty, neither shape nor order, no more than the clouds in the air. Then how barren, how desolate, how naked are they! How they stand neglected by Nature! Neither the rains can soften them, nor the dews from heaven can make them fruitful..... No tempest nor earthquake could put things in more disorder. 'Tis true they cannot look as ill now as they did at first."—*Sacred Theory of the Earth.* By Thomas Burnet (not the Bishop). Published in 1681.

"The town (of Lucerne) is not well built, and the inhabitants see nothing from their windows but narrow streets and winding passages. . . . . At Neuchatel it rained,

and I had the spleen. . . . . Lausanne is a filthy town. . . . . The lake (of Morat) hardly deserves the appellation of a lake, being little more than a large pond. . . . . I think Richmond Hill infinitely superior to anything I have seen."—*Letters from the Continent.* Published in 1812.

"Every one will feel thankful, on closing this book, that he was born in England, a country abounding with blessings unknown in other climates, and where the loss of ease is supplied by the possession of principle, and the want of vivacity is more than balanced by the enjoyment of religion and virtue."—*Preface to a Book of Travel*, 1812.

These extracts, taken at random from early guide-books, sufficiently show the peculiar characteristics of the old style of tourists: the hatred of mountains, the general disregard of the picturesque, the insular prejudice that distinguished the "John Bull" of the past.

The horror men had of old of the mountains has been dwelt on exhaustively by Mr. Leslie Stephen, who ingeniously suggests that the awe and terror inspired by mountains in early days was really the same feeling, more or less, as that which now inspires admiration. If anything, he suggests, the old feeling was more poetical, for it peopled the mountains with dragons, gnomes and fairies. To say nothing of the learned Sir John Mandeville's fictions, an early guide-book writer (Scheuchzer, 1702), went so far as to give maps—we mean engravings—of dragons, which must certainly have gone far towards intimidating the boldest mountain adventurer. Dr. Thomas Burnet, however, whom we quote above, appears to have been struck with the Alps simply as hideous excrescences, quite apart from dragons, goblins, and such like. He was clearly of a practical turn of mind, and, like most men of his day, valued "a view" in proportion to the number of cattle it nourished and the herbage it grew. For notwithstanding the excuses Mr. Leslie Stephen kindly makes for our ancestors, we cannot help feeling that they were totally regardless of the picturesque. All testimony points to this fact. Thus, the cultivated Evelyn alludes in his Diary to the "horrid craggs" of the mountains during his passage into Italy; while Erasmus never so much as looked at the Alps, but, while men were carrying him over on a litter, employed himself in composing a poem on "Old Age." Even Byron, who ought to have known better, contented himself with calling Switzerland "a curst, selfish, swinish country of brutes"; and though Gibbon lived fifteen years in Lausanne, he never climbed a mountain, or even went to the foot of one. "He was not indifferent to mountains, but he preferred them," as Mr. Birrell puts it, "framed in a window."

Endless instances might be enumerated of the antipathy of early travellers to the mountains, an antipathy natural enough to the uneducated and prosaic mind, as any one may see who travels nowadays in Switzerland, and hears from the peasants what they think of their mountains. They regard them with a curious enmity: "England is a beautiful country," they say enviously, "all plain, is it not?" Their view of beauty is, like that of the ancient writers, purely utilitarian. This explains why Mr. Stephen's "highly intelligent Swiss guide" declared that he so infinitely preferred the view of chimney-pots from the South-Western Railway station to the view "from the top of Mont Blanc"! "This frank avowal," says Mr. Stephen plaintively, "set me thinking. Were my most cherished prejudices folly, or was my favourite guide a fool? A question not to be asked! Yet very similar shocks await the student of early Alpine literature." In fact, the general attitude of unsophisticated mankind towards the mountains is something resembling that of the Irish "slavey" towards the black beetles—that God Almighty, whatever He may have created, had at least no hand in *their* making.

The first English book at all pertaining to the guide-book tribe, was "Coryat's Crudities," a handsome volume printed in 1611, full of rhymes and quaint conceits. The whole title runs thus: "*Coryat's Crudities hastily gobled up in five moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, comonly called the Gryson's country: Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands; newly digested in the hungry air of Odcombe in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this Kingdome.*" This work does not give more than two chapters to "Helvetia," and the curious thing is, that of these two chapters six lines only are

given up to description, while the mountains are not mentioned at all, one way or other; only "the passing faire and spacious country" (near Zurich) and "the excellent faire corne-fields." At Zurich he alludes to "the river Sylla into which the ashes of Witches, Sorcerers and Heretiques are cast." "The diet of Switzerland," he says, "is passing good at most places; the charge is something reasonable; for my Spanish shilling did most commonly discharge my shot when I spent most." But then Tom Coryat did not seem to expect too much in the way of comfort, for he was a bit of a philosopher, and when he had to sleep *al fresco* he consoled himself —like the modern Alpine climbers—with the very sensible reflection that he "did not deserve the sweet junkats of my little experience, without some bitter pilles and hard brunts of adverse fortune." An unpleasant experience he certainly had near Baden, in which he does not appear in the light of a hero. Meeting near Baden, he says, "2 clownes commonly called Boores," he was so afraid of them that he determined to pose as a mendicant friar, and they gave him, "poore as they were," fourpence halfpenny, "which paid for half my supper that night at Baden." As Julius Cæsar is the only authority on Switzerland quoted in this volume, we conclude that poor Tom Coryat had not much to go upon. What he liked best in all his travels were distinctly the "Great Tun" of Heidelberg, and the "striking clock" of Strasburg; of these he gives most elaborate woodcuts. Zurich, indeed, interests him more than any place in Switzerland: but here also we get wonderfully little information, for the author (who appears to have been a considerable pedant) quotes at their weary length many "Latine Epistles that I sent to some of the learned men of the Citie." And not only Latin, but Greek epistles follow to the said "learned men"! What an intolerable amount of Greek and Latin stuffing to one half-pennyworth of guide-book!

Coryat's book, indeed, is not a guide-book in our sense of the word. But then, in his day, people rarely, if ever, travelled for pleasure; they came to Switzerland "bent on some serious errand, military, religious, or medicinal." Coryat himself seems mainly to have gone for the purpose of firing off learned treatises at the heads of the Zurich professors. From about 1760, after Rousseau had written "La Nouvelle Héloise," with its first really appreciative description of Swiss scenery, travelling came into fashion. At first, indeed, it was confined to towns, then to lakes and valleys. No one dreamt of climbing mountains, for the reason that people were very much afraid of them. "Crossing passes," says Mr. Coolidge, "was bad enough, but it was necessary for travellers approaching Italy by land; willingly, however, to incur fatigue and danger in climbing a peak would have then been looked on as a sign of folly." And peaks still inspired terror, for when dragons and goblins began to be disbelieved in, books of travel kept up the "mountain gloom" by continual allusions to "the cries of eagles and their unpleasant habit of picking out the eyes of travellers." Even so late as 1814, Mrs. Shelley records ("Diary of a Six Weeks' Tour") how "our voiturier," engaged in France to drive to Neuchatel, "was scared by the mountains, and begged to be allowed to return home."

Early guide-books, those, that is to say, of the eighteenth century, and even up to 1830—for guide-book writing had such a long infancy that we must perforce also call these "early"—mostly took you on the same old round, the "round of the lakes," by Fluelen, Lucerne, Interlaken, Brienz, and Thun. The St. Gotthard is almost the only pass they mention. Early guide-books are also very fond of giving a list of the Swiss cantons, and dry facts about the "Helvetic Confederacy," with generally the story of William Tell and the apple, dramatically, if rudely, illustrated.

For the rest, the guide-books published in the earlier part of this century are mostly remarkable for the insular prejudice to which they catered. They always, either openly or "between the lines," seem to be admonishing their readers to

> ". . . thank the goodness and the grace
> That on my birth have smiled,
> And made me in this Christian land
> A happy English child."

As soon as the Englishman began to go about the world, he became conscious of his immense superiority over his neighbours. He seems to have an overpowering desire that all humanity should be built on the same pattern, and feels terribly troubled over

communities that do not in all respects conform to the English rule.

Passing to the books of Swiss travel of a somewhat later date, we are struck by the large number of them written by ladies. Although in fear of offending the "New Woman," we must say that ladies' guide-books are evident at first sight—even from their titles. In the fifties ladies chose very romantic titles for their guide-books: "Light Leaves gathered in 1859–1860"; "Voyage en Zigzag"; "A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa." Nowadays the climbing sisterhood would disdain such trivialities—for do they not consider themselves equal to men, nay, have they not proved it by their exploits? And the remarks of lady tourists in old guide-books are often very funny as regarded by the light of present experiences. In some of them ladies are apparently recommended to wear "face masks," and Miss L. Tuckett, in her "Voyage en Zigzag," gives some amusing sketches of a party of women thus attired. In the "Lady's Tour of Monte Rosa" (1859), such words constantly recur as "no lady should attempt this," "no lady should do that," indeed, it is rarely considered possible that any woman should walk; she is always advised to go on mule-back. Here is an amusing recipe for a lady's mountain get-up:

"Small rings should be sewn inside the seams of the dress, and a cord passed through them, the ends of which should be knotted together in such a way that the whole dress may be drawn up at a moment's notice to the requisite height."

What a terrible picture this, together with the "face-mask," suggests! And what would the Alpine lady-climbers of to-day say to the following:

"It [a day's very easy ramble] would be more than a lady ought to attempt; but I am satisfied that it might be done by a first-rate walker."

Or this (about the inn on the Monte Moro Pass):

"No lady ought to complain of the inn merely on account of the roughness of its deal furniture, or the primitive character of its cookery, for without this sleeping place it would be scarcely possible for her, *unless she incurred dreadful fatigue*, to cross the Moro at all."

We can well imagine the shudder of the robust damsel of to-day in reading this. And not only the robust—for everybody walks and climbs now. Why Mrs. Main, indeed, assures us that the only certain cure for consumption is to climb "The High Alps in Winter."

Murray's earliest "Handbook to Switzerlanp," published in 1838, still alludes to ladies as "fair travellers," and with regard to mountain excursions declares that "When the travelling party includes ladies, a guide is required to attend on each." The only other great evidence of antiquity it shows is in advising the male tourist to "wear a blouse" over the usual dress; a blouse "made like a smock-frock, and to be bought ready made in any German town." And it must surely have been a temperance man who wrote the preface, for the traveller is informed that "those who enter a Swiss inn, tired, hot and thirsty, after a long walk or dusty ride, MAY ask for a bottle of 'Limonade gazeuse!'" The tourist, or latterly, the bicyclist, on Swiss routes may, and does, often ask—in that "fine terse, continental English" so admired by Kinglake—for something stronger than "limonade gazeuse!"

Perhaps in these latter days familiarity with the mountains has bred some contempt. There is something to be said for Mr. Ruskin's complaint that the young Englishman regards the Alps very much in the light of "greased poles;" things to be "done" and boasted of, to be rushed up and vanquished without a thought of their beauties. Nor is this the only mistake into which the multiplication of guide-books has led us. Fastidious and selfishly inclined persons may, with some show of reason, complain that we have "vulgarised" the mountains. They were sacred to the few; they are now common to the many. They are brought within reach—not of Mahomet—but of "the Masses." You cannot ascend a hill near St. Moritz without finding ginger-beer bottles and a Kodak on the top, you cannot climb near Grindelwald without discovering sandwich-papers and a lecturer.

It is curious that, in 1536, two learned German writers composed a metrical dialogue between the peak of the Shreckhorn and its neighbour the Niesen, "in which the peaks discuss, *inter alia*, the men living at their base, with a delightful unconsciousness that the descendants of those men could ever be daring enough to disturb their loneliness by coming in great numbers." And now not only is their solitude desecrated, but the railway engine whistles at their feet and even

threatens to ascend their utmost peaks. There may still be mountain glory and mountain gloom, but the mountain mystery has gone for ever.

It is certainly very charming to be able to use Switzerland as an "open space" for jaded Londoners, or as a trapeze for the college youth; but yet, in the old times travel must have had its charms—in the old days when no "personally conducted" tours were in existence; when the comfortable, roomy, travelling-carriage waited at the doors of the hostelry at nine each morning, and when extortion and greed had not followed in the track of the traveller; when a squeaky "Alpine horn" did not dog his footsteps, nor ragged children yell after him for coppers; yes, even when there were comparatively few guide-books in existence. Compare with this the latest development of the pioneering spirit—a small red volume intended for the use of bicyclists, and called (we beg the reader not to shudder)—"Le Continong." Guide-books now pour down upon us in shoals; all are painstaking, and most are interesting; there is almost a danger of "not seeing the forest for the trees;" but what is the result? We have "banished Apollo and the Muses" from the mountains and valleys that we love; and what, some grumblers may ask, have we gained in exchange?

The poet Shelley walked through France and the Jura to Neuchatel, "buying a little ass" to help him on his journey, receiving lasting impressions from each passing scene, and stopping where the spirit moved him. The modern tourist tears along the same route mounted on his bicycle, at break-neck speed, and carries the whole "Continong" in his pocket.

ON SIDEBOARDS

By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

THE dining-table pre-supposes the sideboard. If the table has to be served, there must be some place on which dishes, decanters, trays, &c., will have to be put before they are set on the table, or to be used as a board for temporary deposit, during the course of a meal. But the sideboard from a very early period was employed, not merely as a convenience during a meal, but as a vehicle for display, and it is now, and always has been the buffet on which has been exhibited the wealth of the household in plate.

DELPHICA, OR TABLE, FROM THE FRESCO IN THE CATACOMBS

The Romans made a great point of display of their silver eating and drinking vessels, which were set out on the *trapezophoron* or *abacus*, in addition to such as were in requisition during the dinner or supper. The *trapezophoron* was actually the lower portion of marble, bronze, or silver, and was elaborately carved or moulded, and on this rested the *abacus*, which was the table itself. Cato, in the old days of simple Roman life, could speak of it

as a kitchen table, but the splendid sideboard groaning under its weight of silver and gold plate, was an introduction from Asia in B.C. 187; and Cicero mentions the gold vessels on it. On a sardonyx goblet of somewhat later period, preserved at Paris, is the representation of such a sideboard resting on four legs, and heaped up with goblets and statuettes. Pliny mentions nine gold vessels encrusted with jewels on one of these sideboards.

Another sort of table used for much the same purpose was the *Delphica*, resting on three legs, and with a round slab on top. This is the table so repeatedly represented in the frescoes of the Catacombs. It is that in the Catacomb of S. Callixtus with the Eucharistic bread and fish laid on it, so that apparently it was this sort of table that was specially employed by the early Christians for an altar. It cannot have been largely employed for the display of plate, but was rather used for setting on it the dishes for the meal.

We know that at a Roman banquet the food was not placed at once on the table, but was introduced on a large tray, called the *repositorium*, originally of wood but afterwards of silver, and was so arranged that the dishes not only stood side by side, but were arranged one above another, something like a what-not. As often as a course was introduced, so often did the *repositorium* come in, and the guests were expected to put out their hands and take from the what-not that which they fancied. However, it required a certain amount of culinary accomplishment to know which dishes to select in their proper order. The Roman table formed three sides of a square, and the "repository" was brought into the midst.

But a side-table for the broken meats and for dirty dishes must have been required, and such a table I fancy, was the *delphica*, and the *abacus* was reserved for the drinking vessels, and show of plate. This *delphica* was represented in the Middle Ages by the buffet. This was a round table placed in the room, free standing, and not against the wall. The modern sideboard is the old dresser. At the same time the buffet was laden with goblets and refreshments. Oliver de la Marche, in his account of the marriage of Charles de Bourg with Margaret of York, says: "With regard to the service, Madam, the new Duchess was attended by a butler and a carver and bread-bearer, all English-

SIDEBOARD OR COURT CUPBOARD OF THE MIDDLE AGES

men and knights, and men of high family. Then the steward called, 'Knights to the meat!' Thereupon all went to the buffet to get meat, and all the relatives of Monsieur walked round it; and all the knights in their several order, two and two, with trumpets sounding before the meat."

He also describes the buffet. It was lozenge shaped, and covered with a cloth embroidered with coats of arms; and it had stages behind like steps. At the bottom were silver gilt vessels of large size, above that on the next steps, vessels of pure gold inlaid with precious stones, and above that again, one magnificent goblet richly encrusted with stones. At the corners of the buffet were sculptured unicorns.

It is clear from this description that the buffet and dresser were united. But usually

the dresser had no meat placed on it: it was intended simply for display. Each shelf had an embroidered cover, and the whole had not infrequently a canopy above it. Sometimes it was open below, but very often it had cupboards in which the plate was preserved out of sight when not exposed.

The old English name for the sideboard was court cupboard. In "Romeo and Juliet" one servant cries out to another, while the tables are being cleared after dinner:

> "Away with the joint stools, remove the court cupboard, look to the plate."

Singer, in his "Commentaries on Shakespeare," notes hereon: "The court cupboard was the ancient sideboard: it was a cumbrous piece of furniture, with stages or shelves gradually receding, like stairs, to the top, whereon the plate was displayed at festivals."

The number of shelves indicated and distinguished the nobility of the host. It would have been quite out of place for an ordinary English squire to have had stages at the back of his cupboard; at the same time it would be quite in order for his kitchen dresser to be set out with pewter.

Dame Eleanor of Poitiers, in "Les Honneurs de la Cour," informs us that two steps were allowed to the wife of a banneret, three to a countess, four to a princess, and five to a queen.

In the "Laurea Austriaca," a curious old Latin book published in 1627, giving an account of an entertainment given by King James I. of England to the Spanish Ambassadors, during the negotiations about the marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta of Spain, there is an interesting illustration that represents the king at table with one of the ambassadors. Behind him are two court cupboards, or sideboards, each of five stages, as became a king, and each laden with plate. It will be noticed that there are

OLD ENGLISH SIDEBOARD OR COURT CUPBOARD

JAMES I. DINING WITH SPANISH AMBASSADOR, AND BEHIND HIM TWO SIDEBOARDS OF FIVE STAGES, AS BECAME A KING

only two, or possibly three knives on the table, and not a single fork or spoon.

It is now thought that forks were employed by the ancient Romans, but rarely. Two silver forks, believed to be of the Imperial period, were found in Rome in 1874, but it is possible they may be Renaissance articles. Usually the Romans employed the ends of their spoons, the handles, for forks, and these were either sharp-pointed, or turned down as hoofs or claws, to hold the meat, whilst the hand grasped the bowl of the spoon.

Coryat, in his "Crudities," 1611, remarks that in his travels in Italy he found that forks were then used at meals. "For which, with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the fork which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company as having transgressed the lawes of good manners;" and he adds: "Hereupon, I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England, since I came home: being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, Mr. Lawrence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me 'Furcifer,' only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

The dresser originally was a table, on which the meat was dressed for sending into the hall, but as it was necessary for the cook to have his dishes and sauce-boats near at hand, a back was put to it, with shelves, and this was called a tremlet; then the kitchen dresser with its tremlet, was dignified by carving and tricked out with drapery, and was turned into the court cupboard, or sideboard of the hall. And so it is that even in articles of furniture there are orders and ranks and degrees. But they all come of one simple stock, all descend like man from a common ancestor, and the lordly oak sideboard, with its stages burdened with gold and silver plate, with goblets and trays, is but a cousin of the kitchen dresser of deal, with its rack of common plates and dishes.

THE CROWNING OF MONARCHS

I.—EARLY ENGLISH KINGS

By the Very Rev. A. P. PUREY-CUST, D.D., Dean of York

FIRST PAPER

THE custom of marking the commencement of a king's reign by some special rite is a very ancient one. The Jewish kings, like the Jewish high priests, were anointed; but, as the crown was amongst the insignia of their new royalty, it is probable that they were also crowned, and, in some cases, certain that they were. We read, for example, of the crowning as well as the anointing of King Joash; and when David, or rather Joab, had subdued Rabbah, the crown which the king had worn, was taken from him and placed upon David's head. And perhaps, even most definitely in the case of Jehoash, for we are told in 2 Kings xi. that Jehoiada brought forth the king's son and put the crown upon him and gave him the testimony and they made him king, and anointed him, and they clapped their hands and said God save the king. We find also, in the same passage, the administration of a coronation oath, and the ceremony of enthroning. "Jehoiada made a covenant between the Lord and the king and the people that they should be the Lord's people, between the king also and the people. And he took the rulers over hundreds, and the captains, and the guard, and all the people of the land, and they brought down the king from the house of the Lord, and came by the way of the gate of the guard to the king's house. And he sat on the throne of the kings."

The practice of anointing is also frequently mentioned. As early as the book of Judges ix. 8 we find Jotham in his parable saying "the trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them." One hundred years afterwards Saul and all his successors were anointed, as was, by the direct command of God, Hazael, king of Syria, 1 Kings xix. 15; and of Cyrus, king of Persia, in the book of Isaiah xlv. 1, we read "thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus," and David's words to the Amalekite who boasted that he had slain Saul, were "How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed?"

In the ancient Roman Empire the laurel or fillet was a usual mark of dignity, and after the time of the Aurelian it became the principle ensign of the empire until the time of Constantine, who thought that it was not fit for him any longer to wear the laurel, that had so demolished the Temples of Apollo to whom it was known to be sacred. And therefore, to imitate the fashion of the kings of the Jews, he took the diadem of gold and stones, and was thus the first that used anything of that kind. Until the time of the Emperor Justin, the younger, the solemn putting on of the diadem was done only by the Imperial guard, or else by the preceding Emperor in designing his successor. The first that appears to have been crowned by the Patriarch of Constantinople was Justin, the younger, who succeeded Justinian.

The use of sceptres is also of ancient date. In Homer we have σκηπτοῦχοι βασιλῆες, kings with sceptres. And the old Egyptians represented Osiris, their god, by the shape of a sceptre with an eye in it. While in sacred history we all know the words of the prophecy, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah until Shiloh come," indicating thereby the continuance of the supreme authority.

Among the nations of modern Europe we find a tolerably exact counterpart of all these observances. After the destruction of the western Roman Empire, the tribal chiefs or kings amongst whom the Roman territory was divided appear generally to have been crowned on their election or succession to office. This was customary amongst Franks, Lombards, Burgundians, and our own Saxon ancestors. The revival of the Empire by Charlemagne was marked by his solemn coronation at Rome by the

Roman Pontiff. His successors in the Empire for more than 800 years were without exception inaugurated in the same way. On the day before the coronation the Roman Elders met the Emperor elect at the gate of their city, had their charter confirmed by him, and received an oath from him that he would preserve their good customs. On the next day the Emperor went to St. Peter's and was there met by the Pope and his clergy, and solemnly blessed and crowned. From Frederick III., 1440, this custom, always distasteful to the Roman people, ceased to be observed. Charles V. received the crown at the Pope's hands not at Rome but at Bologna, and, at the same time, the Lombard or Italian crown. There were, besides the Imperial crown, three other distinct crowns, some, or all, of which were assumed by each emperor according to his respective rights: The German crown, temp. Charles V., the most important of the four, taken at Aix-la-Chapelle; the Lombard or Italian crown, taken at Milan; the Burgundian crown, at Arles. From the time of Charles V. down to the close of the Empire, 1806, every Emperor bound himself at his accession that he would proceed to Rome and receive the crown from the Pope, but as a matter of fact no one complied with the obligation.

The theory then of coronation, thus generally practised through so many ages, seems to be this, viz., that the Church is the witness to the contract between the rulers and their subjects, in other words that religion is a safeguard on the one hand for the freedom of the people, on the other for the authority of the chief magistrate.

Hence it is that, in countries in which the civil and ecclesiastical powers are in accordance, each succession to the regal dignity is accompanied by the act of coronation.

The chief magistrate is presented to his future subjects by the principal spiritual ruler, and the people accept him with acclamation, their presence at this solemn anointing and coronation ratifying their assent to his authority and their obedience, while the actual gift of the dignity and power will be regarded as coming from God.

Surely a far more acceptable and becoming aspect to a believing and praying people, than that it is the result of their own will and caprice, and far more likely to impress the solemnity and responsibility of the office upon him who then assumes it, than if he simply received it as a purely temporal appointment or merely in right of inheritance.

As regards our own country, there is no doubt that the preaching of Christianity led to the introduction of such sacred and impressive rites, though from the natural deficiency of any records in those uncultured and primitive times, the precise date of their adoption must be rather guessed than definitely ascertained. We can only conjecture concerning the investment of Æthelbert, the first converted king amongst the Saxons, or of any of the earlier Christian princes of the Heptarchy. Indeed for 200 years after the coming of St. Augustine we know nothing. But in the year 785 the Saxon Chronicle informs us Egfirth was "hallowed to king" by his father, Offa, King of Mercia.

Dean Stanley, in his "Annals of Westminster," says that the coronation of Aidan by Columba, 571, was the earliest. In the introduction to a recent publication of the "Liber regalis," of which more hereafter, we are told that the earliest coronation of a Christian prince, within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland, is that of Dermot, or Diormid, supreme monarch of Ireland, by his relation Columba, date about 558.

In 795 Eardwulf, King of Northumbria, was consecrated and placed upon his throne by Eanbalde, Archbishop, and Æthelberte, Higbalde, and Badwulfe, Bishops. In 856 Edmund, King of the West Angles, was crowned at Bures, near Sudbury, in Suffolk, by Hulnbert, Bishop of Elmham. In 872 Alfred the Great was crowned on the throne of Wessex at Winchester, the capital. King Arthur was crowned at Stonehenge,* Edward the Elder succeeded Alfred, and he and the seven succeeding kings to Ethelred, A.D. 900–978, were crowned on the King's Stone, still to be seen in the market-place of Kingston-on-Thames, by Odo and Dunstan, successively Archbishops of Canterbury. Canute was crowned by Livingus in London. Edward the Confessor at Winchester on Easter Day, 1042, by Eadsius, Archbishop of Canterbury. Harold II. was crowned by Aldred, Archbishop of York, Friday, January 5, 1006, but where is not recorded.

* "Rishanger Annals" (Stanley).

The order of the service used at the coronation of Ætheldred II. on Easter Sunday, 978, is preserved in the Cotton MS. It is, of course, in Latin, and contains some very simple and beautiful prayers; the ceremonial seems to have been formed on the pattern of the Scriptural examples which I have already quoted, and to have consisted of an election or recognition by bishops and people, then a threefold oath, followed by his solemn consecration to God by the Bishop, who then anoints him with oil, girds him with a sword, and places the crown upon his head saying, "May God crown thee with a crown of glory, and with the honour of justice, and the power of fortitude; that by the grace of our benediction, with right faith and abundant fruit of good works, you may attain to the crown of an everlasting kingdom, through His bounty whose kingdom shall endure for ever and ever." Then the sceptre of royal power is delivered to him with a prayer, followed by the delivery of the rod of virtue and justice, "by which you may understand how to soothe the good and terrify the evil, guide the erring, give a hand to the fallen, scatter the proud, relieve the lowly." This is succeeded by a long and very beautiful blessing, a short address or sermon and a final prayer. The service concluding with the coronation of the Queen, who receives a ring, and the celebration of the Mass or Holy Communion. This service was probably used at all the coronations of the Saxon kings.

William the Conqueror was the first King crowned at Westminster, Christmas Day, 1066, by Aldred, Archbishop of York, Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, being suspended from his rank in consequence of his refusal to take part in the ceremony because of the Conqueror's cruelties. The assembled bishops, nobles, and people, within the Abbey responded so loudly to the Archbishop's demand whether they desired that William should reign over them, that the Norman soldiery outside, supposing that a rebellious tumult was raised, set fire to the building; at which the congregation rushed out in alarm and were trampled upon by the horses' hoofs of their conquerors, William himself, for the first time in his life, trembling from head to foot, and the remainder of the ceremony being hurried on in the now almost deserted church.

The regalia were strictly Anglo-Saxon, the crown of Alfred or St. Edward for the king, the crown of Edith, wife of the Confessor, for the queen; the sceptre with the dove, the reminiscence of Edward's peaceful days after the expulsion of the Danes; the gloves, a reminder of the abolition of Danegelt, a token that the King's hands should be moderate in taking taxes; the ring, with which, as the Doge to the Adriatic, the king should be wedded to his people, was the "ring of the pilgrim," concerning which there is the following legend: Edward the Confessor walking one day near his palace at Westminster, was accosted by a pilgrim on his way to Jerusalem, who solicited alms. The good king, having no money in his purse, drew the ring from his finger and gave it to the suppliant, who departed on his way. When he reached Jerusalem St. John the Divine appeared to him, asked him for the ring, and, on his presenting it to him, blessed it, returned it to him, and told him to take it back to the king with the assurance of his future beatification. This charge the pilgrim scrupulously obeyed. And the ring was used at all subsequent coronations and was known as the wedding ring of England, being carefully treasured amongst the relics in Westminster Abbey. At the time of the Reformation, however, it was disposed of with the other relics, and since then a new ring, engraved with a plain St. George's cross, has been provided for the Sovereign at the coronation. The great stone chalice which was borne by the Chancellor to the altar and out of which the Abbot of Westminster administered the sacramental wine, was another portion of the ancient regalia dating from "Saint Edward's days." Also a copy of the Gospels, said to have belonged to Athlestan, on which the coronation oath was taken. The regalia were kept at Westminster, eventually in the king's jewel house on the south side of the Chapter House, built temp. Richard II., and still standing; now the depository of the records of the House of Lords. In the reign of Henry VIII. they were removed to the Tower and broken to pieces in the time of the Commonwealth, 1649. The present regalia, made for the most part at the Restoration, are kept in the Tower, though placed in the Jerusalem Chamber before each coronation, while the Dean, as the successor of the ancient

Abbot, still plays a prominent part in the arrangement and duties of the Coronation day, and in administering the chalice at the Holy Communion, and the assent of the people of England to the election of the Sovereign finds its expression in the shouts of the Westminster boys from their recognised seats in the Abbey.

William Rufus, the Conqueror's second son, was crowned at Westminster, September 29, 1087, seventeen days after his father's death, by Lanfranc, the first Norman Primate, with the one remaining Saxon bishop, Wulfstan.

Henry I. was crowned at Westminster, August 5, 1100, four days after his brother's death in the New Forest, by Maurice, Bishop of London, in the absence of Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and before Thomas, Archbishop of York, who had hurried up to London from Ripon to recover the lost privileges of his see at Anselm's consecration, could arrive. His wife, Matilda, was crowned on November 11 following, and, never since the battle of Hastings, had there been such a joyous day as when Queen Maud, the descendant of Alfred, was crowned in the Abbey and feasted in the great Hall.

Stephen, grandson of William the Conqueror, was crowned on St. Stephen's Day, 1135, by William, Archbishop of Canterbury, his uncle, Henry I. having died of eating lampreys on December 1; but his coronation teemed with omens of the misfortunes which followed him, the kiss of peace was forgotten, and the Host given at the Holy Communion suddenly disappeared.

The Coronation of Henry II. took place at the Abbey, Sunday before Christmas Day, 1154, December 19. Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, presided, assisted by the Archbishop of Rouen, and the Archbishop of York, and, sixteen years after, Henry directed that his eldest son should be crowned King Henry III. in his lifetime, but this well-intentioned precaution was only the occasion of misfortunes, the proud young prince insulted his father, who attended him at the coronation banquet, by remarking "the son of an earl may well wait upon the son of a king." Becket, then Archbishop of Canterbury, excommunicated Archbishop Roger, of York, and his coadjutor Bishops of London, Durham, Salisbury, and Rochester, for presuming to officiate in his absence, and this inflamed the quarrel, which had already commenced between the king and himself, which ended in his murder, while the young prince himself died an early death before his father.

The Coronation of Richard I. September 13, 1139, is the first of which any large account is given by our old historians, Hoveden and Matthew Paris, each furnishing a detailed account of the ceremonial as it continued to be celebrated. The procession from the palace to the Abbey—the spurs—the swords—the sceptre—the Bishops of Durham and Bath supporting the king on the right and left—the oath—the anointing, the crown taken by the king himself from the altar and given to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was assisted by the Archbishops of Rouen, Tours, and Dublin.

There was an unusual array of magnates, but the festivity was disgracefully terminated by a massacre of the Jews, who had been strictly forbidden to appear at the ceremony, as they were supposed (on previous occasions) to have attended simply to exercise a baleful influence by their enchantments. Some of them, however, being found trying to pass into the Hall; they were driven out with blows, and many of them killed and their houses attacked. The day, too, had been pronounced a day of evil omen by astrologers: a bat had been seen fluttering through the Church, and inconveniently circling round the throne, and thus the temper of the people was much excited. One unhappy Israelite, named Benedict of York, consented to be baptized to save his life, but the panic and consequent massacre spread not only throughout London, but to other cities and towns and especially to York. Richard was crowned again on his return from captivity in 1194, at Winchester, the last trace of the Saxon regal character of that city, the three swords, on this occasion, being borne by the King of Scotland and the Earls of Warren and Chester.

King John was crowned on Ascension Day, 1199, by Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury. The five Barons of the Cinque Ports, being then granted the privilege (which they long maintained) of carrying the canopy over the king as he went to the Abbey and during his anointing.

At the death of King John, London being in possession of the dauphin Louis who had

been invited to take the crown during the troubles of the late reign, Henry III., then a boy of nine years old, was crowned at Gloucester on the festival of SS. Simon and Jude, 1216, by the Bishops of Winchester and Bath and in the presence of Gualo, the Legate.

In 1220 he was crowned again at Westminster by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Eleanor, his beautiful queen, on her marriage, January 20, 1236. Matthew Paris gives a minute account of the latter, the crowd of nobles, the concourse of minstrels, the profusion of banners and garlands, the solemnities of the Church, the festivities of the banquet, the gaiety of the jugglers, the comeliness of her attendants. In fine he says, "Whatever the world could produce of glory or delight was there conspicuous."

Henry III. died 1272, but Edward I., owing to his absence in the Holy Land, was not crowned until August 19, 1274. Little worthy of record is told us thereof, except that Alexander III., King of Scotland, attended and did homage, and that 500 great horses (Holinshed records) on which the kings and their nobles had ridden to the Abbey "were let go at libertie catch them that catch might." During his reign, however, the king provided a famous addition to the insignia of all future coronations—even the famous stone and chair which exist in the Abbey at this very day. Up to that time the kings, as they passed from the palace to the Abbey, were lifted to a marble seat twelve feet long and three feet broad, placed at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and called "The King's Bench." Dean Stanley gives the following account, gathered from Holinshed's "History of Scotland," of the traditional history of the mystic stone which was henceforth to take its place. The stony pillar, on which Jacob slept at Bethel, was, by his countrymen, transported to Egypt. Thither came Gahelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, and married Scota, daughter of Pharaoh. He and his Egyptian wife, alarmed at the rising greatness of Moses, fled with the stone to Sicily or Spain. From Spain it was carried off by Simon Brech, the favourite son of Milo the Scot, to Ireland; having cast it on the shore as his anchor (who Taylor tells us in his "Glory of Regality," was crowned upon it 700 years before the birth of Christ, on the sacred hill of Tara) it became "Lia fail" the stone of destiny. On it the kings of Ireland were placed: if the chief was a true successor the stone was silent, if a pretender it groaned aloud as with thunder. Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, carried it to Scotland 330 years before Christ, and placed it in the wall of Dunstaffnage Castle where a hole is still shown in which the stone is said to have been laid. In 840 A.D. the stone was moved by Kenneth II. and placed on a raised plot of ground "because that the last battle with the Picts was there fought."

In 850 it was placed in the Abbey Church, inclosed in a chair of wood, on which Kenneth caused to be engraved on it the following Celtic inscription: "The race of Scots of the true blood, if the prophecy be not false, unless they possess the stone of fate shall fail to obtain the regal power." In later times this prophecy assumed a different form.

"Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti, quocumque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

Here all the Scottish kings were crowned upon it until the year 1296, when the victorious Edward brought the stone to England and left it, as an offering of conquest, at the shrine of the Confessor.

Professor Ramsay, director of the Geological Survey of England, examined this stone at the request of the Dean in 1863, and has left a long statement thereon, the substance of which is that it is of dull reddish or purplish sandstone, of which the country round Dunstaffnage consists. He is inclined to think that it is part of the same block of which the doorway at the Castle is composed. It is very improbable that it should have come from Tara, as the rocks there are of the carboniferous age, and do not present the texture and red colour of the stone. Neither could it have come from Iona, where the rocks are of a flaggy micaceous grit or gneiss, and as to Bethel, the rocks there are formed of strata of limestone. So I am afraid that tradition and science are, once again, at variance. However the chair in which it is placed was, according to the wardrobe accounts at Westminster, made for its reception at the direction of King Edward by Adam, the king's workman. At first it was to have been of bronze, but the

King changed his mind. And a chair of wood of the same pattern was constructed at the cost of one hundred shillings, Master Walter providing two leopards in wood, and carving and painting it at the cost of 13*s.* 4*d.*; he also received £1 19*s.* 7*d.* for the step or platform on which it was placed and for colours and gold employed, and for making a covering for the said chair. The present steps and lions are modern work. Sir Gilbert Scott, in his "Gleanings from Westminster Abbey," gives a long account of the original decorations of the chair, of which traces still remain; it seems to have been covered with gesso, which was afterwards gilded and burnished and a pattern pricked upon it by means of a blunt instrument before the ground and gilding had lost their elasticity. The inside of the arms were decorated with foliage, with very spiritedly executed birds, and there are some remains of a figure on the back, probably a king, seated, his feet resting upon a lion, and glass mosaics appear to have been employed. When in all the freshness of its glass mosaics and historiated gilding it must have been an artistic piece of furniture. It is now but a wreck of its former magnificence much disfigured by names and letters cut upon it.

Every English Sovereign, from that time, has been inaugurated upon it, except Queen Mary, and only once has it been moved out of the Abbey, when Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall. It is six feet seven inches in height, twenty-four inches in depth, and the width of the seat withinside is twenty-eight inches. At nine inches from the ground is a frame to support the stone, which was anciently only seen through open quatrefoils of which those in front are all broken away, while the others have lost the shields which they once enclosed. The first English king who sat in this august seat was Edward II., who, with his wife Isabella, was crowned on Shrove Sunday 1308, by Woodcock, Bishop of Winchester, one of a commission of three named by Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was absent and ill at Rome.

During the ceremony the king offered a pound of gold "made like a king," and Speed tells us that Piers Gaveston "by the bravery of his apparel and delicacy of fashion greatlie encreased the offence of the Lords against him."

Edward III.'s succession, taking place during the deposition of his father, was marked by a solemn election at the Abbey January 20, 1326, when Archbishop Reynolds of Canterbury preached, the coronation following on Candlemas day. The sword of state and shield of state, still kept in the Abbey were then first carried before the Sovereign.

It is curious that there should be so little recorded of the initiation of one of the very few amongst our English Sovereigns who kept his Jubilee, but there is abundant information concerning that of his grandson, Richard II., which took place, fifty-one years afterwards, July 16, 1377, at Westminster Abbey. Archbishop Sudbury, afterwards murdered by the mob under Wat Tyler, officiated, and Walsingham has given an elaborate account of the magnificence of the dresses and the procession. But there are several historical peculiarities to be noticed which, initiated then, were continued through many subsequent coronations, if not to the present time. First the cavalcade from the Tower, which lasted until the time of Charles II. "On St. Swithun's day," says Rymer, "after dinner the mayor and citizens assembled near the Tower, when the young king, clad in white garments, proceeded through the street called La Chepe, and on to the Palace at Westminster. Secondly the establishment of the Order of the Bath; for the King was accompanied by a body of knights, created for the occasion, who, having duly washed in a bath, assumed their knightly dresses and escorted the king to his palace, and this continued part of the coronation ceremony until the close of the seventeenth century. Thirdly, the appearance of the king's champion at the coronation banquet. The office was originally held by the ancient family of Marmion, whose name and titles though I am afraid historically inaccurate, are so well known to every reader of Scott's popular poem of Flodden Field.

> "They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye
> Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,
> Of Tamworth Tower and Town."

The founder of this family having held the Castle of Fontenaye in Normandy, by the service of being hereditary champion to the

(From a photograph by F. Frith & Co., Reigate)

THE CORONATION STONE, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES

Dukes of Normandy, received the manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire, and the Castle of Tamworth from William, Duke of Normandy, when he became King of England, on condition of his discharging the same duties here. Philip, last Lord Marmion, died 20th year of Edward I., the castle of Tamworth passed, by his elder daughter, to the family of Freville, and the manor of Scrivelsby, by his younger daughter, Joan, to Sir Thomas Ludlow. Their daughter, Margaret, married Sir John Dymoke, who, in 46 and 47 of Edward III., represented the county of Lincoln in Parliament, and discharged the office of king's champion at the coronation, being the first person so officially employed at the coronation of an English prince. His duty was to ride into the Hall where the feast of the coronation is held during dinner, mounted on one of the king's coursers and clad in the king's best suit of armour. He is attended by the Lord High Constable, the Earl Marshal, and by a herald who proclaims a challenge to any who shall deny that the king is lawful Sovereign and shall take up the gauntlet which the champion throws upon the ground; and this being done the king drinks to him in a gold cup which, with its cover, he receives as his fee, and also the horse, saddle, suit of armour, and furniture thereto belonging. This duty, since then, has been discharged by successive generations of the family. Some to more than one monarch, viz., Sir Thomas at the coronations of Henry IV. and Henry V.; Sir Robert at those of Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; Sir Edward at those of Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth; Charles Dymoke at the coronations of William and Mary, and Anne; Lewis at those of George I. and George II., but there has been no intermission of the custom until the coronation of William IV., the last appearance of the champion being the coronation of George IV., when Henry Dymoke fulfilled the duties of the office for his father, owner of Scrivelsby, but Prebendary of Lincoln, who was allowed, on account of his clerical office, to act by deputy. In the Church of Scrivelsby many monuments adorn the pavement and the walls, from Sir Robert whose recumbent figure in brass appears in full armour with his helmet under his head and a lion at his feet, down to the last descendant of this ancient race. Each inscribed with the honourable title, " Champion of England."

THEIR WEDDING-DAY

By A. M. CAMERON

" In sickness and in health
Till death us do part."

SUCH a bare little place! cold, and dark and comfortless as a room well nigh innocent of furniture must be, yet sweet and clean and orderly, and above all—home to old sick Molly and Timothy her husband.

"Bring her over at once then, and the sooner the better; perhaps this will make the journey easier," said the doctor, as he laid a shilling on the table, and breathed a sigh of relief.

He had come ready prepared to meet the hundred and one difficulties and objections usually put forward in such a case, but the convincing arguments had been all unneeded for Molly had risen to the occasion bravely, and had consented to become an in-patient at the big hospital across the Park that very day. So, his task successfully accomplished, the doctor turned to leave the room.

"Might it be to-night, sir?" it was Timothy who spoke. "I'll bring her for certain to-night, but we'd like to have just this one day together, first."

Now the doctor was quick-tempered, and feeling impatient at any suggestion of delay, he answered rather sharply:

"No, no, bring her at once as I told you; why, the sooner she is in the sooner she will be out again, you know; what objections can you have?"

Timothy hesitated, but a glance at Molly's thin face and a certain eager wistfulness upon it gave him courage.

"It's only this, sir, and it may seem a poor sort of reason to you, but this is our wedding-day, we've never spent it apart yet—and—" the old voice faltered, and the sentence was never finished for the young man himself interrupted it:

"Reason! why it's the very best of reasons, if you had only said so at once! bring her to-night then by all means; good-bye till then."

And as he went on his way amid the busy London streets, the doctor thought of a time, not perhaps so very far off now, when with love and friends, and plenty all around he too should keep his wedding-day. And it may be that as he thought the joy in his own heart was none the less intense and sacred because there came mingling with it a remembrance of some of the chastening possibilities of life, and a feeling of kindly sympathy with some other travellers on its road for whom the end of the journey together could not be far distant now.

Left alone with his wife Timothy seated himself beside her, and patted her hand encouragingly.

"Hospitals are such fine places, Moll."

"Very fine, dear," and she looked at him with the smile whose sunshine had made life bright to him for so long.

"Such splendid food and nursing, Moll; and the rooms! why, I'm only afraid you'll be looking down on this poor little place when you come back to it after a bit so well and strong; for it's wonderful how well folks do get in those hospitals, Moll, quite wonderful."

"Yes, Timothy, so they do, very often."

Her lips trembled, but only for a moment. Then, with a brave attempt at cheerfulness, she continued:

"But Tim, my man, it's getting on, and we're wasting such precious time, sha'nt we begin?"

And drawing nearer still, Timothy began. It was an old old custom with them now. Year after year as the day came round they had kept it together in the same simple fashion, though never before in such a room or with so little to help the keeping. Formerly the little anniversary festival had been as a sort of happy duet between them, each in turn reviving some sweet old memory or cherished recollection, the precious gleanings of a long married life, too dear and sacred for the common handling of everyday use, and only lovingly and tenderly brought out on such a day as this to be dwelt on, laughed at, ay perhaps wept over too, but with those blessed and healing tears from which all pain and bitterness have long since passed away.

To-day, however, Timothy had it all his own way for Molly said little, only lay back and smiled contentedly, or shook her head gently as the case demanded, while she listened once more to the old familiar story that time only seemed to make more dear.

And Timothy told of the happy courting days, happy though wise folks had shaken their heads and had augured ill of this foolish marriage; of a certain April morning when a dull old London church had seemed so still and solemn, and yet so strangely bright; of the friends—and he named them one by one—who had collected at her home near by to wish them well; and at last of that real home-coming, the settling down in the poor little attic rooms which his love and thought had made so sweet and snug and cosy.

"And the violets," she put in quickly, "don't forget the violets, Tim."

"Aye, the violets, I pinned them on myself, didn't I? The sweetest breast knot I could find for the sweetest lass in all the world to me."

He paused again and she watched him keenly, anxiously.

"Yes, Moll," he resumed presently, "don't let us shirk it, old girl: then——" but his voice sounded strange, and she could barely catch the words, "then came that grand first dinner-party of ours; you and me for guests, and fish—fried fish it was, with potatoes, fried potatoes—and I don't know what besides; and you laughed so because I couldn't help to cook them, do you remember, Moll? Do you remember?" and throwing back his head, Timothy burst suddenly into a laugh so strange and wild that it well nigh tore poor Molly's heart in two. Then, as suddenly ceasing, he buried his face in his hands and sobbed as though *his* heart must break, while the quiet tears ran down her old cheeks too, and what could she say to comfort him?

For nine and thirty years that little anniversary feast had been celebrated so worthily, every item of that happy first meal together repeated, and now!

"Oh, my Moll, my Moll," he sobbed, "you must go without it to-day. I've no money left, not even a penny; poor girl, my poor old girl."

She dared not trust herself to speak, only stroked the grey head softly, tenderly.

Suddenly he raised it, and looking not at her but at the doctor's shilling he pointed eagerly to it.

"Moll!"

But she shook her head sadly.

"It was for the cab, Tim. There is neither train nor 'bus to help me, and I *must* go in, you know."

He sat still once more lost in thought. Then jumping up excitedly he stood before her, and spoke fast and eagerly.

"Moll! think! You know the park, quite near? Could you with my arm, my strong arm, dear, could you walk to its gates? You could? Then listen, Moll; I'll *carry* you through, it's not far, and then, why then, it's but a step on the other side to the hospital door, do you see, old woman, do you see?"

Moll nodded, but looked confused. The nod, however, apparently satisfied him for he offered no further explanation, only asked if she minded being left by herself for a bit, and then, smiling mysteriously, disappeared.

Left alone, Molly lay still, too tired and weak to wonder much at anything, while her mind wandered dreamily back again over the pages of that old life story whose joys and sorrows seemed to-day to have become so strangely merged in one; till at last she remembered no more, the tired eyes closed wearily, and calmly and peacefully old Molly slept.

Timothy's re-entrance awakened her and she smiled a welcome.

He came forward eagerly, his old face flushed and glad, his little body bent half double over the covered tray his shaking arms were carrying so proudly; a tray from which there issued forth the all-pervading smell, appetising or sickening as the case may be, of—fried fish!

"Shut your eyes tight, old girl, just for a few moments," he cried out; and still beaming from ear to ear, Tim brought forward the little round table, placed it near Molly's chair, and softly and quickly proceeded to lay it. Fish! potatoes! bread! butter! tea! milk! Why, what more could king or queen desire? And all from the marvellous possibilities of one bright shilling! Then, diving into the mysterious depths of a back pocket, Timothy produced therefrom a little bunch of violets, crushed indeed and faded, but sweet still, and bending softly over Moll he

gently fastened them on her breast. Then seating himself opposite to her he told her eagerly she might "look."

Her unaffected surprise was rich reward indeed.

"It's your cab, dear heart," he cried. "Your cab! you couldn't use it and a riding-horse too, could you? and here's your horse all saddled and ready. It's quite right and square, Moll," he added quickly, as he caught sight of an expression of doubt on her honest face. "Didn't the doctor say it was to make the journey easier? and won't it, old girl, won't it? Ah, I thought that would settle it."

Whatever she may have felt, Molly had not the heart to object any further, and so the wedding-feast proceeded.

Timothy picked out the daintiest and most tempting morsels he could find, and for his sake she did her best bravely, but it was hard work. Everything tasted so strangely to-day; even the blessed cup of tea seemed to have lost the magic of its strengthening and reviving powers; and at length, all further effort impossible, she waved off the last proffered morsel and lying back wearily, shook her head.

"Eat it yourself, you don't cheat fair, my man; and, ah Tim," she added sadly, "you've forgotten something after all, for *that* day you drank our health in a glass of beer."

Timothy had expected this and was not to be taken at unawares.

"Beer!" he answered unblushingly, "ah, yes, to be sure, so I did; and I was just thinking as I came along how tastes change. Why, there's a something almost unpleasant to me in the very idea now! So to-day if you please, my lass, I'll just drink your health in tea."

Molly said nothing. Only, for a few minutes, the room seemed dim and misty, and life was very sweet.

And so, once more, that wedding feast was kept.

* * * *

A little later, just as the short spring day was drawing to its close, the few pedestrians hurriedly wending their homeward way across that quiet bit of the Park, paused for a moment to gaze at a somewhat unusual sight. It was that of a little old man, weak and tottering himself, but pushing bravely and steadily on with eyes firmly fixed on the still far distant gates, and carrying on his back, her thin arms clasped about his neck, her hands firmly grasped in his, an old sick woman, Molly, his wife.

Hearts are kind, and more than one friendly offer of help had been made to Timothy, but though grateful for the offers he had seemed almost impatient at the delay and declining all assistance had plodded quietly on again.

He could hardly have told how often he had stopped to rest since first that strange journey had been begun; certainly each time that the shelter of a friendly seat had been gained, often of necessity when there had been no such help at hand. Somehow he had fancied himself so much stronger than had proved to be the case, for it surely could not be that Molly was heavier than he had imagined, and she so weak and ill!

At first her cough had been terribly bad and it had torn and hurt him so to hear it; but of late it had seemed to get better and at last it had ceased altogether, and very gratefully Timothy had thanked God for that. A few moments ago they had stopped to rest again for the last time and he had questioned her tenderly as to how she did. Her face looked paler he thought, but she seemed easy and happy and she had smiled so sweetly at him as she answered rather drowsily, "quite comfortable, Timothy, only very sleepy; good-night, my man," and he had kissed her lips tenderly and reverently as he always did, and then cheered and comforted had once more pushed on.

Ah! there were the Park gates almost reached at last; and indeed it was time, for his old arms ached terribly and his old knees threatened to fail him altogether. He spoke encouragingly to her from time to time but she had evidently fallen asleep for she did not answer him. It was better so, he thought, for now she could not guess how tired he was, and it would have hurt and vexed her sorely had she known it; his good old loving Moll!

Only a few more weary steps and the gates were really gained. Passing through them on they went, these two strange travellers, and the little band of urchins in their wake noticed that just before the great door of the Hospital came in sight the old man panted more and more and his poor little stock of strength seemed almost exhausted.

Yes, the labour of love was all but over now; one more effort and the goal was reached. Worn and weary, and spent with fatigue, but still clasping tight that precious burden Timothy stumbled up the last steep steps, and as friendly arms drew him into the safe shelter of that fire-lit hall, and kindly faces looked pityingly into his, the place seemed suddenly to become confused and misty, the voices to recede further and further away, till at last, wrapped in a merciful unconsciousness, he remembered no more.

Faithful unto death, his task was done; that kiss in the Park had indeed sealed their last good-bye, and his loving old arms had held her to the end. For, as they gently unclasped her arms from about his neck they saw that Molly was dead.

* * * * *

They would so willingly have kept him on, at least for a day or two till he should have recovered somewhat from the shock of that first sad awakening, but the old man was firm. The little attic room was his for a week or two longer and then—why, then there was the "House," he said; the dreaded law of separation had lost all power to hurt him now; he would just take one more look at her and then go home.

They went with him to where she lay, the matron and a doctor; not the friendly young doctor of the morning but another whose face looked unsatisfied and tired. Something had gone amiss with his life-springs of late, and since then he had ceased to believe in the possibility of good, either human or divine, and now he eyed Timothy with a half-curious, half-pitying gaze.

The latter shed no tears, had shed none indeed since first they broke the news to him; the comfort of them might come later, perhaps, and there was time enough.

He stood by her side now, perfectly composed and calm, scanning earnestly each still feature as though to learn it the better by heart. Then he laid his honest, old, work-worn hand on hers and kept it there for a moment.

"The ring," whispered the doctor to the matron, "it may buy him a drop of comfort at least. Let him have it."

She hesitated; then touching Timothy gently on the arm she pointed to it.

"You will like to have it, perhaps?" she asked softly.

He glanced down at it, such a poor little line of gold, worn thin in long and loving service for him, and shook his head.

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered gratefully. "You're very kind, but I'd rather not. Come good or ill my old woman would never part with that, and I won't take it from her now." He hesitated for a moment, then gaining courage as he looked into the matron's sympathetic face, he continued:

"If I might make so bold, ma'am, *would* you let me have my dear girl's bonnet?"

Very tenderly she gave it to him, such a poor old rusty thing, and he received it reverently as we do something that is sacred and very precious; then with a grateful "thank you, ma'am," he turned to leave the room. He glanced towards the doctor as though to bid him good-bye too, but he had moved off from them, and seemed busy over something at the further end of the ward. So Timothy went away.

He had almost reached the great outer hall when he heard the sound of hurrying footsteps behind him and his own name spoken, and turning round he saw the doctor.

The latter looked at him silently for a moment, and there was an expression on his face that had been wanting there of late.

"Will you shake hands with me?" said the doctor.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MAY

THE RELIGIOUS VALUE OF THE FIRST CHAPTERS OF GENESIS

By the Editor

FIRST SUNDAY

THE ACCOUNT OF CREATION

MANY persons form exaggerated views regarding the influence of physical science and of criticism on the value of the contents of the Old Testament. It may be that both have proved destructive of certain theories respecting the nature and extent of inspiration which were once deemed indubitable, but a due consideration of the actual results of modern research will convince us that, while verbal inspiration, in the sense that every word of the text of Scripture as we now have it, was, as it were, directly dictated by God, must be abandoned, yet the fact of inspiration and the religious significance and importance of the teaching of the Old Testament remain untouched. It is because men have wandered from what Scripture tells us and have forgotten what it does not tell us, reading in their own views instead of studying the actual phenomena, that the confusion and dismay consequent on the discoveries of our age have ensued. The popular beliefs existing in the days of Christ, and the use He made of these beliefs, have been put in a wrong position. In the controversies as to whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch as we now have it; whether Genesis is a compilation from earlier documents, or whether such various later influences may be traced as critics have asserted; we have too much forgotten what Genesis itself teaches, neglected its purpose, and so lost sight of its true religious value. It has not been so much against Genesis as against traditionary beliefs respecting its origin that the modern assailant has been successful. All the brilliant diatribes which used to do service a decade or two ago, in brilliant essays that at the time struck dismay into many a faithful soul as if the whole structure of belief was threatened, are robbed of their force when we see things in a truer perspective. Every wise Christian has learned that these questions touch religion and the Bible just as little as the old disputes, when modern astronomy or geology corrected the errors of our forefathers, now affect our faith. Religion has learned much and lost nothing by the teaching which once was the terror of churchmen. "The faith once delivered to the saints" has not been impoverished but mightily enriched by every fresh truth we have learned as to the ways of God. So is it now. "Criticism," says one of the most eminent of the modern school, "cannot remove from the Old Testament what is in it, and does not seek to do so. All that it attempts to do is to answer the questions, 'When were the books written?' and 'What or how many writers can there be traced?'"

Whether, for example, we believe, as I do, that the 51st Psalm was written by David or by some poet many centuries later, does not take away the contents of the Psalm. The religious value is permanent, independent of the question of authorship.

Applying these principles to the account of creation in Genesis, let us consider the facts of the case.

(1) Nothing is told us in the Bible as to the origin of the narrative. We are not informed as to whether it was revealed to a particular prophet, or handed down by tradition. Even the most conservative of critics acknowledge that there are clear traces of the embodiment of two different accounts, for the second chapter differs in several respects from the first and indicates a separate source. We also know that there were legends in circulation long before the days of Moses, which correspond and yet differ from Genesis in a curiously suggestive manner. The cuneiform inscriptions recently discovered in Mesopotamia belong to a time earlier than that of Abraham, and as they existed in the country from which he came, they must have been known at least to his contemporaries.

(2) The superiority of the account in Genesis to all these legends, whether of Mesopotamia or of other primitive races, raises an exceedingly interesting question

as to its origin. Much has been made of the alleged discrepancies between science and Genesis, such as to the precise order in which animal and vegetable life came into being, but when we compare Genesis with the other early cosmogonies we may be filled with wonder rather at the agreement shown with our later knowledge than at the points of difference. The agreement is so marked as to indicate some strange origin—call it inspiration or anything else. Even granting all that such men as the late Mr. Huxley have said is true, and that there are some orders such as those of vegetable and marine plants not in the sequence in which geologists place them, yet what of the extraordinary coincidences? When we take a broad view of the narrative we notice that it bears on the face of it the assertion of a law of progression from the lower to the higher. By evolution or by separate acts of creation the method is that of advance. Science and Genesis are at one respecting this feature, and the parallelism in other respects is so marvellous that we are forced to believe that the early cosmogonies, with their crude legendary elements, are borrowed from Genesis and not Genesis from them, and we are thrown back on the puzzling question as to the origin of an account which, in spite of all alleged mistakes, shadows forth, at all events, with extraordinary accuracy what we have scientifically learned.

(3) But the time is past for such controversies. We have learned that it is a misuse of Scripture to treat it as if it were a text-book and primer of Natural History. We have no caring for the attempts to establish absolute coincidence. We hold that the purpose of Scripture is distinctively religious. The history of the Old Testament is the history of the Covenants—the beginning of sin and the growth and realisation of the promise of redemption—and the value of the earlier chapters of Genesis consists in the laying of the foundations on which the religious beliefs and hopes of the future were to rest. What matters it whether the sequence of life occurs in Genesis in the exact order of science. If it does it would be a matter of great interest and of extraordinary suggestiveness. But we hold that the permanent religious teaching of these records moves on a different plane from this, and is little, if at all, affected by such matters.

Everything depends on the point of view from which we look at this first chapter; and as we believe the true point of view is that of the religion which grew from the seeds of truth sown at the first in the grand assertions made here, and developed through the history of the Covenant, so we deem it of slight consequence what criticism may have to say as to the authorship or date of the book as we now have it; or what science may have to say as to some minute detail, the importance of which may affect a preconceived theory, but cannot touch the substance of the religious teaching that is plainly given, and which is for all time.

SECOND SUNDAY

RELIGIOUS ERRORS ANTICIPATED

We might dwell on the religious value of one great principle which passes through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis; it sets forth a divine order asserting itself and out of chaos introducing orderly progression. Law, which is the expression of the divine will, gives direction and shape to what was formless and confused. "The Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters" is the representation of governing divine power, leading on to the fuller and more perfect development in nature. Religion rests on a similar foundation, for it rests on the faith that God's kingdom must come, that spiritual law and order will take the place of the confusion of evil, and that all things are moving towards this end. The prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," is the highest aspiration of the religious spirit. We feel that the Spirit of God is even now working in us for the production of that order, and that every struggle after its accomplishment forms part of that mighty work which, commencing in the natural world, shall have its perfect fruit in the spiritual.

But we would rather regard the teaching of this first chapter of the Bible in another light, as anticipating many errors into which men afterwards fell.

Nothing can be imagined more sublime than the grand assertion with which the Bible opens. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It is the laying, at the very first, of the strong foundation on which all religion rests, for it is the setting forth of a personal God who

is distinct from nature and is above nature. These first words enthrone Him over all things. He has also will and character, for He commands all, and can pronounce as "very good" the things He has made.

(1) This first statement is a denial of the Pantheism that has had such a charm for many minds, ancient and modern. Pantheism identifies God with nature; "God is all, and all is God" is its formula; and it asserts that He reaches consciousness and realises Himself only in the consciousness of sentient beings. Such beliefs are here met with denial and a personal God proclaimed.

(2) There is the denial of Materialism, for it meets the ancient speculation which attributed creation to the fortuitous action of atoms, as well as that of the moderns who know of nothing higher than Matter and Force. The religious value of this first word in the Bible is therefore permanent, for it asserts that in whatever manner the present material world has reached its shape —whether by slow evolution, beginning in the whirling nebulæ, or by the action of fire or water or the grinding of ice—that in whatever way germs began and species were evolved; that there is above nature One who has willed the course of nature, and ordered the methods by which all orders of life have proceeded. This is the basis of religion. It is the primal expression of the subsequent creed of the Christian church, "We believe in one God, the Father, the maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible."

(3) There is again the anticipation and denial of the various forms of idolatry which have prevailed in the world. Creature worship was the enemy of the Church in ancient times as it is the curse of many a land now, and at the beginning of the history of God's covenant, at the outset of the religion of the Bible, this tendency is at once met.

For as men saw the sun rising in its strength, and the moon shining in chaste beauty, they were tempted to call them gods and to worship what appeared the powers which ruled day and night, and determined the seasons. We know how powerful the influence of this was over Israel when it took the shape of the worship of Baal and Astarte. It is a cult which has spread into almost every land. Genesis anticipates this tendency with the assertion that God made the sun and moon, that they were not gods but things He had created. In like manner men attributed a strange influence over their destiny to the stars. As they gazed from the wide plains to the midnight heavens, brilliant with wheeling planets that seemed living and moving; as they watched Arcturus and the Pleiades; they became possessed with the belief that our mortal lot was controlled by these shining visitants. Light also became the symbol of a religious faith, and was regarded as an entity. But as in the case of the sun and moon, so were the heavenly bodies and light, and all others, mere things, placed under the one God, all wise and righteous. The first chapter of Genesis became thus a religious charter, whereby men's souls were delivered from the tyranny of a belief in mere force, into the liberty of a faith in a personal God, who reigns in righteousness, and whose will is just and good.

There is here a similar protest against every form of fetish and animal worship, such as we still find widely spread, and which found expression long ago in the great temples of Egypt, dedicated to the sacred bull Apis, or to the crocodile and ibis, or in the mystic winged monsters of ancient Babylon. The deification of great men, as under the Roman Empire, and which takes a certain shape in the cult of the modern Comtists, is equally condemned. The enthronement of Jehovah as the creator of all is the primal creed of spiritual religion, and it is so set forth at the first, that men in every age might be armed against creature worship. What St. Paul magnificently declared on the Areopagus, surrounded by the most splendid symbolism which art ever produced to express the mythologies that rose from the personifying of nature, was but the repetition of the majestic statement of Genesis. "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, seeing he giveth to all life and health and all things," is but a repetition of the religious teaching of this earliest record of creation. We have there the dawn of the long day, which, in spite of the shadow of many a cloud, and the darkening of many a storm,

has ever been increasing in glory. We may never be able to discover the origin of the narrative or how these wondrous words came to be there, or through what influences they have been preserved. It is enough for us that they are there, strong in their intrinsic truth, and of eternal value. In proportion as one gets quit of preconceived theories and of the noisy jargon of literalists and specialists, and just looks at the religious meaning of this first chapter of the Bible, and sees the vitality of its relationship to the history of religion, he will estimate its value and acknowledge that we have here the foundation laid of the story that is to follow, leading from the Fall up to the Christian Church.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE CREATION OF MAN

We have already indicated that there are two accounts given of creation. In the first chapter it is said, "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him;" in the second chapter it is written, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." We do not enter on the questions of criticism with which such conclusions have to do. Our purpose is different. We may notice, however, one difference of expression in the two accounts. The word man in the first is general; in the second it is particular. In the first it is said God made man, and it is apparently man the species, for there is no article in the original; while in the second it is an individual man that is spoken of—the man Adam. In the first mankind is represented as the last made of the animal world, and in relation to the past series of creatures; in the second it is the first of the race in reference to the future of humanity. In the former man comes as the end of a long past in which there has been an advance from the lowest to the highest types; in the latter we have a man, Adam, who becomes the father of the generations leading on to what the world is now. Both of these views are full of religious significance.

For it is a grand truth that man is the highest creature in the long series of living things. It is, to my mind, of comparative little religious consequence how this end in man may have been reached. Whether, as the hypothesis of evolution asserts, it was by the gradual evolution of physical type, ever gaining in complexity and adaptiveness to environment, or by the separate creation of species. Both of these beliefs equally assign to man the position of highest and last in the various ranges of organised existence. He is the head in whom all are gathered up and reach perfection. When man comes upon the scene we behold him "crowned with glory and honour," and can, in a new sense, apply the words, "All things are put under him, all sheep and oxen, yea, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea;" for they not only precede him, they are under him in the scale of being.

But supposing we grant the truth of evolution, and acknowledge that man's ancestry can be traced through the ape back to the most rudimentary types of organic life, it may be asked: "How, then, are we to receive the statement that he was created in the Divine image? Must not our faith in this lofty claim give way if we are but products of long development?"

Certainly not. For were it proved that man's physical nature followed the same law of evolution which determined that of other animals, it does not at all follow that his spiritual nature must have no other source. It was certainly not man's body that was made in the image of God, however noble that body may be and fitted to express the life of his soul: erect, the eye lit with intelligence, and every organ suited for his kingly mission. We can, without any loss to religious faith, make a present of the body to the anatomist and physiologist to examine and propound any theory they please as to the place it occupies in evolution. They are quite welcome to speculate and assert regarding such matters, for they belong to a different region from that of religion. There can be no likeness to God—who is a Spirit—in these physical organs which can be dissected and compared with those of other animals. That is not the part which is made in the divine image, and we may leave the scientist at perfect liberty to trace each indication in bone or nerve-process that seems to point to some antecedent species—back as far as he pleases to ascidian or primal cell. But when he has

done so has he really accounted for Man, who breathes a kind of life which hedges him round as by a strange divinity from every other creature upon earth? When the anatomist has dissected the body of a Shakespeare or a St. Paul, and laid bare the physical symptoms which betray similarity to the frame of an ourang-outang, what conceivable light has he thrown upon Shakespeare or St. Paul? Does this comparative anatomy bridge by a thread as light as gossamer the gulf which separates them from the monkey? Has he thereby even approached the genius of the poet or reached the enthusiasm which burned as the fire of God in the apostle? What folly it is to imagine that the one plane can be attained through another that does not cross it! The animal part, the corruptible which returns to corruption, may belong to poet and apostle in common with the beasts that perish, but what constitutes the Man is not there. The part which has been created in the image of God cannot be touched by the scalpel or resolved in the crucible. It belongs to a different sphere.

We therefore find in this statement of Genesis another of those great foundations on which religion rests; for except man had been formed in the image of God, except there was in man a spiritual nature like that of God, he would be incapable of knowing what God is. It is vain to speak to the beast of the field of righteousness and holiness, for there is no nature in him which can respond to such attributes. As it is asked by St. Paul, "Who knoweth the things of a man save the Spirit of Man which is in him?" Into the kingdom of man, with its art and literature and splendid aspirations, the beast cannot enter; and unless there was in man a nature which can receive the Spirit of God he would be equally excluded from the thoughts of God. The difference which divides the child from the greatest of men is one of degree only, but that which separates the beast from both is one of kind. As man stands on the loftiest pinnacle of the animal world, so has he been baptized with a spirit which in him unites creation with God. This is what makes the Incarnation possible, whereby the divine has been expressed in the human. The basis on which redemption rests is to be found in the magnificent assertion of Genesis—"God created man in His own image."

But the pessimist may smile at such claims. "Made in the image of God!" he exclaims. "Nay, rather in the likeness of hell. Man Divine! Man, the demon of lust and passion, the ruthless enemy of the beast of the field and of the fowl of the air, who has stained earth with blood, not as the wild animal who fights for food and ceases when appetite is satisfied, but for sport or for glory. No beast acts like that. Man divine! Go down to the slums of any city and see what he is capable of. Mark the brute, and dare to call him divine! Or search out the devildom of Belgravia, and when you have marked it you will confess that

> ". . . . Dragons of the prime,
> That tare each other in their slime
> Were mellow music match'd with him."

We may answer that every power for good is a proportionate power for evil. We might also assert that the perversion of humanity represents its real nature as little as insanity represents reason. Even in common parlance we term such instances inhuman. What is most human we call humane. Our very condemnation of crime is the proof of righteousness. The beast of the field has no repentance. The pessimist also forgets the other side of the shield. If there are armies of destruction there are millions enlisted in the armies of mercy. It is not by failure but by attainment we can measure capacity. We can see what humanity is by the heights that have been reached. And so, if we wish to know what the possibilities are which we possess in humanity, we must turn to the highest. For we never can know what we are as men, and what is implied in the fact that we have been made in the image of God until we see manhood in Christ. He is the vindicator of our loftiest dreams and of the highest aspirations and hopes of our race.

FOURTH SUNDAY

GARDEN OF EDEN

It is difficult to approach the account of the Garden of Eden with minds wholly free from ideas which are the result of other influences than those of the narrative itself. We must, for example, divest ourselves of the associations with which the genius of Milton

has invested the Fall of Man, and recollect that the dramatic setting of "Paradise Lost," and the majestic conception of Satan and of the heavenly powers which he has presented, are but the creation of the poet's imagination. We must also lay aside for the time the tendency to import the views of comparatively recent theological systems. Such shallow objections as the supposed wickedness of condemning the human race because a woman ate an apple; or as to the impossibility of physical death being the consequence of Adam's sin, seeing that death existed long before the creation of man; or that an omnipotent God should have prevented the entrance of the serpent into Paradise; are best answered by reaching a truer understanding of the value and import of the narrative.

The first question which suggests itself is whether we are to regard the account as allegorical or historical, or partly both? Undoubtedly the impression first received is in favour of the allegorical interpretation. Such phrases as God walking in the garden in the cool of the day; such incidents as the serpent talking with the woman; such matters as the two trees with fruits conveying moral consequences to those who partook of them, must prepare every thoughtful person to favour the allegorical rather than the literal acceptance of the passages. But if these incidents are allegory—why not the whole narrative? Personally our faith would not be disturbed by such a conclusion, for to us the true religious value lies in the picture presented of the nature of sin and of the consequences which must flow from it. But we are not in a position to come to any sweeping conclusion. The existence of allegorical elements does not necessarily render the possibility of some historical foundation incredible, and when we recollect how ignorant we are of the origin and character of those first documents or traditions which form the substance of the early part of Genesis; and when we recollect how largely the prominent features of the narrative find place in the legends of the most ancient nations; we are wiser to pause than to dogmatise as to whether all is allegorical, or how much is historical. For ourselves it seems of little consequence which view is accepted.

But it may be replied. If we are to regard it as chiefly allegorical, what becomes of the unity of the race, or of the argument used by St. Paul as to the consequences of Adam's sin, and of the link which binds the First and Second Adam—the Fall and Redemption? It requires little consideration to see that the truth of Christ does not depend on whether certain verses are to be regarded as historical or allegorical. The unity of the race is a matter about which we can judge for ourselves, and the universality and the guilt of sin have other evidences than a statement in Genesis, however instructive and suggestive that may be. The narrative may throw great light upon these questions, but their truth or falsehood does not depend on the view we take of the narrative. Sin and guilt are always with us, and St. Paul's argument is equally true whether we believe in an allegorical element or not. To suppose that the redemption of Christ and the grandeur of His obedience are necessarily bound up with the criticism of Genesis would be absurd. They rest surely on other foundations than this.

Putting, therefore, aside for a moment preconceived theories, and looking at the narrative as we find it, it appears to us to possess the profoundest religious significance and to be of the greatest and most permanent value.

The origin of sin is a problem that baffles philosopher and theologian alike, and the third chapter of Genesis does not pretend to solve it. It does not attempt to explain how sin first began, for it assumes that there was sin in the universe before the fall, otherwise there would have been no tempter. All that is told is the way in which man sinned, and the consequences of that sin.

There is nothing lending countenance to the belief that Adam and Eve were possessed of extraordinary intellectual and moral gifts, and that life in Eden was one of lofty attainment. Bishop South's saying that Aristotle was "the rubbish of Adam" is therefore unfounded. There is nothing in Genesis to contradict, but rather to confirm what we know as to the usual course of Nature being one of advance from the lower to the higher. So far from representing Adam and Eve as beings of extraordinary accomplishment they come before us rather as full-grown children, innocent and spotless as the flowers around them, open and pure as the sky above them,

and their gladness is suggestive rather of the happiness and wonderment of the young when Nature is unfolding to them the new marvels of the seasons.

We cannot imagine what the world would have been had there been no fall, and if men and women had continued in the same child-like innocence. We cannot picture a civilisation developed under such conditions, and a society in which no battle is waged between right and wrong, but only the idyllic sweetness of a moral babyhood lived out by men and women in a world which, as being without the knowledge of evil, could call for no exercise of choice in reference to the good.

However strange the statement may sound, the Fall may be regarded as the first step towards moral education and moral progress, whereby man—through sore discipline, and by a long array of spiritual influence culminating in Christ and in the gift of the Holy Ghost—is brought with full knowledge of the evil, voluntarily to choose the good, and in spite of the dreadful risks which sin brings, is so educated that he comes heartily to fight upon the side of God, and to take a worthy part in the long battle of love against hate, and of holiness against evil. Such a being is in every way grander than a creature of mere innocence, who exercises no intelligent choice.

FIFTH SUNDAY

FALL OF MAN

If the ideal of man as we see it in Christ—who pierced sin to the very depth while ever having it as His delight to do the will of the Father—is a higher type of manhood than what Adam attained in mere innocence—who knew nothing of evil, and could therefore scarcely be said to have chosen the good—then can we assert that with the Fall there came the first step towards true moral and spiritual growth. It brought a fearful struggle, lasting through the ages, often an apparently despairing struggle, but yet one through which alone humanity could attain true character. The two trees spoken of as the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil and the Tree of Life, may be taken as representing the beginning and the ending of education through trial. The former symbolises man's awaking to self-consciousness through the exercise of free choice, and thereby learning at once what is evil and what is good. The other sets forth the end of redemption when, the will and heart being won for God, man attains the life which is eternal because in fellowship with God.

In the light of these conceptions, the narrative acquires new significance. To the innocent pair who had never reflected on the why or wherefore of obedience, there comes temptation—not from God, nor presumably from themselves, but from without. As we believe in the existence of Satan and can see no reason why, if there be men who are veritable tempters and devils on earth, it should be impossible to suppose the existence of similarly evil spirits elsewhere, so we have no difficulty in accepting the common view respecting Satan here. The kind of temptation to which Eve was exposed was essentially the same as that to which we are all exposed. If the whole thing is an allegory, then it is one which throws extraordinary light on the facts of life.

Putting aside the thoughtless view that the sin of Eve was merely the eating of an apple, let us consider its true nature. The first object of the temptation was to create the evil heart of unbelief which leads to departure from the living God, to awaken doubt and suspicion, so that the special form of disobedience became but the outward and visible sign of a lost confidence. The question, "Yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree that is in the garden?" suggested the reflection: "Have you ever thought why there should be one excepted, and that He should be so afraid of your eating it?" The answer was frank and open as Eve's own innocent heart. "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat of it lest ye die.'" The first step was gained when she had been brought to wonder why this special fruit was forbidden. The second step was to deepen the suspicion and to send the poison home. "Ye shall not surely die. That is not the reason, and do not believe it. The true reason is that the day you eat of it your eyes will be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." This serpent was a true Mephistopheles, knowing exactly how to touch into life that spark of hell which had hitherto lain unsuspected. "Do not believe

God. There is a good and a joy which he grudges you. Be gods to yourselves, and take your own way, and your eyes will be opened and you will taste the possibilities of being. Quaff for yourselves the rich cup of life."

Does not this old story of Eden accurately represent the entrance of sin into every life? Are we not also tempted to be gods to ourselves, and to use the gift of will independent of our Father, wishing to experience the freedom of sin and to taste "life" whether it be pure or foul?

"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof." First came "the lust of the eye, and when lust was conceived it brought forth sin, and when sin was finished it brought forth death." She gave the fruit to her husband and their eyes were opened.

"In the day ye eat of it ye shall surely die." Yea at that very moment did they die. It was not the death of the body, but the dying out there and then of life in God; the life of innocence, of conscience, and of communion with the Father which had no reserve, and of communion with Nature whereby they were at peace with all things fair and pure. "Their eyes were opened," and they for the first time knew what was meant by "sin," with its alienation, its disgrace, its shame.

Whether we have in the narrative allegory or history, we have at all events the deep things of religion. For these verses afford a key to what sin is in its essence in every age and in every experience—unbelief, self-assertion, the desire to prove life independent of God's holy will and law, bringing with it the dying out of innocence, the stain on conscience, and the warfare of passion. It brings other elements and possibilities also, for when there is the awakening of a new life, and the redemption of the true man, who with the knowledge of evil turns back in full and hearty choice of God, we have the grandest spiritual product.

And so it is that the First and Second Adam stand in magnificent contrast. In the temptation of Christ in the wilderness we have the counterpart of the temptation in Eden. The trial was essentially of the same nature. "If Thou be the Son of God use Thy power for self. Be a god and show it by turning these stones into bread;" or again, "Trust God! then try His promise by throwing Thyself from this pinnacle;" or again, "Worship and obey me, and I will give all the glory of this world." Is not this the Garden of Eden over again, but met by calm trust and unshaken obedience? In Gethsemane it was the same struggle between the will of the flesh and the will of God; and by the Cross we hear the old hiss of the serpent: "Save self and come down from the cross." But "Himself He could not save." The Second Adam stood rooted in Sonship, as the first fell by unbelief.

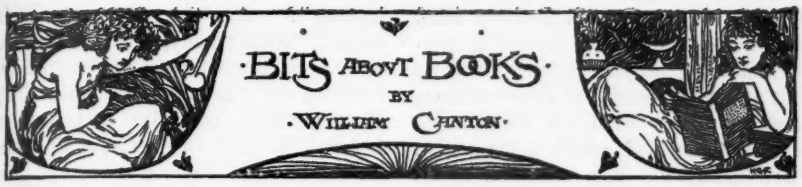
Verily "in Adam all die." Follow him, and be as a god to thyself, and you will taste of that death in which Adam on that day died. But "in Christ shall all be made alive." In sharing His Sonship, His trust in God, His obedience and love, the will once rendered captive to sin being willingly surrendered to our Father, we gain life, the true life of our humanity, the life of Christ in God.

"IN THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS"

WHENE'ER a leaf its shadow flings,
The nestling in the sunny wood,
Mistaking leaves for mother-wings,
Opens its eager mouth for food.

But we, poor we, with tears and cries
Shrink from the peace Thy presence brings—
Too foolish yet to recognise
In death the shadow of Thy wings.

VIDA BRISS



IN some respects few books in recent biography will be found to appeal to so wide a range of readers as the Life of the late Master of Balliol.* To the young it cannot but prove singularly stimulative; to the mature, who so frequently feel themselves burthened by the depression which comes of lost illusions, unattained ambitions and ideals which seem to recede daily still further and further beyond the possibility of attainment, it brings a message of encouragement, an insistence on unrelaxing tenacity of purpose; to the old, who are apt to live in the past and whose footsteps are on the beaten ways of routine, it preaches perennial growth, fresh endeavour, and calm persistence in the labour of completing yet another achievement, of adding yet another line to the development of character. Jowett was born in 1817 and died in 1893, not a noticeably old man, yet in those three score and sixteen years he gives one the impression of having lived in a certain sense a fuller, a more completely rounded life than falls to the lot of most men. Something of this impression is probably due to his early success, for he was but one and twenty when, still an undergraduate, he was "elected over the heads of all the senior Balliol Scholars and a score of others, First Class men from other Colleges, to the high distinction of a Balliol Scholarship;" probably too one takes up some feeling of protracted time from the long succession of men who passed through Balliol and streamed out into the world to do their life's work, while he, changing slowly and growing slowly into a placid old age, remained generation after generation within the unchanging walls.

The story of boyish scholarship and boyish success is always delightful, and in the case of Jowett the interest is materially heightened by his long and silent struggle with poverty. He was indeed so poor in those early days that one of his friends "scrupled even to accept his invitations to tea." When comfort came, and afterwards affluence, he gave generously, and the recollection of the difficulties he had himself experienced rendered him keenly perceptive and helpful in regard to others. It is told of him that "meeting a young graduate who was making a living by private tuition, he asked how he was getting on; the tutor replied that he had few pupils that term, and had been obliged to give up his hope of going to Germany in the vacation. A few days later the tutor was sent for, and received an envelope with the words, 'I hope you will go to Germany, good-bye!'" Almost from the beginning his heart was bound up in Balliol, and his influence was deep and pervasive. "He was like no other person," writes one of his biographers, in terms which appear to have been studiously restrained; "one whose life 'retaught what life should be,' a saint without asceticism, moving in a world of truth and purity and wisdom; and in a world of strength too, for with him sympathy did not spell weakness." A not uncommon expression of his was "I shall never leave Balliol," and it expressed no mere sentimental attachment. His time and labour were lavished on it freely and gladly. For ten years he fulfilled the duties of professor of Greek practically without remuneration or acknowledgment. One gathers that he virtually sacrificed for his college the hope of domestic happiness. What Balliol owes to him in way of educational reform, the repeal of religious tests, the secularisation of the Universities and other large changes is here recorded; one can only dimly conjecture the effect he produced by his strong and invigorating personality, his disinterestedness, his tenacity, the high ideal of his aims. Of

* "The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. With portraits and other illustrations. 2 vols. John Murray. 32s.

course he had his faults and made his mistakes. The Master appears to have been too often a formidable and paralysing personage, and "the mythology," of which we have but a meagre gleaning in these volumes, gives him but scant credit for his genuine kindness of heart and practical sympathy. Some hard things too have been said of his worship of success and his attachment to the prize winners. But may there not be a potent truth in the converse—that those to whom he was attached became the prize-winners, and that their success was in some degree the crowning of his own labours, or the fruit of his encouragement and pressure? "I should like to make *all* my old pupils ambitious, if I could, of living like men and doing silently a real work." "One evening," writes Lady Grant, "we said we should cross-examine him about his old pupils and see if we could catch his memory at fault. Name after name was mentioned, and the Master had something to say about each. Of the hundreds of young men who had passed under his rule not one seemed to be forgotten." This would appear to indicate too great a width of heart to admit of the substantiation of such a charge. Add that, in his opinion, "the only way a man can really rise in the world is by doing good in it"; and this—"No man is to be blamed for being without ambition. I cannot regard such lives as failures. I am thankful for the lesson which they leave behind them," and if one does not disbelieve the reproach one at least questions whether such a "worship of success" can be regarded as discreditable.

Into the bitter struggle at Oxford with his ecclesiastical antagonists it is not necessary to enter. The record of these old feuds is not pleasant reading, and, whatever the merits of the case, one cannot read the account of the manner in which every weapon was utilised for Jowett's discomfiture and humiliation without a strong feeling of sympathy for "the heretic." Jowett's own position, however, is one which it is extremely difficult to understand, from whatever angle it may be regarded. How are we to justify the attitude of a lover of truth, a champion of the conscience and moral perceptions of mankind, who gives in his adhesion to the formularies and uses the professions of faith of a Church which he himself describes as a "figment of theologians"? As the years went by he drifted, intellectually, further and further away from all the dogmas of Christianity. At heart he was ever and to the end a Christian; after nineteen centuries it is the strange indefeasible grace of the Cross, that, however far the intellect may stray, a man's goodness can never get outside Christian goodness. "The power of God, the love of Christ, the efficacy of prayer" were the three realities in which he summed up the influences of religion. "There is a great truth," he writes, "in that verse, 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.'" "I think sometimes," he remarks in a letter to Dean Stanley, "we have been a little too intellectual and over-curious in our conversations about theology. We have not found rest and peace in them so much as we might have done." Of the future life he writes at once trustfully and yet with a marked reserve. "There is another world too, in which he will be as happy as in this, though we are unable altogether to conceive its nature. 'The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no evil touch them.'" "I do not say that we ought to be happier as we get older, but we ought to be calmer, knowing better what life is and looking forward to another, which we believe to be a reality though we cannot tell what it means." "We trust in God, not venturing to say much on such a matter." Of the Deity he says: "I try to believe in God and in the presence and possibility of God everywhere." Of the curious story told by a friend who said that during sickness he heard the voice of God speaking to him, Jowett remarks: "I am inclined to believe that in strange ways great truths are taught us." "I am always thinking of death and of God," he wrote twelve years before his death. In his grave illness in 1891, Mrs. Green relates: "He spoke very little directly on religious subjects, but I always felt, and so did others, that he was constantly in communion with God; and words of Scripture came to him as the natural expression of his thoughts." It was in the course of this illness apparently that he tried to persuade Tennyson "to write a great prayer to be sung by all men of all creeds in these latter days."

Comparatively few men have relished life more thoroughly. "Thank you for wishing

me 'long life,'" he writes. "I think that I do desire that, sans teeth, sans ears, sans eyes, sans everything except mind." "I like to think of myself as beginning and not ending." "I sometimes think that the work of Christ lasted only three years, and we have (probably) five, six, and seven times three years to live." The glory of "going on and still to be" seemed to be what he most coveted. His interest in men and things never flagged; he was constantly learning something; after his recovery in 1891, feeling how ignorant he was of the structure of the human body, he set himself to the study of Huxley's "Lessons in Physiology." It is a pathetic picture we have of the old scholar with the leaves falling around him and the evening closing in. Even life itself in those days lost something of its magic and loveliness. "Life seems to get poorer as we get older; there are so few remaining who knew us when we were young." Yet cheerfulness remained to the end; more than once in the last month of his life he said that his last year had been his happiest; indeed on his death bed, when Lord Selborne and his daughter visited him, "he raised himself and said, with a sudden glow of vigour and brightness which I shall never forget, 'I bless God for my life, I bless God for my life;' and then falling back on the pillow, he murmured again and again, 'I bless Thee for my life.' Father thought him wandering and weaker, and that we ought to go, and he knelt by the bedside and took the Master's hand which lay on the coverlet, and reverently kissed it. Then Mr. Jowett looked up to him and said, 'Mine has been a happy life, I bless God for my life.'"

I have not touched on his love for children, with whom he formed many friendships, and my limits forbid me to quote some of the many interesting opinions and *obiter dicta* scattered through these volumes. He had many literary projects which he never realised. Of the work he accomplished it is needless to speak here, though it may be said that while Jowett maintained that Plato, to whom he had devoted fifty years of commentary, analysis, and translation, was "the inspired teacher who can never die," Mr. Bright declared, after reading Jowett's translation, that he had been "more astonished at the wonderful capacity and industry of the Master of Balliol than at the wisdom of the great philosopher of Greece."

Mr. MacDonagh has contrived an unusually interesting book out of the doings of Parliament, the machinery of legislation, the chief officers and routine of both Houses, and the quaint ceremonies and old-world customs which have been preserved through the centuries as hallowed appendages of our venerable Constitution.* For those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the forms of parliamentary procedure, the work is an admirable handbook; but quite apart from any consideration of utility, it is brimful of attractive detail, curious out-of-the-way information, and piquant stories of well-known peers and commoners. The narrative begins with the excitement, stratagems, and humours of a general election, and closes with the dissolution—the hand-shaking of the Speaker, the disappearance of the mace and the serjeant-at-arms, the last strange cry of the doorkeeper, "Who goes home?" Between this *alpha* and *omega* the whole experience of our representatives and legislators is recorded with the graphic ease and knowledge of one who for ten years has looked on from the press gallery. In turning over the pages I come across the following suggestive bit of drift-wood from ancient history. The tower which houses "Big Ben"—the loftiest belfry in London by the way—stands on the site of the clock tower of the old Palace of Westminster which contained "Tom of Westminster." This earlier tower was built in the reign of Edward I. and its expense was defrayed from a fine imposed on Ralph de Higham, Chief Justice of England, because of an unjust legal decision he delivered. "Its intent," says an old chronicler, "was, by the clock striking continually, to remind the judges of the neighbouring courts to administer true justice, they calling thereby to mind the occasion and means of its building." After the tower was destroyed, the bell, "Tom of Westminster," was given by William III. to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and from its metal the great bell of the cathedral was cast. It is a singular fact—so scrupu-

* "The Book of Parliament." By Michael MacDonagh, author of "Bishop Doyle; a Biographical and Historical Study." Isbister & Co., Limited. 6s.

lously conservative is parliament of all its old customs—that on the first day of a new session the vaults beneath the palace are searched by the Queen's Marshalmen and Yeomen of the Guard, in accordance with the directions drawn up after the Guy Fawkes scare. No one but the officials is allowed to be present. Although the daylight now streams through the passages, lanterns are carried in obedience to the time-honoured injunction, but as the original order specifies merely "lanterns"—not "lighted lanterns"—the search is conducted with lanterns unlighted. This adherence to ancient forms has once at least been a costly privilege. The primitive method of keeping Exchequer accounts by means of tallies, which was introduced by the Normans in 1066, continued in use till 1826, notwithstanding the Act for its abolition in 1783. On the 16th October 1834, in getting rid of several cartloads of these notched sticks by burning them in the stove which heated the flues of the House of Lords, two workmen set the building on fire, and on the following day the old palace, with the exception of Westminster Hall and the crypt of the Lower House (St. Stephen's Chapel), was a mass of blackened ruins. The reader must turn to the book itself for the amusing things Mr. MacDonagh records in connection with living statesmen and recent events.

Here is a little sheaf of poems—rather a nosegay than a sheaf, so slight is the bulk—which gives a promise of large and delightful fields when the author has the time or, it may be, the confidence to cast his seed wide.* Old as the motive is, there is a strange haunting freshness, a cold wind of eerieness, about the poem which gives the book its title. The stanzas recall in a curious way the music of the Lyke-wake Dirge of the Border ballads, and various ancient cadences laden with the burden of death and the forthfaring of the naked soul. But no ancient song has ever been at once as brief and as comprehensive as these thirty-six lines. The first four give the clue to the reader:

> "What, must my lord be gone?
> Command his horse, and call
> The servants, one and all."
> "Nay, nay, I go alone."

* "Lord Vyet and Other Poems." By Arthur Christopher Benson, of Eton College. John Lane. 5s. net.

There is a poignant note of pathos in the obsequious retainer's reminder that my lady is making delight with her lute while the little son is playing in the hall.

> "Nay, sirs, unbar the door,
> The broken lute shall fall;
> My son shall leave his ball
> To tarnish on the floor."

And as one reads the next stanza, who is not reminded of those awful shadowy kings in Isaiah, xiv. 9-12?

> "Yon bell to triumph rings!
> To greet thee, monarchs wait
> Beside their palace gate."
> "Yes, I shall sleep with kings."

And what more striking and solemn close could there be to so weird a strain than this?

> "My lord hath lodging nigh?
> 'Yes, yes, I go not far—
> And yet the furthest star
> Is not so far as I.'"

So far as I have seen Mr. Benson's work, this thrilling ballad indicates a range of power of which there has been up to the present no other indication. In this very small book there are many beautiful things which I would like to quote, but I must be satisfied merely to name some of them—"Live Bait," "The Phœnix," "Death," and especially "The Shepherd," a fine sympathetically etched photograph, both mental and physical, of the simple elemental rustic, whose language consists of fifty words, and whose converse is more with beast and bird than with humanity. Take the following lines as a foretaste—for no lover of poetry will read these without wishing to read all:—

> "His face is like the pippin, grown
> Red ripe, in frosty suns that shone;
> 'Tis hard and winkled as a stone
> The rains have rained upon.
>
> * * * *
>
> There is no change he doth desire,
> Of far-off lands he hath not heard;
> Beside his wife, before the fire,
> He sits and speaks no word.
>
> He holds no converse with his kind,
> On birds and beasts his mind is bent;
> He knows the thoughts that stir their mind,
> Love, hunger, hate, content."

West Front.
St Paul's

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days and many ways
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song,
Many a road and many an inn,
Room to roam, but only one Home,
For the whole world to win."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XX

"Paint those eyes, so blue, so kind,
Eager tell-tales of her mind:
Paint with their impetuous stress
Of inquiring tenderness;
Those frank eyes, where deep doth lie
An angelic gravity."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE last day of Evereld's school life was drawing to a close — "packing day," as they called it—and when it had been a mere question of the beginning of the holidays it had always been a rather festive occasion. But on this last evening, standing on the threshold of a new, untried life, there was a good deal of sadness about it, and her usually bright face was a little clouded as she paced up and down a shady garden walk with her special friend, Bride O'Ryan. The merry voices of the younger children as they played hide-and-seek, and now and then a distant sound of applause from those who were watching the tennis players, made her feel melancholy, for to-morrow she would no longer have her nook in this happy, busy hive of industry, would no longer have a share in the genial life, but would be settling into a very different home, a home which was not her own, which had never seemed in the least homelike, and to which she did not at all want to return. A happy remembrance caused her cheerfulness to come back.

"Oh, Bride!" she exclaimed, "perhaps after all Sir Matthew will let me spend the next fortnight with you as we begged. He won't let me go to Ireland, he was quite set against that, but he may say 'Yes' to Mrs. Hereford's second letter."

"Why should he be saying 'No' to such a sensible plan?"

"To be sure," said Bride, with her most good-humoured smile. "Why should he be saying 'No' to such a sensible plan? He can't wish to have you in town for the first part of August. Doreen has plenty of room for you in this house she has taken on the Parade, and we will bathe every day and have no end of fun."

"Here comes Aimée with a letter. Bride, I believe it will be from Sir Matthew; things come just when one is talking about them."

A pretty, dark-haired girl now approached them.

"Fraulein asked me to give you this note," she said. "I believe it is from Cousin Doreen."

Evereld hastily opened the letter, and read as follows:

"My dear Evereld—

"We shall be delighted if you will spend the next fortnight with us here at Southbourne. Sir Matthew is quite willing that you should do so, though he cannot spare you to us after August 14th as he wishes you to go with him to Switzerland. I would have liked you to see our Irish mountains first; however, they can hold their own very well against any Alp ever created, and you must come and stay with us next year instead. Tell Bride to bring you as early to-morrow morning as you like.

"Yours affectionately,

"Doreen Hereford."

This note gave general satisfaction, and the three friends yielded to the entreaties of some of the younger children and entered with spirit into the game of hide-and-seek, Evereld feeling all the delight of a reprieve, as she realised that for a whole fortnight she should be able to stay at Southbourne and to postpone the parting with Bride.

The next morning when, somewhat saddened by all the partings they had been through, the two girls were driving down to the Parade, they suddenly caught sight of a huge poster announcing the advent on the following Monday of Mr. Hugh Macneillie's Company and the performance of "The Winter's Tale," "The Rivals," and "The Lady of Lyons." Evereld knew nothing of Ralph's movements; nothing had been heard from him since the Easter holidays, when he had still been travelling in Scotland. She looked, however, with no small interest at this poster, having always remembered their childish worship of Macneillie.

"I have never seen 'The Winter's Tale,'" said Bride. "We must certainly go. Doreen is always delighted if we want to see one of Shakspere's plays."

By this time they had arrived at their destination, and Evereld, who already knew her friend's family very intimately, found herself in the midst of a lively Babel of voices, warmly greeted by pretty Mrs. Hereford, hugged by her three children, and speedily made to feel quite at home.

"How is Dermot?" asked Bride.

"Much better," replied her sister. "You will find him with Mollie in the drawing-room. Let me see, Evereld has not yet met him. We must present the family patriot to you. Poor boy! he has always been unlucky, and since his release a year ago from Clonmel gaol he has been desperately ill."

Evereld felt a little in awe of the released victim of the Coercion Act, but he proved to be the gentlest-mannered of mortals, and her womanly heart went out at once to the hollow-cheeked, large-eyed invalid, whose humorous smile only seemed to add to the pathos of his face.

She was sitting the next day beside his bath chair on the Parade while Mrs. Hereford read to her children, when, as she was watching the sedate couples who passed by in their Sunday best, she suddenly perceived, at a little distance, a figure that seemed strangely familiar. Surely no one but Ralph had precisely that quick, light step? His face was turned away from her; he was intent on the sea, watching the waves like one who loved them and had no attention to bestow on anything else. He was almost passing them, with only the breadth of the Parade between, when a puff of wind suddenly whirled away a paper which Dermot had been reading, and hastily glancing round he picked it up and crossed over to restore it to its owner.

"Ralph!" exclaimed Evereld, springing to her feet.

"You are here still?" he cried, his whole face lighting up. "I thought your holidays would certainly have begun. What good fortune to find you so unexpectedly."

"I have left school and am staying with

Mrs. Hereford for a fortnight. I must introduce you to her."

Mrs. Hereford knew all about Ralph Denmead, and had always felt that he had been harshly treated by Sir Matthew Mactavish. She looked at him now searchingly, and she liked him.

He had one of those sensitive mouths that droop a little at the corners in depression or fatigue, but smile as other mouths cannot smile. The classical nose and well-moulded chin added character to what was otherwise just a pleasant, boyish face, bearing upon it the stamp, "good cricketer;" while the thick brown hair, not quite so closely cropped as the hideous prevailing fashion demanded, and the absence of beard or moustache bespoke him an actor. What she liked best about him, however, were his clear, honest brown eyes, which had the power of lighting up with a most refreshing mirthfulness.

There was something touching in the unfeigned delight of the friends in this wholly unexpected meeting, and Mrs. Hereford was determined that they should have the chance of an uninterrupted talk.

"There is still an hour before tea-time," she said, glancing at her watch. "Take Mr. Denmead to see the view at the end of the Parade, Evereld, and then let us all come home together."

The two fell in with this plan very readily. The only difference between them and the couples Evereld had lately been watching was that they walked much faster and talked a great deal more; for there was much to tell and to hear, and Evereld wanted to learn every detail of the unlucky Scotch tour, and was delighted above measure to think that their hero, Macneillie, should have come to the rescue so opportunely.

"We saw that his company was here to-morrow for a week," she said, blithely. "How little I dreamed that you were with him, Ralph. Mrs. Hereford is going to take us to see 'The Winter's Tale.' I do hope you have a nice part."

"Yes, I am *Florizel*. It's a very nice part, indeed," said Ralph. "And there is such a jolly country dance. You'll like that. You can't think what a difference it is to be in a company like this after travelling with those awful Skoots."

"Which was the worse of the two—the husband or the wife?"

"Oh, the husband was bad enough, but Mrs. Skoot passes description. How she did hate me, too! If I had had the money to do it I might easily have brought an action against her for abusive language. Towards the end of the time she was never quite sober, and once she was so drunk she tumbled headlong down the steps at a station, alighting on the top of my bath, which she nearly knocked into a cocked hat! We know now that all the weeks they were not paying us a penny, so that many of us were half starved, she had money of her own hoarded away, and no doubt they are living on it comfortably enough."

"What became of that poor little Ivy Grant?"

"She stayed for a week with my old landlady and then managed to get into another travelling company, where she seems getting on well. The old professor died just after her return. He was no protection to her, poor old man; in fact, it was quite the other way. She had to support him; he was invalided, and a confirmed opium-eater. Still, it seems lonely for Ivy. She is a very plucky little girl, though, and will, I fancy, get on well in the profession. Now tell me about yourself. How did you get to know Mrs. Hereford, and who is she?"

"She is the married sister of my great friend at school, Bride O'Ryan; you will see Bride when we go back to tea, and I know you'll like her. Every one likes her, she is such fun, and she is always so good-tempered. Mrs. Hereford lives partly in Ireland, but most of the year in Grosvenor Square, because her husband is in Parliament. And Bride will live with her now that she has left school. They were all left orphans, and Mrs. Hereford, who was a good deal older than the others, brought them up. I never knew any one so good and delightful as she is."

"I can't think where I heard the name of Hereford just lately," said Ralph musingly.

"Perhaps it was from Mr. Macneillie. I think Mrs. Hereford has met him once or twice."

"That was it," said Ralph. "Macneillie was telling me how Mr. Hereford gave up his property at Monkton Verney, and turned it into a sort of Cave of Adullam."

He did not mention to Evereld that Christine Greville was now staying at this

very place. Sooner or later she was sure to hear the whole story, but he shrank from telling her what had passed at Mearn Castle, and in no other way could he explain the step Lady Fenchurch had taken.

"What is Mr. Hereford like?" he inquired.

"I like him very much," said Evereld, "he is down here until to-morrow, so you will see him for yourself. Bride says that till he was married he never seemed to settle down to anything, that he was the sort of man every one expected to do great things, and he never did them. But afterwards it was quite different; he began to work very hard, and now, she says, out in county Wicklow the peasants all love him, and he makes such a good landlord. Bride says he's almost as Irish as they are."

"And you are here with them for a fortnight? Where after that?"

"With the Mactavishes in Switzerland. We shall be a party of seven, altogether; I am to go to keep Janet company, for Minnie will be a good deal taken up, you see, with Major Gillot; they are engaged at last, the wedding is to be this autumn. Then there will be Sir Matthew and Mr. Bruce Wylie."

"The inevitable Wylie!" said Ralph impatiently. "I hate that man."

"And I like him very much," said Evereld perversely. "You always had a most unfair prejudice against him. He will certainly be the life of the party. I was delighted to hear that he was going."

Ralph's face grew grave; there was an expression in it which startled Evereld as he turned towards her.

"Tell me in earnest," he said anxiously, "Do you really like this man?"

Her truthful eyes met his fully.

"Only as I like an elderly man who used to give us chocolates and treats when we were children," she said quietly.

Ralph, in his relief, laughed aloud.

"He wouldn't be flattered if he knew that you called him elderly. He thinks himself just in his prime. How long shall you be abroad?"

"Six weeks, I think," said Evereld.

There was a silence. They had walked to the extreme end of the Parade and had wandered down to the sea itself. "Let us sit here by this boat," she suggested; "it is so hot walking."

Ralph silently assented; she glanced at him in some perplexity. Why had he so suddenly become quiet and troubled?

"Something has vexed you," she said gently, yet with a smile. "A penny for your thoughts."

"I am thinking," said Ralph, "how hard it is that every holiday-maker, every idle lounger in Switzerland will have the chance of being with you, while I am altogether cut off from your set, and can only think how other men will be making love to you."

"They won't," she said, in low tones. "A girl can always stop that if she chooses. I have heard Mrs. Hereford say so."

"If you were going to be with her, it would be more bearable. But you will be with Sir Matthew, whose one idea is how to make other people and other people's money serve his purposes. Don't stop me, Evereld—I can't help it—I distrust him, and with very good cause. He and his hateful speculations were the death of my father; I have proof of that, actual proof."

"Then I am surprised at nothing," said Evereld, understanding now all the ill-concealed dislike and antagonism between Sir Matthew and Ralph which had often puzzled her in past times.

"He ruined my childhood," said Ralph hotly, "and must I now stand calmly by, while he ruins the rest of my life? Evereld!" There was a passionate appeal in his voice which stirred the very depths of her heart. "I have no right yet to ask you to be my wife—my career is only beginning; but my darling, I love you—I love you!"

He saw her flush and tremble, but she was quite silent. Her words about a girl always being able to stop that sort of thing if she chose, came back to his mind.

"Are you angry with me?" he said pleadingly. "I meant to have waited for years before speaking, but I was carried away."

She lifted her blue eyes to his; they were bright and dewy, and in her face there seemed to be the glow of sunrise.

"I am glad you didn't wait, Ralph," she said softly.

Whereupon Ralph had the audacity to kiss her in the full light of day, as they sat under the shelter of the boat; and no one was any the wiser, save an old fisherman who was blest with exceptionally long eye-

sight; he, with a smile, fell to thinking of his own young days, and softly sang, as he filled his Sunday pipe, the refrain of a sailor's song:

"Polly, my Polly,
She is so jolly,
The bonniest lass in the world."

The two were silently but rapturously happy, and it was some little time before any thought of other people came to trouble Ralph. As for Evereld, her heart seemed to beat to the rhythm of his words, "I love you!" and she was not at all disposed to consider the question which soon formed itself in his mind.

"I wonder whether I was wrong to speak," he said. "You must remember, darling, that you are free, altogether free. After all, you have seen nothing of the world. You are not to let the thought of my love bind you."

"Perhaps I ought not to make a promise while I am Sir Matthew's ward," said Evereld. "That is the only thing which would make me wish to wait; and now that we understand each other, the waiting ought not to be too hard."

"Suppose you tell Mrs. Hereford just the whole truth," said Ralph, "and see what she advises. I shall feel happier about it if you have some one to turn to, and if she is what she seems to be one could trust her with anything. I wish I could talk to her some day."

"Well, that can easily be managed," said Evereld. "I will tell her to-night. I am sure you are right about that. Though Sir Matthew is untrustworthy we can trust her, and as I am under her care here it seems right somehow that she should know."

"She will certainly think me the most presumptuous fellow she ever met," said Ralph. "Looking at it from an outsider's point of view, it is as bad as it can be. A fellow who won't be one and twenty till next month and is only earning three pounds a week. Mrs. Hereford will call me 'The first of the Fortune Hunters,' and will warn you against me."

"We shall see," said Evereld laughing. "I shall be very much disappointed in her if she doesn't understand you better."

"Are you sure that you understand me?" he said wistfully.

"Yes," she said, her sweet eyes smiling into his. "I have summered and wintered you a great many times, as Bridget would say, and I very well know, Ralph, that you would much prefer it if my father had left me three hundred instead of three thousand a year. I think it is a little foolish of you, for, as long as we share it, what does it matter which side it comes from?"

A church clock striking four warned them that they must hasten back, and when they rejoined the others they were chatting together so naturally that no one dreamt what an important scene in their life drama had been played at the other end of the beach.

Ralph found himself speedily made to feel at home in the delightful atmosphere of the Irish household, with its mirth and good humour, its cheerful Babel of voices. It delighted him to think that Evereld, who had known little of family life, should have found such friends, and he went back to his rooms later on in the highest spirits.

The Herefords had guessed nothing of his story, and the O'Ryans had been too much taken up with their own merry discussions to be very observant, but Macneillie saw at a glance the change that had come over his pupil.

"Well," he said in his genial voice, "what good fortune has befallen you?"

"I have found Evereld," said Ralph, blithely. "She is staying on here with the Max Herefords. Here's a note for you, by-the-bye. They want us to breakfast with them to-morrow at half-past nine; it was the only free time, for they lunch at one, as he has to go up to town, and I knew rehearsal wouldn't be over by then."

"No," said Macneillie lighting a cigarette, "in your present mood you're about as likely to give your mind to Shakspere as that lover and his lass," glancing at a very demonstrative couple on the other side of the road. "We shall have a long and wearing rehearsal to-morrow."

"I don't understand you, governor," said Ralph, using the old stage word for the manager, as he generally did now to Macneillie, and somehow conveying by it just the reverence and affection which he felt for the Scotsman.

"I have an unfair advantage over you," said Macneillie, smiling, "I have heard a great deal about Miss Evereld Ewart, and know that she is likely to distract you from your labours."

"You have heard of her? From whom?"

"From you yourself, to be sure, in the feverish nights you had at Callander. I have long been wishing for the opportunity of quoting Mrs. Siddons to you, 'Study, study, study, and don't marry until you are thirty.'"

"Well, we can't even be engaged yet," said Ralph; "but we understand each other, and that is something. To-morrow you must see her."

"I will devote myself to her entirely," said Macneillie, with a mirthful twinkle in his grey eyes, "and you in the meantime can be profitably improving your Irish accent with Mrs. Hereford, with a view to *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. Your brogue doesn't quite satisfy me yet."

CHAPTER XXI

"So, from her sky-like spirit, gentleness
Dropt ever like a sun-lit fall of rain,
And his beneath drank in the bright caress
As thirstily as would a parched plain,
That long hath watched the showers of sloping grey
For ever, ever, falling far away."

LOWELL.

AFTER Ralph had left, a more sombre hue stole over Evereld's glowing sky. She began to think a little of the future, of the countless partings in store for them; and the more she thought, the more silent and grave she became.

"You looked tired, dear," said Mrs. Hereford, as they walked back from church. "Come in with me and rest. The others have set their hearts on a stroll by the sea, but you had a long walk this afternoon."

"Yes," said Evereld, sitting down beside her hostess near the open window, and looking out into the calm summer evening. "I wanted to tell you about our walk. And if ever you have time Ralph would so much like a talk with you, too."

The words were said with an effort, and Mrs. Hereford glanced at the sweet girlish face, with its downcast eyes, and understood in a moment what was coming.

"You two are very old friends," she said. "Bride told me that you had been brought up together, and that a very nice German lady had done a great deal for you."

"Yes," said Evereld, falling naturally into all the old memories. "I don't know what we should have done without her. You see, the Mactavishes never really cared for us. But she cared, and dear old Bridget, and Geraghty the butler; and Ralph was just like my brother until the day Sir Matthew turned him out of the house. He failed, you know, in his exam. for the Indian Civil, and they had a quarrel and Ralph had to go. It was only in that dreadful time, after he had gone, that I understood how I cared for him."

"And had you not met him at all since then?" asked Mrs. Hereford.

"Yes, we met once by accident in the Christmas holidays, and then I thought—I fancied—that he cared a little. But he said nothing till to-day, and now we understand each other, only Ralph will not let me bind myself in any way; he had not meant to speak yet at all, he said, but oh, I am so glad he didn't wait."

Mrs. Hereford took the girl's hand in hers and stroked it silently. Her thoughts had flown back to a day in her own life when just such an understanding had been arrived at; she had been about the same age as Evereld, and looking back now she felt sad as she realised how much inevitable pain and suspense lay before this girl, what dire possibilities of misunderstanding, what weary hours of separation.

"That is just what I should have said," she answered, after that brief pause. "But now, understanding all it involves, I confess I don't want Molly and Bride to be in a hurry to follow your example. I want them to have five or six years of free, happy girlhood before all the deeper joys and cares begin. Of course we can't choose, and for you and Mr. Denmead, who have no real home, no near relations, very likely it is the best and happiest way. I am glad you told me about it, and you must promise, if ever you need any one to help you, to come to me. I suppose you can hardly make a *confidante* of Lady Mactavish?"

"No," said Evereld, half laughing, half crying. "They are all so horrid about Ralph. When I am one and twenty and we can really be engaged, of course they must all know; but to tell them this could do no good and might do great harm."

"Sir Matthew did not insist, then, on your altogether breaking with your friend when he was sent away?"

"I don't think any one troubled to think

about it until last Christmas," said Evereld. "Then when I met him and told Sir Matthew about it, he did say something of the sort, but I told him I couldn't leave off being Ralph's friend, and he was very kind and did not forbid my writing to him in the holidays. If Ralph succeeds on the stage I believe Sir Matthew will be rather proud of him after all. He does so like people who succeed. I suppose we may still write to each other now and then?"

"Oh, I think as long as there is nothing underhand about it you may continue to write," said Mrs. Hereford. "You will write as friends, not as lovers; you must deny yourselves that luxury until you come of age. I am not preaching what I haven't practised, dear, for we had four years of that sort of thing before I was actually engaged. There are great drawbacks, but I think some advantages."

"Surely many advantages," said Evereld. "And I am much more alone in the world than you were. You had brothers and sisters."

"Yes, and a profession which was very absorbing," said Mrs. Hereford, suppressing a sigh. "Oh, I do think it is a very great gain for you, only I want you to realise that it is the sort of life that needs no end of patience and courage and strength. There will be days when all will not be so bright as you fancy. But I won't croak any more. You are likely to be much better at waiting than I was, for impulsiveness is the bane of all Irish folk."

"And you will talk to Ralph?" pleaded Evereld, knowing how much he would value the sympathy and counsel of such a woman, and secretly longing that Mrs. Hereford should know him and appreciate him better.

"Yes, to be sure," said her hostess, with the smile that had won so many hearts. "We will collogue together after breakfast."

She was true to her promise, and while Macneillie was amusing every one with stories of various *contretemps* of stage life, she contrived to carry off Ralph to see the invalided patriot; after which they had a cosy little talk in the drawing-room with no one but Baby Donal, a sturdy little man of three, to keep them company.

"Evereld has told me about yesterday afternoon," said Mrs. Hereford, who was quite well aware that she must plunge boldly into the very heart of the matter and not wait for him to beat about the bush.

"I should never have spoken so soon if it had not been for the thought of her Swiss tour with that knave and his solicitor," said Ralph hotly. "Forgive me for the expression, but it is not too strong for him."

Mrs. Hereford laughed a little.

"You needn't measure your words so carefully; a Kelt is accustomed to much more fiery language than that. And you really think Sir Matthew Mactavish a knave? I confess he is a man I intuitively dislike, but I thought he was a great philanthropist and very much respected."

"So he is," said Ralph, his face hardening. "But some day the world will find him out—some day when he has ruined and murdered others, as he ruined and murdered my father. What a mistake it is only to hang people who are taken red-handed! They should rather hang the speculators whose victims may be reckoned by hundreds. There are far more cruel ways of murdering people than by poison, or knives, or guns."

She had watched him closely as he spoke, and saw that his wrath and indignation were genuine and deep. A great pity filled her heart, and she understood how intolerable it must seem to Ralph that the girl he loved should still be in the power of this despicable sham philanthropist.

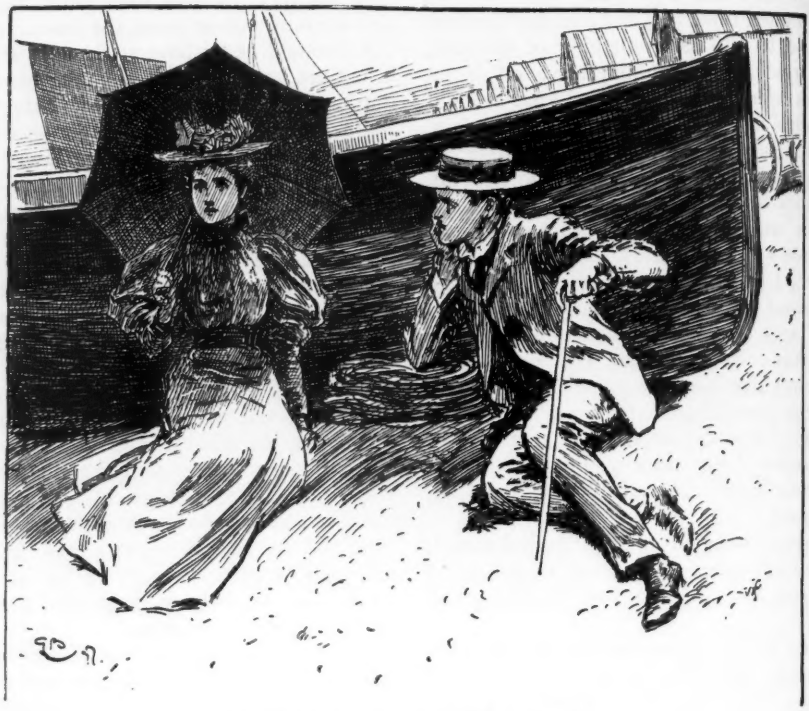
"I think you were quite right to speak to Evereld," she said warmly. "And now that you have spoken, the worst of your anxiety ought to be over. The knowledge that you belong to each other will be strength to both of you."

All the bitterness died out of his face at her words, leaving it once more frank and boyish and ingenuous as it was meant to be. Sir Matthew's conduct had tended to make him a trifle hard and critical, but the goodness of Macneillie and the gift of Evereld's love had already done much to obliterate the traces of the evil influence.

His heart went out now to the brave, noble-minded woman who so readily gave him her thought and sympathy.

"Evereld told me you would understand," he said gratefully. "I don't think I could have kept silent. But of course evil-minded people are sure to say that it is only her fortune I want."

"Evil be to him that evil thinks," said



"A girl can always stop that if she chooses"

Mrs. Hereford. "No one who had talked with you for half an hour even could believe you a fortune-hunter. And when you have lived as many years as I have done in public, you will learn to trouble yourself very little indeed as to what people say. We shall never be true to ourselves, or of much use to any good cause, till the fear of public opinion has died in us."

"Does living in public teach one that? I should have thought it would have taught one to howl with the wolves, to be always on the look out for ways of pleasing the public, and stroking people the right way, to dread nothing so much as alienating or offending your audience."

"Many people would agree with that view; but I believe it is false for all that. Why meddle with what does not concern you? Your work is to live your own life, to be just and independent, to be true to your own conscience and to be a hard-working actor You have nothing to do with the result on other people, you can never tell what it may be; and if you pare down your actions till you fancy they will please every one, you will end by forfeiting the esteem of all. It's like the old fable of the men who first rode their ass to market and finally carried it."

"Certainly Macneillie's life is ruled in the way you approve," said Ralph, thoughtfully. "There never was a manager who so sturdily refused to bow down to the public. He will not humour the depraved taste for morbid and dubious plays which has taken possession of the country of late, but insists on giving only what is really good. The result, however, is that while a manager who runs one of these risky modern plays makes a fortune, Macneillie merely earns a competence."

"That may be," said Mrs. Hereford, "but the result also is that the one manager is a curse to his country and the other a godsend. Your habit of mind isn't so commercial that you measure success by the solid gold it brings in."

"I hope not," said Ralph, laughing. "But to one who knows how hard and wearing and anxious the life of such a man is bound to be, want of great visible success seems rather rough. However, to return to the point we started from, it is a great comfort to know that you don't think I was wrong to speak to Evereld yesterday, and a greater comfort still to know that she has you for a friend. One never feels safe somehow with a man like Sir Matthew Mactavish, but if she may turn to you in any difficulty, I shall not worry half so much."

"I will promise you to be to her just what I would try to be to one of my own sisters," said Mrs. Hereford. "And you, too, must promise to treat us all as friends. Come in whenever you like this week; you must make the most of your chance of seeing Evereld."

Macneillie, in the meantime, had been learning to know Ralph's future wife. He had been a little surprised at first to find that she was a decidedly reserved girl, not strikingly pretty, rather short, and wholly unlike the being he would have expected Ralph to fall in love with. This was, however, merely his first impression. He had not been long in the room with her before he observed how well her head was set on her shoulders, how, in spite of her want of height, there was that indescribable touch of dignity in her carriage which he had vainly tried to impart to many a novice on the stage. Then she spoke to him during a pause in the general talk—most of her talking, he discovered, was done to fill up gaps—and when she spoke, a sort of transformation scene took place. Her face suddenly became lovely, the china-blue eyes seemed to radiate light and sweetness, the colour deepened in the softly rounded cheeks, and the most charming dimple made itself seen.

"We are all so much looking forward to 'The Winter's Tale' to-night," she said.

"You have not seen Ralph act before?" asked Macneillie, knowing quite well what the answer would be, but wishing for another variety of the transformation scene.

The blue eyes deepened in colour, and an exquisite tenderness softened the whole face.

"Never on the stage," she said. "Of course I have seen him just as an amateur. Do you think he is getting on well?"

Now, this last question was one to

"Unluckily she was married in England"

enthral the heart of any manager. Actually this girl did not leap to the conclusion that her lover was by nature a full-fledged actor, but asked if he was getting on.

"She is the most sensible little woman I ever came across," thought Macneillie to himself. "In such a case even Mrs. Siddons might have qualified her advice as to marriage."

By-and-by Evereld found herself keeping guard over baby Donal in the drawing-room, and talking to Ralph, while Macneillie and Max Hereford adjourned to the smoking-room. The two lovers were serenely happy, and saw the future opening before them in all the gorgeous hues of dawn. But Macneillie received a stab from his unconscious companion, which was destined to rankle in his heart. They had been speaking of Monkton Verney, and, not unnaturally, Max Hereford—knowing that Christine Greville was a friend, but knowing nothing of the true state of affairs—referred to her case.

"I only hope she will be able to get her divorce," he said casually, "but of course there is a doubt."

"A doubt?" said Macneillie, frowning. "Why, Sir Roderick never attempted to deny his guilt."

"Oh, yes, there is no doubt as to his guilt, and had she been married in Scotland, all would have been well, for Scotland has one and the same law for men and women. Unluckily she was married in England."

"I don't understand you. I know little of the law," said Macneillie, "but certainly in my country there would be no difficulty when it was a clear case of the breach of the seventh commandment."

"There would be no difficulty in England for a man," said Max Hereford, "but a woman cannot get a divorce here unless she can prove cruelty as well as adultery on the part of her husband. It is only one of the instances of our scandalous habit of setting up different standards of morality for men and women."

"How much longer are the English going to put up with such a grave injustice?" said Macneillie.

"Not long, I fancy, when once they realise it. But at present half of them are ignorant of the true state of things, while the evil-minded are of course unwilling to rob themselves of what they regard as a prerogative. The law as it stands is not only unjust to women, but to all moral men. How easily one can picture a case where, because divorce was not granted, it was impossible for the innocent woman to marry a man who loved her."

Macneillie assented quietly. No one could have guessed how terribly this suggestion moved him—how clearly he saw in his own mind the picture of an innocent woman and an upright, law-abiding man with their lives wrecked by this double standard of morality.

"I think," he said presently, "that, at any rate, in Miss Greville's case there will be little difficulty in proving Sir Roderick's cruelty."

"I hope it may be so," said Max Hereford; "but I understand from her solicitor that different views prevail as to what does exactly constitute legal cruelty. The case is not likely to come on yet for some months, and the suspense must be terribly trying for her, far worse of course than for any one in private life."

"Her decision to stay at Monkton Verney till the case is over seems to me wise," said Macneillie. "Your Cave of Adullam is a great godsend. I wonder what made you think of such a plan?"

"Oh, the Cave was my wife's doing," said Max Hereford. "Miss Claremont is delighted to have her old friend, Miss Greville, there, and since Barry Sterne has undertaken the entire management of her theatre, there is no need for her to be troubled in any way about outside things. Why Flo! Kittie!" he exclaimed, breaking off as two pretty little girls darted into the room, their sunburnt faces aglow with eagerness.

"Oh, daddy! there's a man with the beautifullest voice you ever heard, and we want sixpence for him," they cried in a breath. "Do come and hear him."

And by sheer force of determination the two small elves dragged their father from the depths of his easy chair.

"The tyranny of daughters is a thing you have yet to learn, Mr. Macneillie," he said, with a smile, as with one elf on his shoulder and the other impetuously pulling at his hand, he sauntered out to the front door.

Macneillie flung the end of his cigarette

into the grate, and began to pace the room restlessly.

The words so unconsciously spoken seemed to put the finishing touch to his pain. The fatherly pride of his host's face haunted him, and filled him with envy, and over and over in his mind he revolved the torturing doubt which had first been suggested to him that morning. Would the law free Christine? Meanwhile, through the open door, there was wafted to him, only too distinctly, the old familiar song of the street tenor:

"Love once again! meet me once again!
Old love is waking—shall it wake in vain?"

Such a life as Macneillie's may have two very different effects on the man called upon to endure it. Either it will embitter him, and he will gradually become a mere cynical observer of others, or it will deepen and widen his whole character, and he will become more and more tender towards the lives of other people.

Lynx-eyed to detect, and prompt to check, as far as possible, all that he deemed undesirable or in the least risky, among the members of his company, he was nevertheless always kind-hearted with regard to any genuine attachment. He knew Ralph now very intimately, and was quite well aware that his feeling for Evereld was no mere passing fancy. In his own grievous anxiety and suspense there was comfort in throwing himself into the affairs of his *protégé*, and a growing desire to see this love-story happily worked out took possession of him. He had, moreover, taken a great fancy to Evereld, and began now to consider things from her point of view, trying to picture to himself just how she would probably feel with regard to Ralph's profession. She had never seen him on the stage, had never, in fact, seen him act at all since the time she had been of an age to understand what love meant. He wondered how the play that night would strike her. Would *Florizel's* love-making possibly jar a little upon her, as she sat there watching it from her place in the stalls? Or would that gracious, womanly wisdom which he had noticed in her save her from all petty jealousies, all thoughts unworthy of a great art? He thought it would. Still a girl of nineteen in love with a man like Ralph Denmead might perhaps be excused if she were not entirely able to forget herself and her own story in the contemplation of Shakspere's play.

"I know what I will do," he thought to himself; "no one who understands the training, the learning, the drilling, the matter-of-fact element of sheer hard work that makes up the life of an actor, is likely to think stage love-making a dangerous pastime. I will persuade Mrs. Hereford to bring her this morning to rehearsal."

CHAPTER XXII

"If art be devoted to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new and old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art."

"Appreciations."—WALTER PATER.

MRS. HEREFORD, who had readily divined Macneillie's kindly intention in suggesting that they should see at any rate part of the rehearsal, wondered to herself whether his plan had been wise, when about noon she found herself with Evereld and Bride in the dim dreariness of the theatre, which was quite empty, save for a couple of charwomen who were scrubbing the floor of the pit. A civil attendant took them to the second row of the stalls, where they had, of course, an excellent view of that inexpressibly dingy and forlorn-looking place, a stage without scenery.

Macneillie, wearing a Glengarry cap, was sitting on a chair with his back to them, directing the dialogue and criticising, in his quiet voice, the shortcomings of *Paulina* and *Emilia* in the prison scene. At the back of the stage, some pacing to and fro, some sitting on the floor, were the rest of the company, chatting comfortably together in low tones.

"Do you think they are all Quakers?" observed Bride naughtily. "How queer it does look to see men indoors with their hats on. Every variety, too, bowlers, deerstalkers, sailors, and caps."

"Perhaps it's draughty on the stage," said Evereld. "I believe that tall, dark girl, must be Miss Myra Kay. She was only married last month. See, Ralph is talking to her; that pretty girl in the blue and white blouse. She is *Hermione* I think."

"Don't distract me," said Bride, "*Paulina*

is handling the stage baby very well, but it's too small a doll; why, Flo, who was the tiniest of babies, was more respectable than that. Ah, *Antigonus* lifts it from the floor. My good man, you'll break the child's neck if you don't support its head better! Talk about kites and ravens being instructed to nurse it, why he wants instructing himself! It's as bad as seeing a young curate at a christening."

Evereld was obliged to laugh a little, and her eyes were still bright and mirthful when suddenly she perceived Ralph emerging through a side door and approaching them.

"I thought you might like a book to follow with," he said. "Are you getting thoroughly disillusioned? And shall you never be able to enjoy seeing a play again, now that you know how it's done?"

"Indeed I shall enjoy it much more," she said. "Oh, there's still a good deal I see, before you come in. Who is your *Perdita?*"

"The fair-haired girl in blue serge, Miss Eva Carton. She is the daughter of that Major Carton who was killed in the Soudan."

"I remember; you had him in your gallery of heroes. Is she a nice girl?"

"Very, I think, but I have not seen much of her yet. They were left badly off, and she has taken to the stage to help her mother. She has only just joined this company, so we are in the same box. That tall fellow in the Norfolk jacket is a great chum of mine — George Mowbray — commonly called 'Gran'fer' because he has a grandfatherly way of helping every one. He is the punster of the company."

"Have you all got nicknames?"

"Most of us. Mine is 'Denny,' which always makes me think of Bridget's beloved patriot in Cork gaol. I must be off now— they are just at the end of this scene."

After this Evereld watched with keen interest the progress of the play. It seemed to her that Macneillie was almost an ideal instructor. His patience was marvellous, and his criticism, though sometimes keen, was always kindly. When the sheep-shearing scene began and *Florizel* and *Perdita*, with no helpful accessories, had to go through their love-making in cold blood, while the working of a sewing-machine, and the hammering of carpenters, and the scrubbing of the charwomen could be plainly heard, Evereld realised more than she had ever done before the prosaic nature of some aspects of an actor's life. Macneillie was as fidgety as any dancing-master about the precise way in which his arm should encircle her waist. Degville himself could not have laid more stress on the importance of every attitude, and when it came to the part where *Florizel* claimed *Perdita* as his bride in the presence of the disguised *Polixenes*, he was promptly pulled up in the utterance of the words:

> "I take thy hand, this hand,
> As soft as dove's down and as white as it."

"Don't take her hand as if you were taking a jam tart at a confectioner's!" exclaimed Macneillie.

And over and over again that particular bit had to be rehearsed until it was precisely to the manager's mind.

Finally a diversion was made by the arrival, long after the time when they should have put in an appearance, of a few members of the orchestra. In a leisurely way, as though they were conferring a great favour on the actors, they began to tune up, the pretty dance of shepherds and shepherdesses was rehearsed, and Bride and Evereld found themselves longing to join in it.

"I really wonder," said Bride as they walked home, "that you dared to take me to such a beguiling place, Doreen. Don't you expect me to be stage-struck?"

"There might be some danger if you only saw the performances," said Mrs. Hereford laughing. "But I doubt if you would stand many rehearsals. You would certainly be fined every day for unpunctuality."

"It must be a weary grind," said Bride, yawning. "One would have to love one's art very absorbingly to be able to endure such endless repetition. I suppose that is the difference between an artist and an ordinary mortal. An artist never grudges trouble; the dullest little touches here and there all have their interest for him."

"Certainly, if he is worth his salt," said Mrs. Hereford. "That is what Flo will have to learn if she is to develop, as I hope, into a singer."

"Well," said Bride, good-humouredly, "I have only just enough energy for ordinary life, so I will stick to being an ordinary mortal. And you keep me company, Evereld.

We will make the appreciative audiences for the others. Where is the fun of acting or singing if there is no one to applaud?"

In fact, she applauded much more heartily than Evereld that evening. Evereld's appreciation was pretty plainly visible in her glowing face and bright eyes, but she left the hand-clapping to her companion and sat in a sort of happy dream, watching the play contentedly with the blissful consciousness that every minute the time drew nearer when Ralph would make his appearance.

After the heavier portions of "The Winter's Tale" the pastoral scenes always come as a relief, and Ralph could hardly have had a more taking part. Evereld, who at rehearsal had never been able to watch him except as her friend and lover, was now entirely carried away. He was *Florizel* to her, and *Florizel* only; he looked the part to perfection, and there was a sincerity about his acting which carried all before it and gave great promise for his future. Macneillie, standing at the wing, felt more than content with his pupil.

"If the boy can do as well as this now he ought to have a great career before him," he thought to himself. "And perhaps, like Phelps, he will be one of those who will owe everything to an early and a happy marriage. That girl is one of a thousand. It is to be hoped that Sir Matthew Mactavish will not step in to spoil the game."

The rest of the week passed by only too swiftly. Almost every evening they went to the theatre, and in the afternoon Ralph would often join them at tennis. One day there was a cricket match between the members of the company and a local eleven, on another day a picnic to a ruined castle in the neighbourhood, and at length the doleful day arrived when the parting must come.

After all, it proved to be the elders who were grave and anxious at the thought of the unknown future which Ralph and Evereld went forth to meet so confidently. Healthy youth is seldom troubled with forebodings, and the lovers, though saddened for the time by the coming separation, could not but reflect how much more propitious things were than at their last leave-taking.

"How I envied little Ivy Grant as she walked along Queen Anne's Gate with you that Christmas day!" said Evereld, with a smile. "Where shall you be this Christmas, Ralph?"

"We shall be in Yorkshire," he replied, "still giving the plays you have seen here. What a good thing it is for me that you can take such an interest in our show. It must be hard on an actor to do without the sympathy of those nearest to him. Sometimes one does wish that old Mrs. Macneillie had not such a feeling against the stage. His life is hard and lonely enough without having that added to it. Still, I think they understand each other, and it is good to see her pride in him."

"Does she never see him act?" asked Evereld.

"Never. She won't set foot in a theatre. She is not even one of those people who only object to the name of the thing and will see a play at the Crystal Palace or in a hall. She's too sensible to take that view."

"Why, what is the special merit of a 'hall?'" asked Evereld, laughing.

"Goodness only knows. I often wish those worthy but illogical folk could feel the discomforts and the woeful plight the company often find themselves in behind the scenes, with perhaps a couple of dressing-rooms for the whole lot of them and no possible place in which to put their clothes. They would soon realise the advantages of proper theatres."

"Have you seen your good notice in the *Southbourne Weekly News?*" said Evereld, glancing at the paper with loving pride.

"Yes; it is rather decent, isn't it? I always cut out and keep press notices for Macneillie. Sharing his lodgings, there are a good many small things of that sort one can do for him."

"Who does the catering?"

"Oh, he does all that. He is a first-rate hand at marketing, having had so much practice."

"I shall have to come to him for lessons some day," said Evereld, blushing vividly as she realised what the words involved.

Whereupon Ralph forgot all about fortunes and guardians and time and patience, and, taking her in his arms, kissed her passionately.

That was their real parting, or rather the silent pledge that nothing could really part them. Ralph lingered for some little time

afterwards in the next room, talking with the others, and, as usual, there was the cheerful Irish Babel of many voices, for no one thought in that household of talking one at a time. Then, having received a kindly invitation from Mrs. Hereford to come and see them either in London or at Hollybrack, he took his departure; and, with the memory of Evereld's love to cheer him on his way, rejoined Macneillie's company at the station.

"That is a case, I suppose," said Max Hereford, finding himself just then alone with his wife.

"I thought you would guess it," she said, smiling.

"You were always a matchmaker at heart, Doreen," he said, teasingly. "But how about this guardian in the background? He will be playing the Assyrian, and coming down on you like the wolf on the fold."

"I can't help it if he does," said Mrs. Hereford, with laughter lurking in her eyes. "Really and truly I have not been match-making. It's ridiculous for Sir Matthew Mactavish to allow his ward to be brought up for six years with such a boy as that, and then to take me to task for allowing the two old friends to meet in a rational way. And after all, if he is annoyed, I believe I should rather like it, for you know, Max, I always did detest that man."

"Yes, dear, we all know that you are the best hater in the world; and I know that you are the best lover," he said, stooping to kiss her.

"I don't see how I could have done otherwise," she said, musingly. "Evidently Mr. Macneillie sees exactly how things are. And what can you do for a couple of homeless waifs like that but give them your help and sympathy? A girl with no mother is in such a wretched plight as soon as her love-troubles begin. Don't I know exactly how my own mistakes and miseries came from that very cause? Tell me what you really think of Ralph Denmead?"

"I like him," said Max Hereford. "He seems an honest, straightforward, clean-minded fellow; he has plenty of humour too, in which, perhaps, Evereld is a trifle lacking, and just because he has a touch of the Welsh fire in him and is at times unreasonable and unpractical as all Kelts are——"

"Now, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Hereford, with her irresistible laugh. "No dark hints about Kelts; we all know what that leads to."

"I was going to remark, if you won't quite throttle me," he continued suavely, "that marriages between Kelts and Saxons, though barbarously prohibited by the oppressive laws of the English conquerors when they annexed Ireland, always turn out eminently successful. That, in fact, the union of hearts is the thing to be aimed at."

"They are not actually betrothed yet, and won't be until she is of age, and until he has made his way a little. Then, of course, there will be a battle royal with the Mactavish, but he will have no authority over her, and you and I, Max, will stand by her. She shall be married from Hollybrack quietly, and they will be able to live very comfortably, for, according to Bride, she will be rich."

"I only hope her guardian is really trustworthy," said Max Hereford. "I don't altogether like what I heard of him the other day from old Marriott. But of course Marriott is one of those steady-going, old-fashioned solicitors who are excessively cautious, and it would be almost impossible for him to approve of a company promoter like Sir Matthew. He may be all right enough."

"We shall see," said Mrs. Hereford, with an expressive little gesture of the hands. "For my part, I wouldn't trust him for a moment; but you will say that is my Irish imagination, and of course I have no great knowledge of the man."

Bride O'Ryan, who had been more or less taken up with her own people during the past week, had guessed nothing at all as to what was going on. The two friends had both hitherto been somewhat young for their age, and they had never been the sort of girls given to premature talk as to lovers and love-making. Their heroes were either the patriots of the past or the great leaders of the present, and their school-life had been too full of work and well-organised amusement to leave much time for desultory dreaming. Bride had of course heard of the life at the Mactavishes', but it had never entered her head that Ralph Denmead could ever be anything but Evereld's adopted brother.

It was not until he had actually gone that

the truth began to dawn upon her. She saw that Evereld was making an effort at cheerfulness, that her face when in repose had a quite new expression of wistfulness, and that all at once she had grown dreamy and absent.

That night, when the mystic hour of "hair brushing" came round, she could hold her tongue no longer.

"I wish," she said impetuously, "you wouldn't shut me out of it all. I know quite well you are unhappy, though you will play the ostrich and bury your head in the sand in that English way, supposing that no one will notice you."

Evereld laughed at the odd mixture of the similes.

"I never heard of an English ostrich," she said merrily. "If there ever was one it must long ago have become extinct, like the dodo."

"Ah, you laugh now," said Bride, "but you have looked wretched all the afternoon, and I saw you crying in church."

Evereld blushed guiltily.

"It was very stupid of me, but I couldn't help remembering how different all had been last Sunday evening."

"When Mr. Denmead was here?" said Bride boldly.

Evereld nodded.

Bride looked straight into her soft blue eyes.

"Well, I'm sure I don't wonder he lost his heart to you. But, all the same, I wish he hadn't."

"We are not engaged you know," said Evereld.

"Oh, it's just as bad as if you were," said Bride, despondently.

"As bad? What an odd way you have of congratulating me."

"I don't congratulate you. I'm very sorry," said Bride, vigorously brushing her dark hair. "Why should he come disturbing us just when our life is beginning and we were going to have such a good time? You'll never be at all the same to me again. It will be as the poem says:

> "One and one, with a shadowy third."

"Nonsense," said Evereld. "It has made me care for you fifty times more than I did, Bride, and I need you now more than ever. Besides, can't you see how different things are for me? You have your home with you sisters and the children; and you have brothers often staying with you, and you are all sure of each other, and everything is so happy that I'm sure I don't know how you would bear leaving it yet. But I have no real home; and the only one of the Mactavishes I do rather like is to be married in November. Can't you understand how beautiful it is to really belong to some one at last?"

"Yes," said Bride. "It was selfish of me to think first of my own part of it. And, after all, perhaps you are right; you may need me still, specially when the Mactavishes are horrid. They won't like your engagement a bit."

"No," replied Evereld, quietly. "That is very certain. There are storms ahead. But I shall know where to turn to. You will always be my friend, and Mrs. Hereford says I am to come to her in any trouble."

"Of course, Doreen mothers everybody; she always did, Michael says, even when she was quite a little girl herself."

"And no one will ever be such a friend to me as you, Bride. You and Aimée Magnay and I will always keep up with each other, whatever happens."

"Talking of Aimée reminds me that I heard from her this morning," said Bride. "She says that in September they are all going to Auvergne; her father has some commission for a picture. They will stay at Mabillon all the autumn, and, perhaps, even for Christmas. Cousin Espérance thinks I had better come too, for the sake of perfecting my French, but I'm not sure that I could leave Dermot."

"Take him with you," suggested Evereld. "The sunshine and the warmth down there would exactly suit him."

"Why, I never thought of that. It would be a splendid idea, and the Magnays are so kind-hearted. I know they have lots of room, too, in that rambling old château. Don't you remember the little picture of it that Aimée had in our bedroom at school? Come! after all, things are not so dark. You will always be my friend, in spite of Mr. Denmead, and perhaps later on, when you are engaged, there will be a regular row, and you will have to come to us."

"You look as if you quite longed for the row," said Evereld, smiling wistfully. "I

wish I had a little of the love of fighting which you Irish people seem to have such stores of. How would you face an angry guardian under the circumstances, I wonder?"

"I should listen patiently to all his objections, and then I should say, 'Now hear my side of the case,' and if he wasn't convinced by my burning eloquence, why, I should inevitably lose my temper, and we should part on the worst of terms. Oh, I should love to have a quarrel with Sir Matthew Mactavish. It's a pity we can't change places just for that time."

"Well, don't let us talk about it till it comes," said Evereld, with a little shiver. "When I am quite my own mistress, perhaps the mere fact of being independent will make me dislike the thought of the discussion less. After all, nothing will really matter when we are engaged; one will be too busy thinking of the life that will so soon begin."

"I don't congratulate you—I'm very sorry"

They were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"I want that naughty little sister of mine," said Mrs. Hereford, looking in, with a smiling face. "Molly declares there is no getting her invalid to sleep while you two chatterboxes are overhead."

"Evil take the Coercion Act that made him an invalid," said Bride, gathering up her belongings, and bidding her friend good-night.

Evereld, glancing at Mrs. Hereford, saw for the first time on her face an expression which startled her. A look of long endured pain, of heart-breaking disappointment, and the wearily deferred hope which makes the heart sick—such a look as a martyr might have borne, dying in the darkest hour which heralded the sunrise of his cause.

And then, even as she gazed, the look passed, and there was once more in the face nothing but cheerful, tender motherliness.

"Good-night, dear little woman," said Mrs. Hereford, "Don't lie

awake thinking too long. It is a shocking bad habit."

"Oh," cried Evereld, clinging with girlish devotion to her hostess, "I do so hope my love for Ralph will not make me grow narrow. I want to care for other people and for outside things, just as you do."

"You must manage much better than I did, dear," said Mrs. Hereford. "Perhaps, after my own mistakes, I may be able to help you."

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

By the Rev. Canon KNOX LITTLE, M.A.

FIRST PAPER

THERE is probably no one so removed from us by the distance of centuries of whose character we can form a more just estimate than we can of St. Francis of Assisi. We are in possession of so much contemporary information regarding him, that it is possible to realise him in a way not so easy in the case of other men. The mass of poetry and legendary lore which grew up naturally in Italy, and especially in Umbria, about his name, as well as the direct testimony of those who had seen and known him, leave us in little doubt as to what manner of man he was.

And yet, for one reason or another, very false or at least imperfect conceptions have been formed of his character. The methods which he employed for his great work are in so many ways so alien from any that could be effectively employed now, that men are apt to forget the difference of times, and to close their eyes to the wisdom displayed in using just those means which helped towards the end he had in view. He is often thought of as a simple person of a sweet and kindly character, very extravagant, somewhat foolish, often grotesque. Even those who are more thoughtful are inclined to lose sight of many of his richest gifts, and to picture him as a sweet, sympathetic, childlike, almost childish soul, with no aims, and no insight, but certainly doing good because goodness was in him.

Such a picture is entirely insufficient. The work effected by St. Francis was one of the greatest done among men, and in him, as in a *vas electionis*, it had pleased God to store rich gifts to carry out so arduous an undertaking.

There is in every man a natural outfit with which he starts in life. In St. Francis, as we read between the lines of his chroniclers, or meditate on his recorded acts, we notice first a very striking originality of mind. It is certain that he was in no sense a very learned man, though probably his culture, judging from his knowledge of the *chansons de geste* in his earlier days, was larger than, in his characteristic self-depreciation, he would be likely to allow. Yet he had a way of penetrating to the heart of a question, and threading his way through many difficulties with the easy grace of one who walks in a breezy morning on an open down, not of the anxious seeker who gropes onward in gloom through a perplexing labyrinth. We notice this originality of mind in the true views he took of real life from the first, in the penetration he showed in realising the actual needs of his time and the way to meet them, above all in the master stroke of the creation of the Third Order, and thereby, the striking a deathblow at feudal oppression in Italy.

No less conspicuous is that which, probably, men have least credited him with, viz., his extraordinary common sense. He held, as we know, strong and determined views on many points, especially as to poverty. Yet, he was rarely, if ever, unbalanced. Mere exaggeration and eccentricity for its own sake—a mark of shallow and self-centred minds—was odious to him. This is the more striking because there can be no doubt that he had a sharply sensitive and deeply impulsive nature. It is more easy for men of cold dispositions and restrained vision to be balanced and limited, than for the im-

pulsive and imaginative. Yet in him, with all his vivid imagination and all the impetuosity of his rush of impulse, there was this balanced mind. "In the things of God," says his biographer, "he left empty ornaments, and roundabout methods of speech, and everything belonging to pomp and display to those who are ready to perish."

Pascal himself or Bishop Butler, with their severe sense of truth, and their deep devotion to strict morality of language, could not have more of the eloquence of limpid sincerity and of the deep truth of things than had this fiery and poetical soul. Devoted as he was to his "Lady Poverty," watchful and on the alert as he was lest anything should creep into the Order to diminish its force, he yet could listen to reason and remonstrance, as in the case of the building erected for the brethren at Bologna, and that built for them at the Portiuncula. He reproved some of the friars for slovenliness and want of personal cleanliness; he encouraged the growth of beautiful flowers in the gardens of Franciscan houses, holding that poverty need not exclude simple beauty. Strong and definite as his convictions were, and determinedly as his line was taken, he was never—like lesser men—a mere slave to a theory. He is a great example of the truth that men guide and influence souls well and wisely, not so much by studying the rules of ascetic theology, as by a simple preaching of the love of God, and common sense.

And along with this no one can help feeling his thorough frankness. Most men —such is fallen nature—lead a double life. There is the life within, clear to the eye of God, and more or less clear to themselves; and there is the external life which appears before men. Appearance is one thing, reality is quite another. If there was anything exaggerated about St. Francis, it was his natural and genuine desire not to appear to men other than he was. He had that utter sincerity, that limpid freshness of character which is one of the most fascinating gifts in a noble character. Here is an example.

"In the last years of his life," it is related, "when he was very ill, his guardian, who was also his companion, seeing him in a cold winter with nothing on but one tunic very much patched, had compassion on him. He secretly got a piece of fox skin. 'My father,' he said, showing it to him, 'you suffer from your liver and stomach; I entreat you, in God's name, to let me sew this skin under your tunic. If you will not have it all, at least let it cover your stomach.' Francis did not refuse. 'I accept what you wish,' he said, 'but you must sew as large a piece outside as in.' The guardian did not see the reason of that. 'It is quite plain,' replied Francis; 'the outside piece will show the brethren that I allow myself this comfort.'" It is one of many examples of the simple frankness and sincerity of his beautiful soul. If truth is, as in fact it is, the basis of any really noble character, that basis was firmly laid in the character of St. Francis.

There was nothing, however, more striking in him and in the spirit which he breathed into men around him, than his "sweet reasonableness," and ever-springing *lightness* of mind. He had ever a young heart. If "love, joy, peace" are "fruits of the spirit" towards God, the "loving spirit" had indeed given him peace and love, but most abundantly "joy." This supernatural gift was added to a material one. By nature, in God's mercy, he was full of joy. It was the bright side of things on which he looked. He saw indeed clearly enough—none ever saw more clearly—the darkness and horror of sin, and the miseries of the world which had come from man's departure from God. Still there was so much to be thankful for, there was so much in man still to admire, that his life, with all its privations, was one perpetual *Te Deum*. If in the music of modern days Spohr touches the secret of tears and Mendelssohn the secret of gladness, so in the deepest things of God and man, in relation to the world, in the claims and calls and exercises of religion, St. Francis was the apostle of pure joy. He is a remarkable example of the truth that it is to the simple, the straightforward, the pure in heart, that joy comes. How could he fail to be naturally joyous who entered into all bright things and kept himself pure in his early days, and then as time went on, and God touched him, learnt utterly to forget himself, and rejoice in others and in God?

And along with this there was always evident a delicate refinement of nature. There are natures to which "all things are pure." Francis was no recluse who was unacquainted with the evils of the world, but he was clothed in that delicately tempered

armour of a natural refinement which enabled him to throw off the evils of life, as though they could not enter into his soul. It was natural, it was inevitable, that such a one should be courteous and kindly, even though definite and strong. There are men who, by nature, are adaptable, who naturally are at home in any situation, and yet without surrender of principle, and Francis was one of them, and being such was sure by his very gifts of nature to fascinate and attract. No one can look at his portrait as painted by Fra Bartolommeo, or at several of the portraits from the brush of Cigoli, without seeing that those great masters have caught this special characteristic, this sweetness and brightness, this refinement of nature and fascination of joy. "His exquisite sweetness," says St. Bonaventura, "his perfect manner, his bright temper, his incomparable affability, his generosity which gave without counting the cost, all was a revelation of a happy, natural disposition, and the prelude to the blessings in store for him."

His childlike delight in things was always simple and natural. He was always fond of French, the tongue of his mother's land, and of the power of song, then so abundant in Southern France. He at times sang canticles in French and accompanied himself on a sort of improvised violin, and passed from that to rapturous thoughts of God. "I have witnessed all that," is the testimony of his contemporary and biographer. There is no doubt that much of his extraordinary power over men came from this bright temperament and his unflagging courtesy. He never denounced men, he never abused them, he never lost his temper with them. If they were angry with him, he felt, with sincerity, that part at least of the fault must be his. He "won" his way by his unfailing sweetness, combined with his lion-like strength. He could not endure a sour or puritanical religion. It savoured to him of darkness, and he was always "walking in the light." "My brother," he said to one of the brethren who appeared with a sad countenance, "if thou hast some fault to mourn over, do it in thy cell; groan and weep before thy God, but here, with thy brethren, be as they are in tone and countenance." It was striking and powerful the way in which he infused this into the Order. It is said that in the Life of St. Margaret of Cortona, God is rarely spoken of as "the Almighty" or "the Most High," but constantly as "the Lord of all courtesy," "the very courteous Lord."

It need hardly be added that St. Francis possessed an iron will and an indomitable courage. This is evident from first to last. The mysteries of heredity we do not fully understand, even in our own days of scientific enlightenment, but we can see that God, in His supreme wisdom, prepares the great instruments by which He works for men. If they are faithful, He gives them further endowments. Such in his original gifts, such in his faithful use of them, such in his later endowments was St. Francis of Assisi.

It is not to be supposed, indeed, that St. Francis had not his share of temptations; on the contrary, nobly gifted natures like his have a share unusually large, but part of the beauty of his character was due to the faithful way in which, with his usual intrepidity and his constant cheerfulness—that great power against temptation—he fought and conquered them. Of this we have abundant evidence. In such a nature there was sure to be a fund of sympathy with the external world. And such there was.

Nothing in relation to St. Francis has struck his contemporaries, or others since, more than his intense love of nature. In this way his spirit is essentially modern. It is curious that in the ancient world there was none of that romantic love of nature which is so marked a characteristic in modern literature. In Holy Scripture itself nature is indeed alluded to, and in some very touching ways, but it is almost always in illustration of the greatness and power of God in some phase of the life of man. In the apostolic writings nature almost disappears, and it is a remarkable thing that St. Paul, with all his width of sympathy, and in constant view, in the course of his wanderings, of some of the fairest scenes of natural beauty, seems never to have been touched by the loveliness of even the most fascinating landscapes. Nothing can surpass the natural glories of Damascus, of Athens, of the mountains of Thessaly, of the Gulf of Corinth, nor yet the seas and skies of Italy and Sicily; but as far as we know, the great Apostle, absorbed in his mighty mission, was blind to them all.

Not so St. Francis. In this respect he

had caught the very spirit of Him who called men's attention to the ravens circling to their rest and the lilies in their beauty closing to their sleep.

From the very first, the highly sensitive nature of St. Francis was intensely alive to the beauty of nature. Sea and sky, rain and wind, sun, moon and stars, the flowers, the birds, the beasts, the rushing water, the limpid streams, the rocks and pine woods, and chestnut and olive groves of Umbria, the sparkling spring flowers of Italy, and the glorious colours of the vintage, all thrilled him through and through with a sense of never ending pleasure.

Like everything else, he took this natural delight up into the region of his fervent religion. He was deeply impressed with the loving Fatherhood of God, and drenched with the thought of His penetrating care. All things that came from God were dear to him. His simple, childlike nature fastened on the thought that if all were from one Father then all were of real kin. "Our brother" and "our sister," as applied to all sorts of natural objects, were constant and serious epithets on his lips. "Our brother the fire," "our brother the sun," "our sister the water," "our little sisters the larks," "our little brothers the lambs"—such phrases were constantly used by him. Many and beautiful are the stories told of him in his intercourse with living creatures. Some of these are legendary, as in the "Fioretti," some are vouched for by eye-witnesses, but whether literally true or evidently imaginary or metaphorical, they all witness to the same facts —the sweet and simple character of St. Francis and his deep sympathy with nature. This sympathy in itself speaks volumes for the purity and beauty of a soul. It is only the pure in heart who see God, and it is the radiant and childlike mind which enters with joy into the beauty of that creation wherein "God has declared His power and glory."

Even those acts of St. Francis towards living creatures, of which we have substantial evidence, are not necessarily miraculous, though as such they may have been accepted at the time. We have all known some who have had the gift of peculiar influence with the animal creation, arising often from a simple character, careful study of the ways of the creatures, and a sympathetic love for them.

This gift Francis certainly possessed. He, brave as he was and prepared to endure any trial, could not bear to see the dumb creatures in pain. To avoid giving them pain, and to aid them in their distress, he conceived to be duties. This is all the more striking as, ordinarily speaking, the Latin nations are not nearly so tender-hearted towards their creatures as the Northern peoples; and even the Roman Church seems usually to encourage sympathy with the lower creation less than other parts of Christendom. The Franciscan spirit, however, is eminently strong in the department of sympathy. One can imagine what real pain St. Francis would have suffered had he lived to the age when vivisection has become a regular method of scientific investigation. There can be no doubt that as cruelty hardens and debases the nature, so sympathy with the joys and sorrows, and recognition of the rights of the creatures are marks of characters of gentleness, tenderness, and courage.

THE QUEEN

By Mrs. OLIPHANT

THERE could not be a more singular or a more touching commemoration than that which we are all preparing to celebrate at Midsummer. It is, so far as we know, unique in history, if not in absolute fact, at least in the feeling which gives it its highest importance. Sovereigns are not a class of persons easy to know, or apt to win the general appreciation. They have to conceal themselves behind veils of state, in a distance from all common modes of human acquaintance, which often makes the most disinterested applause of their virtues look like a fictitious or purchased

thing, and renders it impossible for the crowd to attain to any real estimate as a human being, of the distant image of Royalty, either shaded in those veils and mists, or forced into distorting revelation by that fierce light which beats upon a throne. The Queen of these realms is perhaps the only great monarch who has come completely out of all those blinding and distracting influences, and stood before her people, eye to eye and heart to heart, in all the sympathies of nature, in all the events of common life, which are the same to Queen and to peasant: a woman like all women: yet also in the highest offices of princely action, a statesman like few statesmen—comptroller of the tides of empire, mediator among the nations, High Counsellor of Europe and the world. Her Majesty has disclosed herself consciously and unconsciously to us all with that perfect composure which in a monarch is at the same time perfect modesty, in all these positions, so that we really know more of her than we know of many of our near neighbours, and it is not on ignorance or false sentiment, or any kind of fictitious popular enthusiasm that our national pride and glory in our Queen are founded. She has given us her royal confidence throughout all the maturer years of her life, opening to her people in a great and touching humility the dearest secrets of her history: and this in no poor and formal record, but in words warm from her heart, the greatest sign of love which one friend can give to another. The Queen has thus made of her people her friend in the truest sense of the word. We cannot be mistaken or led away by false report, because we know better. Were there backbiters, they are disarmed: the whispers of the backstairs die away: there is no place for them where there is the fullest affectionate confidence between two parties, by whom all has been said, the one in the ear of the other, with mutual tears and smiles. Misunderstandings? No! If a cloud should arise, it could be but the breath of a moment. There is not one of us who may not say with respectful reverence, "We know our Queen." From time to time out of her royal seclusion there comes a message, eagerly received, eagerly read by millions. And what is the exclamation from every side? "It is so like the Queen!" She has permitted us to know her so well, that we almost know what she will say in moments which require such a communication. The touch of character, of nature in all, is from the royal friend whom we know. The other friend who understands, who receives, who knows her meaning, is ennobled by that tender acquaintance and comprehension. We think more of ourselves, which warms our hearts, because she thinks enough of us to tell us from time to time what she is thinking, and what in certain circumstances her conclusions are.

So far as we know, no such personal intercourse exists between any other monarch and his subjects. There never was a time when sovereigns were more active, more prominent than the present. Absolutism, thought in our hopeful time to be dead and gone, is up again, and stronger than ever. For all we know, the will of one individual may at any moment be so exercised as to render futile the wisdom of the world. And even when no such misfortune is to be apprehended, there can be no doubt that the office of a king or emperor tells for much more in the world than it did sixty years ago. Then we seemed on the verge of a universal constitutionalism: now the old forces have rallied, and a great part of the earth's surface is absolutely controlled by one man here and there, raised high above the blank of multitudes. But we know none of those who has possessed himself of the heart of his people. The Emperor Franz Joseff is a man whom the whole world appreciates and admires, and whom many hearts have bled for in his many and great sorrows—poor Emperor, poor father, stricken so often; but it cannot be said that there is between him and his distracted empire anything of the great friendship we have described. The Queen stands unique in this, as in so many other ways. Her people is her first friend.

There are two specially picturesque and touching points in the life of a sovereign—neither of which comes very often to lend variety to history—and these are the moment of first youth and the moment of old age.

The Queen has had the remarkable fortune of including both in her great career. And never was a youth more calculated to draw all eyes. A gallant young man upon a throne is always interesting and attractive; but a girl in that position touches every heart. The contrast is so strange between her soft

youth and the tremendous position she occupies at the head of the fortunes of a great nation, its greatest men bound to consult her inexperience, to explain to her the most subtle devices of State, to carry her consent and approval with them, she who but the other day sat in judgment only upon the costume of a doll, or anxiously brooded over the illness of a pet bird: it is more piquant and at the same time more affecting than almost any other position in the world. So far as we know, this experience is unique in England. Queen Elizabeth was still young, but quite experienced, and knowing very well how to take care of herself before she came to the throne; and Queen Anne was middle aged, in fact and in sentiment, and as humdrum as the dullest of matrons. Mary of Scotland, indeed, was young enough, and her position was even more picturesque, and for a little while as touching as that of any royal child; but yet the bloom had already been taken from her youth before she began to reign. Queen Victoria was but a little girl in the fullest freshness of eighteen, all bloom and naturalness:

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

And we are glad to think that Her Majesty had delightful prickles about her when she was first Queen. She sent her confused and disturbed ministers spinning, and waved her flag, and defied the world—once, and for a moment. She was deeply sorry for it after, but so were not we. It made the prettiest episode, delightful as the waywardness of a child whom we would not love half so well if it had not a mischievous impulse now and then, for once in a way. That part of her history is far off, but not forgotten. It will be one of the lights to which our children's children will turn in after ages, making the seriousness of the great record bright. "Tell us of the blue-eyed Queen who rode with her cavalcade through the Windsor woods, and made grey London bloom with gay processions and smiling looks: who loved her fairy prince, and blushed and told her people of her love, and was the happiest of brides." Hundreds of years hence, as long as youth endures, that will be the call of the young reader unexpectedly lighting upon, in the history that is so grave, a sunny chapter of the romance he loves.

And now comes a more interesting situation still, which also draws all hearts, though in so different a way. There are no words to say how touching is the aspect of an old monarch, one who has fulfilled all the duties and exercised all the best influences of so high a place, and who goes down into the vale of years steadfastly, with a smile, carrying the lamp of life through all the shadows—"I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith"—one who has reached the further verge, and whose life after him shines with an even completer radiance than that "light that never was on sea or land"—the ideal glow which illuminates the path before him of the youth. Perhaps no individual is ever conscious of how well he has done in his life, or how entirely he has carried out the promise of its early days—just as the artist can never convince himself that he has made the most of the beautiful blank canvas on which he began his picture. But if the Queen should feel anything of distrust on this point, we may be sure she is the only person in her great empire who does so. More than the most sanguine hoped for her in her youth she has fulfilled in her age. The engaging young creature who ascended a somewhat damaged throne in 1837 was, everybody hoped, destined to mend it and gild with the light of her young presence; but no one could then have prophesied how much she was to add, not only to the greatness of her own immediate crown, but to the ideal of monarchy everywhere, by adding to all the images of power the conception of a sovereign who should be first in duty as in place, the most diligent, the most unwearying, with an ear open to everything that concerned her people, and a mind as completely devoted to their business as that of a man to his trade on which his daily bread depends. Talk of working men! there is no artisan who has worked harder than the Queen. She has sought no eight-hours day, no limit of labour, no additional recompense. The State has never been troubled either with complaint or resistance of hers. A constitutional Queen with a perfect right to throw all responsibility upon her ministers, with whom indeed it rests, she has laboured with energy as unfailing as if the whole

weight lay on her own shoulders; and as the Queen is never out of office she has had none of those intervals of rest which come to every Prime Minister, not much desired, perhaps, on their parts, but no doubt a great boon to Nature, which cannot be overworked without harm—except in some sovereign cases, like that of the lady whose life we are at present discussing. There is something whimsically illustrative of this in the plaint of the poor footman at Windsor reprimanded for falling asleep when he ought to have been on the watch to extinguish the lights. "Why should She sit up so late?" said honest John Thomas, much aggrieved, and feeling the wrong to be all on his side.

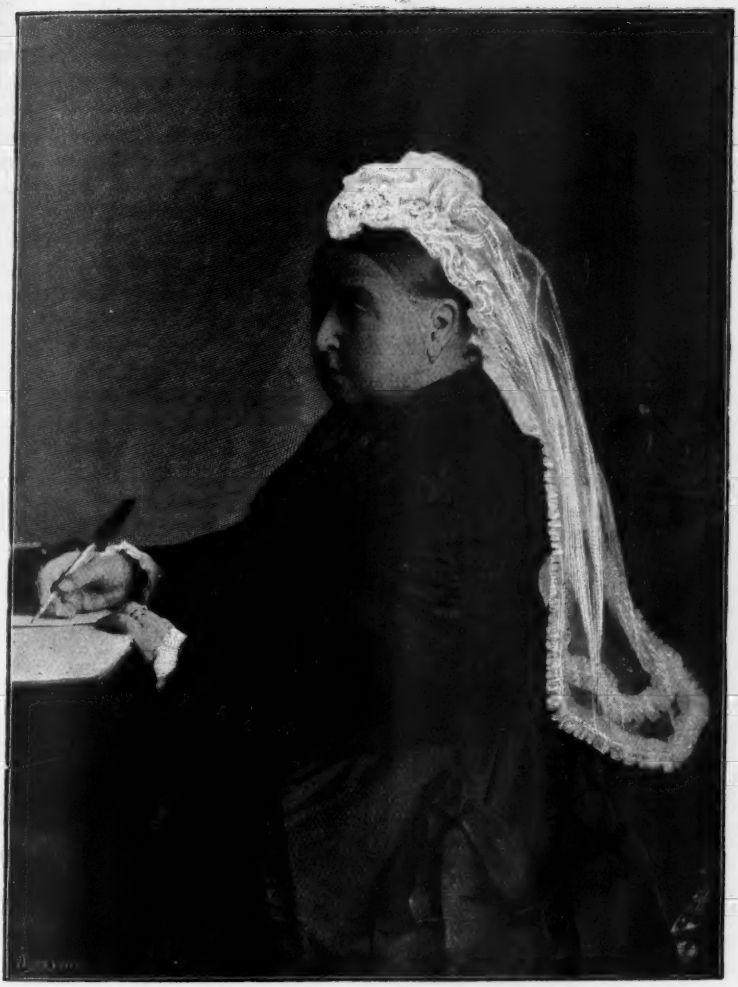
These sixty years have been full of many changes of every kind; they have shaken every throne in Christendom—except the Queen's: and made something like a revolution in every nation—except this. All kinds of refugees have arrived on our shores, from kings to the squalid slaves of dynamite; but for many years past scarcely so much as a local riot has disturbed the calm of this island. Three different constitutions have prevailed in France; Germany has been altered from her foundations; Italy has gone through changes even more complete. Other kingdoms have risen and have fallen: our kindred realm of Hanover has disappeared altogether. And we, like our neighbours, have changed: but in our case it has been by the methods of peace, without the intervention of a soldier or the firing of a gun. And these changes have taken place without any embittered feeling of a struggle, any sense on the side of the people that their wishes have been unkindly resisted, or any on that of the rulers that they have been worsted in a battle. Those who saw the Queen's first procession to Westminster to receive the crown, would have deemed many of the alterations which have taken place impossible except by revolutions which would have torn England asunder, and for ever disjoined the monarchy from the people. And who could have believed that amidst all the progress of democracy and the enfranchisement of the mob, the question to-day would be how to make the Queen's procession long enough, to lead it far enough to content the eagerness of these very mobs to see her pass, to catch one glimpse of her as an occasion in their lives? A fear of the people was in the minds even of wise men for many years after the Queen's accession; but now the only thought is how to join the greatest number to her train, how to make an opportunity for the approach of the poorest, for the multitude, for the slums, to take part in the joy of her Commemoration. Not the nobler ways of the metropolis alone, not the West End nor the great channels of communication that lead towards Palace and Parliament, the centre of State: but far off into the heart of the smoke, over the great bridges and the pale haze of the river, to those narrow and dingy lines of street that never have had any share in the glories of State pageant before. Through all these common unadorned ways the Queen is to pass, that no part of her vast London may be shut out from the sight of her, so far as human possibilities go. Could any one have foreseen such a thing sixty years ago? or that the anxious object of every official concerned should be how to widen the area most effectually, and to carry the Queen most completely into regions where fashion never passed, nor any external beauty nor interest lies; to visit her subjects in their homes on her great day, the day of thanksgiving and rejoicing for all the blessings of life.

Soldiers will line the streets: what for? To show them too, no small part of the pageant, and add to its stateliness and beauty—not that one bayonet is needed to protect the Queen. She takes the defenders of the Empire with her to show to her people with something of the same pride with which she will show her guard of princes, her heirs, her children—Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, born on the other side of the world, yet every one with his tie of kindred to England, to Scotland, to Ireland, to Wales, and above all to the Queen. Her Majesty is the final symbol of union, elastic as the ait, yet stronger than iron, which binds these Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Celts, together. She has put a girdle round the earth more real than the fairy girdle of the poet, more potent even than that of Science, which takes her message, her command in the breathing of a minute to the most distant point of empire—for not even the delay of a minute is required in calling forth the one cheer of a universe for the Queen. It will burst forth spontaneously, simultaneously

from the Antipodes as from England; for love and kindness go quicker than electricity, and enthusiasm grows all the greater because it is an enthusiasm which encircles the earth, the shout from point to point round the whole globe of a world of men.

This triumph is altogether and in every way one of the most noble and elevating description. It is not for victory or conquest, though these things occur to us in the natural course of the large national progress sometimes in spite of ourselves. It is the triumph of a good life, sustained by good laws, by freedom, by justice, and all the principles which make nations happy. Much no doubt is in these things, the conditions of a rule in which so far as human prevision, wisdom, and tolerance can secure it, justice reigns, and every wrong is discouraged. But its great and leading inspiration is in the character of the first person in the state, the consistent, patient, watchful, and attentive sovereign, full of interest, sympathy and understanding towards all her people. A very great number, indeed by far the greatest number of the Queen's subjects have been born under her rule and know no other; even most of the old people among us remember only as the first of their childish recollections, the story so thrilling to all who heard it at first hand, of the accession, of the disturbed slumbers of the little maiden running in with her morning face, half smiles, half tears, scarce believing, to hear herself addressed as Queen. But most of the fathers and mothers, as well as the children, have been born in the Victorian age, and have known no time when the Queen was not the head of the state, and when there were not murmurs all round the world that a female sovereign was the finest of institutions. This fact adds a touching familiarity, a tender respect to the veneration which surrounds her name. There is no division of fealty. The next sovereign who sits on the British throne will not have this exemption from all contrasts and comparisons. But there is no one to compare with the Queen. She stands alone, embodying all that her people know of the royal office, a terrible test for her successors, but a unique grandeur for herself: she is "The Queen" without rival or emulator in the world.

Such a position is not, however, easily achieved. It is one that costs blood and tears, the life blood of sorrow, renunciation, and that patience which is more terrible than either, which holds the soul through long years of loneliness and weariness, unsupported by excitement, unbroken by events, which have to be worked through like any prisoner's pain and often without the pity that other sufferings call forth. The Queen has not been exempted by her high estate from any of those blows to which we are all subject. She has had the sound health of a vigorous constitution, which is, however, by no means exempt from many personal sufferings, though it gives strength to bear them without complaining: and now that she has reached her sixty years of rule, that strength enables her to overcome many infirmities whenever duty calls, but does not the less make these infirmities very real, and not smaller, perhaps greater than those which usually accompany her age. We are too apt to forget that this is the case, that the Queen is not one of those exceptional persons who see their eightieth year approach with eyes undimmed and feet almost as light as ever. We have all known individuals like this, as light of limb, and easy in possession of every bodily faculty as they were thirty or forty years before. And very few remember that this is not the case with the Queen. The lengthened round which we are all so delighted to see her undertake to please her people will be no holiday promenade for her Majesty. It will involve great fatigue, a serious trial of strength and patience, and an actual personal sacrifice of a kind which few of her age care to make. Her people, for whom she undertakes so great an exertion, ought to know this in order to estimate at its full cost to her the effort the Queen makes to do them pleasure. It ought to be all the more profoundly appreciated by those for whom it is made. What to her are the plaudits of the crowd? Her honour, her praise cannot be increased. They are set high beyond any popular utterance, known to all the world. What the Queen now does is purely and simply to carry pleasure to the masses, to make a bright day, a pageant splendid and beautiful for their enjoyment; it is an offering of kindness on her part to the least of her people. "Come and see," she seems to say, "oh my poorest ones, who see so little! come and see our soldiers, our princes who are yours and mine, and all that is gay and



(*From a photograph by J. Thomson, 70A Grosvenor Street, W.*)

H. M. THE QUEEN

fair around them; come and hear the music which is a delight to both of us. Come and say good morrow to your old Queen, who so often when she too was young and fair sent her greetings to you. Come and thank God for me that I have lived and reigned so long, and helped to do something for you; and women, from you at least I know that amid your thanksgiving there will sometimes fall a tear."

And well may that be so; amid the cheers and shouts many eyes will gush full of water to think of all that has been and will be no more. It is not an easy thing to grow old; the path is marked by more than milestones, by many a cross of anguish and green mound. If her Majesty carries a thankful heart with her to the great gates of St. Paul's under the sunshine, it can scarcely fail to be a sorrowful one too. Even in that close surrounding body-guard of her own house and blood, two, nay, three are gone since last she made her offering

of praise. And how many less known, less prominent, the friends of her maturity, the companions of her youth! If her heart should sink or her eyes fill, what wonder? They will not, we know; for it is her office to restrain emotion and maintain a royal calm. But we are glad to think that great sympathy loosens these cords, especially with women, and that throughout the multitude there will be tears as well as smiles, and shouts, and a thunder of voices as great as the sea—for the Queen!

Be sorry for her, oh people! be glad for her! her heart has never failed to throb for you, her voice has never been silent in your times of trouble. Remember how her own heart has bled, how many sorrows have come with the snows of nature. No unfeeling pageant is this, no glitter of outside splendour alone: but Love that has wept and been widowed; that has mourned for children and lost friends: and now feels the grasshopper a burden; yet comes forth with blessing and greeting to say God save you, while we all cry, God bless her, our lifelong friend and sovereign!

We would fain say a word for one primitive institution of popular rejoicing which does not seem to have the importance it deserves in the preparations for the approaching Jubilee. A great many noble things are to be done, and it is well—matters of real advantage and lasting beneficence—yet there are some things which, though of the most transitory character, are worth consideration too. When was there ever a great festival but feasting was one of its chiefest accompaniments? Oxen roasted whole, fountains flowing with wine, used to be the first tokens that there was joy in the city. These may be old-fashioned methods, but the thing should never grow old-fashioned. We should like to see tables spread everywhere in the June sunshine, and the sending of portions from every board to any whom weakness or trouble has kept at home. We should like when the guns are fired and the bells ring out for the anniversary, that one shout of the Queen's health should accompany them from every corner of the island. The hospitals are better no doubt—but a feast without feasting is but a poor thing.

LOVE

SWEET earthly love, two hearts in one uniting,
Thy heart and mine;
Yet greater love, to love all hearts inciting—
The Love divine!

Sweet voice of song in copse and woodland ringing,
Yet sweeter thine;
And sweeter still—two hearts attuned to singing
The Love divine!

Sweet is the home which human love is blessing,
Thy home and mine;
But sweeter still, our home above possessing
The Love divine!

So may we pass through life, in love enduring,
Thy hand in mine;
And loving enter Life, by love securing
The Love divine.

G. P. S.

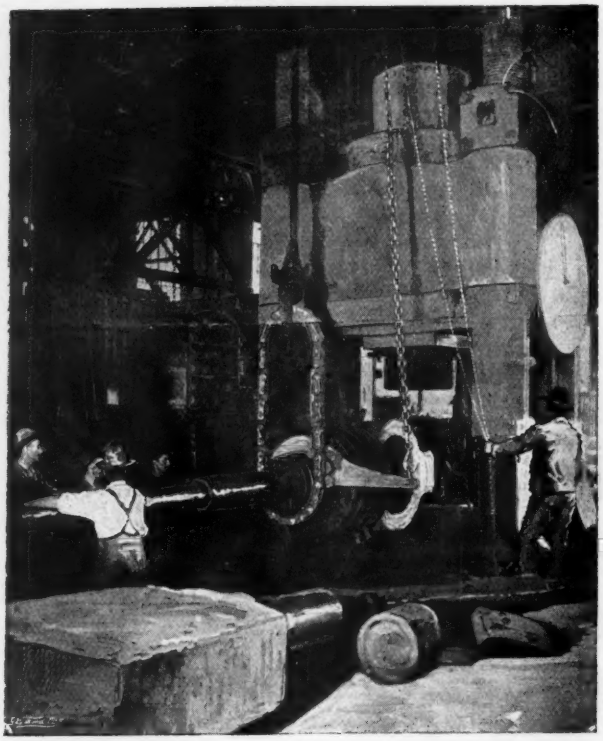
SIXTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN ENGINEERING

By G. R. FLEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

IT is in development and application rather than in discovery that progress has been most marked in engineering during the Victorian era, excepting only electricity, and the freer communication of experience has contributed in large measure to the result. In the long ago it took a lifetime to make an engineer; then he was buried: now the knowledge begotten of experience, being recorded, is cumulative. The first formal treatise on civil engineering was published by Professor Mahan in 1837; and the works on other branches then available were but few;* the first technical school in London and the Engineering Chair at Glasgow University were instituted in 1840. Now the youth entering the profession has at his call a rich heritage in engineering literature left by succeeding generations of masters. Instances might be accumulated of unselfish devotion to science in this respect: but we are concerned more with the result—the superseding of manual by mechanical work to such an extent as almost to create a new standard of civilisation. Men and women are not now

* Sganzin's "Programme of Civil Constructions at the Polytechnic, Paris;" the Articles on Bridges, Canals, and Carpentry in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia;" Tredgold's "Carpentry;" Tredgold's "Cast Iron;" De Pambour's "Locomotive;" Wood's "Railroads;" Storrow's "On Conveyance of Water;" Frerissat's "On Mortars," were almost the only works available.



STEEL UNDER GREAT PRESSURE: A 3000-TON PRESS AT WHITWORTH'S

subjected to physical drudgery to any great extent, and the watching and regulating of a machine, all but human in its capabilities, quickens the mental faculty, and brings a new hope if not a new life. It is the triumph of brain over muscle; but this is an effect, not the motive.

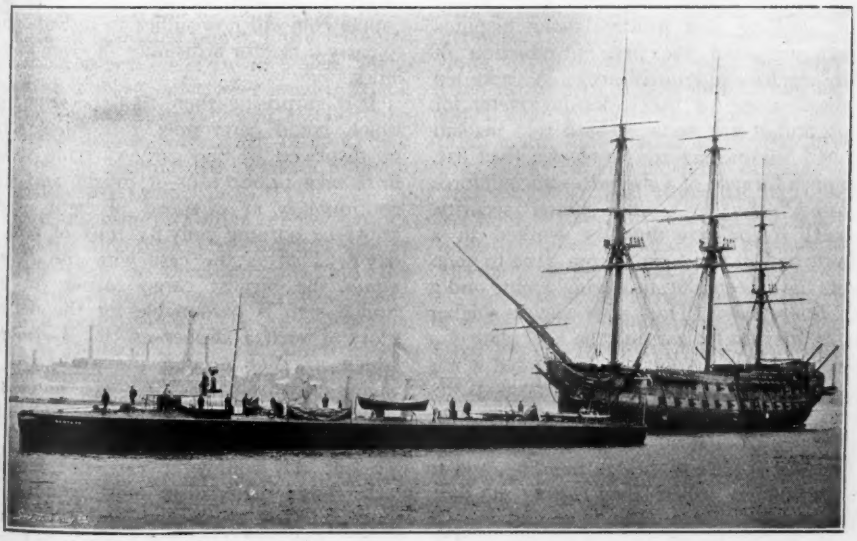
Competition prompted each successive change; economy was the aim, and the first effort was thus directed to increase the efficient use of the most convenient source of power given us by nature—coal. This fuel is now regarded as the embodiment of a certain and calculable amount of heat to be converted into energy or work. The medium is steam. For many years after Watts's application engineers were satisfied with steam exerting a pressure of 5 lb. on each square inch of surface. That was the condition sixty years ago. To generate from water a pound of steam at 5 lb. pressure necessitates 1130 units of heat, equivalent to rather more than an ounce of the best coal, but a fractional increase in the amount of coal, or, in all, 1182 units of heat brings the pressure to 100 lb.; 1198 units gives 200 lb., and 1206 units 300 lb. The energy exerted by the steam increases with the pressure, although not in the same proportion. Thus with 200 lb. steam a machine requiring 1 horse-power to drive it barely needs 1½ lb. of coal each hour, whereas with 5 lb. steam it required quite 6 lb. of coal.

The change has been gradual, for the problems associated with the economical use in the engine of the higher pressure steam had to be solved. Thus in 1856 when a pressure of 25 lb. was available, John Elder conceived the idea of using the steam twice successively in marine engines; that is known as the compound system. Dr. A. C. Kirk in 1874 carried the idea still farther by making it do useful work successfully in three cylinders (triple expansion), and Mr. Walter Brock, about 1884, when steam pressures of 200 lb. were available, made it do work four times (quadruple expansion). In the latter case there are really four engines together; in the first the steam works at 200 lb. pressure, expanding in volume while exerting energy, so that the second engine must have a larger surface for the steam to exert its force against, and so on in each case, the steam being reduced in pressure, but acting on a larger area. It finally passes into the condenser where it is converted from steam to hot water, and as such is pumped into the boiler again. As indication of the economy of the higher steam pressures it may be said that in 1837 a ton of coal was only equal to maintaining 20 horse-power for twenty-four hours; in 1856 the same fuel gave 40 horse-power; in 1874, 55 horse-power; and now 63 horse-power.

Another of the problems which necessitated slow progress was the difficulty of

obtaining a reliable metal for boilers at a reasonable cost. Sixty years ago wrought-iron and tool steel were the principal metals: both were costly; the latter brittle, although very hard. A big step forward was made in 1855 when Sir (then Mr.) Henry Bessemer perfected his method of producing steel by a process which at one stroke reduced the cost per ton from £50 to £10; since then it has been reduced to £5. Bessemer was endeavouring to produce a stronger weapon of war for Napoleon III. when he discovered that jets of air forced into a vessel (a "converter") filled with molten iron, sufficed to keep it in a boiling state because of the carbon in the iron being consumed, and as it was only necessary to remove this carbon to make the poorest of iron reliable steel it was a gladsome sight to see it effervescing. Thus while the warrior spirits of France and Germany were pleased with a gun made of the superior metal, as with a toy, a great era of peaceful triumphs was inaugurated in Britain. As we have said, the cost was reduced to one-fifth what it had been, and a great impetus was given to engineering: now 10,000,000 tons are made each year by Bessemer's method, although other processes with a like result have been introduced. Moreover Bessemer's converter was so constructed that the purified molten metal could be poured into any mould, and thus immediately become almost a finished product. Sir Joseph Whitworth later introduced the practice of making steel under great pressure to increase the strength: while the sudden chilling of steel or alloying it with nickel or chromium, makes it very hard and proof against gun-shots. Thus even the torpedo boat with her high speed and a thin coating of hardened steel can rush against a mighty foe with some chance of coming out scatheless after dealing in a minute more destruction than could result in a day's fight with one of Nelson's wooden walls.

So long as dimensions of engines, of ships, or of any structure were not great, strength could be ensured by solidity: but now efficiency and economy demand that the highest result must be got per unit of weight. Thus chemist, metallurgist, and engineer have worked to give a tensile strength of 30 to 40 tons on the square inch for the working parts of engines, and notwithstanding that some parts of the biggest engines travel at a rate of speed equal to 1000 feet per minute the number of breakdowns is surprisingly few. By this greater strength the weight of engines has been reduced by quite fifty per cent., apart altogether from the results of the multiple expansions of steam consequent on high pressures, admitting of



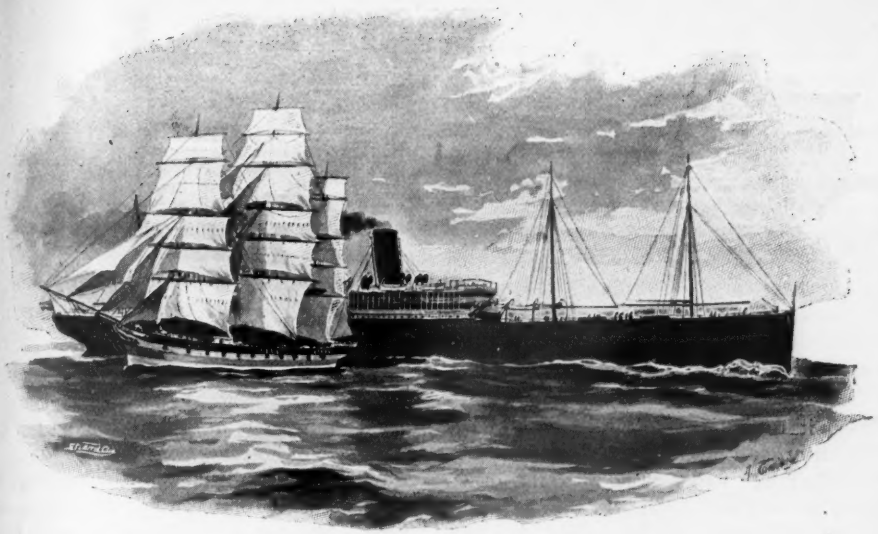
AN ARMOURED TORPEDO-BOAT AND NELSON'S SHIP "FOUDROYANT"

itself of a reduction in the size of engines for a given power. The boilers now used are made of plates up to 1¾ in. thick for 210 lb. pressure. This seems the limit; a change must come. In the old boiler the water to be converted into steam and the steam are within a cylindrical tank with fire tubes through it; so that there is need for great thickness in the outer plating of the tank or boiler. Under the new system the water is within tubes and the fire plays around them, so that there is no heavy outside shell or tank, and the quantity of water is less. The saving in weight is in the case of this "water-tube boiler" about forty per cent. Moreover, steam is generated much more quickly, higher pressures are possible, collapse does not involve the same danger, and repairs are more easily made.

Before passing to some estimate of the commercial value of these improvements, a word must be said for the machine tool maker, without whose inventive genius little progress could have been made. Nasmyth's steam hammer, Tweddell's hydraulic plant, and many others might be suggested. Without the first the strong forgings used in engines would have been difficult to manufacture: while the application in 1865, of a water pressure of from 700 to 1500 lb. on the square inch, enabled immense plates, rivets, and the like to be bent and manipulated to any extent; and here one cannot help recalling that it was labour disputes which suggested the first introduction of many mechanical contrivances. A strike led to the first use of the hydraulic riveter for ships, and it was soon realised that instead of men hammering the head of a rivet flat, one push forward of a die with sufficient force "closed" the rivet with greater security. Twenty rivets may thus be worked in a minute and in some cases from 2000 to 3000 rivets have been put in during a nine and a half hours' day. Thus with slightly higher wages, the cost for riveting the keel plate of a ship by machine is less than half what it was by manual labour. Frame riveting is 3*s.* instead of 9*s.* per 100, while holes may be driven at 4*d.* instead of 1*s.* 4*d.* per dozen. The same applies to bridge building, and to everything in which steel forms a part. Without Sir William Arrol's special tools a Forth Bridge would have been impossible. There is thus placed no limit to the engineer. He may work either for great power or for the reduction of weight in the full consciousness that the tool-maker or metallurgist will meet his wants.

As a result of increased steam pressures, superior metals, and improved tools, the weight of machinery is only two-thirds what it was sixty years ago. Thus the engines of the first Cunarder, *Britannia*, of 8½ knots speed, weighed about 110 tons, although the power was only 740. A torpedo boat destroyer to-day has machinery which develops 4500 horse-power, and they only weigh 100 tons. The result of 41½ horse-power for every ton of machinery got with 30-knot torpedo craft is about the highest yet attained. It is probable that this machinery might not stand the wear and tear of ocean-steaming, but with some sea-going cruisers 20 horse-power per ton is got; with our fastest ocean steamers 14 horse-power per ton, and with the ordinary tramp steamer 7 horse-power. This all means greater capacity for carrying a paying load. Thus sixty years ago, the load carried was only 10 per cent of the total weight driven by the machinery of a ship: to-day steamers are built of the same speed whose paying load is nearly 75 per cent. of the total load. This, combined with the economical production of the propelling power, means that whereas sixty years ago 1*d.* spent in fuel in the boilers carried one ton of cargo a distance of five miles, the same copper coin will now suffice to provide power to carry a ton for a distance of over 500 sea miles.

Is it surprising then, that the sailing ship which could carry only 3000 tons should be displaced by the cargo-carrying steamer fit to take 14,000 tons of freight and steam continuously at a speed of eight or nine knots by burning only 84 tons of coal per day? That is the case with the *Pennsylvania*, the biggest cargo carrier yet built. Still a sigh is pardonable for the departed glory of such a clipper as the *Thermopylæ*, which in 1868 excited the world with her racing from China, making 330 miles some days. What a contrast she presents with all possible sail set when compared with the present day commerce carrier! But it is ever thus: materialism must triumph over poetry. Greece has had more than once to retire at the coming of the new world. The many-winged *Thermopylæ* may beat the

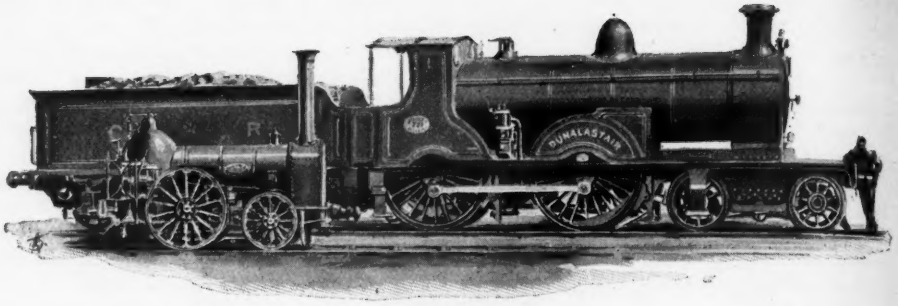


THE MANY-WINGED "THERMOPYLÆ" AND THE BIGGEST CARGO-CARRIER "PENNSYLVANIA"

great *Pennsylvania* in her best flights, but the average result is what concerns the man of the world. Our greyhounds, of course, can steam their 560 miles per day, but at a great expense in fuel. An ocean liner weighing 14,000 or 15,000 tons—not an abnormal size—may go at a speed of 11 sea miles an hour for 2100 horse-power, or 14 miles for 5000 horse-power, but if she attempts to go 20 miles an hour, the power must be equal to 16,000 horses, for 22 miles 25,000 horse-power, while if 23 miles were sought, 35,000 horse-power would be required. It is, therefore, impossible to carry much cargo at high speed, for the coal needed increases in direct proportion with the power.

There are, however, other engines besides that of the ship: stationary engines closely resemble them in their progress, but the locomotive of sixty years ago has nearly all the characteristics and some of the beauty of the latest production. The improvement in economy is not so great, for the locomotive cannot use its steam three or four times successively; that demands too large cylinders. It is not often used twice (compound); the single use largely predominates. The higher steam pressures, however, have added to the tractive power of the engine, while a moderate increase in the size of the driving wheel gives a greater forward movement for each stroke of the engine. Sixty years ago 4½ to 5 feet was the diameter of the driving wheel, now 7 feet is usual; it is even more in some cases. The difference in the forward movement for each stroke is therefore about 7 feet, and as they make 260 revolutions now, this makes a material difference. Sixty years ago, a speed of 30 miles an hour was exceptional; now 60 miles an hour is frequently done. The best speed with any train has been made with McIntosh's "Dunalastair" locomotives on the Caledonian line in Scotland, where with a total load of nearly 300 tons, the average speed from Carlisle to Aberdeen excluding three stoppages, was 61 miles per hour, while one section of 20½ miles was done at 72.8 miles per hour, and another of 18½ miles at 70.1 miles per hour.

The view of the locomotive of sixty years ago and of the "Dunalastair" of to-day on page 392, is suggestive. This old locomotive was amongst the first which ran in London—between Boxmoor and Camden. It commenced running in July 1837, when the incline to Euston was worked by ropes only. The "Atlas," however, was the most powerful locomotive of that day. It was probably of no greater power than ninety horses, and when its merits were questioned, Stephenson



1837—1897: 25 MILES AGAINST 72 MILES AN HOUR

wished it to be put back to back with its competitor, and, said he, "let them go at it, and whichever walks away with the other, that is the engine." The "Atlas" casually met its competitor, neither would give way, and the "Atlas" pushed the other out of the road; but we have more accurate although less exciting methods of comparison now.

The locomotive of 1837 was only about 15 to 19 feet long over all, with a waggon for coal behind. The "Dunalastair" is 53 feet 4 inches including the tender. The steam generating surface, which is a measure of strength, is now three times greater. The steam pressure has increased nearly fourfold, so that the power has gone up tenfold. The "Dunalastair," as she stands, is 10 feet high from the ground, weighs 86 tons, and can walk off comfortably with 300 tons behind her, while the old-world locomotive panted as if to break her heart while doing one-third the speed with a fourth of the load. This change is magnificent; but some may ask, is it business? One answer is that the quantity of coal used per unit of power or load is much less than it used to be, and is satisfactorily small. It varies with the speed; but for 50 miles an hour 35 lb. per mile suffices, and this too for the heavy corridor train unexcelled in length, weight, and elegance: it is 354 tons weight, 990 feet long. Thus 500 lb. of coal are converted into energy for each passenger travelling between London and Glasgow, allowing that the train has its full complement of 228; but should one more go the stoker need only add 4 oz. of fuel to the boiler in the eight hours. For a luggage train 1 lb. of coal will take a ton for a distance of 80 miles.

With such cheap transport by land and by sea the markets of the world are now at our door. The raw products are brought from the east and the west, power can be developed where it is needed and when it is needed, and instead of a few working in an isolated part with a windmill or waterwheel providing the power, there has been a great aggregation of workers, and a consequent reduction in the cost of management. Thus also there has been scope for the cheapening of steam power by larger installations, and in the years to come it will be found that electrical power is more easily and cheaply distributed than steam, so that we shall have a wider application of mechanical power, even to the menial tasks of the kitchen-maid. We have specialised work in these days; men, boys, and girls are perhaps too apt to become a part of the mechanism, being kept for years at one job which only constitutes a small part of a complete product. That, however, is a defect for the individualist, not from the collectivist point of view.

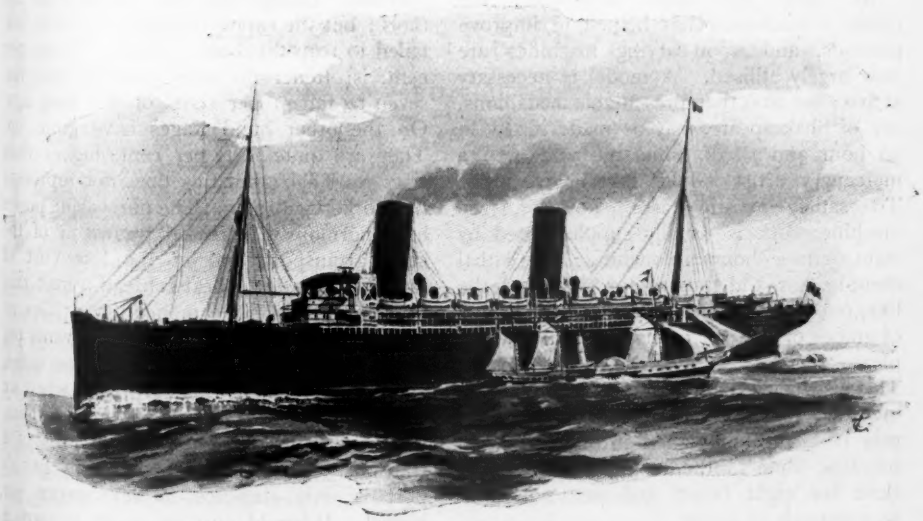
There is no reliable record of the number of machine tools at work: they are legion. It is computed, however, that 150,000 boilers are in use in the United Kingdom providing power for industrial establishments, and it is but a measure of the possibilities of the future to say that, owing to imperfect combustion of fuel in these, nearly 1,000,000 tons of coal are wasted every year in that smoke which, while proclaiming the glory of manufactures, greatly injures health. What a magnificent idea it would be to celebrate

this Queen's year by saving this coal and many weak lungs!

The utilisation of this steam power is almost without limit in its variety and possibilities. Nature and the human anatomy have afforded many examples—the universal joint of the armpit, the reciprocal action of elbow and knee; but there is no need to elaborate—every movement and joint is reproduced in mechanics. It would be impossible in the necessary limits of a magazine article even to indicate the methods: results of themselves are significant enough. Even here it must be remembered that we are only at the beginning of a new development, for the "fluidity" of electricity—the ease with which it may be distributed, suggests a higher economy, especially for portable machines. Thus an electric drill for boring holes in steel plates has reduced the cost of a given amount of work from 10*s.* to 3*s.*, and even at that does the work of six men in a given time.

In making steel rails or plates five men now do the work formerly requiring seventeen. The wages of the twelve are saved, for the plant soon pays itself. Nail production has increased twentyfold. Each worker makes 2 tons of steel rivets in a day at about one-fifth the cost of twenty years ago. The Staffordshire potter will make 480 pieces of dinner-plate in a day, double that of a few years ago, or 80 slop-jars instead of 12, or 3600 of the homely jug instead of 400, so that an addition of fifty per cent. to the wage and a reduction of the price of the finished product is easily understood.

Take the more familiar pin—even the pointing of it is not too insignificant for mechanical genius. Adam Smith regarded the making of 48,000 per day by ten men as a triumph, now 1,500,000 are made per worker per day—the man starts the machinery, it does the rest. The price is almost too small for the picking up of a lost pin to suggest thrift; but what of the old superstition that it is unlucky to pass a pin? Then there is the pin's cousin, the needle. Sixteen machines are used to make a sewing machine needle, but they produce 500,000 per week. The sewing machine itself is the product of nearly 200 separate machine tools. Again, in the making of the lock of a gun there are 131 different machine operations, and in the making of a balance wheel of a watch weighing only 7 grains there are 80 separate machines. One of the machines makes each day 1200 wheels, having 96,000 teeth; another 1200 screws so fine that 100,000 weigh only a pound. In fact the screw is made in much less time



THE FIRST AND LATEST CUNARDERS: 200 MILES AGAINST 560 MILES PER DAY

WOOD-CARVING DONE BY MACHINERY

than a man would pick up the material to make it. In each case a man, boy, or girl, is only needed to act the part of a policeman to the machinery.

Art even has been mimicked; the printer's machinery has helped to improve placards, and wood-carving machines are now largely utilised. A model is necessary at first; but after that, presentable medallions, say of Shakespeare, may be made in oak in an hour and a half, while by hand even a mercenary artist would take sixty hours. To satisfy artistic taste, however, the machine work is usually supplemented by eight or nine hours retouching; but withal there is gain, and thus in our ships and the like, one finds in unexpected places clusters of grapes or flowers, or figure studies which please the eye and are yet inexpensive. This also suggests the great progress made in wood-working plant. A 20-foot plank may be beautifully planed in one and a half minutes, while in the long ago men would slave for eight hours and yet not work so accurately to gauge.

Of course all this means that fewer men are needed. With modern machinery a man may do in three hours the work which occupied his forefathers ten or twelve hours, and that too without the same physical exertion. Competition has necessitated the tools; but the capital invested in them has failed to reap the same reward. Three per cent. is oftener the rate returned than the seven to fifteen per cent. of the long ago. On the other hand wages have gone up. They are quite forty per cent. higher than sixty years ago; but this does not represent the worker's full gain. The purchasing power has enormously increased by reason of the cheap transport, and of the less cost of manufacture. Of wheaten bread a man may purchase for the same money three times as much as sixty years ago; of flour, seventy per cent. more; of tea and sugar, three times, and so on. This is not surprising when we recall the great machine-equipped wheat-growing plains of America, and that the transport thence to Liverpool or any British port is only sixpence to sevenpence per bushel. It would cost as much to cart it from a farm in the environs of London to

the Metropolitan market. Again, in baking, hand labour is minimised. A mechanical bakery may be set up for about £500, for kneading the dough, rolling it, stamping out biscuits, carrying them in an endless conveyer through a 50-foot oven at a speed variable according to the time required for baking, and then boys or girls only are needed to pack them. A day's work, provided by little more than 1½ cwt. of coal, gives 2¼ tons of tea-biscuits, or 1,250,000 of those zoological biscuits which delight the hearts of the children.

The mechanical production of cold and ice enables mutton to be brought from the great mountain farms of New Zealand and Australia and sold at 5*d.* per pound in our shops. Australia, too, sends us wool at a moiety of the price of sixty years ago. Cotton for sixty women's dresses may be brought from the plantations of America to Liverpool or Manchester for 1*s.*, and in Lancashire a girl to-day will manage 600 spindles running eight or nine times as fast as sixty years ago, and will thus do the work of 10,000 of her predecessors. Sixty years ago there were very few power-looms, and the hand-looms were distributed about the homes. The working day had only such limit as would mark the beginning of a new day. Now, power-looms are gathered together in great factories satisfactory from every point of view, and the workers have health as well as spare coins to enjoy the leisure now afforded, while, as Mulhall has put it, a Lancashire lass of twelve years of age will do as much work as five Russian peasants working almost double the time.

Such comparisons might be multiplied indefinitely; their cause has been the advance in mechanics; their effect the material and moral advance of all. Luxuries of sixty years ago are deemed necessaries of life now, and they are easily attained, for the engineer has not only enabled man to multiply the product of his labour fourfold, but he has increased the demand by supplementing the surplus cash of everybody and by bringing the remotest parts of the earth within reach of the factory worker's arm. Sixty years ago each hamlet was isolated, now there is an international exchange of commerce of far-reaching effect: it promotes the amity of nations; and if with this comity there comes competition it need only invigorate our inventive ingenuity.

CRETE AND THE CRETANS

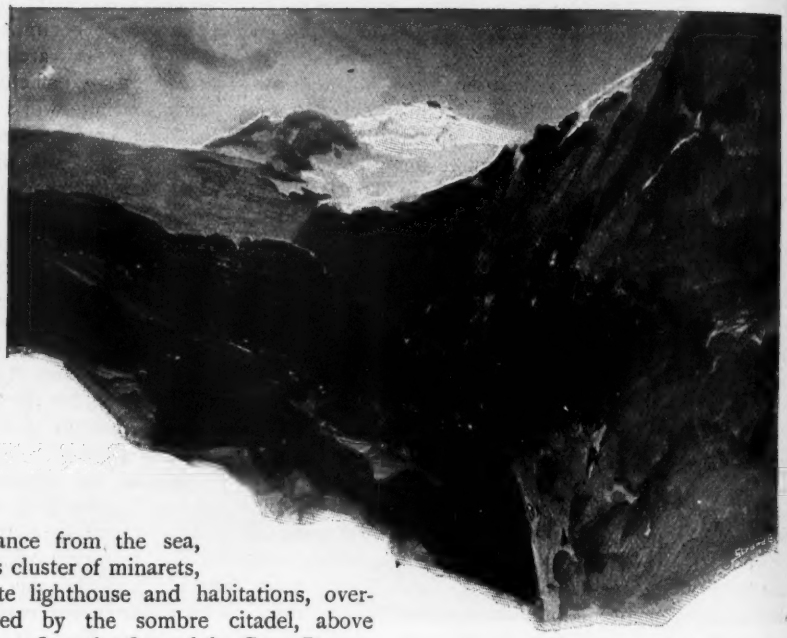
By EDWARD VIZETELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGES MONTBARD

LYING directly to the south of the Cyclades, barring with Carpathos and Rhodes the entrance to the Ægean Sea, Crete, when approached from the western side, is as much the key to the Dardanelles as the Dardanelles are the key to the capital of Islam. Like most of the other islands at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, Crete is mountainous and calcined, with a seaboard broken into a multitude of bays and inlets, forming admirable anchorage and shelter for vessels of all draughts, from the ordinary jaunty coasting craft, with lateen sail, of the Levant, to the ponderous, cumbersome battle-ships of modern naval architectural skill.

Famous in antiquity for its hundred cities, to say naught of the other remarkable fables connected with its history, it displays no sign of similar prosperity now. Canea, the capital, a town of some twenty thousand inhabitants, belted by earthworks, presents a strikingly picturesque

A CRETAN POPE



IN THE MOUNTAINS OF AKROTIRI

appearance from the sea, with its cluster of minarets, its white lighthouse and habitations, overshadowed by the sombre citadel, above which now float the flags of the Great Powers beside the crimson banner, relieved by crescent and star, of the Ottoman Empire. Beyond the town expands the Galata plain, studded with olive groves and shut in on the south by a long chain of grey mountains, shrouded in snow during a part of the year, and in summer bathed in all the limpid sunny brightness of the Near East. These mountains, which go by various names, extend the entire length of the island and slope down to the seashore on the opposite side.

The port is shallow and strewn with rocks near the quay, but steamers enter without difficulty and discharge their cargoes in all security. About ten arrivals, flying Greek, Austrian and Turkish flags, are registered each week, whilst, at uncertain intervals, an English steamer also pays the place a visit. The fishing industry, which is considerable, is in the hands of Italians from Bari on the Adriatic, who, on the eve of Sundays and great feast-days, anchor their boats off the lighthouse jetty, in a sort of rectangular port between the lighthouse and the Konak, as the Government House is styled. In this outer port are the old stocks on which the Venetians, when they were supreme in Crete, built and repaired their galleys, and these stocks have now been transformed into sheds for the Ottoman infantry, and into stables for the artillery. It is there that the extra Turkish troops brought into the island on account of the present rising have been located.

Canea, though picturesque enough from the sea, loses all its charm when one sets foot on shore. There, as with every other town where the Turks are in authority, it is distance that lends enchantment to the view. As soon as ever you are at close quarters, you come in contact with most revolting uncleanliness: open drains, heaps of decaying animal and vegetable refuse, mangy dogs prowling through the thoroughfares, tumble-down houses, beggars in rags—you may meet half a dozen living pictures of Lazarus in the course of ten minutes' walk through the narrow, crooked streets—and yet the Turks, personally, are probably the cleanliest people on the face of the earth. But they have no idea of municipal duties in so far as they bear on the health and comfort of the population. They have always been accustomed to look to the tawny-coated dog to

do all the scavenger's work in Crete as elsewhere, and so they will no doubt continue to the end of their tenancy. It is probably in a measure for this reason that the consuls and notabilities of Canea have built for themselves a suburb at Halepa —a cluster of villas and well-cultivated gardens, a quarter of an hour's walk to the east of the town, along a broad, dusty highway. Here they pass all their leisure, only visiting Canea for the purpose of transacting business. They arrive in town in early morning, returning home at noon to lunch. After the siesta, followed by a bath and change of raiment, they sometimes, particularly on mail days, pay the port a second visit, when the heat is less intense than in the middle of the day, but are back again amongst their lemon trees and flowers before the sun has sunk behind the western horizon.

To the north-east is the mountainous peninsula of Akrotiri, marked on the map Maleka, which is its Turkish name—to all outward appearances a stony waste, whereon Ottoman troops have rarely dared set foot when the country has been in insurrection. This peninsula is studded with monasteries, and the *papas*, or orthodox priests, who inhabit them, are absolute masters of that part of the island; for each of these saintly habitations is little less than a fortress, standing in an almost inaccessible position, and provided with massive, loop-holed stone walls, four feet thick, and a complete arsenal of arms and ammunition. The *papas*, valorously seconded by the many peasants they employ and to whom they assure a living from year to year, are ever on the alert, and ready to open fire at the first note of alarm, whilst their strongholds, being within easy distance of the seaboard, serve as convenient places for receiving arms and stores of all kinds from Greece, and also as shelters for insurgents when too hotly pressed by Turkish troops.

In peaceful times the *papas*, who are skilful and industrious husbandmen, cultivate the vine, olive and fig-tree on the hill sides, and raise grain, tobacco and hemp (which replaces opium in the Near East) in the ravines and on the uplands of their possessions. They own large flocks of small sheep and goats, many head of diminutive cattle, which they use for tillage, and have a few mules and ponies in their stables to serve as pack animals when transporting their produce to the towns, or to carry them when they journey abroad. They rear bees and vast numbers of fowls and turkeys, among the latter being the much-prized white strain which we so rarely see in England; and they make indifferent cheese from the milk of goats and

A GREEK MONASTERY IN THE MOUNTAINS OF AKROTIRI, TO THE NORTH-EAST OF CANEA

ewes. As a matter of fact, they supply almost all their own wants, which are few, for they are very abstemious, and having no absolute need of assistance from the outside for provisions, live the greater part of their lives cut off from the rest of the world.

Their dwellings are more like small, compact, fortified hamlets, than simple monasteries, for apart from their church and burial ground, they have their blacksmith's, wheelwright's and carpenter's shops, and their schools, where they bring up and educate novices to replace them when they are no more, or to supply village priests in Greece and in any part of the Turkish Empire where the orthodox religion is followed.

Their customary fare consists mostly of bread made by pouring a mixture of flour and water on a thin iron plate, a foot in diameter, placed over a slow wood fire, with the complement of stringy cheese, eggs and olives, sometimes green but generally black, which is the colour the fruit takes when allowed to ripen on the tree. On Sundays and feast days they treat themselves to roast mutton, and at Easter never fail to eat lamb, with an entrée of some sort, and perhaps a dish of pilaf rice, which is considered a great luxury; the whole being preceded by a glass of mastic from Khios, and helped down by dark, strong, clammy wine from their own cellars. They never touch fresh beef, and, owing to the natural prejudice to pork in hot climates, rarely have anything to do with pigs, but in the autumn the old horned cattle, which are considered unfit for further work, are slaughtered, and their flesh cut into strips and dried in the sun—jerked, in fact, after the manner of the Red Indians—and this comes in handy for winter diet when mutton is not available. Fasts are observed with the utmost rigour.

THE GORGES OF XILO-SCALA (WOOD STEPS) IN THE DISTRICT OF SPIŁAKIA

The *papas* of the monasteries are very hospitable, particularly to Europeans; but a traveller, no matter who he may be, is never turned away from their door. Their rustic strongholds are generally approached along a narrow pathway, which is nothing more than a ledge hewn in the mountain side, with a steep precipice hundreds of feet deep on one hand, and a barrier of rugged, calcareous stone towering above one out of sight, on the other. This ledge in mid-air is just sufficiently broad to allow a mule or pony to pass along it with his burden, and sometimes when the path bends sharply round, he has to slacken his walk and cautiously pick his way, to avoid making a false step and falling over the side. The animals used for this work are, naturally, remarkably sure-footed, and accidents are extremely rare. Indeed, a mule of the country may be trusted to follow one of these ledges on a pitch dark night, when it is literally impossible to see your hand before you, and reach his destination without once hesitating on his way. The nerves of his rider are none the less severely tried, and he would

be a bold man who would affirm that he went through the experience for the first time without feeling some concern for the safety of his bones.

On attaining the hospitable shelter towards the decline of day, the traveller is entertained according to his station in life. He who is well-to-do is shown into a guest-chamber, comfortably furnished with divans and Eastern hangings and carpets; his boots are taken off by one of the novices, whilst another hands him soap and water, and assists him to cleanse his face and hands from dust. When he has performed his toilet and made himself comfortable, a decanter of mastic and some cigarettes are placed on a low Oriental table beside him, wherewith to while away the interval before the hour arrives for the evening meal, or he may if he feel so disposed call for a *narghileh*, or hubble-bubble, which will be served to him loaded with fragrant *tombak* from Ferizhan. When he has dined and digested his meal a bed is made up for him on the divan, and he retires to rest to be awakened, shortly after daybreak, by the tolling of the bell for early service in the church; this is always choral, and he may attend or not as he pleases. He may rest and enjoy the hospitality of the *papas* thus for days if he be so inclined. On taking leave of them it is customary, but in no way obligatory, to place an offertory in the hand of one of the attendants in return for the entertainment.

YOUNG GREEK MOUNTAIN GIRL

A CRETAN MOUNTAINEER

The Akrotiri peninsula on its southern side forms Suda bay, the most beautiful of any in all the Archipelago and the envy of all the Great Powers of Europe. Shut in on the east and sheltered from the only winds to which it is exposed by the island of the same name, it offers excellent anchorage during the winter months, and owing to the natural strength of its surroundings, could in the hands of skilful engineers be made as formidable a fortress and as valuable a dockyard as either Malta or Gibraltar.

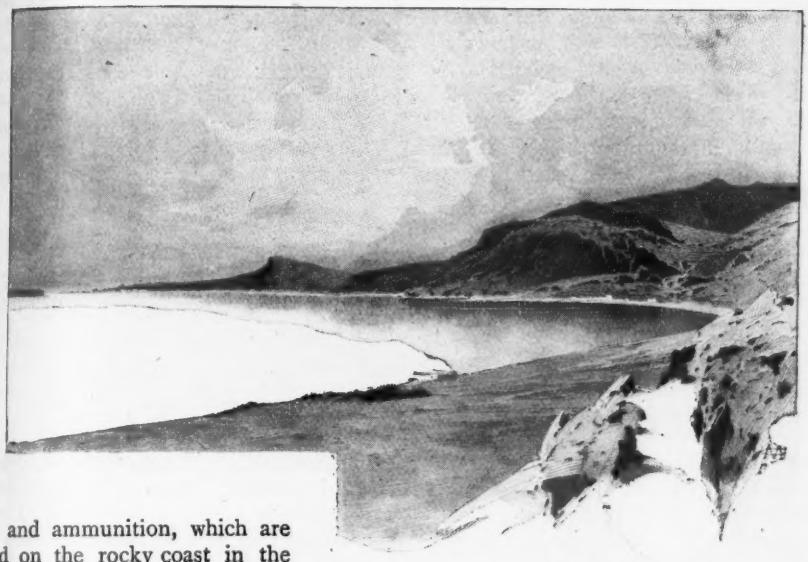
One of the most interesting districts of Crete is that of Sphakia on the southern side of the island, a perfect labyrinth and citadel of mountains. The road leading into this quarter passes through the defile of Xiloscala, which in English means literally "the wooden ladder," so called because the assistance of a ladder is at times required to get over the ground. On leaving the Xilo-scala pass, the rugged path enters the defile of

A FISHERMAN

Aïa Roumeli, a passage six miles long, by eight feet wide in the narrowest part and twenty feet in the broadest, with walls of jagged rock towering aloft fifteen hundred feet above the ground on either side. When the snow melts on the mountains this defile becomes the bed of a roaring, foaming torrent, which bounds seawards with immitigable fury and sweeps all obstacles before it in its mad, impetuous course. The passage is then blocked and Sphakia cut off from the rest of the world.

Cretan insurrections are of periodical occurrence and are due to various causes, the principal one of which is the unflinching determination of the inhabitants, handed down from father to son, to cast off, at any cost, the Moslem yoke. The precursory signs of an approaching rising are almost invariably the same. The local parliament or Epitrani assembles forty days a year. The majority of its members belong to the Christian religion in the proportion of three to one. The President is, therefore, forcibly, Christian The number of votes required to pass a law is two-thirds of the entire assembly plus one. In ordinary times, when all is peaceful, it only requires a most trifling occurrence, such, for example, as that the attitude of the Vali or of some other Government functionary, should be displeasing to an influential group of electors, for the Christian deputies to absent themselves from their seats. In plain language, they sulk. Thereupon the Vali and his subordinates exert all the talent of persuasion they have at their command to bring them round. If they succeed, all is well. If they fail, if matters become worse instead of better, the deputies take themselves off to the mountains. The cry of "Liberty or death!" is raised. Black flags, covered with emblems that are more or less fantastical, are promptly unfurled; the *papas* in the monasteries call in their labourers, stalwart mountaineers whose hearts throb with the keenest spirit of independence, drive their flocks and herds into the most secret recesses of the mountains, bar their doors, and the insurrection breaks out. Massacres follow. Greece sends money,

A MOUNTAINEER

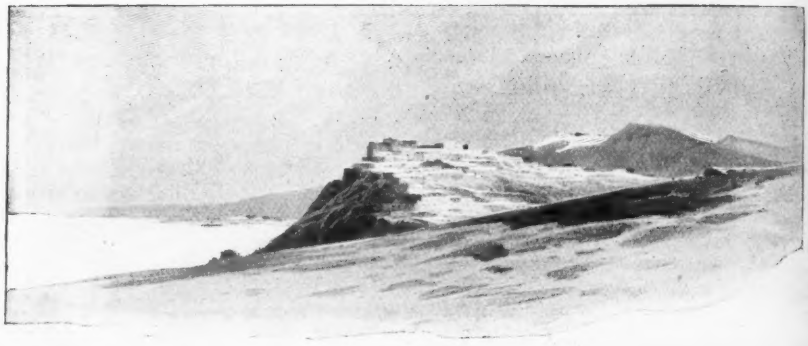


SUDA BAY

arms and ammunition, which are landed on the rocky coast in the dead of night. A Cretan committee, sitting permanently at Athens in all times, knows where to look for funds. Greek officers, whose acts are publicly disclaimed by the Hellenic Government, but who are encouraged underhand, join the insurgents, and the outbreak generally lasts until the consuls intervene, and concessions being made on both sides, order is again restored. But the rising has, none the less, caused the loss of a number of lives, and the destruction of much property in the form of houses and olive groves, hundreds of years old.

It will suffice to cast a glance at the defile of Sphakia to understand how a mere handful of resolute men can keep a whole army at bay in this mountainous country, broken up with deep gorges and covered with forests. The ground is particularly suited to partisan warfare with its constant skirmishes, ambuscades and surprises, and the Cretans, who are familiar with every pathway and mound, take the best advantage of it. Most of the time they simply play with the Turkish troops sent against them, and, whilst ever absorbed in the endeavour to entice the Moslems into their mountain fastness, patiently await the moment when they will be able to surround and exterminate them.

The hatred between the followers of the Cross and those of the Crescent is so bitter and intense, that the feeling will be almost incomprehensible in this country, and particularly in this age, but it none the less exists in all its fierceness, and this flame of vindictiveness is so carefully fanned by *papa* and *imam* alike, that it never abates its fury. The result of this keen feeling of hate is that as soon as there is a rising of any importance, the two denominations are up in arms one against the other. As the insurrection spreads from district to district, it is no longer simply a case of warfare between the military on the one hand and the insurgents in the mountains on the other. It is also warfare between every Moslem and Christian village, between him who bows to the Cross, and him who prostrates himself with his face toward Mecca. The island is divided into two hostile camps; each village and hamlet becomes a fortress ever on the alert to resist an attack, or to engage in a raid. Old hatreds, long dormant, are revived and satisfied; the neighbour's flocks are driven off their grazing ground to swell the worldly store of the spoiler, his olive trees are hewn to the ground, his homestead is set afire, his village even becomes a prey to flames, and when the hand-to-hand struggle ensues, little quarter is given by either side.



PLATANIA, WHERE COLONEL VASSOS LANDED WITH THE EXPEDITIONARY CORPS

The Cretan Christian is as fierce as his Mohammedan master; his yataghan cuts as deep, and in the heat of a desperate fight it too frequently happens that sex and age are alike forgotten. He has the greatest respect for his *papa*, who is often as painfully ignorant as himself of everything beyond the little sphere in which both live, but he nevertheless consults him in all matters of importance, and regulates his action in political affairs by his advice. The respect he feels for his pastor is only equalled by the reverence with which he is imbued for his Church. He is a fervent worshipper and acts up to all the dogmas of his faith, but his heart is utterly recalcitrant to those sentiments of charity and mercy taught by the Saviour.

The *papas*, whether in the monasteries or in the villages, are indirectly in touch with the leading lights in every insurrectionary movement. They receive their instructions, and follow them to the letter. When the climax comes they bring their rifle to the shoulder, and in their long black gowns and peculiar hats, with full beards and hair falling down their backs, or twisted into a Grecian knot like a woman's, set an example of courage to their flock.

The insurgents on the mountains, who often have their live stock and families with them, are comfortable enough so long as they receive supplies of flour. When these fail, they generally find themselves constrained to come to terms. They live on roast mutton, bread, and boiled rice, accompanied by such stimulants and green vegetables as they are able to procure. Their chief occupations consist in skirmishing with the Turkish troops and in making descents into the lowlands, generally at dead of night, to drive off flocks belonging to Mohammedans, and to loot Mohammedan villages and tobacco stores.

In times of peace the Cretan Christian is a sturdy, laborious peasant, as jealous as a

PEASANT WOMAN

tiger, and free with the knife to redress a wrong. His principal article of attire is a pleated calico kilt, which hangs limp about his loins, and should be white, but which is generally the colour of clay through long absence from the wash-tub. On Sundays and feast days, however, he comes out grand in a starched kilt of spotless white, wound several times round his waist, with the complement of long, drab gaiters, jacket and waistcoat embroidered with gold, and a large, soft crimson cap—an offshoot of the Phrygian bonnet and the origin of the fez. He then struts about as proud as a Turkey cock, and looks every inch of him the *palikari* that he is. His womenkind are renowned for their beauty, and many are as fair as an English girl.

NEAR PLATANIA

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

By the Rev. W. C. E. NEWBOLT, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON

FIRST PAPER

IF there is one architectural object which more than another has succeeded in giving a character to the City of London, it is the dome of St. Paul's. We associate it with London in pictures; "within sight of the dome of St. Paul's" almost ranks with "within sound of Bow Bells," as delimiting Cockneydom. And as the visitor walks down the splendid Victoria Embankment, or threads his way eastward through the intricacies of the Strand and Fleet Street, it towers before him, now apparently on the Surrey side of the river, now straight in front of him, now bursting up behind unsuspected corners. Certainly, Sir Christopher Wren accurately caught the spirit of London, the genius of its streets, and the *ethos* of its traffic when he set the cross on top of the dome, as majestic as a cupola, and as graceful as a spire.

And yet when the stranger has climbed the broad flight of steps, so curiously set askew to the grand ascent of Ludgate Hill, as he pushes open the little swing door and finds himself inside a somewhat dark and dingy building, with circular windows, innocent of tracery,

flat pilasters, transverse beams of stone, with the general feeling of squareness and flatness, relieved as Ruskin contemptuously says, with strings of Ribston pippins carved in stone, and innumerable cherubims, straight, as it were, from the tombstones of a graveyard—as he gazes with eyes still full of impressions derived from Westminster Abbey, and the Gothic queens of beauty which adorn our land—he is disappointed, he must own it; he almost wishes he had continued to admire it from the outside; his ideal is shattered.

Here at once it is necessary to ask the visitor resolutely to close his eyes to Gothic architecture in all its beauty, and to remember that he is studying an example of what is called classical architecture, which as regards the exterior at all events is considered a masterpiece; while as to the interior, if there is a confusion of classical and Gothic, that is of classical forms with Gothic feeling, we must remember that Wren was coerced out of his own better judgment, "to reconcile," according to his own words, "the Gothic to a better manner of architecture." And, accordingly, if the visitor will take his stand inside the western door, and, gazing around him, let the majestic proportions of the building enter into his soul, he will find a grandeur and a magnificence in the spacious open vista, to which Gothic architecture with all its splendid and minute detail is sometimes a stranger.

Before we proceed to examine the many objects of interest and beauty to be found in the Cathedral, it may be desirable to take a rapid survey of the events which resulted in the existence of St. Paul's as we now see it.

Far back in the Saxon days of the seventh century, there was on this site a cathedral, which perished by the foe which has so often proved deadly to St. Paul's—fire, in the end of the eleventh century. This was succeeded by the building known familiarly as old St. Paul's, traces of which may be seen at the extreme east end, under the pavement of the churchyard, and on the south side amidst the grass beds of the south garden. This was longer and narrower than the present building, and was surmounted by a tall spire, the height of which would roughly correspond to "the Monument" set on top of the present dome, or, more accurately, was 489 feet high. This spire was destroyed by lightning in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and was never restored; while the whole building was much disfigured by incongruous alteration, and additions from the design of Inigo Jones in the days of Charles the First; until the same enemy which was fatal to the first cathedral destroyed the second, and in the great fire which devastated London in 1666 St. Paul's became a complete ruin.

Only a short time elapsed before Wren was set to work to prepare designs for a new building, when restoration was found to be impossible. A phœnix carved in stone over the south transept porch is supposed to have been put there by the great architect as a memento of an incident which occurred to him as he was measuring out his new building. Having sent for a fragment of stone for the above purpose, one was brought to him on which was inscribed the word "*Resurgam*," which Wren regarded as a happy omen for his new work. It is only necessary to add further that in spite of much thwarting and opposition, he lived to execute his design, and St. Paul's has this almost unique, if not quite unique privilege, that it was built under one architect, under the direction of one master mason (Strong), in the episcopate of one Bishop (Compton), in the short space of twenty-two years.

We will now turn to look at the Cathedral in its detail, and at some of the treasures which it contains. Starting from the west end, we find on the north and south two spacious chapels. That on the north, which is entered through a fine screen, is used for the Consistory Court of the Bishop of London, and until quite recently was almost filled by the tomb of the Duke of Wellington, which we shall look at later on, in the new site, where it has been placed with great advantage to its beauty. Since its removal, the chapel has been converted into a baptistery, and contains the large classical marble font, deprived, however, of its ponderous and impracticable cover, and is used from time to time for baptisms in the families of those connected with the Cathedral. Here is also a fine window by Mr. Kempe, in memory of Archdeacon Hessey.

Passing over to the corresponding chapel on the north side, we enter through another very handsome wooden screen into what is generally known by the somewhat meaningless appellation of the Morning Chapel. This chapel is in constant use for the daily and

early Sunday celebrations, for midday and night services, for lectures and devotional meetings, in fact for any religious purpose for which the great area of the dome or the large space of the choir would be unsuitable. We may notice an adaptation of one of Raphael's frescoes in mosaic over the altar, by Messrs. Powell, and another mosaic at the west end, in memory of Archdeacon Hale. The solitary window in the chapel is filled with glass in memory of Dean Mansel, where we may detect in the inscription the somewhat unusual, but to those who knew Dean Mansel, most appropriate allusion to the *hilaritas indolis ejus;* for he was eminently one who knew the true value of Bishop Hackett's well-known precept "Serve God and be cheerful."

Passing out into the nave we are struck by the curious semi-circular recesses which break up the aisles on each side. Tradition has it that these were inserted in the plan through the earnest importunity of James II., who looked forward to the time when he might convert them into lines of chapels. At present they are filled with a strange collection of tombs, some of them absolutely ludicrous, few of any artistic merit, and yet enshrining the memory of great heroes, and eloquent of the importance attached to the mighty European struggle in which England played so conspicuous a part, at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. These tombs are continued round the transept aisles, and are disfigured, many of them, by the extraordinary taste of the period when they were erected, which revelled in gods and goddesses, naked heroes, winged Victories, and other Pagan symbols. These tell their own tale in pompous epitaph, and we need not weary the reader in describing them.

Out of the general number we would select a few, which may well claim our momentary attention. First of all, the monument to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, by Stevens, although still waiting for its completion, is well worthy of a careful inspection. Taken out of the chapel where it was impossible to see its full merits, it now, under the arch of the second bay of the nave at the north side, adds greatly to the general beauty of the Cathedral. We notice the vigorous allegorical figures at the side, Bravery trampling down Cowardice, and Truth plucking the tongue from Falsehood; and the dignified pose of the recumbent hero beneath his canopy of state. One unfortunate result of moving the tomb has been to divorce it from the mural decorations of marble, which really form part of the design

of the monument, and still remain on the walls of the south-west chapel, where it used to stand. While we are looking at Wellington's tomb, by simply turning round, we find ourselves face to face with Boehm's fine cenotaph to the memory of General Gordon. There are few tombs so honoured in the Cathedral as this; seldom a day passes in which no flowers or tokens of respect are laid on the resting soldier, oftentimes they are clearly the offerings of quite poor people. This is the tomb that Li-Hung-Chang visited with every token of affection in August 1896, and decorated with magnificent wreaths.

As we go on we may pause a moment to read the inscription on brass commemorating the loss of H.M.S. *Captain*, which foundered at sea in 1870, with the inventor of turret ships, Captain Cooper Coles, aboard. The inscription, besides recounting this terrible calamity, emphasises the importance of little things, when it points out that the cause of the disaster is to be attributed to an error of two feet in her design. Noticing as we pass Marochetti's angels guarding the somewhat fantastic tomb of Lord Melbourne, we stop at the vestibule as it were of the dome, by the entrance to the Lord Mayor's vestry, to read the names of the Deans of St. Paul's who have held that office since the Norman Conquest, inscribed on slabs of alabaster. There are some notable names among them, for instance, Colet, Sancroft, Joseph Butler, and not least, the present Dean Gregory, to whom St. Paul's owes so very much of her revived life and efficiency as the Cathedral of the metropolis.

At this point it will be convenient to cross over the nave to the corresponding aisle on the south side, which will enable us to complete our survey of the western division of the building. There is nothing to look at, rather the reverse, in the monuments to the west of us; they are executed in the worst taste, and are more ludicrous than edifying; we will therefore confine our attention to the four alabaster slabs which in a corresponding position to that devoted to the Deans, carry the names of the Bishops of London from Restitutus, bishop in the year 314 A.D., down to Mandell Creighton, bishop in 1897. The list is a very remarkable one, not only in the names of distinguished men which it contains, but also for its suggestiveness and historical value. This is no church of yesterday or foundation of three hundred years' growth, which can boast of a bishop at the Council of Arles in the fourth century. Mellitus in 604 carries our minds back to St. Augustine, to St. Gregory and the Angles in the slave market. St. Erkenwald recalls to us the wealthy shrine of this once popular saint. St. Dunstan recalls the vigorous ecclesiastic of the tenth century. The troublous times of the Reformation are visible in the double entry of Bonner, with Ridley's name interposed, in the years 1540–1553. Here is the honoured name of William Laud, and also of Juxon, who stood on the scaffold with Charles I. Here is Compton, whose name is inseparably associated with the present building, and a quartet of bishops famous and familiar to this generation, Blomfield, Tait, Jackson, and Temple. It is surprising to see how much interest is manifested in this simple list by people who pause to read it, as they pass backwards and forwards, or take the favourite climb to the upper galleries through the door on the right.

Going on eastward we stand and look up into the dome. This is not the actual lining of the external dome, as many are disposed to think at first sight. "It is a shell of a different form from the outer structure, with a brick cone between it, and the outer skin." In one sense there are three coverings, in varying heights, one above another, above which again is the lantern, the upper cupola, the gilt cross and ball. As we look round this splendid feature of Wren's great building, we cannot fail to be struck with a similarity of feeling and arrangement between this wide open space with its soaring roof, and that which is the glory of Gothic Ely, its magnificent lantern. Indeed, there is a tradition that Wren drew in the inspiration of this part of his work from his acquaintance with the lovely cathedral of the fens, of which his uncle, Matthew Wren, was bishop, and which he himself, if truth must be told, sadly disfigured by his attempts at Gothic, and incongruous classic insertions, which may be seen at the present day.

As we look up into this inner dome, we catch a glimpse through the misty gloom, which seldom seems to be absent, of the paintings executed by Sir James Thornhill, contrary to Wren's wishes, in monochrome.

They are dark and dingy, but not without vigour and boldness of design, and represent scenes from the life of St. Paul, broken up by heavy architectural ornaments. At one time there was a scheme for superseding these with more modern paintings, which, happily, was never carried out. Those who penetrate the inner recesses of the Cathedral will come across designs of Lord Leighton and others now idly decorating a blank wall, which were originally submitted for the purpose. Apart from the objection there would be to destroying history, it must be felt that any attempt at decoration at this great height, and under the atmospheric conditions which prevail, would be money thrown away, and possibly a loss of mystery and elevation in the feeling of the dome as an architectural feature. As we bring our eyes down from the dusky surface of Thornhill's pictures, we notice between the thirty-two Corinthian pilasters which surround the inner space, in the intervals not pierced by windows, eight large images, which have been lately put in position, representing the four Western and the four Eastern doctors of the Church —St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Gregory; and St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory, St. Basil, St. Athanasius. These are strongly held in position, as they, not only in appearance, but in reality slightly bend over the area beneath. Underneath them is the drum, at present bare, but shortly, it is to be hoped, to be bright with mosaic, offering as it does quite the most prominent field for decoration in the church. Below this again is the far famed whispering gallery, which is said to owe its magical properties to the accident of its construction, not to design. Below this once more are the first attempts at colour decoration in the spandrels, executed by Salviati from designs by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and others. They represent the four evangelists and the four greater prophets, treated in a flowing, somewhat boisterous, style, which fits in, not unharmoniously, with the general architecture.

Wren has been severely criticised for "the four superimposed arches which, alternating

The Nave from the Choir

with the great arches that open into the four limbs, help them to support the dome." It remains to be seen whether it is possible to turn these into decorative features under the magic skill of Mr. Richmond. Already he is engaged in placing in mosaic, on the four concave ceilings underneath the quarter domes, four scenes from what may be called the Pauline gospel of 1 Cor. xv. 3, &c.—"For I delivered unto you first of all that which I

also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures. And that He was buried, and that He rose again according to the Scriptures. . . . . And last of all He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time." So that the dome will be reared up as it were on the Gospel according to St. Paul.

Before we finish our inspection of this part of the Cathedral, we may recall the well-known story of the value of presence of mind. It is said that while Thornhill was engaged in the painting of the cupola, as described above, he stepped back with an artist's pride to examine his paintings, and in another moment would have fallen over the edge of the scaffolding, when a workman with great promptitude threw a brush full of paint at the picture, and in rushing forward to save his work Thornhill also saved his life.

The dome never looks so magnificent as when it is filled with the huge congregations which assemble here at the services on Sundays and other days. Few clergy can look unmoved from the marble pulpit at the sea of heads which reaches right away into the nave and transepts, and brings out the vast scale of the building, which its exquisite proportions tend to conceal.

Passing through the south transept aisle, we notice in front of us, a window by Mr. Kempe put in to commemorate the recovery of the Prince of Wales and his thanksgiving at St. Paul's in 1872, the subject chosen being "the Raising of the Widow's Son." Here in corners and nooks we come across single statues of heroes and distinguished men, and groups of allegorical figures, the most conspicuous being Nelson and Cornwallis. Here we find John Howard with his prison key, flanked on the opposite side of the dome by a half-clothed figure of Dr. Johnson, which legend reports to have been mistaken for images of St. Peter and St. Paul. Leaving this unworthy collection of monuments, albeit to the memory of some of our greatest men, we pass through one of the beautiful screens of ironwork, in which the Cathedral is so rich and enter the south choir aisle, close by the door of the Dean's Vestry. There are several objects of interest to detain us, as we pass along the back of the magnificent stall-work, which supports a gallery on the top. This gallery is sometimes utilised for orchestral services, or is filled with the overflow of the congregation on great occasions, musical and otherwise.

The stalls and their appendages, however, will be better examined presently from the floor of the choir; let us now look at the different objects ranged along the south wall. Here is a small collection of relics from Jerusalem, including a fragment from Herod's Temple, and a piece of carved stone from the Holy City, tesselated pavement from the same city, and a small piece of stone from Mount Calvary. The monuments of ecclesiastics are also for the most part of a much more worthy character than those in the nave. Here we see the marked personality of Dean Milman; the elder Mr. Richmond's portraiture of Bishop Blomfield. Here Woolner has produced a painful, deathlike representation of Bishop Jackson, and Heber's kneeling figure executed by Chantrey is now turned towards the sanctuary. But perhaps in some ways the most interesting tomb in all the Cathedral is the strange weird figure set in the wall, whose position, however, renders inaccurate the concluding line of the Latin inscription. "Here, though set in dust, he beholdeth Him whose name is the Rising." It is Donne the poet dean, who presided over the Cathedral from 1621 to 1631. Hare, in his "Walks about London," describes the incident of the dean sitting for his portrait dressed in his shroud, which he preserved afterwards as a grim "*memento mori*," and which was eventually worked into the design of his tomb. He now appears before us in his grave clothes curiously gathered up into a sort of crown, rising from an urn, which poetically contains his ashes. Not the least interesting point in this tomb is to notice on the white marble the evident marks of fire, which show it to have stood the ordeal of the great catastrophe of 1666. This is the only tomb out of old St. Paul's which is anything like intact. There are some few headless or legless remains gathered in the crypt, and set as decently as possible on stone bases. Yet of the bishops and distinguished men once commemorated here, all memorial has perished: Erkenwald with his famous shrine, Duke Humphrey, Deans Colet and Nowell, and the famous Sir Philip Sidney, and many more, are as far as their

tombs are concerned as if they had never been. However much the fire may have to answer for, we fear the want of piety towards the past must have even more laid to its account. Certainly a clean sweep of history such as that which has taken place in St. Paul's, whatever be the cause, is much to be deplored.

ON SURNAMES

By T. R. PEARSON, M.D.

WE may assume that since human society has existed *proper names* have been in use—names, *i.e.*, belonging to individuals. We can easily imagine that in primitive states of society and in very small communities a few proper names, eked out by relationship, &c., might suffice for all practical purposes. Given the *strong* man of the place and starting him with that name (Strong), you might easily define Strong's wife, son, daughter, brother, and so on. But this could not long suffice.

The case we have supposed really indicates the way in which proper names were given in earliest times. They were *sobriquets*, nicknames—*i.e.*, "an eke" name, a name added.

> "John Gilpin was a citizen of credit and renown
> A train-band captain *eke* was he of famous London town."

The conditions in which sobriquets are, for practical purposes, *the* names even up to our own day are amusingly cited in a paper in the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1862. A stranger in one of the Buchan fishing villages had occasion to call on a fisherman named Alexander White. Meeting a girl, he asked: "Could you tell me far Sanny Fite lives?"

"Filk Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle Sanny Fite."

"Filk muckle Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle *lang* Sanny Fite."

"Filk muckle lang Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle *lang-gleyed* Sanny Fite," shouted the stranger.

"Oh! it's 'Goup-the-lift' ye're seeking," cried the girl; "and fat the deevil for dinna ye speer for the man by his richt name at ance?"

Another illustration taken from a colliery village. A lawyer's clerk is trying to serve a process on a miner named Adam Green. He has tried in vain to find his man, when a young woman who has witnessed his labours volunteers to assist him. "Oy say, 'Bullyed,'" she cried to the first man they met, "dost thou know a man named Adam Green?" The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. They then came to another man. "'Loy-a-bed,' dost thee?" "Lie-a-bed" could not answer either. "Stumpy" (a man with a wooden leg), "Cowskin," "Spindle-shanks," "Cock-eye," and "Pigtail" were all consulted to no purpose. At last the damsel, having talked it over with several of her friends, suddenly brightens up, and, slapping a neighbour on the shoulder, exclaims: "Dash my wig, why he means moy feather." Then turning to the astonished clerk, she cried: "You should'n ax'd for *Ode Blackbird*." So it appears that the old miner's name, though he was a man of substance, was hardly known even to his own daughter.

The *origin* of the word surname has itself been much discussed, but *super-nomen*—the name over and above the Christian name—seems the most feasible.

I think we may take it that surnames were first adopted by the nobles and the privileged few about A.D. 1100, and that they gradually spread *downwards* until the time of the Reformation. That is the era at which family nomenclature appears to have arrived at something like definiteness. The institution of parish registers, which were ordered to be kept in lieu of the monkish records, on the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., is considered to have been mainly instrumental in producing this result.

The *number* of *surnames* in England in 1865, according to the Registrar-General's Report, was estimated at 40,000, or about one to every 500 inhabitants.

The proportion in Scotland is much lower, and in Wales it is lower still. But in this estimate every name *as registered* was included, and in such cases as Davies and Davis, Clark and Clarke, two surnames were counted where (from the historical point at any rate) only one should find place. Looking at the extraordinary vagaries of spelling arising from ignorance or affectation, this number may be fairly reduced to about 30,000, and an old census will serve our purpose as well as a more recent one, because additional population does not, in this age of *fixed* nomenclature, bring us any appreciable increase of surnames.

Here, just a word on the literature of our subject. Every student should go to the fountain-head if possible.

The first writer to do any justice to the matter is the illustrious Camden; and, as has been well said, it is at his flame that subsequent writers have lighted their little torches.

It is not to his *opus magnum* the "Britannia" that we must go, but to his smaller "Remaines Concerning Britaine," where some forty-eight pages are devoted to surnames. Of our own time, Mr. Mark Antony Lower, author of "Patronymica Britannica," and numerous other works, is the best. "Our English Surnames," by the Rev. Canon Bardsley, is a very instructive and useful work. Numerous references to articles connected with the subject will be found in the footnotes of these works.

Now how did these surnames arise?

The simplest classification I can find is the one adopted by Mr. Bardsley. Looking exclusively at their origin, he divides them into five classes, viz:

(1) Baptismal or personal surnames.
(2) Local surnames.
(3) Official surnames.
(4) Occupative surnames.
(5) Sobriquet surnames, or nicknames.

Under one of these five divisions will every surname in all the countries of Europe be found.

The first class, the baptismal surnames, are the *patronymics* proper. This word patronymic is generally very loosely used as synonymous with surname; but this is incorrect. A patronymic is really a font-name converted into a permanent surname, so that every one possessing a surname does not necessarily possess a patronymic. Take the famous quartet, Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson: Jones and Robinson, as derived from John and Robert, are patronymics; the others are merely surnames.

This class is much the largest of the five. In their simplest form the patronymic surname is made by merely turning the Christian name into the possessive case; as John, John's (Jones); by adding to it the Scandinavian *son* and *sen*, as Anderson, Andersen (from Andrew); the Russian *vitch*, the Norman French *Fitz*, the Gaelic prefix *Mac*, the Irish *O*, the Welsh *Ap*.

How numerous they are we may judge from the fact that this same Registrar-General's Return furnishes us with no less than fifty-one surnames derived from Robert. They range from Bobbett to Roby, of course picking up our old friend Robinson on the way.

If asked what was the commonest surname, is it safe to guess that you, without any lengthened cogitation, would answer, *Smith?* And, of course, you would be right. But Jones runs him very close. Referring to the appended table, we find the proportion to be: Smith, 1 in 73; Jones, 1 in 76. But eighth on the table I find Evans with, in round numbers, 3000 against Jones 9000, and Evans is simply the possessive of the Welsh equivalent for John (Evan); so that if the Joneses and Evanses were taken as identical (*which they are*), the Smiths would lose their pre-eminence. The Welsh surnames are mostly of the patronymic class, and not very numerous at best. But their Christian names are also very limited in number, and hence the difficulty of individualising people must be great in the more rural parts of the Principality. Where Evans, *e.g.*, is very common, it will not help you much to find that half of them have Evan as Christian name also—Evan Evans—of which I personally know several instances. Where the Welsh surnames begin in P. or B. that letter is generally a survival of the Ap—as Price, Ap Rhys; Bevan, Ap Evan; Bowen, Ap Owen; Pugh, Ap Hugh, &c.

A good hit at the old Welsh practice of stringing names together occurs in the play of Sir John Oldcastle, printed in 1600, in which ran the following conversation:

Judge. What bail? What sureties?

Davy. Her cozen, Ap Rice, Ap Evan, Ap

Morice, Ap Morgan, Ap Llewellyn, Ap Madoc, Ap Meredith, Ap Griffiths, Ap Davis, Ap Owen, Ap Shinkin-Jones.

Judge. Two of the most efficient are enow.

Sheriff. An't please your Lordship, these are all but one.

Burlesquing this troublesome fashion, a seventeenth century wit describes *Welsh Cheese* as

> Adam's own cousin-german by its birth,
> Ap Curds, Ap Milk, Ap Cow, Ap Grass, Ap Earth.

But in making surnames from Christian names, two very important practices must be taken into account—*viz.*, the *nicking* of Christian names and the converting them into *pet* forms: *e.g.*, Robert not only gives us Robertson, but also *Rob*son, *Robin*son, and so on; William gives us Williams and Williamson, but it also gives us *Wil*son, *Bil*son, and so on. This I need not enlarge on.

But in the case of *pet* names there is more to be said. In our day the pet name generally ends in *ie* or *ey*, as Johnnie, Charley, Willie, &c. But at the time when our surnames were being fixed our forefathers used other diminutives: the four most frequently used being *kin*, *cock*, *ot*, or *et*, and *on* or *en*.

Illustrating these as we pass on, we use *kin* nowadays in the same diminutive sense in *lambkin*, *mannikin*, &c., and amongst surnames so formed we have our Simpkins and Simpkinsons (dim. from Simon), Thompkins and Tomkinsons (from Thomas, put into pet form), and numerous others.

Cock gives us Simcox (another dim. from Simon), Jeffcock (Geoffrey), Wilcock or Wilcox, and Laycock (dim. from Lawrence).

Ot or *et*, which we got from the Normans, secured a strong place in our common language as well as amongst surnames, *e.g.*, pock*et*, a little poke, lanc*et*, ball*ot*, &c. From these diminutives come such names as Philpot (Philip*ot*); Emm*ott*, Emm*ett*, Emmetson (from Emma—a metronymic); Till*ott* and Till*ot*son (from Matilda), Elli*ott* from Elias, Marri*ot* from Mary, Wilmot (William*ot*), Hewet and Hewetson from Hugh, &c. &c.

On or *en* is very common in our directories in the same way. Just take *Richard* as an example. From the name proper we get Richards and Richardson, Ricks and Rix, Rickson and Rixon or Ritson, Rickards and Ricketts. From the curter form of Richard, Dick or Dicc*on*, we derive Dicks or Dix. Dicks*on* or Dix*on*, Dick*ens* or Dickenson, &c.

We can trace these terminals all over the pages of any directory, and it is only necessary to make ourselves familiar with some of the *old curt* forms of Christian names to be able to clear up a large number of these patronymic surnames: *e.g.*, *Hikke* was the common way of nicking Isaac, and hence our Hicks and Hicksons, Higgs or Higsons, Higgins and Higginsons, Higgotts and Higgetts. *Wat* is the common nick for Walter. Hence our Watsons, Watkins, Watkinsons, &c.

Daw was the nick for David, giving rise to the same sort of crop. Nicholas (Saint) gives us not only Nick, with all its derivatives; but *Cole* and *Colin* were in those days very popular as nicks for the same name (Nicholas), and these again furnish their batch of surnames.

In the second class—the local—the origin of surnames is of two sorts: one from the names of *places* proper—*i.e.*, of towns, provinces, and so on; the other from the *natural features* of the dwellings of the holders of the names.

It is needless to point out how easy it was for strangers coming into a settlement to get the name of the town they came from fixed on them, as John of York, Hugh of Lincoln, Beverley, &c., and these became hereditary surnames (Hull, Kingston, Wakefield). But this is only a small class.

Our directories bristle with territorial names of foreign origin, to account for which we must remember that after the Conquest there was an inrush of skilled artificers from all parts of Europe, and these naturally took (or were given) names from their own country. Hence our Poitevins (now corrupted to Portwine!), Bretons, Pickards, Loraines and Lorings, Champagnes which have come to us as Champneys and Campions, Romaines, Lombards, Norris and Dennis (representing the Norwegian and the Dane), Pruces ("le Prusse"), Flemings from the Low Countries, Hansards from the Hanseatic towns.

From the German settlers we get our Allemans, Dalmaynes, and so through various corruptions until we find it in our streets as Dolman.

But to glance at the other class of names

mentioned. Suppose a dwelling close to a *well*, a *cliff*, or a *wood*—the resident becomes John Attwell (ultimately Twells), Attcliffe, Attwood. Suppose the well had a miraculous reputation, and that there was a shrine or cross there, then he became a Crossweller or Holliwell, or perhaps a Bonniwell. Or instead of the prefix *at*, they might (and *did*) use *by;* then we get Bywell, Bywater, Bywood.

If there was a noticeable ash-tree, he became John Atten-ash, shortened at last to Nash; if the mark was a great oak, he was John Atten-oak, finishing as Noak or Noakes.

These are all so obvious that it is only necessary to recall some *old* English country terms to give us the mastery over the whole class. I have spoken of the wood as a source of names; but *hirst* or *hurst* is an old English word for a wood; a meadow by a wood was Hursley-or-lea. If filberts abound, it is Hazelhurst; if ashes, Ashurst; if lindens or linds, Lyndhurst; if elms, Elmhurst. If hawks frequented it, it was Hawkhurst; if badgers or brocks, it was Brocklehurst; if deer, Dewhurst. A coppice or small thicket was a *holt* and so we get our Oakshots, Cockshots, &c. A *shaw* was a small game covert and gives us Cockshaw, Henshaw, Earnshaw (heron-shaw, &c.). In this north country *thwaite* was a woodland clearing, and we know how common are our Thwaites, Crossthwaites, Hawthornthwaites, Thistlethwaites, &c. A *den* or *dene* was a wooded hollow, and *slade* was a strip of green sward. Hence our Sladens and Sladdens.

Dealing with our third class, the official surnames. It is absurd to suppose that names like King, Duke, Earl, Baron, &c., mark descent from these exalted personages; and we know that Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priors, Abbotts, Monks, cannot be the family descendants of a celibate clergy. Whence came these surnames then? Well, they are all regarded as sobriquets, and are said to have originated in the out-door pageantries and mock ceremonies so popular in olden times; the same people would take the same characters over and over again, just as the peasants do at the Ober Ammergau passion-plays nowadays, and so got nicknamed by these characters.

It is necessary only to follow the rule applied to the last class and get at the obsolete official titles. Catchpole recalls a comical official (except to his prisoner) amongst our ancestors. Dempster is old English for judge, as he who pronounced the deem or doom. Our Colletts, where the name is not a patronymic from Nicholas, as referred to just now, are survivals of the Acolytes; Sexton from Sacristan; our Almonds remind us of the almoners connected with the monasteries. Coming down to household offices, we have Spencer abbreviated from *despencer*—the man in charge of the "spence" or buttery or store-closet, in fact closely allied to Butler. Our Sayers and Saywells were originally "assayers," not in the modern way of assaying metals, but simply tasters of food for the security of their lord against poison. Our Skrimshires and Skrimshaws are the descendants of the Skirmisher, a very important man in those days; to wit, he who taught the noble art of self-defence. Our Jackmans are descended from the ancient cavalryman, so named from his *jack* or coat of mail. Spearman, Pikeman and Billman are from the same batch. A Fletcher was a maker of bows and arrows.

The fourth class, the occupative surnames, we can only glance at very briefly. They are of course very numerous, and it is out of the question to attempt to treat of them in this paper. Their interest lies chiefly in the obsolete names of trades which they perpetuate: names which we still sometimes see connected with ancient guilds, such as the London Companies of Lorimers, Spurriers, Cordwainers, and the like. In everything connected with the daily life of our ancestors, with the chase, with warfare, with agriculture, with our clothing, in the preparation of food, old-world names of occupations are enshrined in our surnames.

The ubiquitous Smith can hardly be passed over, tempting as he is, whether we view him in his honourable and useful original condition, or trace him through some of his degenerate descendants who have resorted to every kind of dodge for the disguising of the good old name. Of course a Smith is justified in giving his children Christian names of as distinctive a character as possible; and indeed it is for the general weal that he should do so.

But when it comes to hooking a Norman prefix in front of Smith or absolutely transmogrifying poor Smith into "De Smythe" one wonders how these degenerate Smiths can sleep in their beds for fear of the wrath

of the "old artificers in metals." This liberty taken with a cognomen is not only in bad taste, but shows absolute ignorance. *De* must precede a territorial name; an occupative surname was never so entered; it was, of course, *Le*. You will thus find him entered in many ways, including "le Smyth," *e.g.*, "Philip le Smethe," "Henry le Smeyt," "Gilbert le Smyth," "William le Smyt;" but never a *De*.

In connection with Smith, I would call your attention to the fact that occupative surnames must be looked for in all the languages used in the records of those days, *e.g.*, you would never imagine that Faber belonged to the noble army of Smiths, yet so it is. For we find Goldsmith entered as Aurifaber, Longsmith as Longusfaber, and so on. These of course would be the entries of some monkish scribe. But although the Saxon Smith has sturdily held his own, we must not forget that the Norman had his Smith too; and we find him in such entries as "Adam le Fevres," "Richard le Fevers," or "Reginald le Feures;" and their cognate "Alan le Ferrons" and "Roger le Ferruns," all of them still existing in our midst, but minus the article. In fact, official records of the Smiths might land them in a Latin or Norman garb, as their recorder chanced to be a cleric or a layman.

During the sixteenth century, scholars had a great liking for turning their names into a Latin or Greek form, *e.g.*, Melancthon (*schwartz-erdt*, black earth). I will just quote one case as showing how extraordinary were these changes. "Huissier," the Norman usher of the court, became in Scotland (where the name is still common enough) Wishart. This got carelessly spelt (after the manner of those times) Wiseheart, and then the owner of that name (a Scottish scholar) wrote under the Grecised name "Sophocardius"! a marvellous transit from Huissier to Sophocardius; yet the name assumed all these forms in the course of a century.

Some of these occupative names have more than one origin, *e.g.*, the Turners, who were a very important class in a day when so many domestic utensils were made of wood, may be the simple Saxon Turner, or *Turnour* connected with the Norman tournament. Some of these also are very far from being what they seem, *e.g.*, the common name *Walker* is not transmitted from any ancestor of the "Weston" stamp. The Walker was simply a cloth-fuller. In Wyckliffe's version of the story of our Lord's transfiguration, he speaks of His clothes shining, "So as no *fullere or walker of cloth* may make white upon earth." Then Langland in illustrating the whole process of cloth-making says:

> Cloth that cometh fro the wevyng
> Is nought comely to wear
> Till it be fulled *under foot*, &c.

I must admit here that many occupative surnames have originated others, after the patronymic manner, *e.g.*, Clarkson, Smithson, Wrightson, &c.; but they are not to be classed correctly (as I think) with the patronymics proper.

Coming to the last class, the sobriquet surnames, we may premise that these are most frequently names given to their original owners *by others*, not by themselves. Where a community persisted in calling a man Black, it was useless for him to try to call himself White—he had to acquiesce in the choice of the majority. This class is the most difficult of all to do justice to in the short space of a paper. Indeed, *the bases* of nicknames are so numerous that it is almost impossible to classify them. *Physical* peculiarities, complimentary (as Strongitharm); derogatory, as Spindleshanks, Sheepshanks, Crookshanks, Heavisides, &c.; *mental attributes* as Grave, Stern, Wise, Sage, Moody, Proud, Courteous (Curteis) on one hand, and on the other, Blythe, Gay, Foolhardy, Jolly, Meek, &c.; nicknames from complexion and colour of the hair, as Black, White, Brown and Browning, Ruddy, Readman, Hoare, Grey, &c.; nicknames from peculiarities of dress, Curtmantel, Shorthose, &c.; from social position as Bastard, Lacklands, and so on; from the animal and vegetable kingdoms, from birds and fishes. Then compounds were made by applying a sobriquet to a Christian name, as Micklejohn, Littlejohn, Brownjohn; if he was a comely, well-made fellow he was Proper-John. These names appear again in Norman guise as Grosjean, Petijean, Bonjean, from which comes Bunyan—so that when we speak of good John Bunyan we are (perhaps unconsciously) only transposing the name of "the inspired tinker."

Some of these names have a very objectionable sound nowadays, owing to change

of meaning since they were first applied—*e.g.*, Leman and Paramour (both existing names in the North country) and both with unpleasant meanings; but Paramour was formerly an honest lover of either sex, and Leman simply means a beloved one, from "lief" dear, no thought of obloquy attaching to either word.

Here one must place names which appear to have been given to *foundlings* or other waifs and strays. Under the influence of the monks, the name of the Church's season at which the child was born or adopted seems in many cases to have decided the name. Hence arose such names as Christmas, Piphany (Epiphany), Pentecost, Paske (*i.e.*, Easter), Hilary, and so on.

A purely Celtic origin is claimed for many of our surnames of this class. If the Celt was highly imaginative in his name-giving and fond of commemorating all manly virtues, he seems also to have had a knack for hitting any blot in his friend's "lines of beauty" and to have taken a delight in perpetuating the memory of such: *e.g.*, Campbell (often absurdly derived from campo-bello) owes its *fancied* origin to the insertion of the letter "p" at a late date. The name was Cambell, and is derived from "cam," crooked, and "shuil" (pronounced huil) eye—so that for all time the world may know that the founder of this great family *squinted*.

Cameron, again, comes from "cam" and "shron" (pronounced hron) nose. Anatomists and artists tell us that the nose is very rarely "in *the middle* of a man's face;" but the original Cameron must have looked very much round the corner. Cochrane, again, is from "coch" to stick up, and "shron" nose. He was, in fact, "the pug-nosed." Here I think our Tennyson has the best of it as far as imagination goes, for he softens his *retroussée* nose into "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

Now I must leave the classification adopted and conclude with one or two points connected with the subject generally.

The arbitrary way in which the owners of some of the best of our family names treat them as to pronunciation. Take Mainwaring (as it is spelt) and it is called "Mannering;" Leveson-Gower is "Lewson Gore"; Marjoribanks is "Marchbanks;" St. Maur has become Seymour; St. Leger is "Silinger;" Cholmondeley is "Chumley." I have lately been attending a working man of this last name who calls himself (not being of the upper ten) by his name in full, and I must confess I could not stand the tax of pronouncing his name as he pronounced it, so during my prolonged attendance in the case I dubbed him "Chumley" without permission, feeling that life was all too short for such cognomens as Cholmondeley. Take a recent case, Admiral Beauchamp Seymour is raised to the Peerage and takes the title of Lord Alcester (pronounced "Awster"), so that he has never had a designation pronounced in accordance with spelling.

One other word. The Norman-sounding surname does not necessarily imply that its owner's ancestors "came over with the Conqueror," as so many people delight to put it, although what there is to boast about in this I fail to see, as these adventurers were no whit better than the good people they found already established in these parts.

They are just as likely to be traceable to the French Protestant refugees who settled themselves in Spitalfields and elsewhere, and established the silk manufacture in 1685. Norwich also was a resting-place for these Huguenots.

And now I feel that I have only touched the fringe of my subject; but, like the study of words, it is a very wide one. As a hobby it has the advantage of being constantly in view of its rider, as in his daily intercourse with his fellow men he never knows the moment when some interesting surname will not be presented to his notice.

Table showing the number of births in England and Wales during 1865, *with the names under which they were registered, the* 25 *most common names only given* (*Registrar-General's Report*).

Order.	Name.	No. of Births.	Order.	Name.	No. of Births.
1	Smith	10,505	14	Wood	2,589
2	*Jones†	9,619	15	Hall	2,459
3	Williams†	6,198	16	Walker	2,359 (?)
4	Taylor	5,033	17	Hughes†	2,374
5	Davies†	4,547	18	Green	2,360
6	Brown	4,416	19	Lewis†	2,275
7	Thomas†	3,612 (?)	20	Edwards†	2,324 (?)
8	*Evans†	3,796	21	Thompson†	2,411 (?)
9	Roberts†	3,191	22	White	2,441
10	Johnson†	2,830	23	Jackson†	2,325
11	Robinson†	2,768 (?)	24	Turner	2,272
12	Wilson†	2,826	25	Hill	2,146
13	Wright	2 523 (?)			

* Jones and Evans may be regarded as identical.
† Marks the patronymic surnames.

SPRING

By MARY A. M. MARKS

A QUICKER motion stirs the wakening world.
The chestnuts lift a thousand little hands
To catch the sunshine; wide-eyed primrose flowers
Shine golden-pale above the drifted leaves
Of last year's beeches, down long forest glades;
And bright-eyed things creep out from hollow trunks,
And all the birds sing by their new-made nests.
The sweet white violet's breath comes on the breeze;
And wild lights after sunset in the west
Between the clouds laden with fertile showers
Gleam cold and clear, and slowly fade away,
Lost in the broad beams of the Easter-moon;
And everything is glad to be alive:
And thus with joy Spring brings sweet Summer home.

THE CROWNING OF MONARCHS

Second Paper—RICHARD II.—WILLIAM IV.

By the Very Rev. A. P. PUREY-CUST, D.D., Dean of York

AT the coronation of Richard II. there had been a contest for the honour of discharging the office of "Champion of England" between Sir John Dymoke, as possessor of Scrivelsby, and Sir Baldwin de Freville, as Lord of Tamworth, and this occasioned the third special result, for it was referred to and decided by a court which, then first established, was held at many succeeding coronations, viz., the Court of Claims, presided over by John of Gaunt, King of Castile and Duke of Lancaster, High Steward of England. Among the different conditions upon which lands were formerly granted by the Crown, was that of performing some defined service by the person of the tenant to the person of the King which was called "magnum servitium" or "grand serjeanty." And the duty of the Court was to see on the one hand that these services claimed by the Crown were duly discharged, and on the other to decide as to the right of those who claimed to do them. These services, indeed, were rendered at many times but specially at coronations, *e.g.*, Lord Grey de Ruthyn claimed to carry the golden spurs for his tenancy of the possessions of Hastings;—the Lord of the Manor of Worksop the finding a glove for the king's right hand, and supporting his right arm while holding the sceptre, by which tenure he held the Manor of Farnham Royal;—the Mayor and Commonalty of Oxford and the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of London to serve in the butlerie, the former to sit at a table next the cupboard on the left side of the Hall and the latter to have three maple cups.

The Lord of the Isle of Man was bound by his tenure to bring two falcons. The Lord of the Manor of Nether-Bilsington in Kent to bring three maple cups (or mazers). The Lord of the Manor of Heydon claimed one moiety thereof by holding the towel, and the other by holding the basin and ewer when the King washed before dinner. The Manor of Liston, in Essex, was held by the service of making wafers for the King and Queen and bringing them to table. The Manor of Addington, Surrey, by finding a man capable of making a mess called gerout in the King's kitchen, and bringing it to the King's table in his own person, and many other equally curious customs. The Court certainly continued as late as the coronation of James II. for, in Sandford's history thereof, there are several pages setting forth the persons claiming, the claims, and the judgments. On this occasion, Rymer states, that the Duke of Lancaster gave an injunction that the order of coronation should be enrolled, and the result of that is "the Liber regalis" which is still preserved in the custody of the Dean (as Abbot) of Westminster in the library. It is written, in a clear bold hand, on thirty-three leaves of thick vellum, with three large illuminations, and from that time has formed the official manual, which has been more or less followed in all subsequent coronations. The date of the document is 1380. Stanley says that it was drawn up by Abbot Littlington. It is a very plain but interesting volume, the large illuminations specially so, representing the king and queen in their robes. But beside it there is a missal, in which the same service is also incorporated with several others, viz., royal funerals, services for Passion week, special services for inferior or national saints. From this the names of Thomas à Becket and the Pope were expunged at the Reformation but the volume was happily spared. For brilliancy of colour, and exquisite beauty of illustration and illumination it is unsurpassed by any MSS. that I have seen. It was presented by Abbot Littlington to the High Altar 1362 and bears his arms. Quarterly, one and four, argent on a bend azure two fleurs-de-lys gules, second and third gules a fret or. He was the builder of the Abbot's House, of which the Jerusalem Chamber is almost the only surviving portion, and parts of the cloisters. Indeed he spent a sum amounting, in our reckoning, to £200,000, the greater part of which had been bequeathed to him by his predecessor, Abbot Langham, on the fabric.

(From a photo by Valentine & Sons, Limited, Dundee)

CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER

After a reign of twenty-three years Richard was deprived of his crown by the Lord Commissioners of Parliament, and Henry, Earl of Derby, son of John of Gaunt, crowned in his place, October 13, 1399, by FitzAlan, Archbishop of Canterbury. Froissart says of

the ceremonies generally, that they were performed "en grande feste et magnificence," but the only detail deserving special notice was the first use of that which has been represented in every coronation since, viz., the ampulla or vial of holy oil, said to have been given to St. Thomas à Becket by the Virgin Mary as he was praying in a church by night in France during his banishment, assuring him that it would have the happiest effects on those kings anointed therewith and desiring him to give it to a monk of Poictiers who should hide it under a large stone in the Church of St. Gregory. There it was preserved, enclosed in a golden eagle, until the reign of Edward III. when it was brought to the Duke of Lancaster, and by him delivered to the Black Prince, who sent it to the Tower to be kept safely in a strong chest. Richard II. discovered it there, but too late, as he had been already anointed, but it was duly brought out and used at this coronation. The vessel now called the ampulla and used to contain the oil which flows through the beak, is simply an eagle of gold about seven inches high, similar, I suppose, to that which perished, together with the vial, at the time of Cromwell. The spoon, however, is one of the few objects remaining of the old regalia; it is of solid gold, and of the date of Henry III.

Henry V. was crowned on Passion Sunday, April 9, 1413, by Archbishop FitzAlan.

Henry VI. was but nine years old when he was crowned December 6, 1429, by Archbishop Chicheley at the Abbey. He was crowned a second time at Paris, December 17, 1431.

Edward IV. was crowned at Westminster by Archbishop Bouchier, June 29, 1461.

All was prepared for the coronation of Edward V. (his son), on June 22, 1483, but the estates of the realm having resolved that the crown should be given to his uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, he, alone, of our English sovereigns, passed to his grave, as Speed says, "uncrowned, without sceptre or ball."

Richard III.'s coronation on July 5, 1483, was remarkable for its great magnificence. "Never," says Speed, "had such an one been seen;" 6000 gentlemen accompanied him from the north to Westminster Hall. It is said (and if true, it is only an aggravation of his cruelty) that the unfortunate young Edward was compelled to be present. Certainly arrangements were made for him to be so, and there is an official record of his "apparel and array," but no confirmation of the fact. Soon after, the king, having made a progress to York, "he was the second time crowned," says Sir G. Burke, quoting from Hall, as he himself is quoted by Drake, "by Dr. Rotherham, Archbishop of York, in the Cathedral Church, with great solemnity his sonne also was invested in the principality of Wales." The ancient chair in the vestry purports to have been his throne on this occasion, and then also he knighted his bastard son, Richard, who, had events turned out differently, might have filled, as many illegitimate scions of royalty have filled, a prominent place in the world, but who disappears from notice, until very many years after an aged and solitary bricklayer, dwelling alone in a hovel at Eastwell, was buried, and in the register was inserted the name Richard Plantagenet.

Henry VII. was, in a manner, crowned when on the victorious field of Bosworth, Sir Reginald Bray found a crown, which Richard had worn on his helmet, in a hawthorn bush and gave it to Lord Stanley who placed it on his head, but he was formally crowned at Westminster, October 30, 1485, by Archbishop Bouchier, at which ceremony "the Yeomen of the Guard," so familiar to us as Beefeaters, first appeared.

Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon were crowned on June 24, 1509, by Archbishop Wareham, and Hall's account of the festival sets forth the prodigious splendour with which it was celebrated. But even this seems to have been surpassed by the coronation of Anne Boleyn on Whitsunday, June 1, 1533, by Archbishop Cranmer. Froude's account, quoted at length by Dean Stanley, is most graphic and interesting, but too long to be inserted here. None of Henry's other queens were crowned, though preparations were made for Jane Seymour, which were stopped by the plague.

Henry VIII., like Henry II., was anxious for his son's coronation before his death, but he expired before the preparations could be completed, and, after an interval of a month, Edward VI. was crowned at Westminster on Shrove Sunday, February 20, 1546, by Cranmer, who himself gave an

address in lieu of the sermon. And, significant of the fact that the Reformation was then in progress, the customary mass was greatly abridged, partly "for the tedious length of the same, and the tender age of the king," and partly for "that many points of the same were such as by the laws of the nation were not allowable."

Queen Mary was crowned on October 1, 1553, by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London being already prisoners in the Tower. As might be expected, at such a time of reaction, the ceremonies were performed, it is said, according to the old custom. Mary showed her superstitious caprice by insisting on fresh oil being procured, blessed by the Bishop of Arras, lest the ampulla should have lost its efficacy by the papal interdict, and declined to sit in the chair as possibly polluted by her Protestant brother's presence therein. She occupied a chair sent for the purpose by the Pope, and which is now preserved in the Cathedral at Winchester. It is made of wood covered over with purple velvet and adorned with gilt nails, with the letters I. H. S. embossed on a circular brass plate on the arm of the chair.

Queen Elizabeth's coronation on Sunday, January 15, 1558, by Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, the See of Canterbury being vacant and Heath, Archbishop of York, declining to officiate, was marked by the enthusiasm of the people and the unaffected joy of the Queen herself. Holinshed has minutely described the procession to the Tower, which was full of touching and striking incidents. In the Abbey the Abbot officiated for the last time, and the ceremony was conducted partly in Latin partly in English. At its close she was proclaimed "Empress from the Orchade Isles unto the mountains Pyrenee."

The coronation of James I., on February 25, 1603, was devoid of any special incident, the customary procession being abandoned in consequence of the plague, and the Queen, Anne of Denmark, refusing to receive the sacrament, on the plea of having already changed her religion once from Lutheranism to Presbyterianism and declining to do so again.

Charles I.'s coronation on the Purification, February 2, 1626, seems to have been simply remarkable by the many contretemps which were regarded as omens of coming disasters. There was no procession because of the plague; the king's barge was run aground. There was a feud raging within the Chapter of Westminster and an unseemly struggle between Dean Williams and Laud to officiate, the latter carrying the day. The left wing of the dove on the Confessor's sceptre was broken, and another dove of gold substituted, unknown to the king, the first infringement of the old regalia. The text, selected by the Bishop of Carlisle who preached the sermon, and died soon after of black jaundice, was regarded as appropriate only for a funeral, "I will give thee a crown of life." During the solemnity an earthquake was felt. And the King changed the usual purple robe for one of white satin, which earned for him the title of "the white King."

Oliver Cromwell was "installed" Lord Protector in Westminster Hall, June 26, 1657. The Chair was brought out of the Abbey, for that one and only time, and on it and "under a prince-like canopy of State" he was solemnly enthroned. Clarendon, in his "History of the Rebellion," vol. iii. 208, tells us that Charles II. was crowned in Edinburgh during his ill-advised expedition to Scotland to accept the throne from the Covenanters, on the invitation of the Marquis of Argyle, immediately after the execution of Montrose. "The coronation," he says, "was passed with great solemnity and magnificence. All men making show of joy and of being united to serve his majesty."

The battle of Worcester, however, in a few weeks dissipated any hopes which may have been entertained of a Restoration at that time.

And Sir Walter Scott, in his "History of Scotland," vol. ii. p. 148, gives an interesting history of how the Scottish regalia, which had been deposited in the Castle of Dunnottar after the battle of Dunbar, were carried out with the cognisance of the Governor, George Ogilvy, hidden in bundles of lint, by Mrs. Grange, wife of the minister of Kinneff, through the lines of the British Republican troops, under Monk, besieging the Castle, and buried under the pulpit of her husband's church, where, in spite of bribes and threats, they were concealed until the Restoration. Sir John Keith, sailing

pretentiously off to France, put them on a wrong scent, as they fancied he had carried them off with him, for which service he was created Earl of Kintore.

The coronation of Charles II. in England was celebrated on April 23, 1661, with all the enthusiasm of the Restoration. John Ogilvy has recorded and illustrated this; and Pepys, in his diary, makes several quaint and terse remarks concerning that and the procession on the previous day. Archbishop Juxon, in a rich ancient cope, though indisposed, performed the anointing; Sheldon, Bishop of London, carried on the rest of the ceremony. Morley, Bishop of Worcester, preached the sermon. The regalia were all new, although bearing the ancient names, made by Sir Robert Vyner, his majesty's goldsmith, under the direction of the Earl of Sandwich, Master of the Wardrobe, and Sir Gilbert Talbot, Master of the Jewel House. The utmost care was taken to follow the old patterns as far as they were remembered. The order for the payment, which is still extant, directs that the sums of £21,978 9*s.* 11*d.* and £10,000 be paid to the above "for two crowns, two sceptres, and a globe of gold, set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and pearls, St. Edward's staff, the armilla, ampulla, and other the regalia, all of gold."

The old regalia had been wantonly dispersed, broken, or lost, with the exception of a few pieces, and some fine stones, which had decorated former crowns and were now reset. In 1642 the iron chests in the Abbey had been broken open by Henry Martyn, afterwards the notorious regicide, who invested the Puritan poet and satirist, George Withers (says Wood in his "Ath. Oxon.," vol. iii.), "who being crowned and royally arrayed did march about the room with a stately gait, and afterwards, with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions, exposed those sacred ornaments to scorn and contempt." In July of the same year they were again dragged out by some soldiers of Westbourne's company.

The King's coronation wardrobe was sold for £1 10*s.* 6*d.* What the crown jewels brought to the exchequer of the nation is not recorded, but in 1649, "a true and perfect inventory of all the plate and jewels, now being in the upper jewel house of the Tower in the charge of Sir Henry Mildmay, together with an appraisement of them (was) made and taken." And also an "inventory of that part of the regalia which are now removed from Westminster to the Tower jewel house." To the former of these is appended this note: "The forementioned crownes, since ye inventorie was taken, are, accordinge to order of Parliament, totallie broken and defaced." To the latter: "All these, according to order of Parliament, are broken and defaced." Sad indeed to think that so much irreparable, historic, and artistic value, should have been thus sacrificed to gratify mere brutal and ignorant political and religious animosity. In 1671 the keeper, Talbot Edwards, who lived in the jewel tower, and who was the first to exhibit the new regalia, was set upon and nearly murdered by Thomas Blood, who had been an officer in the Republican army, and actually carried off the crown a short distance. Edwards, however, though 77 years of age, made a gallant resistance. Hunt, his son-in-law, and Parrot, an old parliamentary spy, who had made friends with him on the pretence of wishing to marry his daughter, had persuaded him to show them the jewels. Having felled the old man to the ground with a blow, they pocketed the orb and attempted to file the sceptre in two. But his son providentially arrived from Flanders at that moment and rushing upstairs the would-be burglars were overpowered and the regalia recovered. The chamber was refitted and strengthened in 1867, where the regalia is now exhibited in a double iron cage, fitted with plate glass, but so protected by iron bars, and wire netting since the late dynamite attacks, as to be almost invisible. There it stands, however, in the chamber which was once the prison of Henry VI. where, under the window and before the door of a little oratory, the body of that holy but unfortunate king was found, June 1471, dead by the hand of the Duke of Gloucester, who according to Hall and Fabian "murthered the said King with a dagger." The regalia has been, from time to time, added to or altered since those days. The crown worn by Queen Victoria in 1838 was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge. It weighs 39 oz. 5 dwt., and the principal jewels were taken from a crown worn by George IV., the most remarkable, as well as most interesting, being the ancient and famous ruby which belonged to the Black

Prince, said to have been given him by Peter, King of Castile, during his campaign in Spain, 1306, and which was worn by Henry V. in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt. Luckily the value of it seems to have escaped the notice of the Puritan Vandals, for it was thus described in their inventory: "One ruby ballass, pierced and wrapt in a paper by itself, valued at £4." There are also crowns made for Mary of Modena, second wife of James II., and Mary, wife of William III., and sundry sceptres, viz., the royal sceptre with the cross of gold, described as St. Edward's in Vyner's commission; the sceptre with the dove; St. Edward's staff, a large gold sceptre, four feet seven inches long, modelled exactly after a similar ancient sceptre; the Queen's sceptre, made for the Royal Consort; the ivory sceptre made for Mary of Modena, wife of James II.; sceptre of Mary II. made for her coronation with William III.; State salt-cellars, communion service and font, and the three State swords, viz., the sword of mercy, with a blunt point, made in imitation of the ancient sword of the Confessor called "Curtana" (*i.e.*, in mediæval Latin, shortened) which is borne immediately before the sovereign at the coronation, and the two swords of justice, civil and ecclesiastical, the representations of swords sent to Edward IV. by Sixtus IV., 1478, Henry VIII. by Julius II. and Leo X., which last was in the Tower in the reign of James I. and is described as a "greate twoe handed sworde, garnyshed with sylvar and guylte."

As regards the ecclesiastical vestments worn on these occasions in pre-Reformation times, they were, no doubt, destroyed or dispersed at the Reformation, and there is no record of them. Archbishop Cranmer, however, himself wore both mitre and cope in 1550 at the consecration of a church, and copes were worn in Queen Elizabeth's time not only by the dignitaries of the Church, but even by the gentlemen of her Chapel Royal, while an engraving of her funeral represents them in magnificently embroidered copes. However, whatever they were, the Puritans would make a clean sweep of them. As regards the existing copes still worn, the Dean of Westminster says, in a letter to me, "None are older than the Restoration, all vestments, &c. &c., were entirely destroyed about 1645." "At least two and probably more are of the Restoration time." That is all that I can ascertain about them, neither can I tell from anything of the royal wardrobe, but Lady Marian Alford in her book "Needlework as Art" says, "Queen Editha, the wife of the Confessor, herself embroidered King Edward's coronation mantle."

And now, having completed the description of the "baubles," let me resume and complete, as rapidly as possible, the thread of my account of the coronations.

As in the case of Charles II., so of James II.; an elaborate description of his coronation on April 28 (the feast of St. George), 1686, was compiled by Sandford. Macaulay gives an interesting account thereof in his history. There seem to have been many contretemps. The procession was abandoned on the score of economy, but more than £100,000 were laid out in dressing the Queen. Sancroft, once Dean of York, Archbishop of Canterbury, performed the ceremony, but was ordered to abridge the ritual, as many portions were unacceptable to the Roman Catholics; the Communion service was omitted, and the crown tottered on the King's head, but was held up by Henry Sidney, keeper of the robes, who opportunely remarked: "This is not the first time our family has supported the crown."

The coronation of William and Mary on April 11, 1689, was such as had never been seen before, though £3703 15*s.* 5*d.* had to be expended in jewels for the regalia, as the master of the jewel house reported that though he had the regalia in his possession they had been "dismantled of the jewels." However, these were added with a second orb for the queen. The tall queen and the short king walked side by side, not as sovereign and consort, but as joint sovereigns, with the sword of state between them. A second chair of state was provided, which, since then, has been always used for the queen-consort; both were girt with the sword and invested with the symbols of sovereignty. "Madam, I pity your fatigue," was the remark of Princess Anne who stood beside the throne. "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it seems," was the sharp reply. The additional features of the ceremonial were the presence of the Commons on seats behind the altar, the presentation of a Bible "as the most valuable thing which the world

contains" (as at the installation of Cromwell). The Primate (Sancroft) did not make his appearance, so the ceremony was performed by Compton, Bishop of London.

On April 23, 1702 (St. George's Day), Queen Anne was carried, owing to her gout, from St. James's, and crowned in the Abbey by Archbishop Tenison; Sharp, Archbishop of York, preached the sermon.

George I.'s coronation, October 20, 1714, had, at least, this feature of novelty, that the ceremonies had to be explained to the king, who could not speak English, by Ministers who could not speak German, in Latin. Hence some wag observed that "much bad language passed between them." The Order of the Bath was, on this occasion reconstructed, the number of knights limited to thirty-six (the number of stalls in Henry VII. Chapel), who were to be persons of merit, and the Dean made the Dean of the Order, who was to receive their swords, and, laying them on the altar, restore them with suitable admonitions, hanging up their banners in the Chapel, as at Windsor. In fact it was a device of Sir Robert Walpole to assimilate it as far as possible to the Order of the Garter, and thus enable him to evade many inconvenient applications for it. In 1839 the order was again enlarged and altered as at present.

George II. was crowned on October 11, 1727, "with all the pomp and magnificence which could be contrived," to meet his taste. The queen, for this same reason, I suppose, according to Lord Harvey, not only wearing all the regal jewels, but all the jewels which she could borrow from the ladies or hire of the Jews.

George III. was crowned on September 22, 1761. "The most gorgeous sight," says Walpole, "that I ever imagined." The English representatives of the Duke of Aquitaine and Normandy appeared for the last time, and, with them, the last relics of our dominion over France vanished. The largest jewel fell from the crown, which was afterwards believed to have foretold the loss of America. Archbishop Secker, who had baptised, confirmed, and married the king, crowned him. And the ceremony was marked with one touching incident very characteristic of George III. When he was about to receive the Communion he inquired of the Archbishop whether he should not lay aside his crown. The Archbishop consulted with the Dean (Zachary Pearce) but they could not recall any precedent. "Then there ought to be one," said the king and he took it off. He wished the queen to do the same, but it was pinned to her hair. Both George IV. and William IV. followed this good example, and Queen Victoria also. In the rubric of her coronation service these words are incorporated—"the Queen taking off her crown kneels down."

George IV. was crowned by Archbishop Manners Sutton. The sermon was preached by Archbishop Harcourt. Every effort was made to render the ceremonial as splendid as possible, but the magnificence of the pageant was marred by the king's separation from his wife, and the ill-advised attempt made by the queen to obtain admission into the Abbey. In a few weeks she was dead, and, in ten years, the "First Gentleman of Europe" was gathered to his fathers.

At the coronation banquet the king was so pleased with the appearance of the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, Lord Howard of Effingham, as Deputy Earl Marshal, and the Marquis of Anglesey, as Lord High Steward, who rode up the Hall at the head of the procession of servants bearing the dishes, that he invited them to dismount, and come to his chair and drink wine from the golden cup. The two former complied, the latter remained on his horse, and in reply to the king's remonstrance, pleaded that he could not walk as he had on his *riding* leg and could not send home for his *walking* leg. At the close of the banquet, according to an old custom, the small plate was scrambled, an official appearing and saying in a loud voice, "Any thing but the salt-cellars, gentlemen." In the confusion my father secured a fork, and I have often heard him relate these incidents.

The coronation of William IV., September 8, 1831, seems to have been the exact antithesis to his brother's. The impending Reform agitation seemed to suggest the expediency of economy, but the blunt old sailor had no taste for display; indeed, he suggested to Earl Grey, the Prime Minister, that the coronation might be dispensed with. As it was there was no procession and the banquet was, for the first time, omitted, but Queen Adelaide was crowned with him.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JUNE

THE PLACE OF GLADNESS AND SORROWFULNESS IN CHRISTIANITY

By the Editor

FIRST SUNDAY

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY

THE end of the century has been rich in surprises. It is the fashion to assume daily some new "cult," or to make some fresh renunciation of traditionary faiths. The combination of scepticism with credulity, which is so much in evidence, is characteristic of such periods, for unbelief has been too often, in the history of opinions, the handmaid of superstition.

Among these ceaseless movements of the hour we may note the revival if not of pagan beliefs, at all events of pagan ideals of life. This usually takes shape in fierce rebellion against the alleged austerity of Christian morals, and in the loudness of its protest against what is termed the religion of sorrow. Poetry and art unite in their glorification of the careless freedom and the unstinted joy in life possessed by the old Greeks, all untouched by that problem of sin which was the burden of the Hebrew. Christianity is blamed for having destroyed gladness. They regret the loss of the sensuous, and of that *abandon* to the beautiful in every shape, unchecked by any sense of wrong, which was, they say, the heritage of man before the preaching of the cross. They love to picture the blue seas breaking in foam upon islands whose every rock carried some tale of heroism or of passion. They delight in the glorious grouping of form and colour as the processions of men and maidens go with garlands of flowers and smoking censers to the temples, whose marbles are miracles of art and aglow with the blaze of cloudless sunshine. For them even the intoxicated bacchanal clashing the cymbal or filling the grove with shrill pipings, seems a healthy exponent of animal loveliness. Better far, they say, this splendid freedom than the ugly austerity, the grim earnestness, the nervous conscientiousness and the puritanical, sometimes hypocritical, strictness which Christianity has created. Compare ancient Athens with your modern cities, the Acropolis with Salem Chapel, or the people whose keenest disputes were about the merits of a sculptor or athlete, or whose more serious thoughts on the enigmas of life took shape in some great drama; compare these with the controversies and intolerance of the modern sects and the red-hot propaganda of religious opinions, and say whether the world has gained or lost. And so they fall back on the ancient mythologies, and our galleries are hung no longer with pictures of saints, of the Madonna with the Babe, or of the cross with the Great Sufferer, but teem with the bright interiors of Greek and Roman palaces, and are gay with the picturesqueness of pagan rites and with the beauty of the glad life which cared for nothing but the fulness of its pleasures. It is this which so many of our poets also sing in verse which throbs with passion, and who too often affect form and style as if it were the all in all, without the faintest recognition of the morally right and wrong. These are happily exceptions. We gratefully remember the artists and poets who have enriched us with their exquisite presentations of the old life of Greece. Beauty is a precious gift, and we thank those who bring the glory of the brilliant air and the loveliness of perfect form, pure as the marble of Pentelicus, to brighten the gloom of our murky climate. Would that all the literature of the reaction was as pure as the art! For even paganism could scarcely be more shameless than are many of our writers, male and female. And those are without excuse, for they cannot claim the unconsciousness of evil which belonged to a state of society as far removed in some respects from our own as is the innocence of the Garden of Eden. Nor ought we to forget the dark side of paganism, for underneath its garlands and its merriment it carried a heart of stone. The cry of the slave, the wailing of the deserted children, the nameless impurities and the unrelenting laws awakened no pity or shame. The Greek lived for the hour and for himself, and

left the world he termed barbarian to live or perish as it might.

This, however, does not touch the relationship of Christianity to gladness. The question remains—Why should so many good people harp ever on the minor key, and seem to consecrate mourning and the discontent of life as appropriate to religious feeling? Why should the sorrows and suffering of Jesus be the highest of our ideals? Are the Pietàs, with the pale women weeping beside the dead Christ, or the martyrs enduring agony, the sum and substance of life? Have healthy vigour and the laughter of joyous existence no true sacredness? Are constant self-sacrifice and burning zeal for the welfare of others to be the only notes of piety? Why exclude the physical side while admitting the spiritual into the domain of religion? Does not Christianity by its exaltation of sorrow deny by far the larger part of actual life, and stand in opposition to the world as God has constituted it?

These are questions which we shall try to answer.

SECOND SUNDAY

JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY

It is a commonplace to speak of the dispensation of the law as being one of terror and gloom in contrast to the freedom and gladness of the dispensation of grace. There is a sense in which this is true, but there are features in the actual life of Judaism and of Christianity which might lead us to reverse the description.

Nothing usually indicates more certainly the character of national life—its happiness or its suffering, its freedom or its slavery—than its music and poetry. The poet is the interpreter of the heart of a people or of a period, and national songs reflect national feeling. There are communities whose music sounds like the wail of a long despair; even in its merriest moods there is a soul of grief, a sob in its very gladness. When at its grandest it touches us like the struggle of an impassioned soul. Elsewhere national character finds expression in a brilliance that has no depth, or in a gaiety that lacks moral fibre. Another people lives in what is brave, heroic, jubilant, and all is strong and healthy. We catch in their songs the joy of independence and the sanctities of home affection.

If we apply these tests to the songs of ancient Israel and compare them with the hymnologies of the modern church, it would be difficult to find proof for the popular belief that under the old dispensation men were over-shadowed by the mount of terror, while we Christians enjoy the sunshine of divine love. On the contrary, the survey would rather indicate that the Hebrews embraced in religion far more elements of life than we do. They had a consciousness of the beauty of the universe, a self-forgetful gladness in God, a triumphant love of righteousness, and a confidence in its victory which are in marked contrast to the morbid introspection and selfish pietism with which our modern hymns are so unhappily charged. Take the ancient Psalms, which were national songs as well as hymns for worship, and mark their qualities. It is true that there are many cries as from the depths of sin, suffering and despair, and cruel words which betray the fierce passion of the times. They would not have been true to the religious experience of men whose souls "thirsted for God, the living God," and whose hearts were "breaking for the longing they had for His commandments," if the deep note of sin had not been struck. Nor would they have been true to a people who in some respects were at the stage of Bedouin if there was no fierceness of feeling? But where within the compass of literature can there be found anything to approach them for exuberance of lofty gladness. These old singers forgot themselves in their delight in God and in the beauty and grandeur of God's world. The noise of the waves, the thunder crashing amid the forests of Lebanon and echoing far off over the wilderness; the woods and rocks and seas; the sun rising in its strength, the starry sky, heaven and earth and sea were all turned into praise. Every element of life finds voice in the full chorus of adoration. There was nothing they did not touch with the spirit of religion. They went down to the lowest depth of sin and misery, they reached the worst that is in man and dragged it forth into light, and they soared on rejoicing pinions into the purest air of spiritual transport. If we place these Psalms beside our modern hymns we must be struck by

the change. Instead of sustained strength we meet a distressing amount of the feeblest sentimentalism. Our hymns are too frequently saturated with self-consciousness and harp upon one range of feeling. They show a lack of healthy gladness in God's world; or rather a certain avoidance of what belongs to the actual world in which we live—as if there were something wrong in being happy in it, or as if it were honouring God to turn aside from the things He gives us freely to enjoy.

These Hebrew singers consecrated every daily interest. Every event of national history was turned into a glorious Psalm. The stories which live in our old ballads lived for them in the hymns which Priests and Levites sang in the Temple, and which parents taught to their children. There was a freshness in their conception of religion which we lack. The Prophets and Psalmists drew none of our distinctions between sacred and secular, for every true interest was sacred in their eyes, and the only separation they made was between righteousness and unrighteousness. One can imagine how this modern world would have been treated by them, and how the achievements of national progress, the triumphs of science, whether in our enlarged knowledge or in the fruits of invention, would have been charged with a fresh and grander meaning. We require to learn how to reach forth and grasp humanity on its many sides as they grasped and used their age, appropriating and elevating all that is true and good in life, and condemning in the name of the Lord all that debased it. Our religion would be richer and more widely influential if, instead of remaining like a recluse shut up within the limits of a few experiences, it opened a wide and sympathetic heart, and put into the mouths of the people such Psalms of Life as would touch even the conventionally termed secular aspects of the time into the finer issues of lofty religious feeling and aspiration.

THIRD SUNDAY

A PLACE FOR MERRIMENT AND JOY

We acknowledge to a large extent the force of the accusations brought against the modern Church, in the widest sense of the term, for its neglect of the sacredness of gladness. We have seen how these can be urged in the name both of ancient Paganism and Judaism. But before vindicating the sorrowful element in Christianity, we shall consider another aspect of the question on which the Hebrews can give us a healthy example.

When we turn to the private and public life of the people we may be struck by the place given to domestic and public festivity. What a bright picture is suggested by the family life of Job before calamity fell upon him, and what a sweet beauty there is in the story of Ruth, and how rich are the ideals of national prosperity given by the prophets, each man dwelling beneath his vine and fig-tree and the streets of the city filled with the voices of children at play! We have scarcely anything, except Christmas and Easter, which affords a parallel to the sacred festivals and the festive joy of Israel. Thus when David brought the ark from the house of Obed-edom it was "with shouting and with the sound of the cornet and with trumpet, making a noise with psalteries and harps. . . . . And David blessed the people, and he dealt to every one of Israel, both man and woman, to every one a loaf of bread and a flagon of wine. . . . . On that day David delivered this Psalm to thank the Lord 'Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon His name, make known His deeds among the people. . . . . Glory ye in His holy name, let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord,'" and it all ends in a magnificent burst in which heaven and earth and sea and field and forest are called to join. A similar instance occurs at the reading of the law by Nehemiah when he told the people, "This day is holy unto the Lord your God, mourn not nor weep. . . . Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for the day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

This combination of a "holy" day with eating and drinking and festivity is so far removed from all we are accustomed to that it probably strikes us as inconsistent, if not wrong. But it ought not to be so. Nay, rather we do not give sufficient room for the expression of innocent gladness, and have lost too much the conception of the sacred use which may be made of private and public festivity. Religious people have kept themselves too much aloof from the things which

might brighten the lives of the people of our land, and have created a very injurious division in our interests—assigning certain matters to a department we term religious and others to another department we term secular—instead of combining all by breathing into all that is morally healthy the highest tone, and claiming for religion everything helpful to man. It is thus that amusements are often looked upon with a mischievous suspicion, and the consequence has been that what, if rightly used, might be a power for good is given over to those who often pervert it into an evil influence. Whenever we make men take with a bad conscience what ought to be enjoyed with healthy freedom we minister to sin. The best way to destroy the wrong is to vindicate and aid the right. Not that amusements should fall under the regulation of professedly religious bodies, who would probably make a melancholy affair of them, but that churches and religious societies should take a hearty interest in the question how the people can best be taught to enjoy the brightness and beauty of life, how their holidays can be made real festivals, and how under the gloom of our climate and the monotony of toil more opportunities may be given for the refreshment of healthy relaxation. There are no sadder sights than the manner in which holidays are often turned into scenes of misery and debauch in many districts of our land. We do injustice, perhaps, when shocked at the coarseness of some we forget how well the larger proportion usually behave; but enough remains to show how grievously we have neglected the art of popular enjoyment. The moral health of the community would be immensely benefited if we learned some lessons from the Jewish Dispensation and vindicated for God the influence of art, the power of music and of song, and studied more sympathetically the methods in which gladness might be cultivated and be most worthily expressed.

This month will witness an occasion on which the whole nation will be called upon to rejoice. A great era will be reached in the history of our country, marked by the most extraordinary progress, and embracing a period which, in spite of vicissitudes and trials, has been characterised by marvellous prosperity. The sentiment of gratitude for such mercies is deepened as being associated with the life of a Monarch who has for sixty years been identified with all that has been best in the life of the people. Never was loyalty more touched by reverence and affection, or gladness more associated with loyalty. The great Thanksgiving, in which the vastest empire the world ever saw is to join with one heart and one voice, forms, therefore a rare opportunity for the manifestation of what a true festival ought to be. And while it is right that all that is stately in ceremonial and magnificent in pomp of procession and grandeur of music should be a visible exponent of national rejoicing, it will be also well if care is taken that not a home, however wretched, shall be left unreached, so that every heart in our beloved sovereign's dominions shall be made glad. It is a day that ought to be indeed "holy unto the Lord" and, as of old, without sadness or sorrow, but full of happiness and with the "giving of portions," so that each may have some share in the national festival.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE SORROWFULNESS OF CHRISTIANITY

WE have given room to the objections against the alleged austerity of Christianity, urged both from the side of Pagan and of Jewish ideals, and we at once acknowledge that Christianity has awakened a kind of sorrow unknown to Paganism, and but partially realised in Judaism. Is this right or wrong?

We observe in reply that this sorrow is not in itself an end; it is an incidental, not an intrinsic element in Christian experience. It is not sought for its own sake, as if there were merit in being sorrowful. The end of Christianity is not grief but joy, not tears but deliverance from tears.

But, it may be asked, if it is only incidental whence does it arise?

It springs primarily from the light in which Christ has made us view every child of man. If we could regard man as only a highly developed animal whose destiny is that of the ox or dog, then we might with philosophic indifference stand aside and, watching the struggle for existence, wait for the survival of the fittest, while the least fit are allowed to perish as they may. If man's goodness or his sin are but necessary results in the process of evolution, the effects of causes for which he has no respon-

sibility, then we might regard with calmness the evil around us, being repelled or disgusted when it offends our tastes, but never moved by it as if it touched ourselves. Why murmur over a necessary result? Do what you can to mitigate pain and to create healthy environment, as you might provide sanitary stables for your horses, but deal gently with what Christianity calls sin, for at the worst it is but defect of good. If this is our creed, then exemption from the sorrow of Christ can certainly be attained.

But belief in Christ and fellowship with His mind make such indifference impossible; for He has vindicated the dignity of man, and in the light of the divine Fatherhood he has established the sense of human brotherhood. He has stamped humanity with the seal of immortality, revealed the possibilities of goodness, and has claimed all men for God in the fulness of His redemption. His very condemnation of sin is a vindication of our being, for it is the assertion that sin is not man's nature but its perversion. And He also lived out and so made vital the brotherhood of man, for as His love went forth towards all, so He awakened love in us. In presenting the ideal which man ought to attain, He necessarily deepened the sense of sin. The light revealed the darkness. And He so loved God with all His heart, and loved man with a love so close and intense, that all that affected man became His own burden. He could not have been anything else than the Man of Sorrows except on either of two suppositions. He must either have lost fellowship with God, and so become indifferent to sin, or he must have lost love to man, so that what man is ceased to touch Him. Either of such experiences could have been gained only by the loss of holiness God-ward or the loss of love man-ward. But that He did not let go His hold of God, and that man's sin made Him the Man of Sorrows, is the revelation of His glory. The crown of thorns is the crown of the majesty of love, the ultimate expression of His love to God and His love to man.

A revival of pagan ideals can be reached only by taking a pagan view of God and of humanity, only by attaining a pagan selfishness and using a pagan measure as to the possibilities of existence. The joyousness of the old Greek was of a type to which moral blindness contributed. He did not care for the cruelty, impurity and suffering around, nor for the great world that lay beyond. Christ awoke a new life in man, and in doing so compelled the Church to regard all men with a fresh eye. And so wherever the Christian spirit exists in this sin-stained world of ours, it must bring with it a certain continuance of the Cross and Passion of the Lord. For holy love cannot stand aloof from human evil and woe. If the superficial gaiety of dance and song, and the wild abandonment to impulse of what may be called the childhood of the race, appeared to be killed by the new faith, it was by the maturer and worthier experience which, while appreciating beauty and gladness, is haunted by the secret it has learned of human wrong and suffering. The change could not but come with the growth of goodness and purity. The Church of God evoked a spirit of which even Judaism was unconcious, for it widened the horizon of interest and inspired the enthusiasm of humanity which claims all men for God. And, if Paganism failed, what, we may ask, does a Judaism with sympathies narrowed to its own people care for the great world? Or what would a revived pagan æstheticism do for the festering dens, the coarseness, and the despairing lives of our great cities? The deification of "style" and of perfect "form" can never reach this Gehenna of misery, and change it into moral order and beauty. It is the sacrifice of love, touched by the love of God, which bearing the burdens of the suffering and sinful, reaching by the ministry of holy compassion to heart and conscience, and awakening new hopes so that the despairing realise that all is yet possible; it is this that can win back the lost. It is in short, the Cross and Passion of the Lord made visible in the lives of those who share His spirit, that can now, as of old, redeem souls. And it is this great love which is the source of the grim earnestness which the lover of pleasure delights to pillory, and of the ceaseless zeal of missionary and evangelist which excites his scorn.

It is well to aspire after beauty and gladness; they also are religious. It is God's sun that gives us brightness, and they are His heavens and earth which teem with loveliness around us; His are the wide seas and the cattle upon a thousand hills; the splendour of the floating clouds, and the colouring of the woods; the full pulse of

health in blood and brain, the supple flexure of the limbs and the joyousness of existence, all come from Him. We ought, therefore, to drink the cup of life which He fills with no grudging fear. And if we had no other experiences than these, we might be light-hearted as the lark, and playful as the lambs that run races in the sun because it is blessed to exist. But the instant we learn the uglier secrets of the world, then the purer our thoughts, the loftier our ideals, the more godlike our sympathies, we will know the advent on our souls of the sorrow of Christ. So if at any time we are tempted to give up the struggle, and to fall back simply on pagan enjoyment, let us look afresh at Christ bearing on His heart the weight of human suffering, and pray for a nobler conception of what we ought to be and to do.

HOME

(*From the Gaelic*)

HERE is the shore, and the far wide world's before me,
And the sea says "Come!" but I would not part from you;
Of gold nor fame would I take for the scent of larches
That hangs around you in the rain or dew.
Place of my clansmen, place of the old brave stories,
Good hearts, stout hearts, keen swords, and their manly glories!

Some will be singing their love for beauteous maidens,
The neck that is white like milk, and the deep dark eye;
Maids age and alter (my grief!) but love—my own place,
You show no difference as the years go by.
If I were a roamer returning across yon sea
After long years, you would still have the heart for me.

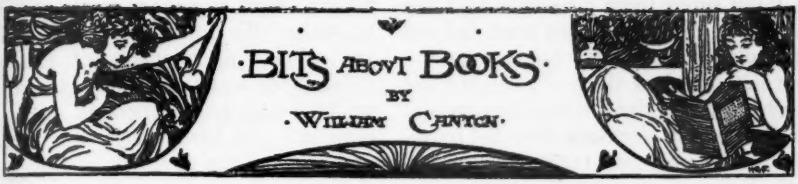
I have my friends on the heathy and myrtled hill-side,
In the crowded glens, too, or skiffs so swift and bold,
Chasing the red deer far, or mounting the long wave,
Or (the sweet ones!) singing at dusk in the turfy fold;
They have not gear nor land, maybe, nor the scholar's lore,
But sure there's the welcome for me at the poorest door!

I might be namely, they say, and I might find fortune
Could I but leave you awhile and go away,
But what was my gaining, an exile afar from Aora,
Where the fish in the brown linns plout, where the wild ducks play,
If the night crept deep and warm, and I astray,
Would my heart not yearn for the bird-pipe on the spray?

'Tis ill to say it, for it's only a foolish softness,
But standing at morning alone on Dunchuach high,
To see all my dear place spread widely around and below me,
Brings the tear that stings to the loving and greedy eye.
The glen and the corrie, the ben and the sounding shore
Have something that searches me in to the deepest core!

Oh! here's a cup to my friends and my darling own place!
Glad am I that by fortune my mother she bore me here,
It might have been far on the plains of the Saxon stranger,
With never a bill like Dunchuach or Duntorvil near,
And never a fir with its tassels to toss in the wind,
Salt Finne of the wave before, and the woody Creag Dubh behind!

NEIL MUNRO.



THE realism, which I presume is merely an efflorescence of the materialism, of our day finds its natural reaction in mysticism, and if ever there is a time when the mystic may be safely welcomed it is when men show symptoms of believing, in the phrase of Pulci, in nothing "from the roof upwards." However difficult it may be to follow the subtle thread of thought which runs through the dim labyrinths of the mystic's speech, it is well to pause and consider that here at least is a man who sees realities beyond the symbols of life, and who is in no danger of mistaking the latter for the be-all and end-all of creation. A year or two ago, M. Maeterlinck's remarkable little book, "Ruysbroeck and the Mystics," was published in a singularly beautiful English translation. To-day we have the fruit of his own mystical hours presented in a form only a little less perfect.*

In ten essays M. Maeterlinck deals with some of the subjects and experiences of the inner life regarding which it seems possible to convey the elusive thoughts of the mystic mind in intelligible words; for this is the most disconcerting characteristic of the mystic, that the more profound, the more illuminative and spiritual his thoughts are, the less susceptible of verbal expression do they become, till in the ultimate rapture of meditation, his vision and understanding are of things that it is not given to man to utter. What M. Maeterlinck wrote of Ruysbroeck is often true of himself: "Many of his phrases float almost like transparent icicles on the colourless sea of silence; but still they have been separated from the waters, and that is sufficient." Sufficient doubtless for the initiated, though hardly sufficient for us whose cryptic experiences are rare and limited. At other times, however, there are passages of great beauty and depth which are as pellucid and exquisite as shoaling sea-water; while at all times there is a curious suggestiveness, even where the sense is least obvious, which beguiles one with the promise, "Pause, linger long enough, and you too shall understand like the others." I am not sure whether this vague dreamy suggestion of dreams and dream feelings be not one of the permanent charms of the book.

But let us turn over the pages. How true is this of silence: "No sooner have two or three men met than their one thought is to drive away the invisible enemy; and of how many ordinary friendships may it not be said that their only foundation is the common hatred of silence!" And is there not a profound truth involved in this conception of soul growing more clearly distinguishable to soul as the centuries of the world roll by? "Is it not thoroughly clear to you—this is one of the strangest, most disquieting of truths—is it not thoroughly clear to you that, if there be evil in your heart, your mere presence will probably proclaim it to-day a hundred times more clearly than would have been the case two or three centuries ago? Is it fully borne home to you that if you have perchance this morning done anything that shall have brought sadness to a single human being, the peasant, with whom you are about to talk of the rain or the storm, will know of it—his soul will have been warned even before his hand has thrown open the door? Though you assume the face of a saint, a hero or a martyr, the eye of the passing child will not greet you with the same unapproachable smile if there lurk within you an evil thought, an injustice, or a brother's tears. A hundred years ago the soul of that child would perhaps have passed, unheeding, by the side

* "The Treasure of the Humble." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. With an Introduction by A. B. Walkley. George Allen. 5s. net.

of yours." And the thought recurs to him later: "But surely there are moments when we seem to feel more deeply than did our fathers before us, that we are not in the presence of ourselves alone. . . . . We are watched, we are under strictest supervision, and it comes from elsewhere than the indulgent darknesses of each man's conscience." Many a bereaved parent will recognise the truth of this regarding the predestined: "Others there are who linger for a moment, who look at us with an eager smile, and seem to be on the point of confessing that they know all; and then, towards their twentieth year, they leave us, hurriedly, muffling their footsteps, as though they had just discovered that they had chosen the wrong dwelling-place, and had been about to pass their lives among men whom they did not know." Of language, too, he notes what has occurred to most people: "How strangely do we diminish a thing as soon as we try to express it in words!" Who, too, has not felt this? "To learn to love, one must first learn to see. 'I lived for twenty years by my sister's side,' said a friend to me, one day, 'and I *saw her* for the first time at the moment of our mother's death.'" In some such strain as this, but often more darkly, the author discourses of the inner beauty, the invisible goodness, the deeper life, women, silence, and other matters; but it is in the chapter on the "Tragical in Daily Life" that the average reader will find him most interesting, for it is here that M. Maeterlinck seems to give some account of the principles which run through his own dramatic work. The artist, he tells us, no longer regards the psychology of victory and murder as other than elementary and exceptional. "The solemn voice of men and things, the voice that issues forth so timidly and hesitatingly, cannot be heard amidst the idle uproar of acts of violence. And therefore will he (the artist) place on his canvas a house lost in the heart of the country, an open door at the end of a passage, a face or hands at rest, and by these simple images will he add to our consciousness of life, which is a possession that it is no longer possible to lose." He pleads for a "static theatre"—no more of the primitive ancestral brutalities of passion, bloodshed, death. Let us be shown "some act of life, traced back to its sources and to its mystery by connecting links," which our daily occupations afford us neither power nor occasion to study. We do not live our truest lives in the culminating moments of passion, and "thousands and thousands of laws there are mightier and more venerable than those of passion." In great plays it is the quality and scope of the unnecessary dialogue which determine the quality and range of the work. All which are hints of peculiar significance. One of the most authoritative of English critics told me that he had not been much attracted to M. Maeterlinck's dramas, but now that he had read "The Treasure of the Humble," he was curious to read his *théâtre*. To most of us, novices in the region of mystic thought, the latter will be the easier reading, but no one can open this volume without benefit—if it be only the benefit of realising that there are realms of reverie and recesses of contemplation the existence of which he has not hitherto suspected.

From the mystics to the saints is an easy step. To most of the latter the most enigmatic of the sayings of M. Maeterlinck or the Admirable John de Ruysbroeck would, I presume, be obvious simplicity. All who rightly understand the value of hagiology will welcome the new, revised, and curiously illustrated edition of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Lives,"* in sixteen volumes. Of the amount of labour involved in such an undertaking one may obtain a notion from the remark of Cardinal Bellarmine, when he heard that Rosweyd had engaged on a similar task: "What is this man's age? Does he expect to live two hundred years?" The great work of the Bollandists was begun in 1643, and the fifty-seventh volume was published in 1861. Of course such a vast accumulation of material implies selection and condensation, and with neither of these will the reader find much ground for fault-finding. Then, again, Mr. Baring-Gould's work does not aim at superseding that of Alban Butler, but in so far as the latter

* "The Lives of the Saints." By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. New Edition in 16 vols. Revised, with Introduction and additional lives of English martyrs, Cornish and Welsh saints, and full index to the entire work. Illustrated by over 400 engravings. John C. Nimmo. Vols. I. and II. 5*s.* each.

allows but slight scope for picturesque detail and anecdote it is the less attractive. As Mr. Baring-Gould observes, "People forget the age and parentage of S. Gertrude, but they remember the mouse running up her staff." The illustrations are gathered from old masters, ancient missals, stained-glass windows, mediæval bronzes, pictures and miniatures, and the designs of a few modern ecclesiastical artists. I hope to attempt a fuller consideration of one or more of the volumes of this interesting and valuable work. In the meanwhile I must turn to another writer in whom I recognise affinities both to the mystics and the mediæval hagiologists.

What has been called, perhaps with some defect of felicity, the Celtic Renaissance seems to me to be a part of the revolt of the Ideal against the oppressive Realism of the moment. It is immaterial how we distinguish it, but it is good to feel that we still can revolt, that there are yet writers among us—and that fact suggests the hope that there ever will be—who can see something beyond the sordid tragedies of existence in its most degraded and depressing forms. In the so-called Celtic movement Fiona Macleod holds a conspicuous position, and the reissue of her short stories in three volumes*—the arrangement of which curiously enough recalls that of the works of Leconte de Lisle—affords one an opportunity of surveying some portion at least of her work in the sequence in which the series is to be read. In perusing these volumes, one cannot but be amazed and delighted with the inexhaustible affluence of imagination—an imagination which not only surprises by its strangeness, but thrills with its unearthly loveliness. There are passages in these books which for their witchery of fantasy may hold their own against anything that I am acquainted with in our literature. There is doubtless a large Celtic element, but there is also an element which seems so many centuries anterior to the Celt that one finds the most suggestive title for it in the phraseology of the geologists. Several of these tales are quatenary or neolithic—paleolithic even—rather than Celtic. A curious detail to be noted is this, that while they do not lack tenderness—are indeed, on the contrary, marked by a singular tenderness both in regard to nature and humanity—this very tenderness is wholly aloof from the emotion of living men and women. It is the throb of a heart too antique for that of the nineteenth century—the pathos and pity of fairyland or of the region of dreams. And yet in diametrical opposition to all this far-away eerie romance of the past is the (occasional) extremely modern straining after the most effective form of phrase, the choice epithet, the novel turn of sentence, which strikes one as provokingly out of keeping with the vague elemental qualities of the imagination, out of keeping too with the simple directness of the authentic sagas. "Once more the moon snowed the easter frondage of the pines and oaks." Surely the snowy effect of moonlight on the eastern side of great trees was never expressed with less natural magic. And this is not a mere minor detail, for the spell is broken by these lapses of the pen.

Broadly speaking, these volumes are alive with a rare and remote genius—a genius which, one hopes, will not be restricted to the isolated past but will be applied in due time to the mystic and mysterious side of the existence of to-day. I am told that there are still among us in little groups and out of the way hamlets descendants of the ancient races, still transmitting from father to son the physical characteristics and doubtless some of the spiritual traits of the antique men of the barrow and the stone circle. Among these Fiona Macleod might surely find scope for her genius and yet belong to her own generation. For all that I do not know that I could wish any of these stories unwritten or even changed except in a few phrases. "Cathal of the Woods" is as applicable and germane to-day as it would have been when Molios blessed the seals off the little isle that lies "contagious" to the coast of Arran. "The Washer of the Ford" is as brimful of sensitive beauty as it ever could have been at any age of the world; and at no period could the "Muime Chriosd" have appealed to men as it does at the present moment. Only in the nineteenth century

* Reissue of the shorter stories of Fiona Macleod, rearranged with additional tales: Vol. i. "Spiritual Tales"; vol. ii. "Barbaric Tales"; vol. iii. "Tragic Romances." Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh. 2*s.* 6*d.* net per vol., or the set in case complete, 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Caught up a bow and held it fiercely towards him"
"Westward Ho!"

could one understand the quaint play of mystic fancy which makes an Irish Brighid Donn the recipient of such an address as this: "Can you give us food and drink, and, after that, good rest at this inn? Sure it is grateful we will be. This is my wife Mary, upon whom is a mystery, and I am Joseph, a carpenter in Arimathæa." These are among the volumes that one reads twice and twice afterwards.

I have referred on several occasions to the admirable series of reprints which are appearing in Macmillan's "Illustrated Standard Novels."* My favourite among the recent additions is the stirring, hot-blooded, heroic "Westward Ho!" by the sometime rector of Eversley. Mr. Brock has caught the strenuous Elizabethan spirit of the text, and it is pleasant to see strong and attractive lineaments given to one's old heroes and heroines. The "people's edition" of the story, with its eight large-page illustrations, is a miracle of cheapness. "The Misfortunes of Elphin," with the long poem of "Rhododaphne," which, for the literary student at least, has a peculiar interest of its own, brings the Peacock section of the reprints to a close. Finally, there is Miss Edgeworth's stories for children, with their quaintly pernicious title, "The Parent's Assistant." And capital stories they are for all their old-fashioned air and somewhat too obtrusive purpose—though I am by no means sure that a child objects to a moral, however largely writ, so long as the story is interesting.

* "Westward Ho!" By Charles Kingsley. With fifty illustrations by Charles Brock ("Illustrated Standard Novels"). Macmillan, 3s. 6d. With eight illustrations by Charles Brock ("The People's Edition"), 1s. "The Misfortunes of Elphin," and "Rhododaphne." By Thomas Love Peacock. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. With an Introduction by George Saintsbury. "The Parent's Assistant; or, Stories for Children." By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Chris Hammond. With an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. 3s. 6d. each.

Sir David Wilkie, pinx.]

THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL

"The Crowning of Monarchs"

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"Thou goest thine, and I go mine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days, and many ways,
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song;
Many a road, and many an inn:
Room to roam, but only one home
For all the world to win."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XXIII

"He spake of beauty: that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful."

TENNYSON.

THE last week at Southbourne proved a very happy one, and Evereld went back to London feeling as though a veil had been lifted from before her eyes. It was not only that Love had revealed his face to her, but for the first time since her childish days in India she had known what life could mean in a thoroughly happy family.

The Mactavishes had never encouraged her in making friends. For reasons of his own Sir Matthew had never allowed her to become really intimate with any one in town, though she had had the usual round of children's parties and had occasionally been allowed to give a children's dance in the house in Queen Anne's Gate. At school, however, close friendships had naturally been made, and the permission to stay with Bride O'Ryan at Southbourne had been extorted from Sir Matthew rather reluctantly, and chiefly because it happened to be a little inconvenient to Lady Mactavish to have the charge of Evereld until they left for Switzerland.

It so happened that the whole course of the girl's life was affected by the mere fact that Lady Mactavish and her elder daughter had accepted an invitation to stay with friends in the country, and that Minnie had been busy with her trousseau, and having a particular friend of her own staying with her, quite declined to be troubled with the society of a little girl fresh from school.

Sir Matthew not caring to vex his daughter when he was so soon to lose her, answered Mrs. Hereford's second request graciously, little guessing that in so doing he was signing the death-warrant of his selfish hopes and schemes.

He beamed approvingly on Evereld when she appeared in the drawing-room on the evening of her return.

"Come, that is a refreshing sight for a

"She looked so fresh and innocent and happy"

jaded city man," he said, stroking her rosy cheek caressingly. "Never mind, Evereld, we are all going holiday-making now, and will forget all cares and troubles. Have you seen our route, my dear?"

"No," said Evereld, "I'm longing to see it."

She could not help reflecting that the months since the Easter holidays had wrought a very decided change in Sir Matthew; he looked worn and harassed, and as though he were longing for rest. He seemed, too, more fussy and dictatorial than ever, and Evereld's heart sank at the prospect of travelling with him, for she knew that travelling is the great test of character. After the merry talk and the bantering discussions, and the hot but always good-tempered arguments, to which she had grown accustomed during the last fortnight, the talk which prevailed on various vexed questions seemed highly distasteful.

"I really think," pleaded Lady Mactavish in her grumbling voice, "that considering how very soon Minnie's marriage will be following our return, it would be most advisable to take at least one maid with us. There are so many little things Greenway could be getting forward with if she were at hand."

"Yes, papa," urged the bride-elect. "It will be a most awful nuisance if we have no maid with us."

"If you think you will always have a maid, my dear, to dance attendance on you when you are married, you will find you are mistaken. The wife of an officer in a marching regiment has to learn to be independent I assure you. And as to taking a maid to Switzerland, I shall not hear of such a thing. You would find her a trouble in the hotels, useless on the steamers, and upset by the long journeys. Why Evereld will be wanting to take her old nurse next!"

Evereld laughed, but in her heart she would fain have had Bridget with her, for she loved her a great deal better than any other member of the household.

The question was thoroughly threshed out, and many disagreeable things were said on both sides. Then Sir Matthew laid down the law as to the size and the amount of the luggage.

"No great trunks, mind you," he said in the voice that meant obedience at all costs; "a small portmanteau is all that can possibly be allowed. You don't go to Switzerland to air your fine clothes, but to enjoy yourself, and there is no enjoyment possible if you are burdened with luggage."

A long wrangle followed upon this, and at the close of it, dinner being over, Lady Mactavish rose with an air of relief and went away to discuss the matter anew with her daughters, and to murmur over Sir Matthew's extraordinary fussiness.

"The heat must be affecting his brain," she said. "I never knew him so vexatious. What does he know about the clothes we shall require? And depend upon it, he will be the first to complain if you look shabby. Evereld, my dear, Sir Matthew is calling you, I think. Run down and see."

Evereld returned to the dining-room, where Sir Matthew was sitting over his wine.

"In case I don't see you to-morrow, my dear," he said, "I will give you this cheque now. Get it cashed in five-pound notes, they will pass anywhere."

"Is this for my journey?" asked Evereld who had never received a cheque for a hundred pounds in her life.

"No, no; I will manage all your money for you until you come of age. This is only for your dress and pocket-money. I shall give you another cheque to the same amount in six months' time. It will be well for you to learn the value of things, and to get into the way of keeping accounts. By-the-bye, though I say so much about its not mattering what you wear in Switzerland, you must be sure to take good strong boots. You know Mr. Bruce Wylie is coming with us?"

"Yes," said Evereld. "I'm very glad."

"Well, good-night, my dear. God bless you," said Sir Matthew. "Tell them I shall not be in till late."

Evereld, having delivered her message, went slowly upstairs to the school-room, the most home-like place in the whole house. Here she found Bridget sitting by the open window, with her knitting.

"My new life has begun, Bridget," she said, taking her usual place on her old nurse's lap. "Look, here is money, a heap of it. I am to go out and buy thick-soled boots to-morrow with it, and an account-book. Bridget, did you ever keep accounts? And do you ever think it's allowable to cook them."

"I can't say, dearie, I ever kept any at

all, excepting it was the savings-bank book which the post-office clerks keep for one."

"Sir Matthew says I must learn now to manage money, and to understand the value of things," said Evereld. "So we will go out to-morrow morning, Bridget, together, and I shall choose you a black silk dress by way of learning."

"Why, then, dearie, it's for your own dresses, and not for mine that you must be spending this upon," protested Bridget.

"It's to do what I like with, Nurnie, and I like to get you the very nicest gown we can find," said Evereld.

"Well, well, dearie, you were always one to think of other folk first, and if you will be getting me a dress, let it be a black poplin, for the sake of the old country."

So Bridget and her young mistress set forth the next morning, and chose the best Irish poplin, warranted to wear for a lifetime; and Evereld changed her cheque into twenty crisp five-pound notes, eighteen of which Bridget securely sewed up for her that evening in an inner pocket.

"There's many things you may be wanting to buy if you come back through Paris," she said, "let alone its being a bad plan to leave the money behind you here."

Evereld sighed a little; it somehow hurt her to remember that she had all this money for her personal wants and fancies, while Ralph thought himself extremely lucky to be earning three pounds a week. She had, however, a shrewd suspicion that he perhaps found more satisfaction out of the money he had worked for, and she eagerly looked forward to the time when they could share her fortune, and make it of real use.

The next morning the whole house was in a bustle, and the atmosphere seemed less oppressive than on the previous night. Sir Matthew, though looking ill and harassed, brightened up when Evereld appeared ready dressed for the journey in a trim little navy-blue coat and skirt, a light-blue shirt, and a dainty white sailor hat. She looked so fresh and innocent and happy that for the time he quite forgot his schemes in the pleasure of just looking at her.

It was not until they were on the platform at Victoria, and he saw Bruce Wylie approaching, that he remembered how necessary it was that by the time Evereld returned to London she should be safely betrothed to her solicitor. The thought made him glance critically at his friend. As it happened, Bruce Wylie never showed to more advantage than at such a time as the present. His well-cut, grey travelling coat and knickerbockers made him appear much younger than he really was, his fair hair and trim beard, his merry grey eyes, his easy pleasant manner, were all in his favour.

"It will be right enough," reflected Sir Matthew. "The girl will be properly in love with him long before the end of the tour."

He had no notion how differently people regard the same person when one looks from the standpoint of five and fifty and the other from the standpoint of nineteen.

Evereld saw merely the lawyer who had brought her chocolates when she was a little girl; she knew that he was at least nine and forty, and that, from her point of view, was elderly. The thirty years between them made a huge chasm which it would never have occurred to her to bridge over in any way but that of friendship. Even the friendship could not be the same sort of thing as that close companionship, that perfect understanding, which comes between two people of the same generation. It would have had in it something of the position of master and pupil, which might have been delightful enough with some men, but she had never felt any desire to learn from Bruce Wylie. She liked him merely because he passed the time, because he had a fund of good stories and an easy natural way of telling them.

So when Sir Matthew complacently noticed the way in which her face lighted up as she greeted Bruce Wylie, he was wholly unable to guess that the reception meant about as much as a child's joyful greeting of the appearance of the clown in a pantomime.

"Now we shall have some fun," reflected Evereld, gladly finding the lawyer beside her in the railway carriage.

"I need have no scruples," reflected Sir Matthew. "She evidently likes him, and encourages him."

Bruce Wylie was not so sure in his own heart how matters stood, for Evereld was almost too frank and open with him; it was perfectly impossible to flirt with her. She liked him in the most unabashed manner, just as she had done when she was a child of eleven. Her enjoyment of his talk was

what it had been then, and he was quite without the power of kindling in her heart any deeper feeling.

Being a shrewd man, he laid his plans warily, and worked with patient cunning, never venturing to make actual love to her. At all costs he must avoid startling her, or making her draw back from that frank friendliness which was likely to prove so useful. But every day he was her special companion, and she could not help feeling grateful to him for the care he took of her, the pains he took to please her, and the real enjoyment which he managed to impart to what would otherwise have been rather a trying tour.

"Why do you hesitate longer," urged Sir Matthew during their stay at Zermatt. "September is nearly half gone; we have but another fortnight abroad. Why not propose to the girl here?"

"Not yet, not yet," said Bruce Wylie. "I tell you, Mactavish, she has not a thought of anything of the kind. She treats me as if I were her grandfather."

"It seems to me that she is devoted to you," said Sir Matthew. "She has not a word to say to any of the young men in the hotel, though they are ready enough to admire her. She deliberately avoids them—I have noticed her—and is hand and glove with you. What more would you have?"

"Oh, I will arrange it all before the end of the tour," said Bruce Wylie. "By hook or by crook it must be done. Let me see, to-morrow we go to Glion for a fortnight. It is there that we must contrive the finale."

"If it were not such a serious matter," said Sir Matthew, with a grim smile, "one could have a hearty laugh over the irony of fate. Here we are with an unconscious little slip of a girl, and she holds everything in her hands. For if the difficulty as to her fortune becomes known, then a dozen other things will collapse shortly after. God bless my soul—it's awful to think of!"

"So much the more reason to play this part of the game warily," said Bruce Wylie. "It is like the story of the child's hand thrust into the leaking dam, and saving the country from the deluge that would otherwise have come about. I must capture Evereld's hand, and hold it fast, to save the general ruin; whether she likes it or not, it will have to be done."

"And the girl cares for you; there will be no harm in it," said Sir Matthew suavely. "I tell you what, Wylie. At Glion we must gradually let people see that you are in love with her. That will be easy enough without alarming her. We will set some of the women-folk clacking. And if Evereld's pride is once touched, if she feels that she has been gossiped about, that people see that she has encouraged you, and that she is a little compromised, why then we shall win easily enough. She will very readily be persuaded into an engagement, and we will take good care to have her married before the year is out."

"Very well," said Bruce Wylie. "At Glion we will advance to the next stage. It will be a more amusing one than the present, and will need skilful management. I must think things over. By-the-bye, she never mentions Ralph Denmead, her old playfellow. Have you lost sight of him?"

"She told me last Christmas that he was going, most likely, on some tour in Scotland. Here she comes; we will ask her; but you need fear nothing in that quarter. It was just a natural boy and girl friendship between the two. They know each other's faults too well to fall in love."

"I see that young Oxonian is persecuting her," observed Bruce Wylie, watching a sunburnt undergraduate who had taken to following Evereld about on all occasions. She did not seem to be at all responsive, and her face lighted up most satisfactorily when she perceived Sir Matthew, while her companion was visibly chagrined.

"Watching the afterglow?" said Sir Matthew, as they approached.

"It's hardly worth watching to-night," said the Oxonian sulkily, as he noticed the alacrity with which Evereld moved towards Bruce Wylie. What the girl could see in this conceited fellow, he could not imagine.

"We were just speaking of Ralph Denmead, Evereld," said Sir Matthew. "Have you heard of him lately?"

"Yes. I hear from him now and then, and I saw him not so very long ago," said Evereld. "He was with Macneillie's Company when they were at Southbourne."

By a strong effort of self-control she kept both voice and manner perfectly calm and natural.

"You saw him act?"

"Yes; he seems getting on very well. The Herefords knew something of Mr. Macneillie, and they breakfasted with us sometimes. He has been very kind to Ralph."

"Well, I'm glad the boy has fallen on his feet," said Sir Matthew. "I suppose there was a touch of genius about him, but he was not the least fit for the Indian Civil Service. Are you staying at Zermatt much longer?" he added, turning to young Dick Lewisham, who was still one of the group.

"I am leaving to-morrow," he replied, "and shall get on as far as Villeneuve, I think."

"Ah yes! a charming hotel there," said Sir Matthew, "and the lake in September is delightful."

Having comfortably disposed of Mr. Lewisham in this fashion he was far from pleased when, on the morning after their arrival at Glion, he encountered him in the garden of the Rigi Vaudois.

"It was so abominably hot down below," said Dick Lewisham cheerfully, "I was obliged to come on here."

"I should advise you to go on still higher to Mont Caux," said Sir Matthew. "It is a magnificent hotel up there."

"Thanks, but this is more handy, and I like the look of the place."

"You'll find it overcrowded," said Sir Matthew. "We should not have got rooms unless we had ordered them beforehand."

"You are a large party," said the Oxonian, making his way round to the main entrance.

"How that old buffer does detest me," he reflected. "I begin to think he is bent on marrying his pretty ward to that beast Wylie, and is afraid I shall spoil sport. A likely thing when she will give me nothing but snubs the moment I show a spark of sentiment. Is it possible though, that such a girl can care for a regular man of the world, thirty years older than herself? I'll never believe it. There's a mystery somewhere. I shall stay here and watch how things go."

Evereld greeted him pleasantly, but not at all warmly when she encountered him after *table d'hôte*. She could have liked him extremely if his attentions had been a little less overwhelming, or if she could have told him of Ralph. As it was, he frightened her, and she was too much of a novice to know the best way to steer her course. She invariably fled for refuge to her old friend, Bruce Wylie, little dreaming that by so doing, she was confirming the gentle hints which Sir Matthew and Lady Mactavish began to drop cautiously among their acquaintances in the hotel.

People enjoy few things more during their idle holiday hours in a health resort, than watching any little drama that may happen to be taking place before them.

Evereld, with her sweet innocent face, turning to the old friend of her childhood, and apparently encouraging him in every way, while she sedulously snubbed the young Oxonian, was a spectacle that greatly pleased and edified the English visitors at the Rigi Vaudois. It began to be rumoured that Mr. Lewisham was only running after her money, that Bruce Wylie saw it all plainly enough, but that he was practically sure that little Miss Ewart was attached to him. That in fact an engagement might be declared at any moment.

Something of this sort reached the ears of Dick Lewisham, and so angered him that he determined to find out the truth for himself.

It happened that there was a dance in the hotel that evening. He knew that Evereld would not refuse to dance with him, and having secured her as his partner for the first *pas de quatre* he afterwards persuaded her to come out on to the terrace.

The garden was deserted, and Dick Lewisham plunged straight into the subject which was filling his mind. He was a very honest, outspoken sort of fellow, and he had begun to fancy that Evereld would not so openly encourage Bruce Wylie had she known that people were beginning to comment on it.

"Miss Ewart," he said abruptly, "these little English colonies are always hotbeds of gossip. And in this case the gossip I have just heard, tends to explain your marked coldness to me. I think there is no need for me to tell you of my love—of——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" said Evereld. "I can't let you say that. I tried so hard to show you that I couldn't care."

Her distress struck him speechless for a moment; instinctively they walked on to a more sheltered corner of the garden.

"It is true then—you already care for—this other?"

"Yes," she faltered. "But no one knows here; oh, how can you have guessed?"

"Why, it is the talk of the hotel," said

Dick Lewisham. "Every one sees that he cares for you and that you encourage him."

Her eyes dilated. For a moment she stared at him blankly. "What can you mean?" she cried. "He is in England, and no one here knows—no one must know!"

"Every one is saying that you and Mr. Wylie care for each other; if that is true I will trouble you no more."

"They are saying that!" she exclaimed, "How perfectly ridiculous of them!" and in the sudden revulsion of feeling she burst out laughing. "Why, I have known him since I was a little girl, and even then he seemed to me quite elderly. My chief reason for liking him at all is that he was always kind to Ralph, as well as to me when we were children."

Then in a flash it all came back to Dick Lewisham; once more he stood in the grounds of the hotel at Zermatt watching the afterglow, and listening to what was more or less meaningless talk to him, about a young actor named Ralph Denmead. It was somehow less hard to him to retire before an unknown rival; it was Bruce Wylie he so cordially detested. Moreover, in having thus surprised Evereld Ewart's secret, his position had been changed, whether he would or no, from that of lover to friend and protector. He knew what no one else in the place knew, and this gave him, in spite of his rejection, a sort of soothing sensation. His admiration for Evereld had been very genuine, but it had been the sort of love which strikes no very deep roots in the heart. He was now only chivalrously anxious to help her in any way he could.

"I will go away from the place at once if you would rather," he said, after a somewhat prolonged pause. "But you may trust me always to respect what you have told me."

"Then don't go," she said, giving him her hand. "I always knew I could like you as a friend, if only you had understood how things were. I think I won't dance again to-night. We are to have a long excursion to-morrow. I will say good-night to you, and run in."

"And if at any time I can serve you be sure you remember me," said Dick Lewisham, looking into the truthful blue eyes lifted to his.

"I will, indeed," she said. "We only wait to be actually engaged till I am twenty-one. I wish the time would go faster."

Dick Lewisham escorted her back to the hotel, and then, lighting a cigarette, returned once more to pace up and down the garden-path they had just quitted. The night was sultry; every now and then he could see summer lightning playing about the peaks of the Savoy mountains on the other side of the lake. Still musing over his talk with Evereld, he threw himself down on a sheltered garden-seat which stood on a little lawn screened on all sides by bushes. From time to time he heard steps on the path just beyond, and caught curious scraps of conversation, over which he smiled in a cynical fashion.

Now it was a woman's voice.

"Well, what you can see to admire in her I can't imagine. And her dress! why, those sleeves might have come out of the Ark. Oh! you didn't notice them. How curious men are."

Next came a pair of lovers.

"Dearest!" said one voice.

"My own!" replied the other.

And Dick Lewisham cruelly coughed. After which, dead silence reigned.

By-and-by a mellow, manly voice startled him into keen attention. It was Bruce Wylie.

"I'll propose to her to-morrow, whatever happens. You can give the others just a hint, and they will keep out of the way. We must have matters settled before leaving Switzerland. If she refuses me——"

"Well, then," said Sir Matthew Mactavish, "I shall step in with the authority of a guardian. We will have no nonsense about the matter. But she will not refuse you. She has too much good sense."

The voices died away in the distance. Dick Lewisham laughed long and silently.

"So that is your game, my fine friend. It is you who are after little Miss Ewart's money, though you have had the slander set afloat that I was a fortune-hunter. Ho! ho!"—he rubbed his hands with satisfaction—"how I should like to see your face when that little, blue-eyed girl rejects you. I'll at any rate stay on here to see you when you return."

He was loitering about at the Cable railway station the next morning when Evereld and Janet Mactavish walked from

the hotel to take their places in the down-going carriage.

"And where are you off to this morning?" he inquired.

"We are going to see the Gorge de Trient," said Evereld; "at least, some of us are. You are going to sketch near that waterfall, are you not, Janet?"

"Yes," said Janet, "but Major Gillot and Minnie and Mr. Wylie will be with you. Four makes a much better number, and I want a quiet day."

Dick Lewisham laughed in his sleeve. He felt sure that Janet had been taken into the plot. Then, with some compunction, he glanced at Evereld's unsuspecting face. Her manner to him was perfect; he felt glad to think that she trusted him, and wondered much in what fashion she would get through the excursion. It was hardly likely, he feared, to be a day of pleasure to her.

They were now joined by Minnie and her *fiancé*, and at the last moment Bruce Wylie walked coolly across the little platform and down the steps, taking his place just before the carriage slid down its steep incline.

"Oh, be quick! take care!" said Evereld, with a look of alarm.

Dick Lewisham turned away, musing over the words and the expression of the girl's face.

"Evidently she likes him very much as an old friend," he reflected. "I wonder how she will get on."

CHAPTER XXIV

"To hug the wealth ye cannot use,
And lack the riches all may gain,
O blind and wanting wit to choose,
Who house the chaff and burn the grain!
And still doth life with starry towers
Lure to the bright divine ascent!
Be yours the things ye would: be ours
The things that are more excellent."

WILLIAM WATSON.

"COME over to this side of the carriage," said Bruce Wylie, as they took their places in the train at Territet, "you will get the best of the views this side."

Evereld had become quite used to his kindly little arrangements for her comfort; she felt sure in her own mind that any good-natured man would have done as much for a girl on her first Swiss tour, and she smiled to herself at that ridiculous report which Mr. Lewisham had quoted to her. After all, though, was it not very likely that she herself had misjudged other people in exactly the same way? She was always making little romances in her mind about the people they met in the hotels, and they generally proved to be wrong when closer acquaintance revealed the truth.

She felt perfectly happy that September morning as they journeyed along the lovely lake, past the red-roofed Castle of Chillon, past the white peaks of the Dent du Midi to St. Maurice, and then on once more through the somewhat trying heat of the Rhone Valley to Vernayaz.

"I shall be quite independent of you," said Janet, "and shall spend my day sketching. We will all meet here again in time for the train."

"Oh we must come and see you settled," said Bruce Wylie; "besides Evereld ought to see the waterfall nearer than from the train. We have our whole day before us, there is no hurry."

In the end these three walked off together in the direction of the Pissevache, while the two lovers went in the opposite direction promising to order luncheon at the Hotel.

Evereld seemed more talkative than usual, but when, having duly inspected the waterfall, he tried hard to draw her into the region of sentiment, she seemed more provokingly matter-of-fact than ever.

"It's very sad to think we have only one more excursion before we go home," he remarked. "How detestable England will seem after this holiday."

"Do you think so?" said Evereld. "Why, I am longing to get back to England. Lovely as this place is it seems so dreadfully far away."

"Far away from what?" said Bruce Wylie.

"Well, from one's friends and belongings," said Evereld.

Bruce Wylie could only pretend to be deeply offended.

"You say that to me," he said tragically, "one of your oldest friends?"

She laughed merrily.

"It was certainly a case of what *Punch* would call, 'Things one would rather have expressed differently.' But though the tour has been a great treat I believe I should

"It was so abominably hot down below, I was obliged to come here"

always begin to be homesick for England at the end of six weeks."

"Oh, if it is only an abstraction like England I will not be jealous, it isn't worth while," said her companion with a laugh.

And Evereld blushed a little, knowing that it was not England in the abstract, but nearness to Ralph that she longed for.

Bruce Wylie saw the blush and was pleased. He entirely misunderstood it, and might have proposed to her at that very minute had not some very dirty little children besieged them just then with the usual request for money.

The straggling street of Vernayaz was not the place for a private conversation—he would wait till later in the day.

After a merry lunch at the hotel with Minnie and Major Gillot they all went together to see the Gorge de Trient, and here he contrived to fall behind on the pretext of pointing out some particularly striking effect to Evereld as they threaded their way through the awful ravine with its foaming white torrent and its towering heights above.

But his effort was useless, for something in the majesty of this great rock, cleft so strangely, had filled Evereld with awe; she was thinking her own thoughts and was quite unresponsive to all his attempts to draw her into conversation.

"It feels like a church," she said once as they paused for a few minutes, and Bruce Wylie, anxious not to jar upon her in any way, relapsed into silence.

Emerging at length from the cool shade of the Gorge de Trient, they returned to the hotel, Major Gillot ordered coffee, and Bruce Wylie took the opportunity to draw him aside and suggest a change of programme.

"Sir Matthew gave me leave to take Evereld up to Finshauts if she liked the idea," he said. "Let us all meet at the station. But don't wait for us if we chance to be late. Lady Mactavish might be anxious. I will bring her on by the next train in any case."

"All right," said the Major, paying no very great heed to the words, and well pleased to be left with Minnie for the rest of the time.

"Evereld," said Bruce Wylie, rejoining the ladies, "I don't know what you will say to the notion, but it seems to me very hot down in this place and we have still some hours before us. I find there is a most beautiful drive to a place called Finshauts up in the mountains, with a very fine view of Mont Blanc. Shall you and I make a pilgrimage up there and leave Miss Mactavish and Major Gillot to enjoy this garden in peace?"

"I think it would be lovely," said Evereld her eyes lighting up. "I have been longing to get to the top ever since we came here."

Bruce Wylie was pleased that she should fall in with the idea and went off at once to order a carriage, but perhaps her delighted acquiescence troubled him a little, for he made several attempts to justify his scheme to his own conscience.

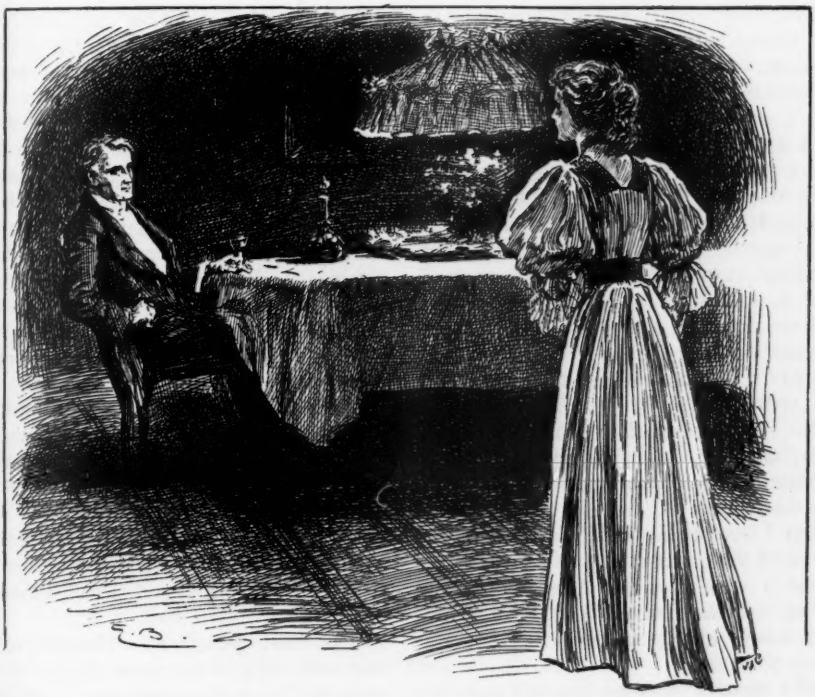
"If she accepts me I shall take care to be in good time for the train and all will be well," he argued. "And she will accept me in all probability after a little persuasion. If not, there is nothing for it, but Sir Matthew's plan of scaring her with the fear of what people will say. No real harm will be done, none whatever. We shall merely play a little upon her credulity and ignorance, and her proper pride and all the rest of it. The game is worth the candle, for without her sooner or later we shall be ruined."

He was more considerate and gentle in manner than ever when at length they set off together on their drive to Finshauts; but her perfect confidence in him gave him an uncomfortable sensation, he kept on deferring the speech which must be made, and allowed her to enjoy to the full the beauty of the winding road with its shady groves of walnut and chestnut trees and its wonderful glimpses of the Rhone Valley. They paused after a time to see the Falls of Emaney, and when they once more got into the carriage, Bruce Wylie made up his mind that before the next stage was reached his work must somehow be done.

He looked down into her glowing, happy face.

"You are enjoying it," he said kindly.

"Oh, more than I can tell you," she said.



"In case I don't see you to-morrow, my dear"

"It is quite the best drive we have had. What a pity Janet isn't here."

"For once you must let me be selfish," said Bruce Wylie laughing. "I am heartily glad she is not here. 'Two is company, three is trumpery,' as the proverb says."

"I never agree with that proverb," said Evereld. "We had a three-cornered friendship at school and it was delightful."

"For school friends it may be well enough. But I am something more than your friend, Evereld. I am your lover."

The assertion struck her dumb for a minute.

"Surely you had realised that?" said Bruce Wylie. "You must, I think, have known it all these weeks that we have been together."

"Oh, no, no," she cried in distress, "I never dreamt of such a thing. Please never say that again."

"But I must say it again. I want to make you understand me. For years I have hoped that you would some day be my wife. And when you understand me better, I think you will say 'Yes,' Evereld."

"No," she said desperately, "I can never say it. I could never care for you in that way. Please let us just be friends as we used to be."

"But things are altered now, you are no longer a child but a woman. Believe me, dear, I would make you very happy. You perhaps think that the difference in our age is a drawback. But some of the happiest marriages I have known have been marriages of that sort. One can't make a hard and fast rule as to age."

"It is not that," said Evereld. "That might not matter a bit. But I could never love you."

"I will take my chance of that. The love would grow."

"No, it never could. Please believe me and say no more. I can't think what makes you wish it, when you must have met so many much more fit."

"But I have been waiting and hoping for you. And you must at any rate promise me to think it over for a few days before quite deciding. I have taken you by surprise. Think it over quietly and we will talk about it some other day."

"If I thought for years it would make no difference," said Evereld.

"You fancy so, because like all young girls you have made a sort of ideal in your own mind, and no living man can come up to that ideal."

She shook her head.

"No, not an ideal," she said softly, and into her eyes there stole the soft love-light which revealed all too clearly her thoughts.

"She cares for some one else," reflected Bruce Wylie, "I suppose it's that confounded young Denmead. Well, silence is golden. She must be left till to-morrow to reflect."

"Dear child," he said, in his mellow voice, "don't look so grave. I will say no more just at present. I only ask you to give what I have said your careful thought. Here we are at Triquent."

Evereld drew out her watch, but in the worry of the previous evening, after her talk with Mr. Lewisham, she had forgotten to wind it up, the hands pointed to four o'clock.

"My watch has stopped," she said, "but surely it is time we turned back! Finshauts seems much further than I expected."

"Oh, we shall soon be there now," said Bruce Wylie, glancing at the time. "It takes us some while to climb up, but we shall rattle down again at a great pace."

It seemed a pity to have come so far and not after all to see the view of Mont Blanc, and though Evereld longed to be back with the others, and dreaded the *tête-à-tête* with her companion after what had passed, she scarcely liked to say any more about returning.

She was grateful to him, moreover, because on the last stage of the journey he got out and walked beside the driver, leaving her to her great relief unmolested.

"He is a wonderfully kind man," she reflected; "I hope I wasn't too emphatic, but one had to make him quite understand. Even now we shall have to talk it over again. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how I wish Ralph and I were really engaged, then one wouldn't be so tongue-tied. I shall only be twenty in the spring, and there will still be a year to wait."

The road passed now through a wood, and something in its green depths of shade made her think of a wood near Southbourne, where they had once spent a happy mid-

term holiday with the Herefords during her school-days.

"How I wish I were at school again now," she thought sadly. "It was all so happy and easy there, with none of these worries and misunderstandings. And yet I don't either, for if I were still at school, Ralph would not have spoken to me that Sunday—that wonderful Sunday."

She fell into a happy dream and was startled when Bruce Wylie suddenly appeared at the carriage door and resumed his place beside her.

"She was thinking of that boy," he reflected with annoyance. "This business will make our task even more disagreeable."

"You look tired," he said. "When we reach the Hotel Bel Oiseau I will order some tea to be got ready while we go on to the best point of view."

"But are you sure we shall have time? We must not miss that train," said Evereld.

"Oh, plenty of time, it's all downhill going back, and besides, the horse must rest, and the driver will certainly expect to drink our health in the *vin du pays*."

His manner set her mind at rest, and indeed, for a time she forgot all else in the wonderful panorama that opened out before them as Mont Blanc and the Chamounix Valley came into view. It was a scene to remember for a lifetime, and Evereld, with her young heart and her clear conscience, was able to revel in its beauty and to cast off altogether all petty cares and vexations.

These, however, returned when they went back to the Hotel Bel Oiseau; a mistake had been made—or so Bruce Wylie told her—as to the tea, and it took a long time in coming. Then there was yet another delay because the coachman had mysteriously disappeared, and when at last the horse was put in and they turned back to Vernayaz, Evereld was certain that they had allowed very scanty time for the descent.

"It's as much as we shall do to catch this train," remarked her companion as they at length gained the valley.

"There is a train now just passing," exclaimed Evereld.

"Not ours, I daresay," said Bruce Wylie. "No," looking at his watch reassuringly, "it's not due for another ten minutes. We shall do it all right, don't be anxious. There we are punctual to the minute," he remarked as they drew up at the station, "and no train is here. Ha! what's that you say?" he added as an old porter came leisurely up to them. "The train gone? Why it's only now due."

The porter exclaimed with many gesticulations, that the Monsieur's watch was ten minutes slow."

"How annoying," said Bruce Wylie. "Well, when is the next train for St. Maurice and Territet?"

"There are no more this evening, monsieur," said the porter. "Monsieur will find many good hotels in Vernayaz."

Bruce Wylie made a well-feigned ejaculation of annoyance.

"The others will have seen that we were not there," said Evereld, springing out of the carriage; "I will run and look for Janet." But she returned forlornly in a minute or two; Janet was not there.

"I think she might have waited," said the girl indignantly.

"Oh, they would naturally conclude we should come on by a later train, as we didn't turn up till this one started," said Bruce Wylie. "In fact I told the Major we should do that, if by any ill-fortune we were too late. Who could have guessed that there were no trains after this one?"

"You looked out the trains yourself yesterday," said Evereld. "I should have thought you would have noticed."

She felt intensely irritated; it was one of those times when a traveller's temper is put to the test.

Bruce Wylie did not mend matters by his rather stumbling apology. She could not have explained her feeling, but somehow at that moment she felt that she could no longer put confidence in him.

"Well, I wouldn't have had such a thing happen for the world," he said. "It is all my fault, and I'm extremely sorry. The only thing to be done is to go back to the Hotel Gorge du Trient. We shall be in time for dinner, I daresay. To the Hotel, driver!"

"Wait," said Evereld quietly. "I must first send a telegram to Lady Mactavish explaining things."

"Quite right, of course. I ought to have thought of it. What a sensible little woman you are, Evereld."

She neither smiled nor responded in any way. A few hours before, the episode would

have troubled her very little, but to be stranded in this place with the man she had just refused, was a situation she disliked very much. Behind it all, too, there lurked a vague feeling that she had been entrapped into the drive, that perhaps even Janet had guessed what Mr. Wylie meant to say during the course of this ill-fated expedition.

To do him justice Bruce Wylie took good care to set her perfectly at her ease directly they arrived at the hotel, himself saw the manageress and explained things to her, handing over Evereld to her kindly care, and promising to wait for her in the salon.

The Swiss manageress gave her a pleasant room and lent her all that she needed, and when she went down to the salon a delightful surprise awaited her.

"Why, Evereld!" said a familiar voice, and a tall, pretty-looking girl stepped forward with a warm greeting.

It was May Coniston, an old schoolfellow, who had left Southbourne at Easter and had come out to Switzerland for rest after the toils of her first London season. She introduced Evereld to her mother, and they listened to her description of the *contretemps* that had befallen her, and Evereld introduced Mr. Wylie to them.

"It is most fortunate you just happened to come across us," said May Coniston cheerfully. "I can lend you everything, and mother will be only too delighted to take care of you. There is nothing she enjoys so much as looking after girls."

So in the end Evereld had an extremely pleasant evening, lost her heart to kindly Mrs. Coniston, sat up hair-brushing with her friend till after midnight, and was delighted to have May for a companion in her large, lonely bedroom, where, as Mrs. Coniston remarked, they could fancy themselves back at school once more.

Early the next morning, having parted with the Conistons, who were going to Champéry, Bruce Wylie and Evereld returned to Glion, arriving just in time for lunch. They encountered Janet and Minnie in the entrance hall, and Evereld went straight to the *salle-à-manger* with them, laughing over the events of the previous day and remonstrating with them for having deserted her.

"We all got into the train when it came up," explained Janet, calmly, "hoping to the last that you would come before it started. It must have been some minutes in the station. Mamma was vexed with us for coming on, but of course we all knew you were safe. Your telegram got here before we did."

"Where is Lady Mactavish?" asked Evereld.

"She has gone down to Montreux to lunch with Lady Mount Pleasant, who, by-the-bye, has invited us all to go to-morrow to her picnic at a place near the Rochers de Naye."

Just at that moment Sir Matthew and Mr. Bruce Wylie joined them. There was something unusual in her guardian's manner, and Evereld wondered what had brought the cloud to his brow. It did not disappear at all when he greeted her, and had it not been for a talkative German doctor, who conversed learnedly with Janet, their party would have been an uncomfortably silent one throughout the meal.

"I want a few words with you, my dear," said Sir Matthew, when at last lunch was over. "Come with me to our own sitting-room. We shall not be interrupted there."

Evereld's heart sank.

"Mr. Wylie has told of his proposal to me," she reflected, "and Sir Matthew is vexed with me for refusing his friend."

"Sit down," said Sir Matthew, motioning her to a sofa beside the window, and wheeling up a ponderous armchair for himself. "I have, of course, heard from Mr. Wylie of your very surprising behaviour yesterday. Are you aware that you have refused one of the best and cleverest of men, a man, too, who has been encouraged by you for the last month?"

"Oh, no," cried Evereld. "Indeed, I never dreamt of encouraging him. How could I be supposed to think of a man thirty years older than I am as a lover?"

"I don't know what you thought about it, my dear, but you did distinctly encourage him. And every one here, and at Zermatt, too, I believe, considered it a case."

"I am very sorry if they thought so, but it was a ridiculous mistake. I should never dream of marrying Mr. Wylie. He is just a friend, and nothing more."

"I have no patience with this foolish talk about friends," said Sir Matthew. "You ought to know enough of the world to

realise that it never puts faith in friendships between men and women."

"Can I not be friends with an elderly man like that, a man of nearly fifty who has known me since I was a child?" said Evereld, questioningly.

"No, you cannot," said Sir Matthew, decidedly. "You have encouraged him all these weeks, and you must marry him."

The tone of decision would, he thought, at once silence this gentle little girl with her innocent blue eye. He received an uncomfortable shock when she quietly replied:

"Of course, if it is really so, I can avoid Mr. Wylie in future. But marry him I will not."

"What possible objection can you have to him?" said her guardian, irritably. "I can tell you he is a man that most girls would be proud to accept."

"But I do not love him," said Evereld.

"Oh, you have been reading novels, and have set up some absurd ideal hero unlike any man who ever existed. Bruce Wylie is one of a thousand. He will make you perfectly happy, and will save you from the infinite misery of being run after for the sake of your fortune by unworthy men embarrassed by debts."

Evereld laughed a little. "I will promise never to marry an unworthy man embarrassed by debts, but nothing will make me marry Mr. Wylie."

"Then it only remains for me," said Sir Matthew, "to tell you how things really are. You must marry him, my dear. The whole place is talking about you. Your reputation is at stake. Every one knows that you were stranded alone with him last night at Vernayaz, and there is only one way to prevent a scandal arising. You must be engaged to him at once, and you shall be married when we go back to London. If you like, it might be on the same day that Minnie is married."

Evereld's eyes dilated.

"I don't understand you," she said. "Can you really mean that because Mr. Wylie very carelessly allowed us to miss the train, and didn't know, or—or pretended not to know that it was the last train, that I should marry him because of that?"

"Dear child, you are very young and innocent, and the world is a hard, censorious place. The busy tongues of these holiday idlers will certainly make free with your name. And I can't permit that. The best way to avoid scandal—the only way—is to hasten on your marriage."

"Very well," said Evereld. "But it is not Mr. Wylie that I shall marry."

"Do you dare to tell me that you are engaged to any one else?" said Sir Matthew.

"No, I am certainly not engaged," said Evereld, "but as soon as I come of age I shall be engaged."

"To whom?" said Sir Matthew.

"To Ralph!" she said, a vivid blush dyeing her cheeks.

With an inarticulate exclamation of wrath Sir Matthew began to pace to and fro.

"This comes of adopting beggars," he said, between his teeth.

At that Evereld started to her feet, and would have left the room had he not intercepted her.

"How long has this been going on?" he said, angrily.

"I never knew I cared for him like that until he had gone away more than a year ago, when you brought down the news about his examination."

"Just like the ungrateful fellow," said Sir Matthew. "As soon as he saw that there was nothing more to be got out of me he thought to feather his nest with your fortune."

Evereld struggled hard not to lose control over her temper, but every pulse in her throbbed indignantly at the words.

"I think," she said, in a low voice, "that money is the last thing any Denmead ever troubled himself to think of."

The words were so true that for a moment they checked Sir Matthew. He reflected wrathfully that his own action in turning Ralph out of his house somewhat harshly had brought about the result he so little desired. Up till that time the friendship between the two had been of a most brotherly and sisterly character. He was startled from this train of thought by a sudden and wholly unexpected question from Evereld.

"My father used to say every penny he had was invested in railways; is my money still as he left it?" she inquired.

"W—w—w—we have made a few changes. You will learn all details when you come of age," said Sir Matthew.

Evereld had quick perceptions. She had never heard her guardian stammer before. She looked him through and through with her clear eyes, and knew that something was amiss. He coloured under her scrutiny, and complaining of the heat of the room pushed the window wide open.

"Ralph has good points," he said, returning to the former topic, "but depend upon it, my dear, this is an idle fancy of yours. He will fall in love with some actress, and forget all about you. It is only natural that it should be so."

Evereld shook her head.

"No," she said, "he will wait for me and when he has got on a little in his profession we shall be engaged. We might have been engaged now only he was too honourable to let me bind myself before I was of age."

"You talk just as one might expect an innocent girl fresh from school to talk, my dear," said Sir Matthew. "But it will not do. Such a marriage would be preposterous; your father would never have allowed it, and I once more repeat that, acting in your interests, I shall insist on your accepting Mr. Wylie's offer. You think me unkind; believe me," he took her hand, and patted it caressingly, "I am not unkind, I am only making you do what is the best possible thing under the circumstances. You must trust me. There are elements in the case you cannot understand. There is no safe path for a woman but the path of obedience to authority. You must be guided by me, my dear; you must recollect that in all the years you have lived under my roof, I have always shown you kindness and love, and you must try to believe that I show that kindness now, though I thwart your wishes, and wed you to a man who does not exactly fit in with your girlish and romantic ideal. We will say no more now, you are tired and agitated. But within the next two days I shall expect to receive from Mr. Wylie the news that his offer has been accepted. Think it quietly over. I am convinced that some day you will thank me for what I have done; ay! and other people will have good cause to thank me, too."

He stooped and kissed her on the forehead and politely opened the door for her, in token that the interview was at an end.

Without a word Evereld left the room and went slowly upstairs.

CHAPTER XXV

"The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

WHITTIER.

THE broad staircase was covered with cocoa-nut matting; she toiled up the slippery steps feeling dazed and giddy, groping her way more by instinct than by sight, to her own door. Her room was at the side of the hotel, and its French window opening on to a little balcony looked out over the woods of Veytaux and the distant turrets of Chillon, to the Dent du Midi. She threw herself down now into the depths of an armchair, letting the soft air play on her hot cheeks, and staring out in a bewildered way at the lovely view, which contrasted so strangely with her misery.

Her whole world seemed to be shaken to its foundations. Her instinct warned her now, that the guardian whose plausible talk and apparent kindliness had long deceived her was in no sense a man to be trusted. And, seizing the clue which his own accusations of others had furnished her with, she began to wonder if, in some unaccountable way, Bruce Wylie himself was one of those fortune-hunters who finding themselves in difficulties sought to repair their losses with some heiress's money. Her clear insight had at once detected the false ring in his apologies about the lost train on the previous day. He had somehow forfeited her confidence, and the more she thought over her interview with Sir Matthew, and the extraordinary determination he had evidently made to marry her to his friend, the more she distrusted and dreaded them both. It might possibly be that they had mismanaged her affairs, and were perhaps speculating with her money. She had heard of many cases where luckless women had been ruined by a fraudulent trustee.

Fortunately, though young and innocent, Evereld had been wisely educated, and even in all the agitation of the moment she was able clearly to see how foolish was the notion that in order to quiet unkind tongues, or to satisfy the outraged feelings of Mrs. Grundy, she should consent publicly to perjure herself, by vowing to love as a wife, a man she did not desire to marry.

Sir Matthew and Bruce Wylie had fancied

that a pure-minded, proud girl would easily be frightened into a marriage which, in many respects, was outwardly desirable. Women were seldom logical, and a little novice like Evereld, could, they felt sure, be cajoled or scared or flattered into obedience to their wishes. Sir Matthew had reserved his direct command and the allusion to his authority as his ace of trumps. He thought, because she had made no reply to this speech, that he had convinced her. But Evereld knew that obedience to the truth must always stand before obedience to any authority, and she was emphatically not one of those plastic weak-minded girls who furnish victims for the modern marriage market, and allow themselves to be sacrificed to the ambition of their parents.

There was, however, a sort of blind terror in her mind. She had read that pathetic novel "Jasmine Leigh," the plot of which turned on the forcible abduction of an heiress; and now, perhaps not unnaturally, the story returned to haunt her. Words which Ralph had spoken as to Sir Matthew's unscrupulous character, his utter disregard for the victims whose ruin followed the triumphal procession of his own fame and fortune, haunted her too. She had thought him hard and uncharitable when he had spoken of his godfather, but his words had impressed her nevertheless, and she felt that they were probably not far from the truth. Like some trapped animal, she tried desperately to think what possible course she could take. If only that motherly Mrs. Coniston had been in the hotel, she would have told her all and asked her advice, but she could hardly put the case in a letter, or travel to Champéry to see her. And there was no one else to whom she could turn unless it was Mr. Lewisham, and she doubted if that would be a wise thing to do. Only a woman could thoroughly understand and help her.

And then the old grief of eight years ago, to which she had grown more or less accustomed, came back to her with an intensity of bitterness, a new realisation of irreparable loss.

"Oh mother!" she sobbed; "Oh mother! mother!"

A step on the balcony made her hastily try to check her tears. Minnie's room was next to hers, and the window also opened on to the little side balcony.

"Why, Evereld," said a cheerful voice, "you dear little goose! Don't cry. I know all about it. Papa has told me. Don't you be frightened. It won't be half so bad as you expect. You'll soon grow very fond of Mr. Wylie. And you shall have such a pretty wedding-dress, and as many of your school friends as you like for bridesmaids. You have no idea what fun you will have choosing your trousseau. We will stop at Paris on our way home, and I can put you up to all sorts of things."

"Don't talk like that," said Evereld, her tears raining down, as the utter mockery of it all forced itself upon her.

"Do you think," continued Minnie, "that you are the first girl who has been obliged to give up an early love? Why it's my firm conviction that no one ever does marry a first love. If papa had allowed it I should have married a lanky curate, and we should still be waiting for the inevitable country living which might or might not turn up. He put a stop to it all; and I cried my eyes out just as you are doing. But I am very much obliged to him now, and mean to be very happy with Major Gillot. Now stop crying, and I will make some tea in my 'etna,' and later on you shall come out with us and do 'gooseberry.'"

"I am afraid of meeting Mr. Wylie," objected Evereld.

"Indeed, I think you had better not meet him with your eyes as red as that," said Minnie with a laugh. "There's no need for you to see him till dinner-time, for he has gone down to Montreux to talk over the arrangements for to-morrow with mamma and Lady Mount Pleasant."

There was something comforting in Minnie's kindly manner, though Evereld vehemently dissented in her own mind from all her arguments. She obeyed her, however, and stopped crying, and even found temporary comfort in the afternoon tea, which has a way of tasting so supremely good when made by oneself abroad. Later on they walked down the Gorge de Chaudron, where already the trees were arraying themselves in the lovely tints of early autumn. The two lovers walked a little ahead. Evereld followed slowly and thoughtfully, regaining her habitual strength and quietness of mind, by slow degrees. There was something in her face

which puzzled Bruce Wylie, when he met her again that evening at dinner. She looked older, even he could have fancied thinner, since the morning. He left her unmolested till the meal was over, but joined her directly afterwards in the entrance hall, where in the evening people were wont to lounge and chat unceremoniously. He was discussing thought-reading with a young American girl, and skilfully inveigled Evereld into the conversation. In old times she had always felt an interest in experiments of this sort; to-night she felt that not for the world would she permit Bruce Wylie to touch her.

"Let us show Miss Upwood the experiment we tried at Zermatt," said Bruce Wylie. "It was a brilliant success there."

"I would rather not to-night," said Evereld, colouring. "I am tired."

"Only try just once," he said persuasively.

But she shook her head.

"I must appeal to your guardian," he said, laughing. "Sir Matthew, we want you to persuade your ward to do the pin-finding trick."

Rightly or wrongly, Evereld was convinced that if she now yielded her mind up to him, he might abuse his power over her, and weaken her resistance to his other wishes. She stood at bay, conscious that many eyes were turned upon her, determined not to yield, yet puzzled as to how she was to proceed.

"Why, Evereld, dear," said Sir Matthew in his hearty penetrating voice, "of course you will oblige us all. You are a capital hand at this sort of thing."

She turned to the pretty American girl, feeling that her only chance was to appeal to her. She seemed a clever observant girl; surely she could be made to understand without words.

"I am so sorry," she said, "to be obliged to say 'No' to-night. But I am tired, and am going up to bed. Won't you try the thought-reading?"

Her clear blue eyes looked straight into the bright eyes of little Miss Upwood, saying, as plainly as eyes could express the thought, "Help me out of this dilemma."

And the American responded instantly to the appeal.

"I guess I'll try whether I can't do it myself, Mr. Wylie," she said, looking up at him archly, and holding out a dainty handkerchief. "Blindfold me instead of Miss Ewart, and see if I'm not just as sharp at finding the pin."

She made such fun of the whole process that even Bruce Wylie himself failed to notice that Evereld calmly walked up the broad staircase, in sight of them all, and she was safely locked into her room before any one had bestowed a thought upon her absence.

"I shall always love American girls!" she said to herself. "How quick she was to understand. I only wish I could thank her; but that's impossible. Somehow I must get away from this place. I daren't stay longer. If only I knew how best to escape, and where to go to! There is Mrs. Hereford. She would take care of me. But Ireland is so far away, and I fear they would overtake me before I could get to her. Shall I go to London, and make Bridget take me away to some quiet little country place where no one could hear of us? Or there is Southbourne; but term will not begin till next week, and the whole house would be deserted; it would be no use going there."

None of these plans seemed very promising. To whom could she turn?

Restlessly pacing up and down her room, she prayed for guidance, and almost immediately a well-known name floated into her mind.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "I wonder I never thought of that before."

She stepped out on to the balcony, entered Minnie's room, took from the table a Continental Bradshaw, and returning once more, sat down resolutely to puzzle out a route as well as she could. It was no easy matter for one unversed in the mysteries of railway guides; she found herself terribly baffled by two places with almost exactly similar names, and she floundered long in that wilderness of day trains and night trains, and dark and light figures, which prove traps for the inexperienced. If so much had not depended upon it, she could have laughed over her perplexities, but, as it was, she came perilously near to crying over the Bradshaw, and nothing but dread of Bruce Wylie and the thought of Ralph enabled her to plod on until at last she had

"Threw herself down now into the depths of an armchair"

puzzled out her way of escape. The trains were not so favourable to her plans as she had hoped. It was impossible to leave till the middle of the next morning, and the journey would involve four or five changes of trains, and a night at a hotel. It seemed impossible to go straight through to her destination.

"If I go to a hotel," she reflected, "I must have some sort of luggage, or they will suspect me. I will take my little handbag from here, and some cloak straps in my pocket; then, at Geneva, I will buy some wraps, and make up a respectable-looking bundle."

By this time her hopes had revived, and her courage had returned. She put back the Bradshaw in Minnie's room, closed her shutters, bolted her window, and began to make her preparations in a thoughtful womanly way.

Fortunately she had had no expenses in Switzerland and still carried about her the eighteen five pound notes which Bridget had counselled her not to leave behind. In her purse she had also an English sovereign and a little Swiss silver money. "I need not change a note till I get to Geneva, that is a comfort," she reflected, and having carefully destroyed all her letters and packed a few necessaries into her bag, she crept to bed and did her best to sleep, but not very successfully.

The next morning she could most truthfully plead a headache as an excuse for not attending Lady Mount Pleasant's picnic; indeed, she remained in bed, and looked so white and tired when Janet and Minnie came to see her that they reported her as quite unfit for the expedition, and only in a state to be left quiet and alone.

"Well," said Sir Mathew with a look of annoyance, "it can't be helped. She will be right enough to-morrow when her decision is made and everything has settled down quietly."

Bruce Wylie who had fully intended to settle matters during the course of that day

was forced to acquiesce, and since Lady Mount Pleasant and her contingent had arrived from Montreux, and the carriages were at the door, there was no time for further discussion.

Evereld stole to her window as soon as she heard the sound of wheels and just caught a sideway glimpse of the picnic party driving off. Then in breathless haste she dressed, put a letter which she had written to Sir Matthew on the previous night in a place where it would quickly be found, bolted her door on the inner side, stepped out of the window and closed both it and the jalousies behind her, and went through Minnie's room to the corridor beyond.

A chambermaid was sweeping the matting, she smiled in friendly fashion and asked if mademoiselle was better.

"I still have a headache," said Evereld, "and am going out of doors. If you see Miss Mactavish to-night when she returns, please say I do not wish to be disturbed."

She ran quickly down the stairs encountering nobody; in the bureau she caught sight of the manager's head but he had his back turned to the door and did not see her, he was giving out a library book to an old lady who was accounted the greatest gossip in Glion. Mercifully she, too, was absorbed and did not look up.

Evereld walked quietly through the garden. Over her dark-blue serge dress she wore a little blue capuchin cape with red-lined hood; her sailor hat and long gauze travelling veil were of the quietest. She was beginning to hope that she should encounter none of the people staying in the hotel when, within a stone's throw of the cable railway station, she came across Dick Lewisham and little Miss Upwood.

"Are you better?" said the American kindly. "Your friends told us you were quite knocked up and could not go for the picnic."

"My head aches still," said Evereld, "but —but please don't tell them that you saw me going out."

It is almost impossible for a naturally open and truthful person to carry out a secret scheme without some confidant. Evereld liked and trusted both these acquaintances, and she yielded to that craving for sympathy, that longing for straightforward speech which was perhaps more natural than strictly prudent.

"I could not go to the picnic because I must avoid Mr. Wylie," she said in a low voice. "My guardian is trying to force me to marry him and I mean to escape to other friends who will take care of me."

"Did I not tell you how it would be?" said Dick Lewisham.

"Yes," she faltered, "you were quite right; and now there is nothing for me to do but to get away at once."

"Remember," he said, "that you promised to ask my help if you were in any difficulty."

"Yes," said Evereld, "perhaps you would just take my ticket to Territet."

"Let us all come down to Territet together," said Miss Upwood, "it will be less noticeable than your going quite alone."

And before many minutes were passed the three were gliding down the steep incline, and Evereld grew lighthearted to think that the difficult first step had proved so successful.

"Are you sure," said Dick Lewisham, "that you can get to your friends without difficulty?"

"Quite sure, thank you," she said bravely.

"We will not ask you a single question beyond that," he continued, "for the less we know the better. If they put us through any very severe catechism the utmost we will admit is that you were in the hotel garden before lunch this morning."

"It's quite a romance," said little Miss Upwood rubbing her hands with satisfaction. "And as I shall want to have the third volume please send it over to me at Boston as soon as it's complete; there's my card."

"I will be sure to write," said Evereld. "And thank you so very much for helping me, both last night and this morning, too. I shall never forget you."

They walked a little way beyond the station in the direction of Montreux until they reached a confectioner's.

"I am going in here to get some food for my journey," said Evereld. "I will wish you good-bye." She gave her hand to each of them, shyly thanked Dick Lewisham for his help, and entered the shop.

"End of the second volume," said Miss Upwood with a comical expression on her bright face. "Nothing remains for us, Mr. Lewisham, but to kill time by a row on the

lake. Take me to see Chillon; nothing but an old and venerable castle will fill up this awful blank, or rouse my interest."

"Oh, we shall have some good fun to-night or to-morrow morning," said Dick Lewisham, "Messrs. Wylie and Mactavish will furnish us with some capital sport. I only hope no harm will happen to that brave little girl."

THE CROWNING OF MONARCHS

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA

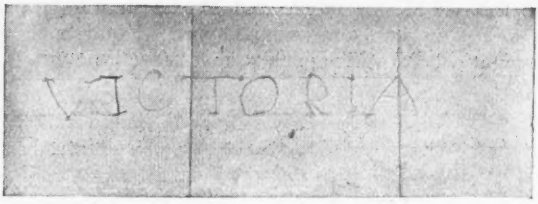
By the Very Rev. A. P. PUREY-CUST, D.D., Dean of York

CONCLUDING PAPER

As regards the coronation of Queen Victoria, June 28, 1838, I cannot do better than quote *in extenso* the graphic and poetic words of Dean Stanley. Those who witnessed it "will long remember that early summer morning when, at break of day, the streets were thronged and the vast city awake—the first sight of the Abbey, crowded with the mass of gorgeous spectators, themselves a pageant, the electric shock through the whole mass when the first gun announced that the Queen was on her way, and the thrill of jubilation with which the iron rails seemed to tremble in the hands of the spectators, as the long procession closed with the entrance of the small figure, marked out from all beside by the regal train and attendants, floating like a crimson and silvery crowd, behind her. At the moment when she first came within full view of the Abbey, and paused, as if for breath, with clasped hands, as she moved on to her place by the altar, as in the deep silence of the vast multitude, the tremulous voice of Archbishop Howley could be faintly heard, even to the remotest corner of the choir, asking for the recognition,—as she sate immovable on the throne when the crown touched her head, amidst shout and trumpet and the roar of cannon, there must have been many who felt the hope that the loyalty, which had waxed cold in the preceding reigns, would once more revive, in a more serious form than it had, perhaps, ever worn before. Other solemnities there may have been more beautiful, or more strange, or more touching, but none at once so gorgeous and so impressive in recollections, in actual sight, and in promise of what was to be." So writes the late Dean, and now, after sixty years, the enthusiasm with which the diamond Jubilee of her reign is being celebrated, testifies in language which can be neither mistaken nor ignored the unanimous conviction, not of a nation merely, but of the whole civilised world, that that hope has been more than realised.

It is difficult, perhaps, to produce a concise and graphic account of the details thereof, specially from the rather terse and dry description which is left us in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but no account of the crowning of monarchs would be complete without, at least, an attempt to sketch the coronation of Queen Victoria. On her arrival at the west door, her Majesty was received by the great officers of state, bearing the regalia, and, having robed in an adjacent chamber, advanced up the nave into the choir, the choristers, under Sir George Smart, singing the anthem by Attwood, "I was glad when they said unto me." Ascending "the theatre" (a platform placed at the intersection of the transepts), the Queen passed to her chair of state on the south side of the throne, and after kneeling in prayer at the footstool, took her seat, the Queen's scholars of Westminster, from the lower choir galleries, greeting her with repeated shouts, "Vivat Victoria Regina."

The brilliant *cortége* of great officers of state and ladies who had accompanied her, having grouped themselves in order, the Archbishop advanced to the east side and said, repeating the same afterwards at the south, west, and north sides, "Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the un-



THE QUEEN'S HAND-WRITING WHEN FOUR YEARS OF AGE

doubted Queen of this realm, wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

Her Majesty, rising from her chair, stood, while loud and long acclamations arose from all sides, "God save Queen Victoria!" the last echoes thereof being drowned in the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums.

The Archbishops and Bishops, having then put on their copes, the Queen, attended by two Bishops, and preceded by the great officers bearing the regalia and the four swords, passed up to the altar and, kneeling on a cushion laid on a rich cloth of gold, made her first offering of a pall or altar-cloth of gold and an ingot of gold of one pound weight, which, being delivered to the Archbishop of Canterbury, were laid upon the altar with a suitable prayer. After which her Majesty returned to the chair of state, and the Litany was said by the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's kneeling at a footstool. The Sanctus was then sung by the choir, and the Communion Service commenced by the Archbishop, the Bishops of Rochester and Carlisle reading the Epistle and Gospel. Then followed the sermon by the Bishop of London (Blomfield). At the conclusion the Archbishop advanced and, standing before the Queen, addressed the following questions, to which her Majesty replied:

ARCHBISHOP: "Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?"

THE QUEEN: "I solemnly promise so to do."

ARCHBISHOP: "Will you to your power cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?"

THE QUEEN: "I will."

ARCHBISHOP: "Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospels, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolable the settlements of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof as by law established within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland and to the churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges, as by law do, or shall, appertain to them or any of them?"

To which the Queen replied: "All this I promise to do."

Then, rising from her chair, attended, as before, by the great officers and suite, she proceeded again to the altar, and kneeling on the cushion, and laying her hand on the

(*S. P. Denning, pinx.*)

PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGE 4

(*Wm. Fowler, pinx.*)

PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGE 6

Holy Gospel in the great Bible, which was carried in the procession, now tendered to her by the Archbishop, she said: "The things which I have herebefore promised, I will perform and keep, so help me God." She then kissed the book, and signed a transcript of the oath with the pen presented to her by the Lord Chamberlain.

Then returning to her chair again and kneeling at her footstool, the "Veni Creator" was sung by the choir. At the conclusion the Archbishop consecrated the oil in the ampulla, with a solemn prayer. After which the choir commenced the anthem by Handel, "Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king, &c.," during which she rose from her knees and advanced to the altar, where, the crimson robe of state being taken from her shoulders, she proceeded to King Edward's chair, covered with a cloth of gold, immediately in front of the altar, four Knights of the Garter (Dukes of Rutland, Buccleuch, Marquises of Anglesey and Exeter) holding over her head a rich pall of cloth of gold. Then the sub-Dean (Lord John Thynne as representing the Dean) took from the altar the ampulla containing the sacred oil, and poured some into the anointing spoon, and from it the Archbishop anointed the Queen in the form of a cross on the crown of the head and the palms of both hands, saying, "Be thou anointed with holy oil as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed. And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed blessed and consecrated Queen over this people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then, laying the ampulla and spoon on the altar, the Archbishop blessed the Queen as she knelt at her chair, and the Knights, returning the pall to the Lord Chamberlain, went back to their seats.

The spurs were then brought from the altar, presented and returned. Then the sword of state was exchanged for another sword, which was laid upon the altar with prayer that the Queen "might not bear the sword in vain." Taken up therefrom by the Archbishop, it was brought to the Queen and placed in her right hand with a solemn charge to "use justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the Holy Church of God, help and defend widows and

THE QUEEN'S SIGNATURE, AGE 7

(J. Farn, pinx.)

PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGE 13

orphans, restore the things which are gone to decay, maintain the things which are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order." The Queen then rising went up to the altar and, presenting the sword to the Archbishop, it was laid by him thereon, and her Majesty returned to her seat.

The Prime Minister (Lord Melbourne) having redeemed the sword for 100 shillings and received it, drew it from its scabbard, and bore it during the remainder of the solemnity. The Queen again rose, while the royal robe of cloth of gold was placed over her shoulders by the sub-Dean, and sitting down again, the orb was placed in her hands with the charge, "When you see this orb set under the cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer." The orb was then restored to the altar.

The ring was next placed upon the fourth finger of her right hand, the Archbishop saying, "Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity, and of defence of the Catholic faith. And as you are, this day, solemnly invested in the government of this earthly kingdom, so may you be sealed with that spirit of promise which is the earnest of an heavenly inheritance, and reign with Him who is the blessed and only potentate to whom be glory for ever and ever."

The sceptre with the cross and the sceptre with the dove were then brought by the sub-Dean and delivered to the Archbishop, meanwhile the Lord of the Manor of Worksop (the Duke of Norfolk) in discharge of the tenure thereof, presented a glove for her right hand and supported her arm. The sceptre with the cross was placed in her right hand by the Archbishop, with the words, "Receive the royal sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice," and the rod with the dove into her left hand—"Receive the rod of equity and mercy; and God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, direct and assist

(Sir George Hayter, pinx.)

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGE 15, AND HER MOTHER THE DUCHESS OF KENT

you in the administration and exercise of all those powers which He has given you."

And then followed those beautiful words taken from the ancient Saxon service of Etheldred: "Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so execute justice that you forget not mercy. Judge with righteousness and reprove with equity, and accept no man's favour. Abase the proud and lift up the lowly; punish the wicked, protect and cherish the just, and lead your people in the way wherein they should go. Thus, in all things, following his great and holy example of whom the Prophet David said, 'Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity.' The sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre even Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

(*Sir George Hayter, pinx.*)

PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGE 16

Then the Archbishop (standing before the altar and taking the crown into his hand and laying it again before him upon the altar) offered this prayer: "O God, who crownest Thy faithful servants with mercy and loving kindness, look down upon this Thy servant Victoria, our Queen, who now in lowly devotion boweth her head unto Thy divine Majesty. (Here the Queen bent her head.) And as Thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold upon her head, so enrich her royal heart with Thy heavenly grace, and crown her with all princely virtues, which may adorn the high station in which Thou hast placed her; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Then the Archbishop and Bishops came from the altar, with the sub-Dean bearing the crown, and the Archbishop placed it upon her head, the Abbey re-echoing from all sides the loud and repeated shouts "God save the Queen." The peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the bishops their caps, the heralds their crowns, the trumpets sound, the drums beat, the Tower and Park guns were fired, while the bells ringing and the cheering of the people outside mingled with the shouts within.

When at length the acclamation had ceased the clear voice of the Archbishop was heard saying to the Queen: "Be strong and of a good courage. Observe the commandments of God, fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and, when you have finished your course, receive a crown of righteousness, which God the righteous judge shall give you in that day."

And then burst out the anthem for the choir, by Handel, "The Queen shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord, exceeding glad shall she be of Thy salvation. Thou hast presented her with the blessings of goodness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon her head. Hallelujah."

With a solemn charge, the Archbishop then presented the Bible (which had been brought to him by the sub-Dean from the altar) as "the most valuable thing that this world affords," and, on receiving it again, the Archbishop solemnly blessed her,—the several acts being followed by loud "Amens" from all around.

"The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make the light of His countenance to

(Sir George Hayter, pinx.)

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION

shine for ever upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord protect you in all your ways, preserve you from every evil thing and prosper you in everything good. Amen.

"The Lord give you a faithful Senate, wise and upright counsellors and magistrates, a loyal nobility, and a dutiful gentry, a pious and learned and useful clergy, an honest, industrious, and obedient commonalty. Amen.

"In your days may mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other. May wisdom and knowledge be the stability of your times, and the fear of the Lord your treasure. Amen.

"The Lord make your days many, your reign prosperous, your fleets and armies victorious, and may you be reverenced and beloved by all your subjects, and ever increase in favour with God and man. Amen.

"The glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon you. May He bless you with all temporal and spiritual happiness in this world and crown you with glory and immortality in the world to come. Amen."

And then, turning to the people, he added: "And the same Lord God Almighty grant that the clergy and nobles assembled here for this great and solemn service, and, together with them, all the people of the land, fearing God and honouring the Queen, may, by the merciful superintendence of divine Providence and the vigilant care of our gracious sovereign, continually enjoy peace, plenty, and prosperity; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with the Eternal Father, and God the Holy Ghost, be glory in the Church, world without end. Amen."

As the last sound dies away, the choir, accompanied with organ and instruments, commenced the "Te Deum," by Boyce, during which the Queen rose from King Edward's chair and retired to the chair which she had occupied on her first entrance.

The "Te Deum" being ended, the concluding ceremony commenced. The Queen rose and returned to King Edward's chair and was "lifted up" into her throne by the Archbishop and Bishops and Peers, the Archbishop saying, "Stand firm, and hold fast, from henceforth, the seat and state of royal and imperial dignity, which is this day delivered unto you in the name and by the authority of Almighty God, and by the hands of us the bishops and servants of God, though unworthy. And, as you see us approach nearer to God's altar, so vouchsafe the more graciously to continue to us your royal favour and protection; and the Lord God Almighty, whose ministers we are, and the stewards of His mysteries, establish your throne in righteousness that it may stand fast for evermore like as the sun before Him and the faithful witness in heaven."

Then delivering up the sceptres to the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond the Queen received the homage, while the choir sang the anthem, "This is the day which the Lord hath made we will rejoice and be glad in it," and the treasurer of the household threw about the coronation medals.

First the Archbishop of Canterbury, kneeling down, with all the other Bishops kneeling behind him and repeating with him in an

(*Louisa Costello, pinx.*)

THE QUEEN AS SHE APPEARED ON THE MORNING OF HER ACCESSION

(*Sir George Hayter, pinx.*)

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION

audible voice, said: "I . . . . . will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you our sovereign lady, and your heirs, kings or queens, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and I will do and truly acknowledge the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you as in right of the Church. So help me God." Then, kissing her hand, he rose and each bishop rose and kneeling kissed her hand and retired.

Then the members of the royal family, her uncles the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge ascended the steps of the throne, took off their coronets and, kneeling down, said the words of the homage, "I . . . . . do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God." Then rising they severally touched the crown on her head, kissed her cheek, and retired.

Then the Duke of Norfolk, with the other dukes, sixteen in number, taking off their coronets and kneeling before the Queen pronounced the same words, and rising kissed her hand and retired.

Then the Marquess of Huntley and twenty-one other marquesses.

Then the Earl of Shrewsbury and ninety-three other earls.

Then Viscount Hereford and nineteen other viscounts.

Then Baron Audley and ninety-one other barons, amongst whom Lord Rolle (feeble and infirm with old age, being 82), fell in ascending the steps. Upon which the Queen immediately rose from her seat, assisted him to rise, and expressed a hope that he was not hurt. The old peer kissed the kind hand held out to him, while a spontaneous shout of approval rang through the building.

When the homage was concluded, the House of Commons, determined not to be outdone in the manifestation of loyalty, immediately gave loud and hearty cheers accompanied with reiterated cries, "God save Queen Victoria," and the assembled multitude caught up and repeated the shout until the vaulted roof of the whole sacred edifice rang with one universal acclaim.

The solemnity of the coronation here practically ended, but the celebration of the Holy Communion succeeded, commencing with the offertory, during which the Queen went up to the altar, and taking off her crown knelt down and offered bread and wine for the Holy Communion, which were received by the Archbishop and placed on the altar with a short, special prayer. Then the Queen made her second oblation, a purse of gold which was received and offered in a similar manner. Her Majesty retired to her chair on the south side, and kneeling at her footstool received, in due course, the sacred elements, after which, resuming her crown and sceptres, she repaired to her throne and the post Communion service followed. After the Gloria in Excelsis had been "said," the Hallelujah chorus was sung.

The service being concluded, the Queen, attended by the officers of state and her retinue, entered into St. Edward's Chapel, behind the altar through the south door. There all the regalia used was delivered up by those who carried it and laid upon the altar. The Queen was disrobed of the imperial mantle or robe of state, and vested with the royal mantle of purple velvet, the orb was placed in her left hand the sceptre retained in her right. And thus, wearing the crown, and accompanied by the princes and princesses, great officers and magnates, she returned in stately and glittering procession, to the music of the occasional overture by Handel, to the west door, where she entered her state coach, and passed into the presence of her expectant and rejoicing people.

I can say nothing of the pageant within the Abbey, but as I write it seems to me that I am rather recalling the events of yesterday than of sixty years ago, when I describe my experiences of the pageant. The scene seems still before me as, a boy of ten years old, I watched from the balcony of the corner house of Piccadilly and Hamilton Place the animated scene. The vast but orderly and cheerful crowd thronged the roadway and extended far over the Green Park behind. The Horse Guards (blue) towered in their tall bearskin caps. One of the officers fell fainting from his horse immediately in front of where I was standing.

The seemingly never-ending stream of that brilliant procession occupied more than an hour. The retinue of the foreign ambassadors passed in their splendid carriages, and

(C. R. Leslie, pinx.)

THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT AFTER THE CORONATION

(*E. T. Parris, pinx.*)

THE QUEEN IN THE ROYAL BOX, DRURY LANE THEATRE, 1838

among the dignitaries present were many whose names are still household words—Marshal Soult in his light blue carriage surmounted with silver coronets; Esterhazy with his dress, from his busby to his very boots, glittering with innumerable jewels of fabulous worth.

Expectation increased as the ponderous state coach, with its elaborately pictured panels, carved and gilded figures, and glass sides, drew nigh. It was drawn by the eight cream-coloured horses, a crowd of gold-laced footmen clung behind it, and it was preceded and followed by a glittering escort. I cannot recall all who were inside it, but I still seem to see the slender girlish form, crowned with the tiara of a nation's sovereignty, with sceptre and orb in her hands, bowing repeatedly on this side and that to the excited people, as the roll of cheering was taken up, and, combined therewith, the hearty and enthusiastic shout "God save the Queen."

I cannot do better than again quote the words of Dean Stanley: "With this vision ends for us the series of the most continuous succession of events which the Abbey has witnessed. None such belongs to any other building in the world. The coronations of the kings of France at Rheims, and of the Popes in the Basilica of the Vatican most nearly approach it. But Rheims is now deserted, and the present Church of St. Peter is five centuries later than the Abbey. The Westminster coronations are thus the outward expression of the precedence of the English monarchy. They serve to mark the various turns in the winding road, along which it has passed to its present form. They reflect the various proportions in which its elective and hereditary character have counterbalanced each other. They contain on the one hand, in the recognition, the enthronisation, and the oath, the utterances of the fierce democracy of the people of England. They contain, on the other hand, in the unction, the crown, the fatal stone, in the sanction of the prelates, and the homage of the nobles, the primitive regard for sacred places, sacred relics, consecrated persons, and heaven-descended rights, lingering on through changes in the most opposite direction. They show the effect produced, even on times and minds the most uncongenial, by the combination of this sentiment with outward display and antique magnificence. They exhibit the curious devices, half political and half religious, by which new or unpopular sovereigns have been propped up. The Confessor's grave for William the Conqueror; the miraculous oil for Henry IV.; the stone of Scone for Edward I., for James I., for Oliver Cromwell; the unusual splendour for Richard III., for Anne Boleyn, and George IV.; the oath and Bible for William III. They show us the struggles for precedence leading to outbreaks of the wildest passions, and the most deadly feuds of magnates, not only of the world but of the Church. The last conflict of Becket was the direct result of the infringement of his archiepiscopal rights in the coronation of Prince Henry. The keenest blow which Laud could inflict on his rival Williams was by excluding him from the coronation of Charles I.

"The coronation service, at once the most ancient and the most flexible portion of the Anglican ritual, reveals the changes of ceremony and doctrine, and at the same time, the unity of religious sentiment and faith which escape us in the stiffer forms of the ordinary Liturgy. In its general structure it still represents the complex relations of the Church and State of England; in the varying expression of its details, it exhibits the combination of the opposite elements which have given to the English Church its peculiar characteristics."

It is, then, surely no unfitting moment, at the close of the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign, to inquire into the origin and significance of that ancient rite which established her on the throne of her ancestors, to discern its true significance, to observe its scriptural and historical antecedents and to review the varied events which cluster on its onward progress.

It is surely no vainglorious boast to say, in all humility and gratitude, but in all sincerity, that no coronation has been fraught with greater, purer, more substantial, more lasting benefits to a nation, and to utter Amen to the loyal and pious utterance of our own great poet written thirty seven years ago.

"Revered, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old.

. . . . . .

May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say
'She wrought her people lasting good;

'Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife, and Queen;

'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

'By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'"

OF SOME BIRDS WITH LITTLE SONG

By the Rev. ROBERT C. NIGHTINGALE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. & G. TEMPLE

AMONGST the extinct races we must number that of the "quiet people." The hurrying, assertive manners of the age have killed them off completely, and the maiden aunts, the faithful unobtrusive friends, the placid motherly creatures of both sexes that used to be the guides and helpers of the weak and the rash are no longer seen. Undoubtedly the world is much poorer for the want of them. They could not exist, however, in the heated bustling atmosphere of our time, and so they have faded away with the dry sermons, the flowered waistcoats, the high waists, and the long curls that they and their generation so much loved. Other times, other fashions! But this saying only applies to us and not to the wild children of Nature. It is worth

BRAMBLING FINCH

TWITE FINCH

being a bird or a beast, I sometimes feel, if only because they never alter their ways and customs. Paris or Bond Street, the Fashion Book, or the being or not being "smart," have neither terror nor charm for them. They can say with scorn as they watch the world go by:

> "All mortal things from mortals glide
> And they from all that doth abide."

Take the brambling finches, for instance, that have just flown into the elder-bushes at the corner of Caughley's Piece. They have no particular beauty, either of song or appearance, to recommend them. Their faded black and yellow plumage, with its white mottlings, is exactly like the old-fashioned livery that one often sees worn by the servants in cathedral closes or out of the way suburbs. Eighty years ago the bramblings were noted by a former inhabitant of our village as being in this very same piece of land, at precisely the same time of the year, and were praised for doing the same thing that they were doing before I disturbed them, that is "devouring in great abundance the seeds of that loathsome weed the knot grass."

He is a fine bird, this brambling or mountain finch. He comes to see us in the winter time only. In the summer he is off to the far north, and is so pertinacious in this, that there is not a single instance known of his ever having stayed to breed in our island. He has a fondness for good company, while he is with us, for I generally find him mixing with the great flocks of chaffinches that gather together in snowy weather, and as the spring advances his "raitch, raitch," is heard as a castanet kind of accompaniment to the rich bubbling music of the chaffinch's song. The people called "quiet people" were not to be ill-treated with impunity, as the people called by other names often found out. An act of injustice or cruelty, or a covert insult, would soon set them on fire, and they would then show such fight, or such promise of it, as astonished those who had formed from outward appearances their conception of the inward quietude. I am reminded of this by a squabble that is now going on in one of the elder-bushes, the tale of which might be entitled,

"The Fight between the Bold Brambling and the Saucy Sparrow."

HAWFINCH

The latter tried to edge the former off the twig on which he was perching, thinking that so quiet and well-behaved a bird might be treated anyhow, but after the fifth or sixth push the brambling would have no more of it, and hopped on the sparrow's back and laid on him right and left. The other finches all look on without a sound, but the sparrows make a hullabaloo as their habit is, in order to strike fear to the brambling's heart; but no, he does not leave his foe till he has mauled him to his heart's content. "How puny and how quiet (*faible et paisible*) your great Nelson looks," some Frenchmen said, half in scorn, when they saw the hero walking along the streets in Bath. They forgot that it is usual to find the warmest feelings of every kind hid beneath a quiet demeanour, amongst men as amongst birds and animals. What a shouting gaudy coward a peacock is; and the cuckoo with all his hallooing dares not face little Madam Wren when she drives him from her nest, but skims down the hedge at the top of his speed to avoid her rage.

YELLOWHAMMER

Another favourite bird of mine is the twite, not only on account of his quiet ways, but on account of early associations. One of his species was the first bird—that's now over forty years ago—I closely observed the manners of. I never see one but I think of the gay and lusty time of my youth, and the great things I thought I should do some day. One of these was, I remember, that I would outvie Solomon in learning the birds' language, and the pictures I drew of walking through woods and lanes talking to the birds, and gathering around me an open air debating society, all the members of which except one would have grown their own clothes on the spot as they were wanted, were very wonderful indeed. The twites, red polls, and linnets are an interesting study of the development of red on brown. The twites have a spot of red on the head and on the root of the tail, the red polls are red on the head and breast, and the linnets have an abundance of red on head, breast, and belly. There is somehow or other a connection between this rosy tint and the fresh winds of the country, for it always fades when the bird is caged, and it disappears entirely at the first moult the bird has after being caught.

The twite is a bird of the mountain (a common name for it is "mountain linnet") always breeding on the high grounds in the north. It is common in the south and east of England in the winter, but leaves us about March. Its roughly made nest is found in abundance in the Shetlands. Its eggs are not easily distinguishable from those of the linnet and the red poll, but its nest is a scandal to it when compared with theirs, especially if it is put beside that of the red poll, which is a perfect little Dutch doll's house. Its tenants must go round it every half-hour, I think, to tidy it up, there is never a loose hair or twig to be seen sticking out or lying about, either within or without it.

The twite makes up for his want of colour and musical ability, by the exquisite grace of his form and movements. He is a bird of elegance, above all other birds. His slender form and his long gracefully shaped tail single him out at once from the plump, rustic-looking linnets that he is so fond of keeping company with, while the way in which he dances on the air when flying, doing the steps with his outstretched wings, marks the twite out at once as a bird that has been taught ac-

REED BUNTINGS

complishments in addition to the usual course of education that is adopted at the Birds' Academy. He remembers and lays to heart the lines of Damocharis the Grammarian:

> "Why should little things be blamed?
> Little things for grace are famed,
> Love who holdeth all in thrall,
> Love himself is frail and small."

What a beautiful life the birds live, if they did but know it! Or perhaps they are the happier for not knowing it, because then they would be drawing contrasts, and the knowledge of sorrow is surely one of the things that prevent the perfect happiness of our hearts being realised. But the birds' life! The power of free, unchecked movement not only from place to place, but from continent to continent; the living in perpetual spring and summer, as many of them do; the breathing at will an atmosphere pure and rarefied, and tinted with the hues of heaven; the power to sing at will, and always to be singing!—it is a perfect life, and shames altogether the poor, trudging heavy one that we men and women have to bear with. Tied down to one place, equally hindered by a fence that is a few feet high, or a ditch that is a few feet wide, man's existence is a very leaden one when compared with theirs. We have to be content with seeing narrow views, and with pieces of a landscape, but the birds on high look on every side and see a thousand fields at once. They, as they mount and sing and call to each other with merry chattering notes, have no cares. Noticed by the All Father, and by Him alone, they pursue their way and make their own paths through the air, which close behind them as they go, and shut out all but God. He and they inhabit the boundless space that we can see but cannot reach to. The birds and God live in the upper air! Nothing else! It is a wonderful, an inspiring thought to those who love the birds as I do.

There are not many greater contrasts than the one there is between the graceful mountain linnet and another bird that visits us here in large numbers in the spring. I mean that thickset, solid-headed bird, the Hawfinch or Cherry Finch, as he is called in some parts. It cracks the stone of a cherry or a plum quicker than it could be done with nut-

crackers. His appearance, indeed, is not unlike a pair of Swiss-painted nut-crackers mounted on two feet, when he stands erect. *Coccothraustes*, that is berry-breaker, is the name they give him in Latin. He, however, comes here after the sown peas chiefly, and in order not to miss them he occasionally stays long enough to rear his young. One of our old men came to me the year before last, and told me with tears how all his peas had been taken twice, the day after he had planted them, by these robbers. "Never trust to appearances" is indeed a lesson that they enforce on those who know them. With his shining black tie, brown coat with grey facings, and short, square-cut limbs, a hawfinch looks a model of solid, respectable honesty; but I have, alas, told the truth as to what he does, and how he lives. He has no voice to speak of, but sometimes he does break out with a low, plaintive whistle, interspersed here and there with a piercing note or two. Almost incessantly he is uttering, "Oziss, izz, oziss" like a snake with a cold in his head. He has suffered from over-civilisation, as so many of us have done, if he gained his name from eating the haws off the hedge, as he now seems to despise such common food. I think, however, it is possible that his name was given to him from his frequenting the enclosures around a house, which in Old and Middle English, were called "hawes."

> "And eke there was a polkat in his hawe."
> "Canterbury Tales," xii. 789.

In Lowland Scotch, and in Northumbrian, "haugh" is still used for rich pastures, and for meadows that are occasionally overflowed—

> "Oh sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
> When lint-whites chant amang the buds."

In Germany the hawfinches are often tamed and follow their master about like a dog, and will even fly at and attack any creature which they think is likely to do him harm. There it is a very common bird indeed, and although it builds and roosts in the woods, it lives all day in the hedges and gardens. I have also noticed that in England it is most abundant in the gardens that are on the edge of a wood.

GREENFINCHES

If there is one bird that more than any other seems to hold the quintessence of the bird nature, it is the yellowhammer. He is always singing and always in motion. On the dreariest day he is to be seen perched on the bare twigs, and driving all care away with a flip of his tail. A little later, when the March winds are blowing, he may be heard in every corner crying out to them in humorsome anger, "Deil, deil; deeil, taäke ye." So plainly does he say this, that there is a Highland superstition that every yellowhammer has three drops of Satan's blood in his body. And the old French "Portrayts d'Oiseaux," says that there is such deadly enmity between him and the horse, that they never meet without trying to destroy each other, so vicious is he. Their name for him "Le Bruant," however, does not bear this out, as it is evidently used to denote his happy rattling song. Here we say that he is always promising the ploughboys, "A lit-tle bit of bread but noö cheese." East Anglians call him the Scribble Finch, on account of the manner in which his wife's eggs are written all over with purplish marks. Like most happy dispositions, the yellowhammer's is a lowly one. Their nest is always near the ground, sometimes on it, amongst the mossy grass, or in dents in the soil, or in the ruts made by carts in the fields, when the hay or corn is being carted. It sometimes happens that when the hay harvest comes round, before the eggs laid in nests that have been built in the ruts are hatched, the bird perishes under the waggon wheels rather than leave the nest to get out of the way, so that he is as brave and loving as he is joyful.

The waters that bubble are not always shallow. Gay hearts can be as true and as stern as the silent or the sombre ones, when there is need for them to be so. "Still waters run deep" has quite as much falsehood as truth in it, and to my mind the man who can wait for difficulties with an easy countenance and a song on his lips, is braver and more likely to make a perfect conquest of his difficulties than the man who goes into the contest, lowering and morose. So the handsome yellowhammer thinks, and although, at times he sings to himself:—

"Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

"The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly."

I have no doubt the heart within him is too well set to give place to despondency, and he makes the best of every gleam of sunshine and every stray grain of corn that comes in his way. He is a wise bird, and if there were more who adopted the same rule, it would be a better world both for birds and men than sometimes it seems to be, especially for us poor men.

Another happy bird is the greenfinch, or as people will persist in calling him, the green-linnet. In reality he is neither, but is one of the Grosbeak family. Æstheticism finds in him a perfect disciple, his garment of sage-green being altogether in accordance with the laws of the antique-modern school of colourists; and his gentle ripple of incessant song reminds one of the tra-la-la-ing, and the thrumming of the lute all day long, which appear to have been the occupation of the old troubadours. Like them, too, he puts much more into his song than he means, for in reality he is one of the most selfish of birds when he has the opportunity. In an aviary they will stand by the seed box from morning till night, and use their strong bills most cruelly on any birds that come nigh the food. If a second box is put in they make things more lively still, for then they dart from one box to the other in their attempts to keep guard over both. As often happens with persons of this quarrelsome disposition towards outsiders, they are most affectionate and self-denying towards their own kith and kin. If their nest is moved into a cage, or placed on the window-shelf of a room, they will go in and out to feed their young ones with the utmost fearlessness, and will speedily become so tame as to allow themselves to be handled without flying off the nest. They are the only English birds I have heard of as building two nests in one. At Norwich and at Hitchin double nests of the greenfinch have been found consisting of one floor with a partition wall between the compartments. Their wails are most pitiful if one looks in at their nest, and they flutter round the thief who has taken their young and dash themselves in his face with the same sad, heart-breaking cry.

In the reedy meadow at the lower end of

our parish the reed-bunting is often seen. His limber movements as he winds in and out of the reeds are very attractive, and when he stands triumphantly on the fluffy top of the reed, his graceful form and jet-black head and breast make a very pretty picture as the reeds swing to and fro. His song is not of much account but he is very proud of it, for he repeats it long after dusk, and also before the dawn. On moonlight nights so long as the moon is up, he and the sedge-warbler sing one against the other with the utmost ardour. It is only fit that the spirits of the water should have their minstrels as well as the spirits of the air, and the concert that these two birds make with the reed-wren's pleasant pipe filling up the intervals, and the song of all three borne up by the soughing of the wind as chilled by the night it passes along the banks, is beautifully suited to the hour and place. It speaks of peace and rest, and as their voices murmur through the tufts of the long fen grass our thoughts and our hearts are lifted up to where the twilight and the night alike have passed away, and the perfect vision is satisfied with perfect light and beauty.

The reed-bunting, like the yellowhammer, loses the charm of his manner when he is in a cage. The graceful sinuous movements disappear, and he flaps and flops in an uncertain manner from perch to perch, no matter how wide apart they may be. He has a very musical ear, and if a flute is played below his cage he will come to the bars and trail his wings and spread his tail with the utmost delight. Whether he thinks of Arcady and the reedy pipes on which Pan played, and in the midst of which he grew up, I cannot tell, but his joy is unmistakable when he hears the sound. How well it would be with us in our prison houses if we so responded to the tunes and music of our free state that our hearts swelled with joy at the sound so that we remembered only the peace of that country which is the soul's true home!

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

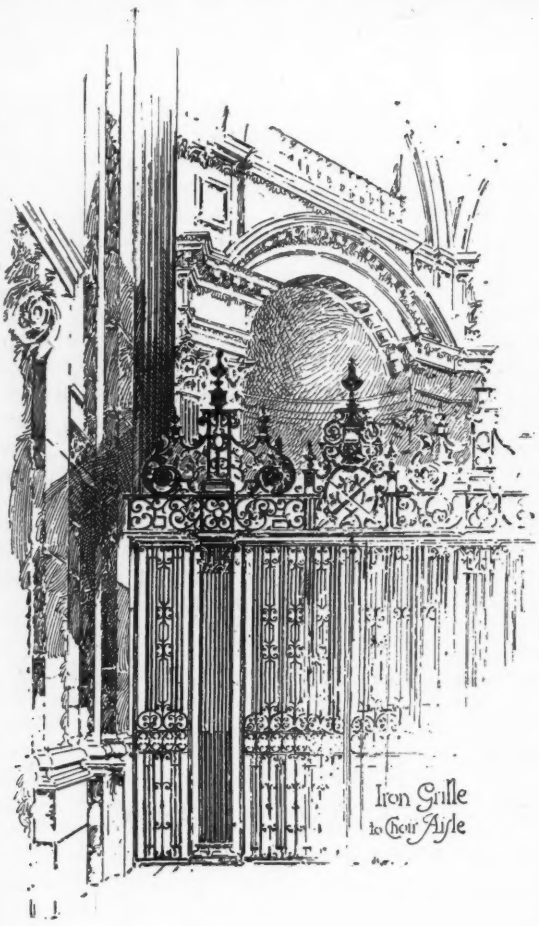
By the Rev. W. C. E. NEWBOLT, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON

CONCLUDING PAPER

We stand now, before we enter the choir, to examine thoroughly the magnificent gates which shut in on either side the north and south bays of the sanctuary. These are partly old and partly new—that is to say, the original gates by Tijou, which once stood across the choir surmounted by the organ, have been readapted, reproduced, and reset in gilded frames, from the design of Messrs. Bodley and Garner, executed by Messrs. Barkentin and Krall. The exquisite lace-like work is well worthy of a careful examination, while a curious fact may be told about their modern adaptation. It became, as we have indicated, necessary to enlarge the gates for their present position, and to reproduce a whole valve on each side. At first this presented great difficulty, by reason of the constant splitting of the foliated parts. A reference to old records, however, showed that the original gates were made of charcoal-smelted iron (the last iron used out of the Sussex Weald), and iron smelted in this way was accordingly procured from Norway, and the difficulty vanished. This may fairly rank with the two-feet error in the ship *Captain* described above, as illustrating the importance of little things, when we see a great artistic difficulty surmounted by a piece of charcoal.

Passing through the gate on the southern side, we find ourselves in the choir immediately in front of the altar. Here we cannot fail to be struck with the exceeding beauty and magnificence all around us. The choir of St. Paul's only needs one thing to make it perhaps the most beautiful work of



its kind in the world; and that, alas! neither money nor skill can command. Were there only sunlight, such sunlight as we do get at rare intervals in the murky atmosphere of London, the blaze of colour and the exceeding wealth of design would be quite dazzling. As it is we must follow its beauties as best we may, and if we are favoured with a bright day be thankful; if not, at least try to appreciate the artistic excellences which are so lavishly displayed around us.

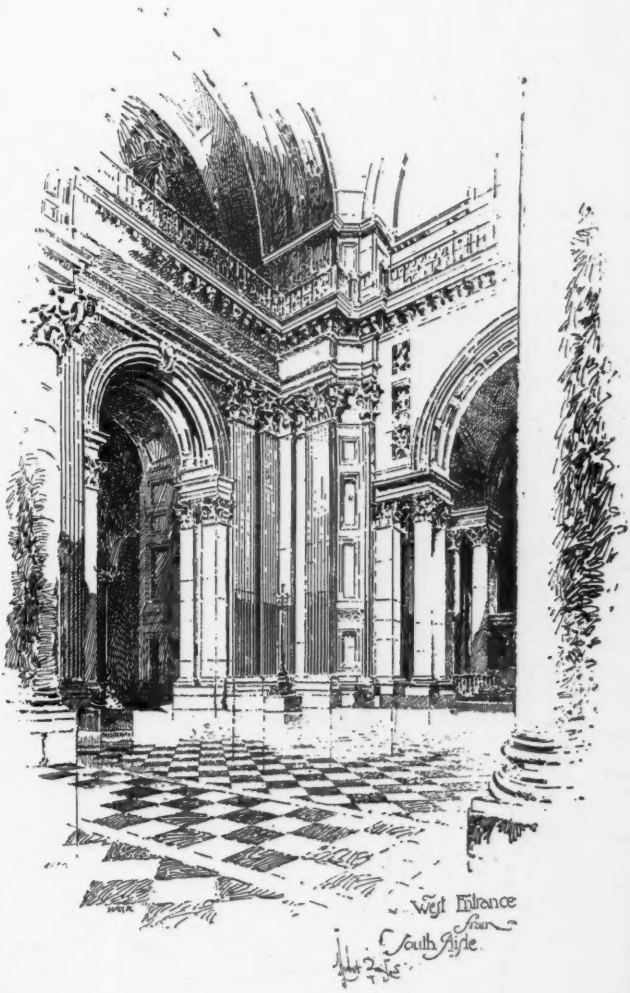
It will be convenient first to study carefully the reredos, which was erected in 1888 from the designs of Messrs. Bodley and Garner. A good deal of opposition was aroused at the time against this magnificent design, chiefly on doctrinal grounds, largely arising from unjust suspicions and supposed idolatrous emblems which in reality found no place in the work. When we remember that the east window, which the reredos superseded, and which is now in the south transept, represented in even a more realistic way the same subject of the Crucifixion, we can see how unreasonable the opposition really was; while the objection to another figure on the reredos arose from descriptions of the group, which had no foundation in fact, and were only the product of a heated imagination. Whatever we may think of the reredos doctrinally and artistically, there is no doubt that it is full of teaching in a building where some of the poorest and most ignorant habitually assemble for warmth and shelter; who need something striking and appealing, which reminds them of a Saviour who died to save them, and who loves them still in all their waywardness and sorrow.

The text of the sermon which the reredos is meant to teach is carved in gilt bronze letters across a frieze of rosso-antico—*Sic Deus dilexit mundum*—"So God loved the world." Here is set forth the great love of God in the Incarnation and the Atonement.

Accordingly a glance right and left at the two extreme columns of the colonnade which leads up to the centre piece, will show us on the north the angel Gabriel, on the south the Blessed Virgin; the two together forming the opening mystery as it were of the Annunciation. Looking upwards to the top of the central structure, we see a figure of our risen Lord, who has triumphed over death; underneath is the Holy Child in His mother's arms; on the right and left are St. Paul and St. Peter, who, generally associated together as they are, in dedications and otherwise, would, it is thought, with greater propriety have been separated in this particular case—as St. Paul is represented in London by his own cathedral, and St. Peter by his abbey at Westminster. There is a traditional use about these things which in this

particular has been departed from. Coming to the central panel, we see a representation of the Crucifixion, with a group of figures round the cross, while beneath, there are three panel subjects in low relief, representing the Nativity, the Entombment, and the Resurrection, separated by figures of angels bearing the instruments of the Passion. Beneath again there is a solid basement, pierced north and south with doors, closed with gates of light brass. The one surmounted with "*Vas Electionis*"—"The chosen vessel" of St. Paul; the other with "*Pasce oves meos*"—"Feed my sheep" of St. Peter. The whole structure is about seventy feet high, of white Parian marble, with an addition of colour gained by the use of various slabs and bands of different hues, rosso-antico, verde di Prato and Brescia marble, with a somewhat free use of gilding. The marble steps and pavement of the sanctuary form part of the same design, and are of great beauty and costliness.

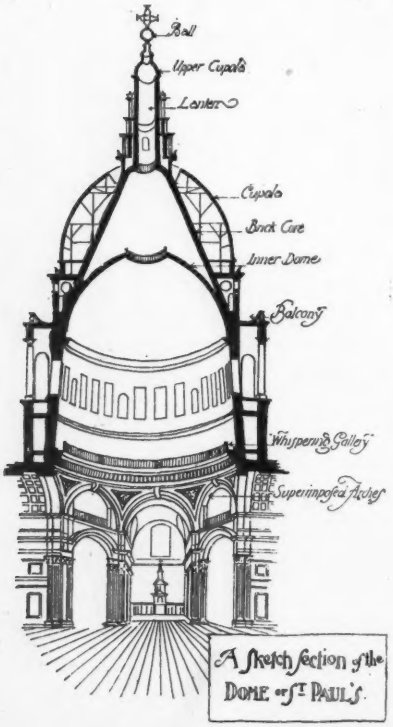
The altar itself is of ebony and brass, recalling somewhat the treatment in Torregiano's masterpiece in Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster. The altar cross is also extremely magnificent, inlaid with *lapis lazuli* and precious stones, and the silver gilt candlesticks are of beautiful design. If our visit takes place at any of the great festivals we must not fail to notice the elaborate needlework of the altar frontal, worked by the East Grinstead sisters, representing scenes in the life of St. Paul. On the plane of the sanctuary stand two splendid reproductions of the copper candlesticks which a constant tradition says used to stand in old St. Paul's. The originals, four in number, may be seen in the cathedral church of St. Bavon in Ghent, to which they were sold in the days of the Commonwealth, for what they would fetch, to replenish the Exchequer. We should notice their elaborate workmanship, and the royal arms of England upon them, which goes to support an ingenious theory which now seems fairly verified, that the original four candlesticks were included in a design which was made for his tomb by order of Henry VIII., by the Florentine Benedetto da Rovezzano, of which more will be said presently, when we get into the crypt.



Here also are about to be placed two magnificent candelabra, if that is the right term, which will be used for gas or electric light, from the design of Mr. Richmond, representing all the works of creation, over which the light will burst out as from a rose of glory, to illuminate the sanctuary.

We shall now do well to examine the famous stall-work of Grinling Gibbons, perhaps the finest of its kind in the world; noticing the curious closets or pews behind; the two Bishops' thrones, the Lord Mayor's seat, as one of the trustees of the Cathedral, the splendid organ-case, and the by no means inferior modern work lately placed in the sanctuary.

But now it is time carefully to study the new mosaic work which, under the inspiring genius of Mr. Richmond has at length wrought out the desire of Wren's heart, that St. Paul's should glow with colour, and that in imperishable mosaic. There is not space at our disposal to enter as fully as might be desired into the really great work which has been going on without interruption since 1891. Mr. W. B. Richmond started on the work with an enthusiasm for St. Paul's dating from childhood, a knowledge of Italian methods dating from his youth, and a special knowledge of the earlier methods studied at Ravenna. He has accordingly departed from the modern method, with which in England we have been lately familiarised—of a smooth surface, in which pictures are produced in mosaic as if they were painted on canvas—and has gone back to the rough, broad method, in which every cube is placed separately in the wall, care being taken so to arrange them that they shall catch the light, and be set in the manner which will most give depth and brilliancy. This method has been completely successful, and has resulted in an effect both splendid and artistic; while we have the satisfaction of knowing that every inch of the work has been done in London by English workmen, from the firm of Messrs. Powell at Whitefriars.

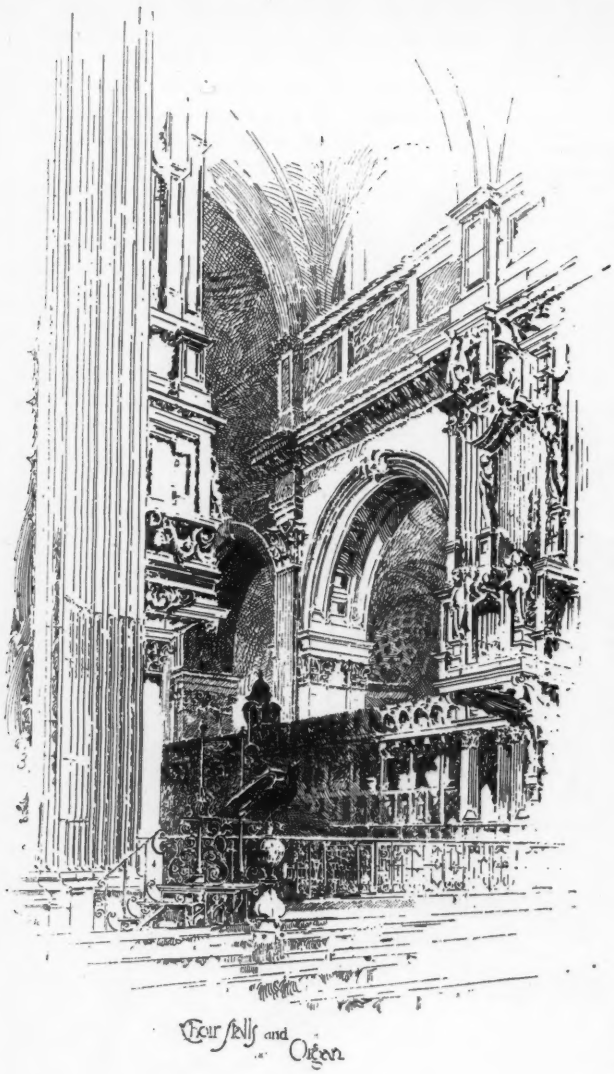


A Sketch Section of the Dome of St. Paul's.

It is not a little difficult to describe so vast and so minute a work. The visitor will do well to take his stand at the entrance gate of the choir, where it is entered from the nave, and look straight forward at the roof of the apse behind the reredos. There he will see a large figure of our blessed Lord in majesty, "*Rex tremendæ majestatis*," seated on the rainbow throne, supported on the wings of the wind, to judge all nations. On the right hand angels are steadfastly gazing into an unfolded scroll, in which are recorded the names of the blessed, whom others are welcoming to glory. On His left (the spectator's right) angels are looking into the same scroll in vain for the names of the lost, and others are waiting behind to punish and expel.

Coming forward from this the eye passes along the magnificent sweep of the roof, with its three shallow saucer-domes, supported by angels in the pendentives, with appropriate inscriptions above and around them. In these three domes are three acts of creation: the creation of birds in the easternmost, the creation of the fish and sea monsters in the centre, and the creation of the beasts in the westernmost, nearest to the great dome. These will repay a very careful inspection; they are full of detail and splendid colour, and with the gold and red enrichment of the ribs and flat surfaces,

give an effect of gorgeous and magnificent brilliancy. On each side, north and south, we see three bays all treated in a uniform manner, and all carrying out a continuous design. There is the arch, delicately picked out in colour; there are the spandrels over the arch; there is the great cornice, brilliant in red and gold, enriching the white Portland stone. Above these are the panels of the triforium stage, ornamented with mosaic, and above them again a clerestory with flat panels on either side of the window, filled with large mosaic pictures. Beginning with the spandrels on the north-west, we have the Creation of Light and the Annunciation, balanced on the south by the Fall and the



Four Stalls and Organ

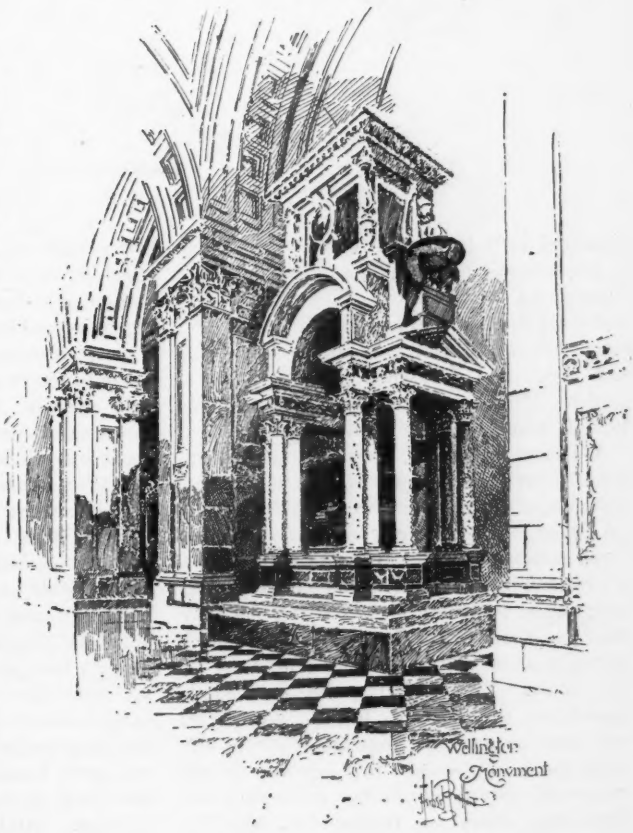
Expulsion. The spandrels north and south in the sanctuary are filled with warrior angels holding the emblems of the Passion. In the triforium panels, above the cornice, each bay is determined by the subject of the dome which surmounts it: Adam and Eve on the north and south, and animals around them; fish and sea monsters in the centre; and peacocks under the cupola which carries the birds, while the different designs are separated by flowing arabesques, or, as in the apse, prolonged into symbolical figure subjects, which complete the scheme. In the large panels again on each side of the clerestory, taking that on the north, we have the indirect preparation for Christ's coming, Job and Abraham, Cyrus and Alexander, the Delphic and the Persian Sibyls; while on the south we have the different temple builders: Jacob's vision of the house of God; Moses on Mount Sinai, seeing the pattern of the Tabernacle; Bezaleel and Aholiab; with Solomon and David to finish the line. The texts which bind the composition together would need a long and careful study; while as a piece of solid artistic work it stands almost unrivalled in church decoration. We should notice also the curiously designed windows, which are an attempt to solve the problem, with no slight degree of success, as to how to produce a beautiful scheme of colour, and yet not obscure the light of day, which is so scantily admitted in London under the most favourable circumstances.

Passing out through the north-eastern screen, we find ourselves in the choir aisle leading to the chapel behind the great reredos. This has lately been fitted up and decorated, and is now known as the Jesus Chapel. The three splendid windows by Mr. Kempe are all treated with this idea. The reredos, which consists of an adaptation of a picture by Cima in the National Gallery, is set in a marble frame work, and is part of a memorial to Dr. Liddon, whose recumbent effigy rests on an artistic monument under the south wall of the apse. The inscription which runs round the plinth is of great beauty, it is as follows: "Mementote fratres fratris in Christo Henrici Parry Liddon, ecclesiæ hujusce cathedralis canonici et cancellarii, animam ejus commendantes Domino quem fide constantissima Redemptorem atque Regem,

Deum verum de Deo vero adoravit, dilexit, prædicavit, expectat nunc de cœlo rediturum. Decessit die ix Septembris, anno Domini MDCCCXCmo, ætatis suæ lxii."

It is time now to pass to the crypt and to the upper galleries of the Cathedral. The crypt is entered out of the south transept aisle, and the visitor finds himself after descending a flight of steps in a spacious, vaulted under-church, which in old St. Paul's was known as the Church of St. Faith. One solitary portion of the old church of the crypt still remains beneath the level of the churchyard at the south-east of the Cathedral. It was here that during the great fire books and papers and valuables were stored out of reach, as it was fondly hoped, of the devouring flames—a hope, however, destined not to be realised, for the blaze consumed everything, and the ashes are said to have been wafted as far as Eton. At the extreme East end, the Confraternity of Jesus used to meet in the Jesus Chapel, and outside was the tower containing the Jesus bells, which are said to have been staked at dice and lost by Henry VIII. to Sir Giles Partridge. There are several tombs which may detain us for a moment as we pass along. We see on our left the memorial slab to Sir John Goss, with the first bars of the anthem which he composed for the Duke of Wellington's funeral inscribed upon it. The Transvaal and its ill-fated heroes are commemorated on a very poor brass. And Rennie, who built Waterloo and Southwark bridges; Landseer; the special newspaper correspondents who fell in the Soudan campaign; Palmer, Charrington and Gill, who were murdered in the Sinai desert, all claim a passing notice, as we move on to the Painters' Corner.

Here we notice the simple tomb of the great genius to whom the present St. Paul's owes its erection. Sir Christopher Wren reposes under a plain slab bearing his name and age and his claims to honour. The advanced age to which he attained in those troublous times and out of a much thwarted life, shows a greatness of mind which could endure all and surmount all for ninety-one years. Above him is the original of the famous inscription, which also reappears in the north transept: "*Lector, si monumentum requiris circumspice.*" Round him, or rather at his feet, head, and side, lie many distinguished men. Leighton and Millais are close beside him; then comes Turner, the prince of landscape painters, with his quaint personality and strange whims, now desiring that he should be wrapped in his "Carthage" as in a shroud, now desiring that his pictures should openly challenge comparison with those of Claude, and hoping that he might be buried near the great Sir Joshua Reynolds, from whom he is



ever fresh tribute of flowers, Dr. Liddon's grave, immediately under the high altar.

And now going westward, we find ourselves, after passing through an iron gate, in the Wellington chapel, where the body of the hero reposes inside a huge sarcophagus made of two blocks of Cornish porphyry. There is a simple grandeur about the tomb which accords well with the character of the Iron Duke. The floor is inlaid throughout with Roman mosaic said to have been made by the convicts at Woking. Still going westward we reach Nelson's tomb in the very centre of the building, where, looking up through a grating, the eye can just catch a glimpse of the high windows in the lantern of the cupola. In some ways it suggests a comparison with Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides. The history attaching to this marble monument is most curious, and has been worked out with great ingenuity and research by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. The black marble sarcophagus long attributed, but erroneously, to Torregiano, formed part of an elaborate composition designed by Benedetto at the command of Cardinal Wolsey for the purposes of his own tomb; most probably his own effigy once lay on the top of the black marble. On Wolsey falling into disgrace, the whole tomb, with its marble and bronze, was seized by Henry VIII., and, the design considerably amplified, was set up in what is now the memorial chapel at Windsor (then Wolsey's chapel), with probably the candlesticks, which we have described above, as part of the screen around it, and with a brazen effigy of the king recumbent on the marble. This was never finished, in spite of sundry efforts and good wishes on the part of the king's children. And under the Commonwealth

separated only by another grave. His, too, is an honoured name, the great portrait painter, on whose canvas live the beauty and the grandeur and all that was most distinguished in his day. Here, too, are Opie and West and Lawrence and Landseer's graves. Here, more lately interred, Sir Edgar Boehm, famous for the Jubilee coinage.

We must not linger, however, but pass on into the crypt chapel, where the simple altar rests under the apse on an effective mosaic pavement. The modern sepia windows deserve notice, and Dean Milman's grave is also a prominent object. On the north is the aisle once assigned as a burying-place to the parishioners of St. Faith, now used partially as a vestry for the gentlemen of the choir. This contains the first tomb placed in the new St. Paul's; and here, too, may be seen the gigantic cover of the font, which only a short time ago was closely cemented down, effectively precluding all baptisms. Here we notice also, with its

it was broken up, and all the brass or bronze was sold for what it was worth. The marble portion of the tomb appears to have remained in the chapel at Windsor until the days of George III., and then, either out of a sense of honour to be conferred or economy to be practised, to have been used for the monument to Lord Nelson, whose viscount's coronet now occupies the place once filled by the effigy of a cardinal, perhaps also that of a king. He himself lies underneath, buried, as tradition says, in a coffin made out of a mast of the French ship *L'Orient*, which was burned and sunk by one of Nelson's captains, who presented to him the mast as the material for his future coffin.

There is not much to detain us further as we pass westward to look at the Duke of Wellington's funeral car. On either side are the workshops of the Cathedral, and its simple but most effectual warming apparatus. The ponderous carriage which stands at the west end is now shorn of its glory considerably. It has lost its velvet pall and decorations, but if somewhat barbaric, is yet a rather fine conception. It is made out of gun-metal; a cannon out of every victory is said to be melted down into it. Round it may be seen the plaster of Paris candelabra which were used for the lying in state at Chelsea. As we turn to go back down the crypt, do not let us fail to note its beautiful proportions, and the splendid way in which, in spite of the numerous visitors, it is kept.

Remounting to the floor of the Cathedral there is still much for the visitor to see upstairs, and much which he will never see without a special order and guide, in intricate passages and rooms, which are quite hidden away from the view of the ordinary sight-seer. Here, after ascending a tedious flight of shallow steps we come to the library, where Bishop Compton's portrait looks down on the collection which his liberality was instrumental at least in commencing. Here, too, is the tower containing great Paul, with its weight of sixteen tons, and the Phelps bell, which is only rung for the death of certain great personages. If he is fortunate the visitor may now see the geometrical staircase, the clock, and the twelve bells (with a special order), the model of St. Paul's, and the trophy room. Returning again he mounts more stairs to the Whispering Gallery. If it is fine he may go still higher and get a view of London from the "stone gallery," or higher still from the "golden gallery," and the ball.

Here we must leave our friends to descend the 365 steps to the floor, and to take as they depart a last look at the mighty pile, which is no longer merely a show place for enterprising tourists, but in the true sense of the word a place of worship.

Nelson's Tomb in Crypt

AN ACCIDENT WARD IN SUNSHINE

A LITTLE boy of ten, a bundle of odd sweetnesses, called out as he was being received into the ward, "Who are all those gen'l'mens in the beds there?" Perhaps the reader may share his curiosity, and may give a few moments to making acquaintance with the little boys and *gen'l'men*, that is with one here and there. For we will pass over many to-day who smile at us sweetly from wan faces; we will not explain why a woman is leaning tearfully over one pillow, nor why we hush our voices as we pass a screened bed; we will tell no sensational tale of the criminal case by which a policeman sits, nor of the other watched by a stalwart porter; we will keep clear of the corner where a nurse is soothing a delirious patient, lest our presence should excite him. And as for the one empty bed so white and neat, ready for the next comer, who, as yet, perhaps, has not met with his accident—well, it was occupied for two hours this morning by a bricklayer who had fallen from a height upon spikes; it was his first morning at work after a long spell of enforced idleness; and his poor wife, hastily summoned for the last leave-taking, could not yield herself to the anguish of the parting, so pressed was she by that other anguish of the seven hungry children at home, the youngest being twins six weeks old. You have to look close to perceive these items in the bright tranquil ward, where emergencies fall into an orderly routine and the out-standing effect is that of progress and cheerfulness. And our sense of humour is well kept alive by the odd sayings and characters always cropping up in the motley assemblage.

This massive grizzly head near the door belongs to an old costermonger, who, when asked one day if he would partake of some hare, the gift of a noble or princely benefactor, replied, "I don't care about jugged hare myself; I prefer venison."

Over there is a railway porter suffering from a compound fracture and allowed "fancy diet," that is, whatever he chose. One morning he expressed to a Scotch nurse a wish for some *heel*, and her ear giving no connective note, a cow heel was procured, and jelly prepared with port wine after an old recipe. He was very impatient that it took so long to prepare, and great was his disappointment when it came, for, "I asked for *h'eels*" he said.

My only other experience of eels was in the case of a boy of twelve, likewise suffering from compound fracture and blood-poisoning. He lay curled up like an hedgehog all day, refusing food; and late at night asked for an eel pie, which we did not scruple to give him: he recovered. Indeed, sick people are apt to have views of their own as to what is good for them. "I am tired," said another of our little boys, "of oysters and jelly; I should like pork chops and sausages." "And let him have pork chops and sausages," said the clever old surgeon, who proceeded to explain to his students the reasonableness of the craving.

Yet another food story. Little Alfred in that quiet corner had a stone thrown at him by another child, which struck his forehead and slightly cracked his skull. The treatment lay chiefly in quiet and in restriction to milk diet of which our little Englishman did not approve. Even in convalescence some degree of the same treatment was pursued. At last a day was fixed for his going home. One of us had been trying to lead him gently to forgiveness of his injury. and, hoping to hear he had resolved to go at once and shake hands with his small enemy, she asked "What is the first thing you will do when you go home?" "Tuck in a treacle pudding," said Alfred.

An old man suffering also from a head injury is being conscientiously fed by a bright young nurse who knows what she is doing. Hitherto his mind has wandered and he has been careless about food. Now, looking up at her he says, "I reckon you'll tire o' this 'ere job afore I shall."

Next we are met by Freddy, perfect specimen of the London *gamin*, audacity personified. About eight years old and suffering only from a slight accident, he was soon almost too much for us. One day he took his little loaf of bread and tearing it in pieces threw it all over the ward. Nurse came down on him with a lecture so forcible

and telling, that there was the silence in which you can hear a pin drop, every man listening intently. Freddy heard her to the end and then said slowly in a deep voice, "Y'ere's a pretty row all about a bit o' bread!" Some one else took Freddy in hand. Concerned at his ignorance she began to tell him Bible stories, but found at the out-set that the descriptions conveyed no meaning to him till translated into Cockney terms. She got as far as to rendering Hagar's dismissal to the wilderness as a case of being turned out of doors, when the child, listening open mouthed, interrupted her with, "Did she go an' fetch a policeman?"

"Samson" claims a word in passing. He got his name from the men in affectionate derision the first time they saw him up. We could have told them before, what a mere little skeleton he was. Some one called him one day, in his hearing, "a bag of bones," upon which he immediately wove into his other noisy lamentations, "Oh my poor bag o' bones, oh my poor bag o' bones!" He was only six, and the most old-fashioned little man in the world. He had picked up many of the notions and fashions of his own bit of world. One day, fearing his mother would not come because it rained, after crying piteously for her, he suddenly passed from grief to rage, and cried out, "I don't want she! *dirty lot!*" Needless to say the screens went round Samson's bed for that piece of naughtiness. But in the main he was a very lovable little fellow.

We must not pass Mr. O'Flaherty, a tall white-haired, old man, nearly as thin as Samson, and drawing near the grave. Listen to the instructions he gives us for making his will. Each little possession has its destination. The bed goes to one, pictures to another. "Tell them," he says, "they are to give me a grand funeral:" he paused a few moments and added with a grim smile, "and, then, if there is anything left, they can begin to pay my debts."

We will finish with "Mr. H." Few of my patients have interested me more than he. George McDonald tells us, "Pain that is past is not." And certainly as I recall my old friend, it is not the blurred features and maudlin look of our fresh accident case that rise to my mind; but, dating some weeks later, I see him reclining peacefully in bed, stroking his chin as he gazes round with his peculiar expression of gentleness, simplicity and humour. In the interval, in addition to the other suffering from his fractured limb, he had passed through the awful torments of delirium tremens, and he was left with a degree of childishness that did not abate. There was something irresistibly amusing in him, both when he meant the joke and when he didn't. Even the night of his admission, the still ward of apparently sleeping men became suddenly a tumult of laughter over his quaint lamentations on parting with his wife whom he called "my Anne." From first to last he had the delusion, which "his Anne" completely shared, that there was a conspiracy among the doctors to take away his life, and that he owed his preservation to one person from whose hands alone he would take his medicine, and to whom he clung with the fullest confidence. Calling her softly one night when the lights had been lowered, he offered her a striking proof of his gratitude: "Y'ere," he said, "I've bin an' saved my last sixpence in my spectacle case, to get you a drop o' gin for the night!" As it happened she was a fervent disciple of the late Professor Miller, and she enlisted the Matron's aid in this case against the alcoholic foe. That revered lady (now gone to her rest) made "Mr. H." a modest little exhortation to which he listened with an indulgent smile, answering with a wise looking shake of the head, "Ah, no, mum! a little of it do a body good."

Memory calls up her pictures and anon puts them away. We may not know the after history of those who have so interested us, but we hope the prophecy of the kind old tramp and poet in a Northern Infirmary may prove true; after promising one of his nurses every earthly joy, he left her at heaven's gate, where he heard her thus saluted:

"You are welcome, you are welcome, and here's your patients too."

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

By the Rev. Canon KNOX LITTLE, M.A.

CONCLUDING PAPER

IT is startling to find in a life of such constant labour as that of St. Francis, and in a spirit so absorbed in heavenly things and in the destiny of man, how he always found time for the creatures. He loved to see them, any and all, and never thought any too uninteresting for his attention. He made friends of them, and took a positive pride in any traits of goodness which he noticed in them. He seemed to have crossed the impossible chasm which yawns in mystery between two different natures; and, indeed, everything seemed to be to him a companion and a friend. He had a special interest in bees, and a special tenderness towards lambs, as being a symbol of our Blessed Lord in His meekness and patience; and as for flowers, he could not see them in their abundant beauty without bursting into praise to God, and calling upon them in his simple, loving way to join with him in his praises.

There is a pretty story—one out of an almost infinite number—told of him which illustrates this. As he journeyed once to Siena he met a lad carrying some turtle-doves which he had caught, and which he was intending to sell. "O good young man," he said to him at once, "these are innocent birds which are compared in Holy Scripture to chaste and faithful souls. I pray you not to give them over to those who will kill them, but give them to me." The young man assented, and when they were given to him St. Francis placed them in his bosom, saying: "O my little sisters, the turtle-doves, so simple, innocent, and chaste, why did you let yourselves be taken? Now I will save you from death and make nests for you that you may bring up your young and multiply according to the commandment of our Creator." And the saint kept his word and gave a home to the little strangers, who, laying their eggs and bringing up their young, dwelt with the brethren, and refused to leave them until St. Francis gave them his benediction and bade them depart.

Such sweet and simple stories might be multiplied to any extent. If in some measure legendary, at least they witness to a real peculiarity of his character, and to what was felt about him by his contemporaries and the Italian people. Towards the close of his life he wrote his celebrated "Canticle of the Sun," or "The Song of the Creatures." Of this his biographer says that he was of the race of Ananias, Azarias, and Misael bringing all creation with him to glorify God. And speaking of the "Canticle," a gifted French critic has said: "In it we feel the breath of that Umbrian terrestrial paradise where the sky is so brilliant and the earth so laden with flowers." The Canticle was as follows:

(1) Most high, omnipotent, and good Lord, Thine are praise, glory, honour, and every benediction, to Thee alone they are due, and no man is worthy to name Thee.

(2) Praised be God, the Lord, with all Thy creatures, eternally. Our noble brother, the sun, who makes the day and illuminates us with his light. He is beautiful and radiant with great splendour.

He bears Thy sign, O Lord.

(3) Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon and for the stars.

Thou hast made them clear and beautiful in heaven.

(4) Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind and for the air, for cloudy, and for serene, and for all weather, by which Thou givest sustenance to Thy creatures.

(5) Praised be my Lord for our sister the water, who is so useful, humble, chaste, and precious.

(6) Praised be my Lord for our brother the fire, by whom Thou dost illuminate the night, and he is beautiful, joyous, very vigorous, and strong.

(7) Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, who nourishes and governs us, and produces diverse fruits and coloured flowers and herbs.

(8) Praised be my Lord for those who pardon for Thy love, and bear tribulations and infirmities.

Blessed are those who endure in peace, for they shall be crowned by Thee the Most High.

(9) Praised be my Lord for our sister the death of the body, from which no man living can escape.

Woe to those who die in mortal sin; blessed are

those who are found according to Thy holy will, for the second death cannot hurt them.

(10) Praise, bless, and thank my Lord, and serve Him with great humility.

It is said that the interruption in the subject at strophe eight arose in the following way. There had been a quarrel between the bishop and the magistrate of Assisi. Francis sent the brethren to sing, "the Song of the Creatures," with the inserted verse. The effect was as he desired, and the quarrel was healed. The verse on Death commemorates his own feelings on its near approach and his temporary recovery. It is a very early effort at poetry struggling into existence, but it is a remarkable exhibition of that sweet Franciscan spirit which saw in all created things a reason for praising God. To illustrate this further would be to transcribe a large number of the "Fioretti," and to quote the constantly recurring testimony of the biographers of the great saint.

Still more complete and wonderful was his love for his fellow creatures, and his entire devotion to them. In each one with whom he had to do, he saw a possible Christ. Here was one for whom Christ died; here was one, to help whom was to follow Christ's example; here was one whose soul might become more and more the habitation and reflection of the beauty of Christ. Christ had "given Himself for men, and Francis would not stop short of His example. He utterly gave himself for others." He kept back nothing, and his love was wide and generous. There was nothing narrow or pedantic about it. Anything that interested his fellow men interested him, his country, the aspirations of the people, their struggle for freedom, literature, song—all moved his ever ready sympathy. He might have said with unerring accuracy, "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum, puto."

It was the same with his tender solicitude for those in suffering and sorrow. His followers who believed in his miracles, and record them, saw in them the direct following of his Master. They were believed to be chiefly wrought for the suffering. Consequently he possessed the power of winning men in the largest degree. He could not force or compel, he could fascinate and win. He knew how to be "all things to all men," like St. Paul, and rather to dwell upon points of agreement than upon points of divergence.

This was especially evidenced in the way in which he drew and held the brethren of the Order. The numbers who joined were immense, and before his death he had the sorrow of experiencing some foretaste of troubles which were to come upon his community after he was gone.

Still, it is marvellous how well he kept together a young community of such rapid growth and vast extent, with a rule only partially formed, by little else than his own extraordinary personal loving influence. He did manage to infuse into the Order a large measure of his own self-sacrificing spirit. He taught them above all things to help one another, "each to esteem other better than himself." Half the sorrows in the world come from self-seeking. Francis had his heel firmly on self, and he spread very widely the same loving spirit among his brethren. It was done chiefly by prayer, by self-sacrifice, and by ready sympathy. He was ever the servant of each and all, and it is marvellous how in his constant labours, he found time to help his brethren in their special needs. He could be stern with the sinful; he set his face against idleness, and slander, and bad example. His words to his brethren on these subjects are strong and stern, but loving influence was more his method, and he exerted himself, with great gentleness but entire distinctness, to restrain the somewhat severe and overbearing temper of Brother Elias, when Vicar-General of the Order.

It was the poor, however, who especially moved the heart of Francis. In every really poor man he saw an image of Christ. We, in the sad experience of modern times, cannot help thinking that he must often have been taken in. Very possibly he was, but things were very different then, and he seems fully to have realised just what was needed. To the sick and afflicted he was tender as a mother, to those who needed guidance and support he was ever a guide and stay.

The examples of his loving wisdom which are, perhaps, most striking, are his treatment of Brother Leo and Brother Egiddio. The former was very dear to him among his early disciples, for his simplicity and gentleness. Francis called him "God's little

(*From a picture by M. Chartran.*)

ST. FRANCIS PLOUGHING

lamb." He was good and gentle, but at times troubled and almost paralysed in action by scrupulosity. In one of his states of trouble, Francis wrote to him as follows:

"Brother Leo, thy brother Francis gives thee salutation and peace. I call thee my son, as a mother, and all we have said in walking together I condense in this word and counsel. In whatsoever manner thou canst please the Lord God, and follow in His footsteps and His poverty, do it with the blessing of the Lord God and in obedience to me. And if it be necessary to thee for thy soul, or any other consolation to thee, and thou desire to come to me, my Leo, come. Farewell in Christ." Here is an example of loving wisdom and common sense, helping to deliver an over scrupulous soul. It has been well said of this letter: "What a sweet application of the saying, 'Love God, and [then] do what you please.'"

The other remarkable example is his treatment of Brother Egiddio. He was bold, adventurous, daring, brave. To coop him up on one spot would have been to waste his energies and endanger his persevering in his vocation. St. Francis knew his man, he knew his goodness and devotion, and ready ear to the calls of God, and he boldly allowed him to lead the life of a knight-errant and did not keep him attached to any one Franciscan settlement. In the event, Francis's judgment proved itself true. To the end Egiddio was an ornament to the Order, and his work of the highest usefulness, and his goodness was recognised so much that he was "beatified" by the Church.

But indeed the best proof of his love for others was to be found in the devotion to him wide and far in Italy. He who shunned honour, and had given up all things became the power and the idol and darling of his age. By the poor he was more especially idolised. They looked upon him, and justly, as their apostle.

Great men, however, do not always seem at their best in the eyes of those who are placed most near to them. It was not so with him. His biographers who place us fully and simply in possession of his beauty of character were men who knew him intimately, and had every opportunity of studying him closely, and they were the men who were most deeply impressed with his wonderful love and his entire self-sacrifice.

The love of Francis for all his fellow creatures was of that exalted kind which springs from real truth, from a true sense of man's relation to God, and his immense value measured by the price that was paid for his redemption; and it was that specially Christ-like love which spends itself upon objects having no special attraction, no special claim. It was this that marked Francis more than anything else, perhaps, as a true saint.

There can be no doubt that all the vast charity and deep self-sacrifice of Francis rested really upon his love of God. St. Bonaventura, in writing of it, writes of a deep mystery, and stands before it astonished and perplexed. God in His mysterious providence had made this soul ready to respond to His touches of tenderness. "His heart," says his chief biographer, "was a perfect instrument; as soon as the words 'love of God' touched it, as a violin responds to the bow, every chord within it vibrated, and gave forth powerful and harmonious tones."

Scripture has taught us that the blessing of a pure heart is that it sees God. It was this purity of heart and simplicity of purpose that brought St. Francis so close to the divine light. "His spirit," says the same chronicler, "victorious over the world and passion, had a wide flight. By right of a pure heart he entered the bosom of eternal light. There at the source of truth, from the word of God Himself, he drank in the words that afterwards resounded with such sweetness from his lips."

The love of God has, so the Church and the Bible remind us, been revealed to His creatures "in the face of Jesus Christ." We know, in the recorded life of our Master the mind and character of the unseen God. The Incarnation has brought God near to His creatures, first in the person of our Master as He appeared in His earthly life, and then in His constant presence in His Church. St. Francis had, through devotion, and faithfulness, and purity of heart, realised in a very high degree the love of God in Christ. Like St. Paul, more than perhaps any other man, to him "to live was Christ, and to die was gain." His biographer, who

(From a picture by M. Chevrau)
ST. FRANCIS PLOUGHING

knew him well, says of him: "Jesus was all things to him. Jesus was in his heart; Jesus was on his lips; Jesus was in his eyes, in his ears, in his hands. He was in his whole being."

It is true. It is the secret of his marvellous influence, because of his bright and self-forgetting character. He had a special love for the festival of Christmas, and wished characteristically that corn could be spread along the roads on that day, so that the birds, "especially our brothers, the larks," might enter into Christmas joy.

But his chief devotion was the Cross. Into few, if any, souls has so deeply entered the full meaning of that awful act and that sacred sorrow. He was moved to the very depth of his being by the unimagined sufferings of the Son of God, and the result was not sentiment or contemplation merely, or dream, but the practical, sustained, and self-sacrificing effort to bring home to the hearts of men the seriousness of sin and the love of God which alone explain that tremendous mystery.

This was the spring of St. Francis's power, this the root of his greatness. To lose himself for others and for God, to live the Christ-like life, and to persuade men of its joy and blessedness, to be an "alter Christus," another Christ, for love of Him who died to save him; this was his one ambition, and by this he revolutionised his century, and saved the Church.

LITTLE WILLIE

By I. K. RITCHIE

IT was in my first charge, a hamlet amongst the Cumberland hills, that I learned the incidents of the following story. Many years have elapsed since then, but in my mind's eye it seems but yesterday that, wandering in the little green "God's acre" of the church, I one day stumbled on a tiny grave with this, surely the strangest of all strangely chosen inscriptions on the headstone: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

"In loving memory of
LITTLE WILLIE,
Aged 10 years."

"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." I read again and again. What could it mean? What connection could the words have with the life, the memory of a little child? But the mind could only echo What? and I wandered on marvelling.

I had been newly appointed curate-in-charge of Branthwaite, which place, by a recent arrangement, was henceforth to have a resident clergyman, whereas hitherto service in the church had been held only on alternate Sundays by the vicar of a neighbouring parish, the distance from which, and the numerous calls upon his attention there, making it impossible for the people in my future charge to count upon his services for more than the baptisms, marriages, or burials, which occasionally brought him for a brief hour or two in their midst. Needless to say how little this had conduced to the advantage of the Church "as by law established." The villagers, for the most part, I soon found very indifferent adherents, and inclined to look on the parson as an interloper, only to be tolerated when needs must. But on this head I had no mind to condemn them, for had they not had good cause to grow indifferent? When sickness had been in their midst, who had there been to cheer them with words of courage and hope? who, when the dread shadow drew near, to whisper that "The face of Death is towards the sun of Life," that one had been on other duties or pleasures bent, and they had remained uncomforted, untaught? The prospect of great happiness was before me, and its hallowing influence did much to tone my feelings, and make me seek, in a spirit of patience, to win the hearts rather than endeavour to subdue the wills of those with whom I had cast my lot.

In a few weeks' time I was going away to bring home my bride, and settle down to the life we had jointly consecrated to the service of God. In the meantime I was very busy

getting our house ready, arranging for a substitute during a brief honeymoon and attending to the unending calls on my attention, which made me often wonder how the office I filled could so long have been left vacant.

"Ay, it's the willing hands find always something to do," said the old sexton one day as we emerged from the church, where I had got him in to help me to effect some little alteration in the arrangement of the choir benches.

He was a quiet, silent man, with, I felt sure, a history at total variance with his present exemplary life it might be, but a history certainly to bring that look of stern sadness to his withered features, and I was thinking, in the near future might not Nellie—my bright, sympathetic Nellie—be able to break down his cold reserve, win his confidence, and pour balm into his wounded heart, if it turned out, as I imagined, that he needed such tender helpfulness, when suddenly I saw we were opposite the little grave whose strange headstone had so often been in my thoughts since first it had attracted me. The desire to unburden my longing to know why such words could have been chosen made me turn impulsively to my companion.

"Wilson, I have wished so often to ask the meaning of this. Can you tell me who chose the words, and why? They seem so little like those tender years."

Never can I forget the look that came into his eyes as he turned towards me. "Oh, sir, you will not have them taken away! Say you will not!" he cried.

"Taken away! Oh, no; indeed, I will not," I answered, aghast at the distress I had so unwittingly caused. An old man, and childless, as I then imagined him to be, I had felt sure I would probe no tender spot in making inquiries of him, as a stranger in new surroundings is so apt to do.

"Some parsons object fast enough if everything isn't to their own mind, sir," he said apologetically. "I was afraid you might be one of that sort. In the next parish, I know, t' incumbent wouldn't have some lines a party wished put on a tombstone because he said it wasn't first-class poetry. Here we've had no one to take much notice what we did; but I hope you won't find many things amiss, sir."

He had made a strong effort to regain his composure, which my query had so rudely shaken; but I could see he was still much distressed, and, as I hesitated an instant what was best to say under the trying circumstances, I saw a tear trickle down his cheek and water the little mound by which we stood.

"Wilson, forgive me!" I cried, and put out my hand to grasp his with a touch of keen emotion.

"Nay, sir, you warn't to blame; you didn't know it meant anything to me."

"If it would be a help to you, will you tell me about it?" I returned. "I do not ask you out of curiosity; the words seem like a bit of the churchyard to me now, I have pondered upon them so often."

"Exactly as they are to me, sir," he answered sadly; "exactly. I'll bring myself round steady to tell you about it in a minute, if you have the mind to listen, though it's but a sorry story I have kept secret in my own heart many a long year. But, certain, you have the right to know," he added absently.

"No! not that," I cried. "All the right I wish to have amongst you is to nourish the love of Christ in your hearts, bring into your lives, the peace of God 'which passeth understanding.'"

I left him then with an evidently sincere desire to tell me of that which had long burdened his conscience, but acknowledging I was right in saying he was not equal to the task then.

He confessed himself "a lal (little) flustered," and agreeable to my suggestion he should talk the matter over with his wife, and arrange his own time for making me his confidante.

It so chanced that I had returned a married man to the parish, and was in the heyday of first housekeeping joys and experiences, when the promise was redeemed.

I had left the old man ailing slightly from a cold, but he looked well and hearty, save for that air of stern sadness, already referred to, which characterised his features, when he came one evening into my little study. Nellie was with me, for, truth to tell, the room known to us by so staid a name was already her favourite sitting-room.

"I suppose I must go," she remarked presently when she had spoken a few words of welcome to the old man; but the bewitching light in her eyes proclaimed plainly that she would rather not. I had made our visitor and her acquainted with each other on

a chance meeting in the village, and she had introduced herself to his wife. That very evening at tea she had told me that the little grave in the churchyard in which I was so interested was that of the child of the old couple's only daughter, who had married and died within a year; that the husband's burial place was somewhere out in the far Soudan, where he had fallen with many another brave soldier fighting for England's glory.

Willie had been brought up by his grandparents, and his memory was now revered as an evangel of light by them. Nellie had gleaned all this in the wondrous way only a gentle, sympathetic woman can, and now I felt much better prepared for the task before me. A tale of sin and sadness it might be I should hear, but one who held in holy memory the life of a guileless child must have the germs of innocence at least in his own.

I gave a resigned little nod to Nellie's remark, with a feeling common enough, I believe, to the masculine mind when some work, popularly ascribed to be his own particular mission, but which he suspects could very much better be performed by the gentler skill of his home's guiding star, awaits him, and we exchanged congratulatory glances when the old man said, "If you will stay, ma'am, I'll take it kindly." The precise words we listened to have faded from my memory, but in brief the story ran thus:

When Wilson was a young man he had learnt the business of a grocer, and about the time of his daughter's marriage had become manager of a shop in Branthwaite—a branch opened by a merchant from a neighbouring market town. Full power was in his hands, and as it proved, alas! great temptation. For politic motives he did not tamper with his accounts, but petty theft of his master's goods became his habit. Neither he nor his wife understood how it came about, but when the little boy, Willie, was nine years old, he became aware of the secret sin which was sapping away the love of righteousness in his grandparents' home; perhaps his suspicion had been aroused by the stealthy haste with which the parcels Wilson brought were always stowed away in the cupboard, or perhaps he had overheard some chance words which made the matter clear; but clear it certainly had become to him, and one day the guilty hands were arrested—the one in giving, the other in receiving—by a soft, childish voice pleading, "Granny, gran'dad, God knows all about it. Oh, gran'dad, take them all away again. Please, granny, send them all away!"

The remorse that came into the stern, sad features as the old man went on, I can never forget.

"We laughed at the little un, sir; we told him it was all right, and he must be a good boy and not meddle with things he didn't know about, and when he shook his pretty, curly head and said, "No, God says no," I lost my temper and struck him in my blind anger. He wasn't hurt, not that we could see, sir; but from that day he faded. Afterwards, when he was taken ill, the doctor said he must have had a fright some time—maybe at the school. Ay, sir, but we knew different, and the words he was always repeating when he went off delirious before he died, we knew what they meant. He had gone on trying to do the work God had sent him to do, and he would have won his granny, only she was afraid of me. At last I would have given anything to tell him I knew he was right, but it was too late; he couldn't understand. We had to see him die, sir, with that sad despair in his heart I've never lost sight of, and speaking the same words over and over again: "Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." It seemed as if he'd been thinking of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus he'd learnt, and got it mixed with his own failure, and when I saw what a sinner I had been, I said to his granny, for fear I fall again, I will put those words on his grave, and I will go mourning for him all my days. I couldn't bear the shop any more, and by-and-by when the old sexton died, I got his place, and my wife works a bit, so we manage nicely, and we have the peace of a clear conscience we did not have in those better-off days; but, oh, I can never forget or forgive myself about being deaf to little Willie. There's the trouble."

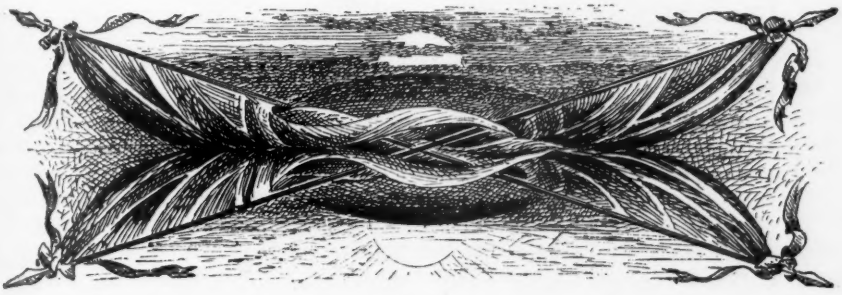
He buried his head in his hands and sobs shook his fragile form. In a moment Nellie had glided to his side. I knew she had been crying quietly half the time, but now her eyes shone bright with love only. She laid a caressing hand on his bent shoulders.

"Do you know what *I* would like you to remember Willie by?" she said. "Don't you think you may have vexed God all these

long years by repining, as much as before you sinned against Him by disobedience? I believe He sent little Willie to you, but when his work was done He took him to the joy and rest of Paradise. He is sorrowful no more, there are no tears in his eyes, no despair in his heart. If he could speak to you now, his only wish would be that you should make ready to share his happiness."

At the moment I could not have put those few simple words together; like the old man himself, I was troubled and downcast by the story; but as they reached my ears I knew they expressed the truth and the solace he so sorely needed. I rose and said, "Tell me too, dearest, the words you mean."

And I saw the light of a new found joy steal into his wistful, uplifted eyes as he heard, "Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God."

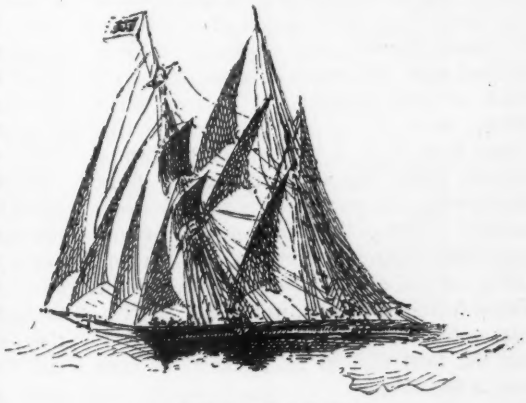


THE UNION JACK

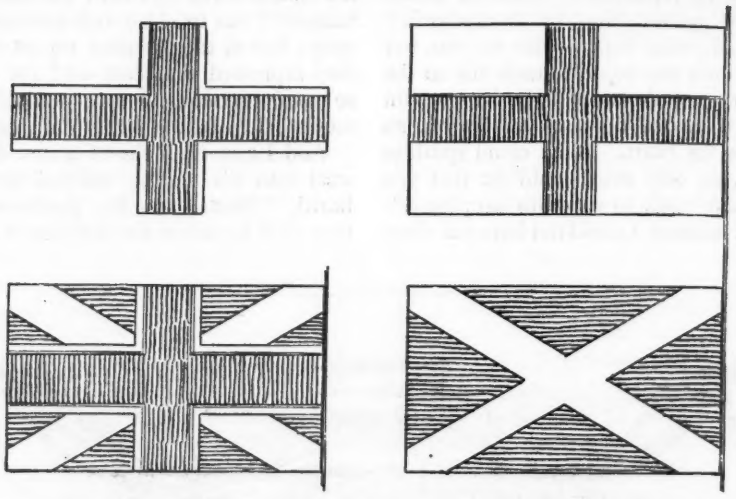
By ALEXANDER ANSTED

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THE ancient flag of England—the flag of a thousand years—is, it need hardly be said, the cross of St. George, the distinguishing mark of the Crusader, the banner under which the great victories of our middle history have been obtained—a blood red cross upon a white field. The ancient flag of Scotland, it will equally well be remembered, is the saltier of St. Andrew: a white diagonal cross upon a field of azure—the heavenly blue. And these two rivals which for centuries had waved in opposition, it was ordained should at length be united, to the mutual honour of both, thus forming the first Union Jack. Upon the accession to the throne of England of James VI. of Scotland, the amalgamation took place, though it was not until the legislative union in 1707 that the heralds adopted it. This was not done without some difficulty, and apparently some feelings of jealousy. It was necessary so to put the cross and the saltier together that both countries which they represented should stand upon an equality; for though it was always recognised that while each held equal shares, the one—



SIGNAL FOR A PILOT



ST. GEORGE AND ST. ANDREW

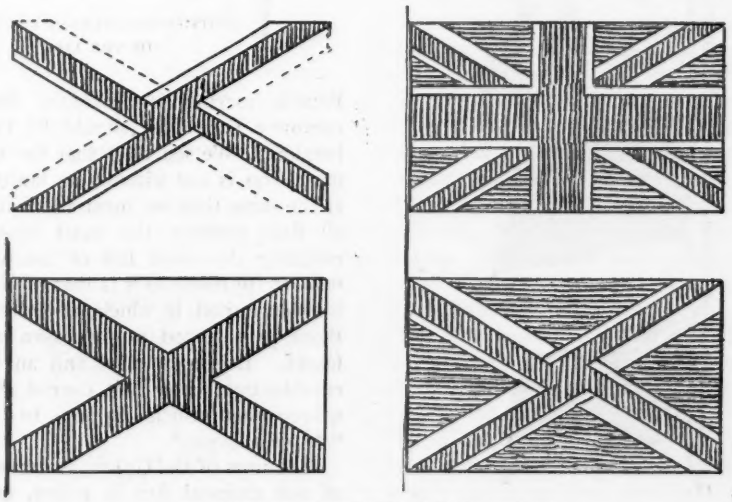
England—to quote a recent and elevated political authority—should remain "chief partner," yet at the same time it was important that neither should appear subservient to the other. The manner in which this amalgamation was accomplished is expressed in the verbal blazon of 1707 as follows: "Azure, a saltier argent surmounted by a cross gules fimbriated of the second," which is equivalent to taking the cross of St. George out of its white field, adding to it a narrow rim of white and laying this upon the flag of Scotland.

So far, then, the two nations had little to complain of. The flag of Scotland remained intact: that of England was so laid upon it that both were plainly to be distinguished. It appears, however, that neither felt entirely satisfied with the result, in consequence of which a proclamation was issued under which, while every ship was to fly the Union Jack, those sailing out of English or Scottish ports might, at the same time, display each the peculiar ensign of its own country. And thus, two vessels registering respectively from the ports of London and Leith, or Edinburgh, would both fly the Union at the masthead, whilst the Englishman would display the cross of St. George and the Scot that of St. Andrew, in each case at the fore.

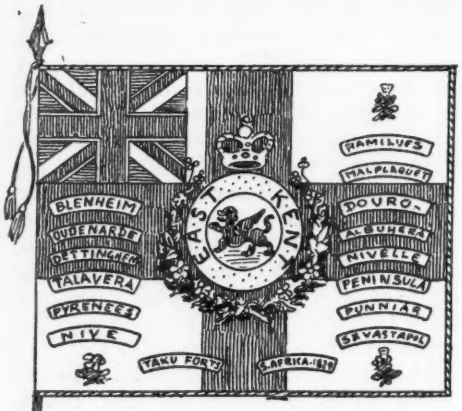
But when the Act of Union with Ireland was passed in 1801, it became necessary to further introduce into the national flag the ensign of St. Patrick—a red saltier upon a white ground; and this again gave rise to some little discussion with regard to the manner in which the two saltiers should be disposed. To merely lay one upon the other would, in the nature of things, be useless; for both being of the same proportions the upper would completely hide the lower. One, therefore, must be cut in such a manner as to expose that beneath it, and as Scotland would very naturally object to such a lessening of her parts it fell, perforce, to the share of Ireland. The method employed is shown in the figure: it gives to the Irish saltier the appearance of that which is generally called "counterchanging." But it is difficult to reconcile this with the generally accepted meaning of the term; for a counterchange is "when there is mutual changing of the colours of the field and charge in an escutcheon by one or more lines of partition," while here there is no actual partition, nor do the field and charge change colours; but a portion of the cross being cut away, and (as with the cross of St. George) a fimbriation being placed around that part of the remainder which comes in contact with the blue field of St. Andrew, this figure is laid upon the untouched flag of Scotland. The two saltiers being thus disposed, the

cross of St. George is laid "over all," and the Union is complete.

The verbal blazon of this combination, as contained in the proclamation of 1801, appoints the field of the flag to be blue with three crosses (*i.e.*, one cross and two saltiers). And here, says Mr. Macgeorge, in his short history of flags, "in making the flag, or rather in showing pictorially how it was to be represented, a singular and very absurd error occurred, which, in the manufacture of our flags, has been continued to the present day. . . . In order to meet a law in heraldry, that colour is not to be placed on colour or metal upon metal, it is directed that where the red crosses of England and Ireland come in contact with the blue ground of the flag, they are to be 'fimbriated'—that is, separated from the blue by a very narrow border of one of the metals—in this case silver, or white. Of heraldic necessity this border of both the red crosses fell to be of the same breadth. To use the words of the written blazon, the St. George's cross is to be 'fimbriated *as the saltire.*' . . . Now, in the important case of the union flag it so happened that the artist who, according to the practice usual in such cases, was instructed to make a drawing of the flag on the margin of the king's order in council, was either careless or ignorant or stupid. Most probably he was all three, and here is how he depicted it. . . . Now here, it will be observed, the red saltire of Ireland is 'fimbriated' white, according to the instructions; and this is done with perfect accuracy, by the narrowest possible border. But the St. George's cross, instead of being fimbriated in the same way—which the written blazon expressly says it shall be—is not fimbriated at all. The cross is placed upon a ground of white so broad that it ceases to be a border. The practical effect of this, and its only heraldic meaning, is, that the centre of the flag, instead of being occupied solely by the St. George's cross, is occupied by *two crosses*, a white cross with a red one superinduced on it. So palpable is this that Mr. Laughton . . . suggests that this is perhaps what was really intended. . . . And his hypothesis is that this may have been intended to commemorate a tradition of the combination of the red cross of England with the white cross of France." But may it not be possible that the artist above mentioned simply cut the four corners of the flag of St. George away, leaving the wider border with a view to showing that a red cross rested upon a white ground, which the mere addition of a fimbriation did not, of necessity, make self-evident—a fault which, though doubtless "either careless or ignorant or stupid," was at least the outcome of faithful intent? However that may be, we find in practice that the so-called fimbriation, which, according to heraldic law, should be

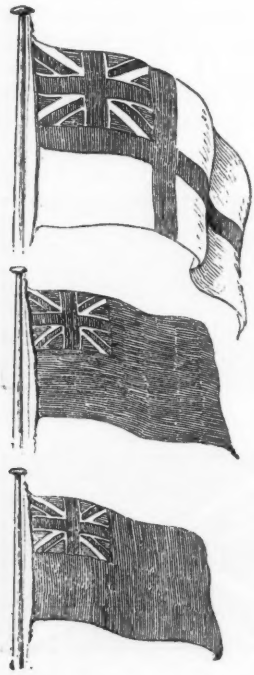


ST. PATRICK, ST. ANDREW, AND ST. GEORGE



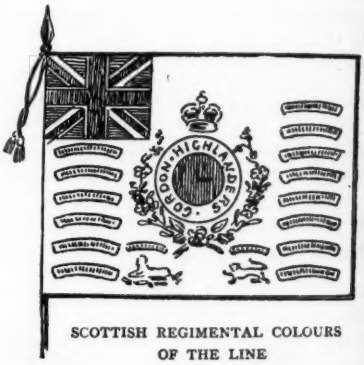
ENGLISH REGIMENTAL COLOURS OF THE LINE

an extremely narrow strip, resolves itself into a wide border and ceases to be a fimbriation at all. And, besides this, we find in the manufacture of flags that the breadth of the saltier of St. Andrew is reduced so that it becomes in fact less than that of St. Patrick, which is an error absolutely without excuse,



THE ENSIGNS—WHITE, BLUE, RED

but which nevertheless is not only sanctioned but emphasised in certain Admiralty directions, where the cross of St. George is appointed, in one instance, to be eighteen inches in width while the saltiers, which should be of the same width, not only differ from this but from each other, that of Scotland being nine inches and that of Ireland (or that half rather, which is left after cutting) six inches, or the same as the border wrongly placed around the cross of England, and (were it *not* cut) three inches wider than Scotland. Some little attention should be paid to these heraldic details, for they are of real importance if we regard the composition of our flag as worthy of consideration. And there is the more reason to be acquainted with them in that in almost every representation the same errors are repeated over and over again; the cross of St. George being bordered instead of fimbriated, and those of St. Andrew and St.



SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL COLOURS OF THE LINE

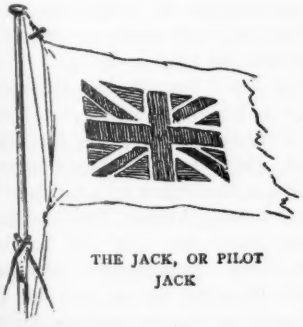
Patrick varying in breadth, both being narrower than they should be to be truly heraldic. We see then that the emblem of our union is not without its faults; but yet at the same time we must admit it to be of all flags perhaps the most beautiful and certainly the most full of meaning. The nearest approach to it is that of Norway and Sweden united, in which, also, faults akin to those perpetuated on our own are to be found. It is a graceful and an interesting combination, though it cannot claim those associations which belong to our own "triple alliance."

The uses of the Union, as the composition of our national flag is called, are endless in number. Hoisted at the mizzen-top of

a ship, at the same time as the flag of the Lord High Admiral at the fore, it signifies that the sovereign is aboard; while an admiral of the fleet hoists it at the main. It is then properly called the Great Union, as also when displayed ashore. When flown from a staff (hence called the Jack-staff) it becomes the Union Jack, a name under which the Great Union often passes. Again it forms the Jack of the seamen, which is a flag bearing the colours of the Union surrounded by a border of white, one-fifth the breadth of the flag, and which, hoisted at the fore, becomes a signal for a pilot, and hence is often called the Pilot Jack. The origin of this word "Jack" is unknown. The meaning, as understood to-day, is "something shown," and in this sense the application of the word is now limited to the Union flag. Some have supposed it to be derived from the Jack or Jacque, the tunic worn in early time by men-at-arms, those of Englishmen being decorated with the cross of St. George; which jackets, when not in use, were hung in rows, side by side, thus displaying the blood red cross which was at once their banner and their shield. Others regard the name as coming from that of the sovereign James (Jacobus or Jacques), who was the first to hoist it as a national emblem. Whatever its derivation, its meaning remains.

THE UNION JACK

The same composition also finds its place in the first canton (corner) of the Ensign, being usually hoisted at the peak. Formerly ships of war carried red, white, or blue ensigns, according to the colour of the flag of the admiral in command; there being in those days an admiral of the Red, of the White, and of the Blue. But by a rule dated 1864 the ensign of St. George, that is, the old flag of England, with the union in the first canton, is now the only one carried by vessels of war, the blue ensign being allotted to the Naval Reserve, and the red to the merchant service and to civic uses. In these two latter the Union occupies the same position and area as on the first, notwithstanding that the cross of St. George is absent (a flag being divided into three parts called the *hoist*, the *centre*, and the *fly*). On land any flag may be hoisted without fear of prohibition; but afloat no such licence is permitted. For on the water flags become signals, and much confusion might arise from a promiscuous display of any or every colour. On the high seas vessels do not fly their ensign except to show their nationality to strangers. In harbour they fly it from 8 A.M. to sunset.



THE JACK, OR PILOT JACK

The Union again appears upon the regimental colours of the line; though here it usually occupies but one-ninth of the field; that is to say, that the length and

height of the flag is divided each into three parts. In an English regiment it is added to the flag of St. George, in a Scottish it finds its place upon a field of the royal gold, in an Irish upon the national green, while in a royal regiment of the line the field is blue.

The Union too is peculiarly the flag of the civilian. Wherever flags are used it finds its place: on church towers, at state ceremonies, at village festivals it may always be recognised more or less correctly represented. It is made in bunting, in silk or in cotton, stitched or printed, large or small. The largest flag in the world is said to be that which floats from the Victoria Tower, Westminster, during the sessions of parliament. It measures some twenty-eight yards in the fly by about fourteen yards high; this is the Great Union. In the flags of all our colonies and dependencies—and there are no less than about 120 making use of our colours—the same design appears; and thus, though wherever it flies it comes down at sunset, yet the sun never sets upon "the Union Jack of Old England."

LOUIS PASTEUR: A SKETCH

By Mrs. PERCY FRANKLAND

"L'ŒUVRE de Pasteur est admirable, elle montre son génie, mais il faut avoir vécu dans sons intimité pour connaître toute la bonté de son cœur." Such words, coming from one who was in daily and intimate intercourse with Pasteur for years, and associated with him in many of his most important researches, are a touching testimony to those human sympathies of the brilliant investigator which led all who had the privilege of his friendship to love and reverence him in such high degree.

At the unique celebration of his jubilee in 1892, when the whole scientific and literary world hastened to Paris to do homage to Pasteur, amidst all the ovations which were showered upon him, and the brilliant speeches of which he was the subject, there was one incident which above all others appealed to him—the address presented to him by a deputation from his native town. The simple words in which were couched the congratulations of his fellow citizens, the inhabitants of Dole, mingled as they were with touching references to his early days, and his unalterable devotion to his parents, moved Pasteur to tears, and his deep emotion was shared by all the great assembly present.

Throughout his brilliant career, with its succession of triumphs, Pasteur had never ceased to cherish the profoundest reverence and love for the humble tanner and his wife, whose ambition for their little son never rose beyond his attainment of a chair at the small college of Arbois, where he received his earliest instruction.

Many years later we find one of the greatest of Pasteur's works, the "*Études sur la bière*," dedicated to the memory of his father. "The longer I live," run the words, "the better I appreciate your friendship and the excellence of your judgment. The labours which I have devoted to these '*Études*,' and to those which preceded them, are the fruit of your example, of your council. Desiring to do honour to these sacred recollections, I dedicate this work to your memory."

Statues and inscriptions in gold now vie with one another to perpetuate the memory in his native town of Pasteur, who, as a small lad, was the despair of his teachers, escaping whenever he could from his lessons to indulge in his favourite pastime of fishing, or sketching his neighbours.

"What a pity that he has buried himself amongst a lot of chemistry," remarked an old inhabitant of Arbois; "he has missed his vocation. He would have some day succeeded in making a reputation as a painter!"

Once roused, however, by a sense of the sacrifices made for him by his parents, Pasteur, with characteristic determination, put from him his hobby and his pastime, locked away his palette and his rod, and set

himself to work. From these early days onwards Pasteur may be said to have scarcely ever paused in carrying out those herculean labours which his genius and indomitable energy set before him in such rapid succession.

Few can realise the intense and absorbing nature of his researches, but the mark which they left upon his life was seen in the inexorable toll of physical suffering which shadowed his later years, although nothing could touch the eagerness of his intellect, or dull the keenness of his perception.

The following striking personal impression produced by Pasteur was written but a short time before his death by one who knew him intimately.

"Everyone knows that Pasteur is short, that since 1870 his leg and left arm, smitten by apoplexy, are somewhat stiff, and that he drags one foot, reminding one of a wounded veteran. Age, illness, the heavy labours of so many years, the bitterness of conflict, intense passion for his work, and lastly the prostration which follows triumph, have combined to make his face superb.

"Weary, traversed with deep lines, his face and beard both white, his hair still thick and nearly always covered with a black cap; the grand forehead wrinkled, seamed with the scars of genius, the mouth slightly drawn by paralysis but full of kindness, as expressive in pity for the sufferings of others as indifferent to personal pain, and above all the living thought which still flashes from the eyes beneath the deep shadow of the brow—this is Pasteur as he appeared to me; a conqueror, who will some day become a legend, whose glory is as incalculable as the good he has accomplished."

But if it was permitted to Pasteur beyond most men the privilege to do and to achieve, he was surrounded by a sympathy and never-failing devotion which has rarely fallen to the lot of any man. It is impossible to appreciate Pasteur's life without realising how, through all adversity—and at times troubles lay heavily upon him—through all his triumphs, there was one to whom he could always turn, whose loyal support and help he could invariably count upon.

Whether discussing forms of crystals, watching over experiments, shielding him from all the daily cares of life, or busied at the customary evening task of writing to his dictation, Madame Pasteur was at once his most faithful assistant and his most incomparable companion.

His home life was one of absolute repose, and his surroundings were associated with and entirely subject to his scientific work. Oftentimes when possessed by some absorbing idea, or seeking a solution to some difficult problem, Pasteur would remain silent and immovable for hours, deep in profound meditation. But when once he had succeeded in mastering an obstacle, in planning a new campaign as it were, of experimental manœuvres, then his whole face would become radiant, and he would eagerly communicate his ideas to those around, describing what he had devised and what he hoped to achieve.

The sympathy he sought was never absent, and we obtain some idea of how important a part it played in his life when we read how, when he had at last succeeded in completing the brilliant discovery of a vaccine against anthrax, he straightway hurried from the laboratory to announce his great triumph to his wife and child, full of emotion which he could not restrain. The repose which Pasteur found so essential for the conduct of his work was as strictly guarded in the laboratory as in the home; the presence of a stranger whilst he was immersed in his experiments both disturbed and troubled him, and he could only tolerate his assistants in the room whilst he was working. Dr. Roux relates how one day, when they were visiting the eminent professor of chemistry, Wurtz, at the École de Médicine, the latter was discovered in the middle of his laboratory surrounded by a perfect beehive of students, the bustle and noise of which so struck Pasteur that he exclaimed, "How can you possibly contrive to do any work in the midst of a commotion like this?" "It stimulates my ideas," replied Wurtz. "It would effectually banish all mine," was Pasteur's answer.

A favourite phrase and one very frequently on Pasteur's lips, "*qui veut, peut*," was no empty boast. No man more than Pasteur realised the difficulties of the tasks he set himself to accomplish, but few have possessed the great resource of genius and intellect, coupled with the energy and determination, to anticipate and surmount those difficulties. "Repeat the experiment, the essential thing

is not to leave the subject." Thus would Pasteur admonish assistants when their courage almost failed them in the presence of seemingly insuperable obstacles.

The enthusiasm for work which possessed Pasteur like a passion, was kindled in and shared by all who had the privilege of assisting him, and dominating it all was the love and devotion for *le grand Maitre* as his disciples came to call him.

A charming picture has been recently given us by one of Pasteur's assistants of the life which he and his colleagues led during several successive summers when they were studying the etiology of anthrax. "For many years the laboratory in the Rue d'Ulm was abandoned towards the end of July for Chartres. Chamberland and I took up our abode here and were joined by a young veterinary surgeon. Every week Pasteur came to superintend, and to inspect our investigations. What happy memories those campaigns against anthrax in the Chartrain country have left us! The visits early in the morning to the sheep-folds scattered over the great plateau of Beauce which lay basking in the August sun; autopsies carried out at Sours or on the farms, and in the afternoon the recording of the results in the note book, letters to Pasteur, the starting of fresh researches. The day was well filled up, and how absorbing and how health-giving was this bacteriology carried out in the open air. The days when Pasteur came to Chartres, the déjeuner was hurried over, and quickly we got into a carriage to drive to Saint Germain where M. Maunoury had willingly placed his farm and his herds at our disposal. During the drive we discussed the experiments of the past week, and planned fresh ones to be undertaken. As soon as he arrived M. Pasteur hurried without losing a moment to the enclosures. Motionless he would stand close to the hurdles, inspecting with the minutest attention the animals which were specially under observation, not a detail escaping him. For hours he would watch over a single sheep which he believed to be ill, and it was necessary to remind him of the hour, and to point out to him that the towers of the Cathedral of Chartres were fast growing dim in the dusk, before we could persuade him to return. He would interrogate the labourers as well as the farmers, and he gave much weight to the opinions of the shepherds, who in their lonely life concentrate all their attention upon their flocks and frequently become the most sagacious observers. Nothing seemed insignificant to Pasteur; from the smallest circumstances he knew how to derive some unexpected clue.

"The original idea of the possible part played by worms in the distribution of anthrax was started one day during a walk he was taking in a field belonging to the St. Germain farm. The harvest was over and only the stubble was left. Pasteur's attention was attracted to a particular portion of the field on account of the different colour of the soil. M. Maunoury explained that the previous year they had buried sheep which had died of anthrax in that place.

"Pasteur at once went and examined the ground more closely, and noticed immense numbers of worm-castings scattered over the surface. The idea occurred to him that these worms, in their repeated journeyings from the depth to the top, must bring up the rich soil which surrounds the carcases, and with it possibly the spores of anthrax which must be present in their vicinity.

"Pasteur never stopped at ideas; he at once passed on to their verification, and the germs of anthrax were actually discovered in the intestines of worms, taken from a ditch in which several years previously anthrax carcases had been buried."

The marvellous perceptive power and extraordinary patience possessed by Pasteur characterised all the work he undertook, whether it was concerned with observations on the minute faces of crystals or on the etiology of diseases. The perfection at which he aimed in all his researches made him intolerant of slovenly, bad work; to him a man who had published a bad experiment, or drawn a wrong conclusion, was capable of anything. An amusing tradition is handed down in the laboratory of how one day after reading aloud to his assistants a "travail" which appeared to him particularly despicable, he exclaimed, exasperated, "I should not be surprised to hear that the man who can write such stuff beats his wife!"

It was, in fact, his dread lest the casual excursions of medical men into the domain of bacteriology should end by compromising rather than advancing the study of infectious

diseases, which finally induced Pasteur to himself undertake this arduous campaign and devote himself to the study of anthrax. The experiments conducted from the medical side appeared to the perfectly trained and exact mind of a strict scientist often defective, the methods inadequate, and the conclusions without justification. "Le plus grand déréglement de l'esprit est de croire les choses parce qu'on veut qu'elles soient." In these memorable words Pasteur gives us the clue to the position which he took up all through his life in the conduct of his experimental work.

It was, however, not without personal sacrifice, and one the extent of which only those who knew him intimately could measure, that Pasteur entered upon this new field of work.

His visits to the hospitals, which at one time were a daily occurrence, caused him acute mental and physical pain. Endowed with an extraordinary sympathy for, and sensitiveness to, the sufferings of his fellow creatures, he would often come away quite overcome with what he had been obliged to witness in the course of his work. The repugnance was, however, sternly repressed, and those classical researches were pursued which enabled him to challenge the medical world at that memorable meeting of the Academy of Medicine, when to the surprise and stupefaction of the doctors present, Pasteur rose from his seat, and interrupting their discussion, declared that what they were arguing was quite foreign to the real nature of the disease, which he went on to say was due to bacteria which they themselves were responsible for distributing from one fever-stricken patient to another. These remarks were received with incredulity and almost ridicule, but Pasteur advancing to the blackboard drew the microbe saying, "Tenez, voici sa figure." The whole scene is vividly before our eyes and it was perhaps of this stormy meeting amongst many others, that he was thinking when he turned to his colleagues in the last great public oration which he delivered, saying: "Si parfois j'ai troublé le calme de nos Académies par des discussions un peu vives, c'est que je défendais passionnément la vérité."

But Pasteur's sensitiveness to suffering in others and reluctance to inflict pain was perhaps most remarkably shown in the course of his experiments on the treatment of rabies. Usually when an experiment was planned, it was at once put into execution; but in the case of some observations on animals which it was necessary to undertake before any fresh advance in the subject could be made, Pasteur delayed, hesitated, unable to make up his mind to have them carried out, shrinking from the suffering which he feared might be caused to the animal. The experiment in question was, however, absolutely necessary under the circumstances, and it was performed one day when Pasteur was absent from the laboratory. On hearing what had occurred Pasteur's first thought was for the *pauvre bête*, and his relief was intense when his assistant fetched the dog and he saw it running about perfectly happy and well.

But perhaps one of the most characteristic traits about Pasteur was his devotion to children. There is a picture of him extant distributing bon-bons at the Institute to little children whilst superintending the inoculations, and it was in the attempt to save a child's life that Pasteur subjected himself to one of the fiercest torrents of abuse with which he was assailed. A little child was brought to him which had been bitten thirty-seven days previously by a rabid animal, and he was begged to inoculate it. In vain did his assistants point out to him that to treat a case, already practically hopeless by reason of the long interval which had elapsed since the infliction of the wound, would, in the almost certain event of failure, endanger the reputation of the treatment and expose him to fresh attacks from a public at that time unfavourable and unsympathetic. All the arguments, powerful as they were, could not deter him. "If the child has only one in ten thousand chances of recovery, I ought to try everything," was Pasteur's only reply. The result was not successful and the attacks and discussions were renewed with increased bitterness and animosity.

Pasteur has never written anything more touching than the few singularly sad and pathetic words which he addressed to the young people present at his jubilee celebration. "Young people, young people, whatever may be your career, never permit yourselves to be overcome by scepticism, both unworthy and barren, neither permit the hours of sadness which pass over a nation

to discourage you. Live in the serene peace of your laboratories and your libraries. First ask yourselves, 'What have I done for my education?' Then, as you advance in life, 'What have I done for my country?'* So that some day that supreme happiness may come to you—the consciousness of having contributed in some measure to the progress and welfare of humanity. But whether our endeavours are more or less favoured by the circumstances of our life, on approaching the great end we must have the right to say to ourselves, 'I have done what I was able.'"

No truer words have ever been uttered about any man than those which fell from the lips of M. Poincaré, at the great and impressive ceremony which took place at Notre Dame in October, 1895.

"'Happy,' has said Pasteur, 'is the man who carries within him an ideal which he obeys.' He has obeyed all his life an ideal of the purest, an ideal superior to science—that of virtue, of charity. All his thoughts and all his actions are traversed by this inward light. He was great by perception as he was great in tolerance, and future ages will place him in the radiant ranks of apostles of goodness and of truth."

* The references to his country have more than a passing significance, for Pasteur was an ardent patriot, and the calamities which befell France in 1870 so overwhelmed him that for a time he was completely crushed, and was quite incapable of continuing his work. He himself tells us how he subsequently took up the famous "*Études sur la bière*" with the hope of helping to restore the material fortunes of his country by assisting the progress of an industry in which Germany was their commercial superior.

IN THE LIGHT OF DEATH

When all the wheels of life are running slow,
And all the fires of life are falling low,
And flickering to an end—
Then, in Death's dawning light, we seem to know
What it all means—why things must happen so,
And not as we intend.

I thought to keep my own life good and fair;
Now broken, blotched, and ugly, it lies there,
Spread like a map in view.
I made the blots, the blunders, everywhere,
The bitter disappointments in full share,
The sorrows, old and new.

But, though fresh failures come with each fresh day;
Though pain persists, and will not pass away
Till life itself shall cease—
Taught by this gleam of Death's keen searching ray:
"No human life is whole," I've learnt to say,
"But of God's whole, a piece."

Each individual life is not our own:
'Tis in God's Building just one little stone
Chiselled to fit one place.
Useless—not cut to shape, but left alone:
Useful, if, when its proper place is known,
It fits it, by God's grace!

For through God's Temple rise in noble state
Smooth marble blocks of wondrous weight,
And polished pillars tall.
But there are other stones, not smooth nor great,
Seeming despised—thrown out—yet, soon or late,
Wanted, however small.

So, if the Master Builder needs in me
A broken fragment, only fit to be
A fragment, out of sight,
Still, in His house a stone—if even He
Has chosen me for this use, ah! then I see
All I thought wrong is right.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JULY

ST. PAUL'S VIEW OF RELIGION AND CATHOLICISM

By the Editor

FIRST SUNDAY

HIS VIEWS OF RELIGION

THE advance of the kingdom of God is the great hope of all who believe in Christ and seek the accomplishment of His will on earth. The term, "kingdom of God," expresses a wider and more evangelical idea than does the word "Church." It is more evangelical, not in the conventional sense, but as characteristic of the "Evangel" or Gospel of Christ. Christ seldom speaks of the Church but usually of the "kingdom of God," or the "kingdom of heaven." The distinction may be roughly expressed by asserting that the Church is the divinely instituted society through which the kingdom of God is promoted, while by the kingdom of God we understand the reproduction of the Spirit of Christ in man, or what we commonly call "religion." It is the reign of God in the hearts of all who have been made willing captives of His grace or mercy. It is the spirit of a life, rather than an institution. It is goodness rather than a ritual.

St. Paul found the ecclesiasticism of his time, and the prevalent views and habits which were regarded as typically "religious," often in marked antithesis to the kingdom of God he was labouring to establish. To the Jew of that period, circumcision and uncircumcision, Levitical purity attained by external observances, the keeping of the Sabbath, and such like, these were what made men religious. The keenness excited by disputes respecting such matters was intense. Men's passions were roused as if all depended on the side taken when these were challenged. Some of the questions were of a kind which must have been terribly irritating to a man of the sound sense and wide sympathies of St. Paul. They created two extremes equally distasteful. In the case of some they evoked a morbid sensitiveness and a nervous conscientiousness passing into the wildest intolerance. On the opposite side they led to an offensive display of a liberty which was as unchristian in its inconsiderate self-indulgence as it was offensive from its assumption of a superior intelligence. It was difficult to determine whether the bigotry of the one, or the licentious freedom of the other, was most trying.

Of this nature was the question of "meats and drinks" which created such a bitter schism in several of the churches in which Jew and Gentile were mingled. It was naturally a matter of no slight importance to those who had just been turned from idols and were afraid of any act which might compromise their confession of Christ, when they were told that the meat they were asked to eat had been connected with heathen sacrifices. For the Jewish Christian it had a still graver import. This difficulty took an acute form in Corinth and Rome, and had produced bitter divisions. St. Paul took a wide and healthy view. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Meats and drinks were of no consequence. A man could be neither the better or the worse by partaking or by abstinence. That had no inherent connection with religion. But conscientiousness, charity and forbearance were of the essence of religion. Peace, edification, helpfulness and kindness were worth more than all the points about which they were so keenly contending. It was in a similar spirit that he dealt with the question of circumcision and the other legal observances. We cannot easily realise the shock which the threatened abolition of such divinely appointed institutions must have caused to men who had grown up under their shadow, and who regarded the historic church and its ancient ritual with a loyalty more passionate than the patriot feels for his country. No one knew this better than he who had been the pupil of Gamaliel and a Pharisee of the Pharisees.

There were many considerations which doubtless consoled him during those years of change—such as his consciousness that nothing was being really destroyed, but that

all would receive a rich fulfilment in Christ. But there was more than this, for he had reached a higher and juster conception of the meaning of all religion. He had learned that institutions were valuable only for the sake of the end for which they existed. He had learned the purpose of both the law and the gospel. He perceived that character was the all in all of religion: that it was to bring men to God, and to make them like himself sons of God and bound together in the brotherhood of the one family in heaven and earth that Jesus had lived and died; that the restoration of men to the image of God was true salvation; and that therefore the reign of God the Father through the knowledge and love of Christ was practically the coming of the kingdom of heaven on earth. These were the ends he cared for, and he was inspired with devotion and hope and nerved with all courage because he believed in the risen and ascended Lord. Christ was the only foundation on which this spiritual temple could rest, for He not only presented the highest ideal, but He was the source and inspiration of the life of love and the revealer of the Father in whom all the children of men could be gathered unto one, the treasury of grace, the root of the new humanity, the pledge of the victory of light over darkness, of the order of God over the confusion of self-will. St. Paul therefore never trifled with the historical basis of religion. He was far removed from those moderns who say that it is of little consequence whether the gospels are true or false as narratives; it is enough if they teach the highest spiritual truth the world has received. According to St. Paul the value of the gospel was involved in the truth of the facts. "If Christ be not risen your faith is vain." However clearly he perceived the meaning of religion and the purpose of God in the incarnation, atonement, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, yet these were necessary factors for the production of the religious character. Were these denied, the chief power for creating the ideal of God's kingdom would have been gone, for it was on the living Christ he based all his hopes of human redemption.

SECOND SUNDAY

HIS VIEW OF RELIGION

But while St. Paul remained firmly grounded on the facts of the Gospel, and in his belief in the glory of the ascended Lord, yet with what a free hand did he touch on the more essential matters regarding which men were and are tempted to fall into exaggeration, leading to disputation and division. Forgetting the one great end of character, they exalt the instrumentality as if that was the valuable element.

It is instructive to mark how St. Paul distinguished the means from the end. When he said that "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," he at the same time showed the connection of meat and drink with religion, because of the religious spirit in which the scruples of the weak brother should be regarded. "If thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." He at once separates the value of character from the merits of the matter in dispute, and stamps the spirit shown as the only religious element. He gives expression to the same healthy judgment in dealing with other questions. "Neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision;" neither the institution which the conservative Jew was struggling to preserve as if it were vital, nor the assertion of freedom in which the Gentile was glorying; neither the one nor the other was of real importance. He says it with a strong grasp of the ends which lay deeper than such beliefs—"neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature;" a new life, a new character, that was the reality God sought. Circumcision could not secure that, nor could the rejection of circumcision help its formation. Of what worth, therefore, was the expenditure of zeal and temper on such matters? A bad man might be as keenly interested and as violent a partisan in such controversies as the best. And so he tossed the great question of the time aside as a waste of strength, and directed men's minds to the one task of becoming themselves new creatures, circumcised in heart and consecrated in love. "We are the circumcision which worship God in the spirit and rejoice in Christ Jesus." So was it that he also dealt with the intricate question of the permanence of the ancient law. He saw clearly in what its religious value consisted. "Now the

end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned." Not otherwise did he meet the claims of the high-caste Jews who prided themselves on their descent from Abraham. It was a natural pride and one common to many religions. We find it in Mohammedanism, Brahminism, Buddhism. We find it at our own doors, in the glorying in the historic tie, the descent, whether through the sect with its traditions, or from the specialty of some doctrine or ceremony, or through the lineage from some founder or of some struggle in the past, or through the order of clergy or ministry, whereby men become Covenanters or Jacobites, Priests or Presbyters. When we bring these to the test of "religion," as set forth by St. Paul, of how little worth they are! They and they alone who have the faith of Abraham are the real sons of Abraham; they and they alone who have the spirit and character of the great men of the past are their true representatives. What matters a fleshly or priestly connection unless there is that spirit which gave to the fathers their sanctity. And if you possess that spirit you are on like principles their children.

When we proceed to apply these views of religion to our own time we may discover that they are as needful as ever. In every age of the Church there has been a similar tendency to be carried away from the direct purposes of religion, and to waste interest on issues that are as wide apart from these ends as the old disputes about meats and drinks, circumcision and uncircumcision. By far the greater number of questions on which the learning and zeal of the Church have been spent, and around which the hottest battles have been fought, have had very little to do with the promotion of that kingdom of God which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I do not say that such questions are uninteresting and, in the light of expediency, without their uses, but they have usually been such that men's characters were not necessarily affected by the side they took. Men might have been as righteous or peaceful and full of joy in the Holy Ghost, whether they asserted or denied the particular views that were so hotly urged. In other words, religion, in the Scriptural sense, was not involved in the success or defeat of either view. Who cares now for the questions which divided the Churches of Corinth and Rome into furious parties? With the light of the intervening centuries cast upon them one can, with a smile at the importance which zeal attached to them, endorse the saying of St. Paul that these things were not religion. And in like manner, if we are wise, may we regard a vast array of questions which have absorbed and do absorb the attention of Christian people as if religion itself was involved in their decision. Such are most of the controversies between Churches. They are usually such that we can apply to them the words of St. Paul, "Meat commendeth us not to God, for neither if we eat are we the better; neither if we eat not are we the worse." Being Churchman or Dissenter, Episcopalian or Presbyterian, does not necessarily commend us to God, for such distinctions do not of themselves make us better or worse men.

One other application of this principle. We live at a time when our views upon many matters which our fathers deemed indubitable and of absolutely divine sanction are being altered or swept away under the increased light we are getting from discovery. Like the Jews who thought all was about to perish when the Mosaic ordinances were in peril, so there is a multitude of good persons who fancy Christianity itself must be destroyed should the principles of the evolutionist or advanced critic be proved true. But surely he would be a very unwise man who did not perceive that these do not touch religion at all. Religion belongs to another sphere, and rests upon other foundations. Belief in the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the glory of Him who was the incarnate mercy and holiness and love of God, the forgiveness of the cross, the hope of the resurrection, and the victory of His eternal life, ascended and glorified, and in the power of the Holy Ghost, lead us into a totally different region of thought and of evidence. There is no physical science which can touch the beauty of the righteousness and peace and joy which are the life of religion, and of which Christ is the inspirer. These stand upon a rock that is as immovable as unchanging righteousness, and as fixed as immaculate goodness. Their strength is their intrinsic spiritual excellence.

THIRD SUNDAY

CATHOLICITY AND FALSE NARROWNESS

ST. PAUL had the magnificent gift, the prerogative of true love, of being able to distinguish between the conscientious man and his mistaken exaggerations. He was able to see the soul of good even in things evil. He could trace loyalty to conviction under what appeared often but factious passion. And the consequence was that, while he was everywhere involved in controversy and had to fight against what seemed to him narrow prejudices and impervious bigotries, he never allowed himself to be provoked into intolerance. There was no scruple too weak or nervous for him not to bear kindly, no bigotry too keen for him to refuse it all possible justice. In this spirit, rising above the battlefield of contending parties, he uttered for all ages the noble watchword of Christian unity—"Grace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." That love was the test of brotherhood. Men might differ on a thousand irritating questions, deny his own authority as an apostle, and turn his name and that of Apollos and Cephas into symbols of schism. And yet, while he condemned these errors, wherever he found sincere love to Christ Jesus, there he recognised a true brother. In the light of love he found the great key to Christian Catholicity. He was therefore a remarkable instance of the combination of strong personal beliefs with the widest charity, and of the union of splendid toleration with a deep interest in matters which are the product of local and temporary influence.

The lesson which this example teaches is always required, for in every age and in every country men and churches tend towards narrowness, and often do so under the name of Catholicity.

We all know what is meant by "the parochial spirit," with its conceited magnifying of its own prejudices into vital principles, its ignorant opinionativeness, its tendency to make what it has been accustomed to, the rule whereby it measures whatever it meets elsewhere, and its absorption in a little world of limited traditions to the exclusion of the vast and varied interests which are affecting the great world. The parochial man is usually prosaic, and lacks the imagination necessary to catch the spirit and so to understand other countries and systems. He will carry his ready-made standards and, to him, indubitable views—the result generally of what he has been accustomed to at home—into every new country he may enter, and from the vantage ground of preconceived conclusions, he will regard other church systems and forms of worship as curiosities perhaps, but without claim to be heard on any merit. He seems incapable of learning that there are other forms of conscientious devotion besides those whose features he has been familiar with, and that there are fine types of Christian life to be found among men who perhaps never even heard of the Church or even of the country to which he belongs. This false narrowness, if capable of forgetting its prejudices for a time, would, from contact with men, be helped to distinguish the essential, and therefore what is most catholic and universal, from what is non-essential and therefore tending to sectarianism. A wider and more sympathetic understanding of other communities would aid his forming a just and charitable judgment.

But "parochialism" may in its spirit characterise regions as well as individuals. We can appreciate the truth of this when going from one country to another, say from Italy to Russia, or from England to Italy. At once we are immersed in a different atmosphere, and find how communities like individuals, may make up their minds and be so kept at every point by preconceived ideas and prejudices as to admit of no mutual understanding. And thus it is that there arises, in this land and that, a claim to catholicism which becomes practically another name for sectarianism. The Greek Church so acts towards the Latin, and the Latin towards the Anglican, and the Anglican towards the Presbyterian, and every religious body sets up its claims to be the true Church. Romanism may from this point of view be regarded as essentially sectarian, because it draws lines which exclude wide fields of Christian life and enterprise. "I am the only Catholic Church," it says. "I represent and alone secure universal unity," and so it builds its walls around a certain domain, and pronounces that to be the one vineyard of God—the one field whereon the covenanted influences of His grace are in operation. Any trace of grace in such regions is

ascribed to His "uncovenanted mercies." But facts are against the claim. The Spirit of God does not acknowledge the limitation, for lo! outside of these walls stretch regions which more than rival it in the manifest fruits of Christian life. For how can that be catholic which shuts out the Greek and other Oriental Churches that are as ancient as itself, and excludes, too, the whole Protestant world with its rich achievements? The attempt to found a catholicism on such arbitrary principles ends in what is termed catholic becoming merely an intolerant sect—but a division of the universal Church. A wise man will surely learn that all such ramparts, by whomsoever set up, do not and cannot include what God is visibly stamping every day as His, and those whom He is manifestly honouring as members in the mystical body of His Son. He will learn with St. Paul that true unity arises from a common life of love, goodness and Christlikeness, and that all systems become really catholic when they include rather than exclude, and succeed in producing Godlike men and women who bear the common characteristics of that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost:" that he is the true catholic who can say with St. Paul, "Grace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," and that the only true catholicity is that which is found "always, everywhere, among all" in the permanent notes of Christian life, love and character.

Nay, may not one go even beyond that limit, and as he views what is usually called the Pagan world, with its many virtues as well as its great darkness, rejoice to join with St. Peter in his large-hearted recognition of the evidences of the divine love, and say, "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that worketh righteousness is accepted of Him?"

FOURTH SUNDAY

CATHOLICITY AND FALSE LIBERALISM

THERE is a wrong effect as well as a healthy sometimes produced by knowledge of the world. It is certainly good for the "parochial" man to visit other countries and become acquainted with forms of thought and habits that differ from what he has been accustomed to, and of the value of which he may have formed an exaggerated estimate. If he is of a candid mind he will experience the liberalising influence of intelligent contact with the best thoughts of other men in other lands, so as to appreciate the convictions which have arisen from different associations and a different culture. Let an Englishman or Scotsman, for example, look back from Berlin, or Rome, or Calcutta, on the expenditure of zeal at home on questions which he finds it almost impossible to make intelligible to the natives of these other countries, and he will probably take a new and juster view of their intrinsic importance. He will learn that the little Pope of his own Church or parish is not more infallible than those who rule in Rome or Benares. He will learn that the great world cares very little for some question which may be agitating Convocation or General Assembly. Lessons like these become of great use in producing moderation of judgment, in widening the sympathies, and preventing conceited bigotry.

But these experiences sometimes result in another extreme, which is so destitute of all belief as to become indifferent to every form of faith. There is a species of cosmopolitanism which is more offensive than the narrowest ecclesiasticism. It takes the airs of the superior person, but its assumed superiority rests on the sheerest infidelity. The knowledge of the world of which it boasts is often the product of impressions hastily received, and, without being subjected to careful reflection, proving sufficient only to destroy habits of belief which were always traditional rather than personal. The man loses the little he had, and what he has gained is an easy-going creed which adapts itself to what is pleasant, and enforces no lofty conception of duty. He has moved too much among men, he will tell you, to believe in any high standard, far less in the superiority of any religion. He has seen Mohammedan and Buddhist, Romanist and Brahmin, as well as the Christianity at home, and he cares not to decide in favour of any. He has lived too long in society of all kinds to admit the rules which people at the fireside consider vital. He is so tolerant that there is scarcely a breach of the moral law for which he will not find a plausible excuse from what he has seen here, there, and everywhere. May God

deliver us from all such types of liberal opinion. The sincere faith of a Hottentot in his Fetish appears worthier than such effacement of belief in both God and man.

And there is another, more innocent but also mistaken, effect of a similar education. Because the man has learned abroad or from reflection that the importance that is attached to some local or sectional dispute as to a doctrinal view or a form of worship is exaggerated, he assumes an attitude of contempt, without considering that while the matter may be one of small consequence to the great world, that yet, because it touches the conscientious convictions of those around him, it is one which deserves a wise and respectful treatment. For while we may vindicate the largest toleration and assert that knowledge of the world and of other systems is helpful in producing the balanced judgment which is the destruction of bigotry and the sister of true charity, yet this is far removed from the indifference which in the name of liberality of opinion affects disdain for movements that may be telling enormously on a particular people or locality. That man is not wise who is so occupied with the universe that he overlooks what is at his own door. The greatest statesman is he who can bring far-reaching principles to bear on the most minute details, and while taking a wide survey of all history, knows the value of those forces, beliefs and traditions that are at work in the special region with which he has to deal.

St. Paul, on the other hand, was able to combine the largest charity and widest toleration with thorough enthusiasm and zeal in regard to matters which, if they were peculiar to a certain people or country, were yet of immense practical value in the religious life of that people. He could enter into the difficulties of the Greek of Corinth, the Hebrew of Palestine, or the Roman of Cæsar's household. Nothing was trivial in his eyes which touched upon conscience, loyalty to God, and the spirit of brotherhood. And it is thus we require to learn in reference to numberless questions, that in one light may appear trifles and far removed from the essence of religion, but which, in another light, may be of great importance to thousands of good men and women around us, and therefore demand our respect. The noble charity which can pray with St. Paul: "Grace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," is quite consistent with an earnest endeavour to mould the religious movements at our own doors into some particular shape, or to guard them from some special danger.

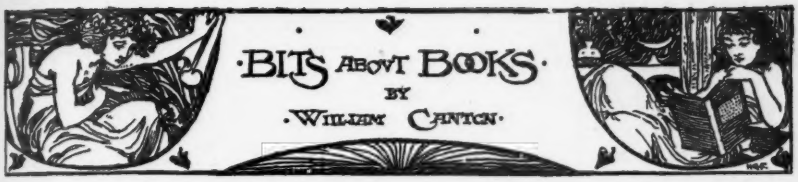
The spirit of the teaching of St. Paul in regard to catholicity is a synonym for a wide and sympathetic love, which can keep the heart beating true to the world-wide interests of that kingdom of God which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; or, in other words, religion realised in character among men, and which can at the same time throw its enthusiasm into the questions which may belong to the special requirements of its own country, with its own special traditions, necessities and associations.

SPRING-WATER

When men from all the region brought
  Great gifts to the Great King,
One poorest wight could offer nought
  But water from the spring.

The Great King smiled, well pleased; and Thou,
  Lord, wilt not Thou receive
My simple trust in Thee, which now
  Is all my dearth can give?

W. V. Taylor.



THERE are few recent books that I have read with as keen an interest and as warm a sympathy as Dr. Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and Gall."* It is an earnest and illuminative contribution not only to literature but to the history of literature; and perhaps in the latter aspect it is more important—it cannot be more delightful—than in the former. Few of us are even aware, still fewer of us actually realise, that there was an Ancient Ireland, a land of valour and song and story, civilised long before the arrival of the first Christian missionaries, and preserving its civilisation, its skill in literature and art, its religious fervour, its scholarship, its grace of life in the dark and disastrous period of European history. From the fifth to the ninth century the little island in the extreme west was the hearth and sanctuary of the culture and spirituality of the world. It seems a strange lesson to master, that in this nineteenth century of ours we owe scarcely less to Erinn than we owe to Greece and Rome. In our literary origins we are vastly less classic than we suppose. Is it not a curious detail that while we have assimilated so much from the Greek and Latin poets it has never occurred to us to wonder why we have so completely failed to naturalise any of their forms of verse? And is it not equally singular that we have only in recent years begun to discover the source from which we have derived the exquisite modes and metres which possessed such magical charm that under their influence even the Roman lyric began to swing and chime like a northern tongue? There seems to be no room for doubt that the poetic forms of the early Irish singers impressed themselves on the principal languages of mediæval Europe, and that it is to them we are indebted at the present moment for rhyme and for much of our verse structure. In shaping their hymns and canticles the Irish monks remembered in their Continental monasteries the sweet cadences and cunning devices of the "Green Island," and their adopted speech, remarkably enough, became of marvellous ductility. Witness the lines

"Si fugias obscœnas pœnas ternas barat*orum*
Quo*rum* press*urœ* dur*œ* fuerunt mihi *curœ*"

Dr. Sigerson ascribes the inception of this important change to the "Carmen Paschale" of Sedulius, "the first great Christian epic worthy of the name." To the same (fifth) century belong St. Patrick and St. Secundinus; in that which follows the names begin to multiply, and speedily one finds that the Irish method is modifying the traditional habits not only of the monkish Latinists but, directly or indirectly, of the less artificial Norse, of the Anglo-Saxons, the Germans, the French, and even of the Spanish. Those who are interested in these matters cannot do better than turn to Dr. Sigerson's introduction, which is full of engrossing instances.

While in the main stream of his argument Dr. Sigerson carries us along with him, there are a few trifling particulars in regard to which I feel that it is at least advisable to reserve assent. It seems to me ingenuity wasted to attempt to justify Cicero's

"O fortun*atam natam* me consule Romam,"

as a possible "experiment in (Irish) verse-structure." One might as convincingly refer to Celtic influence the rhymes of Horace,

"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunto;"

* "Bards of the Gael and Gall: Examples of the Poetic Literature of Erinn." Done into English after the metres and modes of the Gael. By Gorge Sigerson, M.D., F.R.U.I., &c. &c. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6*d*.

or to an Irish model the quaint lines, whose authorship I have forgotten:

"See over sea flamingo flaming go,
The lark hie high, the swallow follow low."

In the matter of "anticipations," too, I cannot help feeling that Dr. Sigerson has allowed to natural coincidences more weight than they deserve, and that in casual resemblances he has detected relationships which are not easily demonstrated. On p. 74, he does appear to have struck on an explanation of Shakespeare's mysterious "Ducdame"; but surely there is nothing so remarkable in Tennyson's

"Was he not
A full-celled honey-comb of eloquence
Stored of all flowers?"

to warrant the supposition that the Laureate had read and copied the eulogy on John McDonnell the bard. As to the verb "stored" being used in both instances—"so that this cannot be a chance coincidence!"—what more natural and obvious word in the English language is there in the circumstances? Campbell may, of course, have heard the legend of "The Fairy Forewarning at Clontarf" before he wrote "Lochiel's Warning," but I cannot conceive that he was indebted to

"Gory the field of sorrow
With haughty blood to-morrow,"

for the "free paraphrase of the last Irish stanza,"

"For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight."

Similarly it strikes me as a needless straining of simple things to regard the symbolism of the sixth century Paradise of the Voyage of Bran as the source from which "the happy land" of later poems was derived. A region of joy where there is no night, no ill, no lack of meat, no death; deep-bosomed, happy; where all tears are wiped away, and everlasting spring blossoms on ground and tree has been the common yearning of the human heart from the beginning of recorded time. And is it necessary to go back to the invisible Manannan, rather than the Witch of Endor, for a suggestion of "the source from which sprites in modern plays and pantomimes have come"? It would, I suppose, have been easy to multiply these "anticipations" or indications of Irish influence; for as I read the charming verses on "Pleasant Arann,"

"Arann!—in deer delighting!
Ocean smiles o'er her shoulders;
Men have feasts there, and fighting,
Blue darts redden 'mid moulders.
. . . . .
"Red her rock-crop for reaping,
Faultless grass grow her valleys;
Over smooth wood-lawns leaping,
Fawns dance, dappled, in alleys.

"Sleek her swine in the musters,
Truly nothing comes nigh her;
Fair, through the hazel clusters,
Sailing of long ships by her."

the magical lines I have italicised reminded me of the Greek poet Nonnus and his description of Tyre, with the ships brushing the blossoms from the boughs, and "the wood nymph under the tall trees hearing the voice of the sea-nymph calling to her from the waves."

These are but slight blemishes in a solid and enthusiastic piece of work, but they are apt to prejudice the reader against conclusions which there appears to be no reason to question. Much more unfortunate, I take it, is the proposal to regard "The Fate of the Sons of Usnach" as originally an ancient drama, and, therefore, as, possibly, "the first tragedy, outside the classic languages, in the literature of Europe." It is, of course, impossible to say what would have satisfied the dramatic requirements of the supposititious audience of this "ancient drama," but if these five acts, devoid of unity and frequently lacking in action, constituted a tragedy, there is no reason why the other Celtic epics should not have been plays too. Had there been three or four examples of Irish tragedy to show that "The Sons of Usnach" was constructed on analogous principles, it might have been possible to entertain this suggestion, but when we learn that the thousand volumes of Irish literature which still survive contain no evidence that even a miracle-play had been conceived by this essentially lyrical and story-telling people, there seems to be no warrant whatever for supposing that "The

Three Sorrows of Story" ever appeared in any other than the supremely beautiful and pathetic narrative form in which we now know them.

As to the collection of poems which Dr. Sigerson has here presented us, nothing but praise can be spoken. The translations are all wonderfully clever; many are extremely beautiful. Their fidelity I must take on trust, but to the difficulty of giving an equivalent of their intricate technical charm and to the suprising felicity with which it has been overcome, every lover of verse can testify. One short lyric, "The Blackbird's Song," composed about A.D. 850, may serve as an illustration, and I quote it, not as the finest, but rather on account of its human interest. While examining the old Irish MSS. at St. Gall among the Swiss mountains, the Cavaliere Nigra noticed the lines written on a margin. The little bird had begun singing when the monk had written to this point on the page, and doubtless for a moment he had seen "through the casement of his cell the green crown of woods which surrounded his monastery, in Ulster or in Connaught."

"Great woods gird me now *around*
With sweet *sound* merle sings to me:
My much-lined pages *over*
Sings its *lover* minstrelsie.

"Soft it sings its measured *song*,
Hid *among* the tree-tops green;
May God on high thus *love me*,
Thus *approve me*, all unseen."

More difficult still with its alliteration and rhymes is the stanza of Gerald the Bard, fourth Earl of Desmond:

"Best beware of woman*kind*,
Meetly *mind*, this truth proclaim:
He who fails full soon shall *find*
Bondage *blind* and bitter shame."

One word in concluding these cursory remarks about an admirable and absorbing book. Only a few years ago the poems of Ossian might have been heard floating over the lower reaches of the Shannon, and labouring men and women came from the fields and stood at the waterside to listen to the singer in mid-stream. "How noble and astonishing," remarks Dr. Sigerson, "would such statements seem if they had related to the peasantry of other countries. If the Venetian boatmen were heard singing 'Dante' from their gondolas, the Norman peasants the 'Romance of Roland,' the Spanish the lays of the Cid Campeador, the German the 'Nibelungenlied,' the Norse the 'Eddas'—if the English peasants assembled to sing the verse of Chaucer, Layamon's 'Brut' or the 'Battle of Brunanburh,' there would be great and general praise, with wise and generous encouragement. A different policy directed the extinction of the intellectual inheritance of the Gael." Yes, this is *the* sorrow of Irish history, that one of the world's literatures is all but lost to the world; that in spite of the great and rapturous song they have left, the daily love and passion, the daily delight and grief of an ancient and noble nation have been forgotten; that an exquisite art has perished, and that the very speech is dying out—"that beautiful unmixed Aryan language which, with the exception of the glorious Greek, has left the longest, most luminous, and most consecutive literary track behind it of any of the vernacular tongues of Europe."

There are many lines and passages in these poems to show the joy and tenderness which the men of Ancient Ireland felt for the wild creatures in the green woods and bogs about them. This sympathy with Nature is a trait which belongs to all sincere and "intimate" poetry, though on occasion it may reveal itself in but a solitary phrase, like the bright eye of a wren from behind a leaf. It was doubtless inevitable that we should outgrow the naïve simplicity, the childish sense of equal companionship, which marked the affection of the old singers and the monks. Occasionally—in verse more frequently than in prose—we still meet with something of the ancient spirit. In glancing over the new edition of "Love's Meinie" * —the third, I am surprised to notice, in sixteen years—I find that Mr. Ruskin takes pleasure in this simple and old-world sympathy: "It is good to read of that kindness and humbleness of St. Francis of Assisi, who never spoke to bird or cicala, nor even to wolf and beast of prey, but as his brother; and so we find are moved the minds of all good and mighty men, as in the lesson that we have from the mariner of

* "Love's Meinie: Three Lectures on Greek and English Birds." By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. Third Edition. George Allen. 5*s.* net.

Coleridge, and yet more truly and rightly taught in the Hartleap Well:

> 'Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.'

And again in the White Doe of Rylstone, with the added teaching, that anguish of our own

> 'Is tempered and allayed by sympathies,
> Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
> Even to the inferior kinds.'"

Only in the old days the kinds were not "inferior"; they were merely younger—"our little brothers and sisters." Most people, I presume, are already familiar with this curious little book of Mr. Ruskin's, but it is one which can be read with profit and enjoyment after an interval of years. One may smile here and there at its oddities and eccentricities, but like all Mr. Ruskin's work it is alive with the insight and glow of genius.

Among the popular naturalists of our own day I doubt if there be one who has the faculty of looking at the woodlanders in feather and fur with the sense of humorous and kindly kinship one finds in Mr. Phil Robinson's work. His new book,* full of fresh observation and written in his peculiarly bright and picturesque style, is alive with this wise and witty humanity. In scope the various chapters cover the round of the year, but special attention is given to the seasons of cold and snow, regarding which it is difficult to gather information in books and not very pleasant to seek it in windy fields and bleak woods. Turn to the second chapter and read of the poor old flies, the veterans of last year, coming out to sun themselves for the last time in the low February sun on the ivy bloom, and try to realise the daydreams, if an insect can have daydreams, which bring their existence to a close:

"Has it ever occurred to you what an amazing experience this surviving the winter ought to be to a blue-bottle? Is it not, as far as the fly is concerned, *the end of the world*, itself surviving? Where has the sun gone to from out of the sky? Where, too, the green earth, beautiful with flowers and the grace of leafy trees? Where all the insect peoples, the nations of winged folk? This blue-bottle has actually outlived its year. It has seen 'the greater light' founder in the snow-storm, fields and forests shrivel up in catastrophic frost, the air desolated of its myriads by reason of bitter cold. And it is left alone. Not another blue-bottle, so far as it knows, in all the universe! On the night that the world was overwhelmed in Arctic horrors, it happened to be sleeping in a key-hole, and so in the general overthrow of the firmament was overlooked by the destroyer as he went, and here it is, as wretched as any of those Struldbruggs that Gulliver saw in Luggnagg."

Or read the humorous sketch of the rabbit which closes in the following delightful fashion:

"And, who knows, perhaps, he tells his companions about life 'out of doors,' its incidents and excitements, and be sure that if he did, he did not forget to tell them about the dreadful ailment so incidental to rabbits, which I suppose they call 'bang.' 'It is a very common ailment,' he would say, 'and dreadfully sudden.' What causes it we do not know, but all at once you hear *bang*, and one of us stops running. Sometimes he lies quite still, sometimes he tumbles head over heels, sometimes he seems to be unable to run and only creeps. And what happens afterwards we cannot tell. Enough that he never comes home again. And, would add the bunny, 'there is a very bad form of bang from which you seldom recover. We call it bang-bang.'"

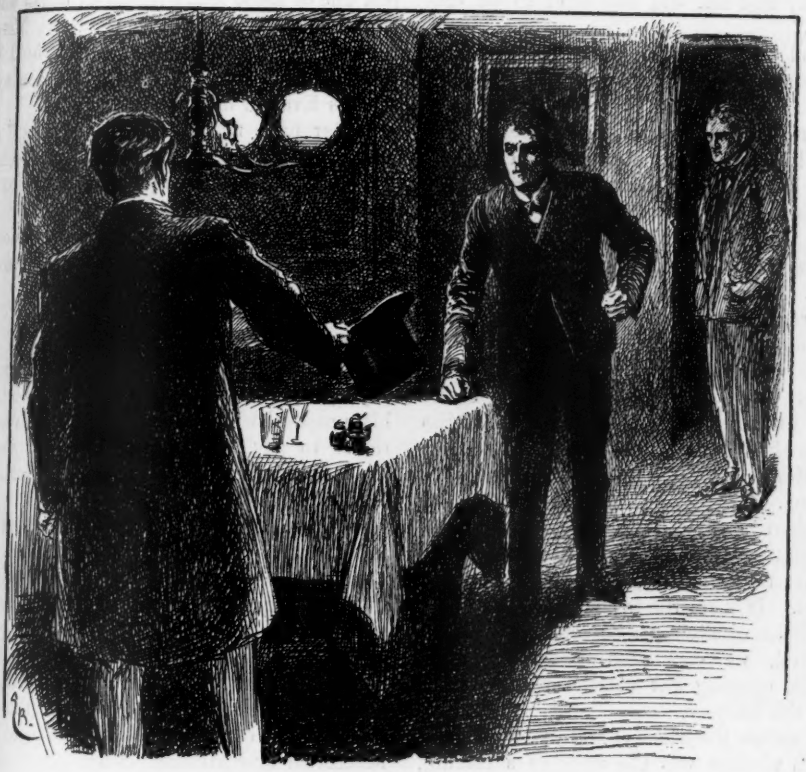
He justifies Davenant's epithet "nimble" applied to the snail, and queries how fast a squirrel would go if it had to carry its nest on its back. The passage set me on the track of sundry marauders one evening after a thunderstorm, for I found that my books furnished none of the particulars I wanted. I timed three fairly large travellers. Of two going down a slight slope, one covered 2 feet 7 inches, the other 2 feet 6 inches, in ten minutes. The third, ascending a similar slope, accomplished only 1 foot 8½ inches. These three and another gave an average weight of a quarter of an ounce, and I found that, when extended to what seemed to be their full length, they measured on an average 2½ inches, including the protruded eye-stalk. The length of the creatures considerably exceeded what I had anticipated, and their progress was much swifter than what one regards as a "snail's pace." As to the weight, I have no materials for comparison, but I fear Mr. Robinson's disparagement of the squirrel is as unsound as it is piquant. To begin with, a snail's shell is its skeleton just as much as the squirrel's bones are its. I question whether a snail could carry what a sparrow manages to make off with when it is nest-building.

* "In Garden, Orchard, and Spinney." By Phil Robinson. Author of "In my Indian Garden," &c. Isbister & Co. Limited. 6s.

(From the collection of F. J. Norman, Esq., J.P., Runcorn)

"WAIT TILL I GET OUT"

From the picture by JOHN BURR



"You brute!" cried Ralph, beside himself with passion

"WAIT TILL I GET OUT"
From the picture by JOHN HUBB

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"Thou goest thine, and I go mine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days, and many ways,
Ending in one end.
Many a wrong, and its curing song;
Many a road, and many an inn:
Room to roam, but only one home
For all the world to win."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XXVI

LADY MOUNT PLEASANT'S picnic proved a successful affair, and Sir Matthew prevailed on her to dine with them at the Rigi Vaudois on her way home. Minnie, running upstairs to change her dress after the gong had sounded, had scant time to think of Evereld. She rang for hot water and flew about her room, making the hastiest of toilettes. It was only as the chambermaid was just closing the door that she called after her.

"Marie, wait a moment! Have you seen Miss Ewart? Is she better?"

"I have seen her, mademoiselle, and she still has *la migraine*," said the chambermaid.

"Well, see that she has all she needs," said Minnie, hurriedly pinning a cluster of roses in her dress.

"Yes, mademoiselle. But she left word

expressly that she did not want to be disturbed."

"Ah! then I will not go in," said Minnie, flying along the corridor and running downstairs.

"But I will just ask if the *pauvre petite* would like a *tisane*," reflected the chambermaid, knocking at Evereld's door. "No response. This is strange; I will knock again. Mademoiselle! it is I—Marie! Well, it is useless to wait. Without doubt, she sleeps. These English are always heavy sleepers, and after all sleep is the best cure for *la migraine*."

But next morning, when to repeated knocks there was still no answer, Marie began to feel anxious. She consulted Miss Mactavish.

"Miss Ewart often goes out early in the morning. I expect she has locked her door, and taken her key to the bureau," was Minnie's matter-of-fact solution of the problem.

"No, mademoiselle, the key is not in the bureau. It is on the inside of the door. I fear mademoiselle must be very ill."

"Well, we can soon find out," said Minnie, opening her window and stepping on to the balcony.

To unbolt the jalousies and open Evereld's French window was the work of a minute, but Minnie gave a gasp of surprise when she found the room quite empty.

Remembering, however, the curious eyes of the chambermaid she controlled herself.

"Perhaps she is with Lady Mactavish. I will see," she exclaimed, and hastily ran down to the next floor in search of her father.

She found him in their private sitting-room writing letters, and quickly told her discovery.

"Can the child have been so foolish as to run away?" he exclaimed, in dismay. "Well, she can't have gone far, that is one comfort. We shall soon track her. I will come up with you and see if we can find any clue. Run on first and tell the maid it is all right, and get her out of the way."

He followed more leisurely, and passing through his daughter's room went by the balcony to Evereld's deserted chamber.

"The bed has been slept in," he remarked, in a tone of satisfaction; "she has not gone far."

It did not occur to him that it had never been made on the previous day; that was just one of those small points of detail which would escape an ordinary man. Minnie instantly thought of it, but she held her tongue, and began hurriedly to see what clothes Evereld had taken with her.

"Her little travelling-bag has gone," she said, "and her hat and cloak. See, too, here is a letter just inside her portmanteau directed to you, papa."

Sir Matthew, who began to look seriously disturbed, tore open the letter and hastily read the following lines:

"My dear Sir Matthew,

"Nothing will induce me to marry Mr. Wylie, and as you insist on my accepting his proposal within the next two days, and refuse to pay any heed to what I say as to my future marriage with Ralph, you force me to act for myself.

"Please do not be anxious about my safety. I am going straight to friends who will take every care of me, and it will be useless to try to make me live again under your roof.

"If you make any attempt to force me back, I shall put myself under the protection of the Lord Chancellor, and ask for a thorough investigation of my affairs. My love to Lady Mactavish and Minnie. I am sorry to vex you all, but you have left me no alternative.

"Yours affly.,
"Evereld Ewart."

He handed the letter to his daughter, and paced the room, dumb for the time with anger and surprise.

"Where can she have gone?" said Minnie. "And how on earth can we hush it up here?"

"Easily enough," said her father, with contempt in his tone. "Say that she has joined some friends in Montreux, and we can all leave to-morrow. Indeed, I shall go straight home to-day and track her out. Little minx! Who would have thought her capable of such resistance? A little, blue-eyed slip of a girl, who had hardly a word to say for herself!"

He turned away in search of Bruce Wylie, and was glad to see that his friend was shocked and perplexed by the news. To do the lawyer justice, he was really anxious about Evereld's safety.

"Upon my soul, Mactavish, it's an ugly business," he said, uneasily. "A young girl fresh from school, innocent and ignorant and quite unprotected, crossing Europe alone! I hope to goodness she has gone to those friends of hers at Champéry. I will set off this morning and see. She would naturally think of them."

"It's possible," said Sir Matthew, with a look of relief. "You go there and I will go straight to London, making close inquiry all along the route. It's possible we may be able to learn something from the people in the hotel without rousing their curiosity too much. We must avoid getting the girl talked about. That would be fatal."

"It's a hateful business," said Bruce Wylie, frowning. "I wish I had never meddled with it."

"There was more in the child than we dreamt of," said Sir Matthew. "She was quiet and gentle and affectionate, and I never thought it possible she would show so stubborn a front. Look at the letter. Why, old Ewart himself might have penned it. As ill-luck would have it, she heard the day before yesterday that changes have been made as to the investment of her money, and I fear she suspects that all is not right. How on earth she came to know anything about the Lord Chancellor and her power of appeal to him I can't conceive."

"Probably through 'Iolanthe' and the 'such a susceptible Chancellor,'" said Bruce Wylie, with a mirthless laugh, "or through some of her beloved Charles Dickens's novels. The fact is, Mactavish, we educate our girls nowadays, but expect them to remain fools. Unless we can track Evereld, and force her to obey you, she has the game in her own hands. Great heaven, just think of it! That little girl can absolutely ruin our careers, can give the pin-prick which will burst the whole bubble."

It was exasperating to the last degree, and to men who had always taken the lowest view of womanhood it was wholly perplexing. They went down to the *salle à manger* trying to look unconcerned, but Miss Upwood's keen eyes read their perturbation.

She enjoyed it hugely.

"I guess you had a good time yesterday, up at the Rochers de Naye," she said, blithely.

"Very, thank you," said Sir Matthew, "though we were all disappointed that my ward was not with us. Have you seen anything of her?"

The American girl met his keen gaze without flinching in the least.

"She was in the garden for a little while yesterday."

"Ah, indeed." Sir Matthew was all on the alert. "Did you have any talk with her?"

"Well—I inquired after her headache," said Miss Upwood casually. "How is she this morning?" and with perfect *sang froid* she began to eat an egg American fashion, a proceeding which she well knew would make Sir Matthew shudder.

"Thank you, she is better," he said, taking refuge in his cup of coffee.

"I'm so glad," said Miss Upwood sweetly. "We must have some more thought-reading this evening, Mr. Wylie. Perhaps Miss Ewart will be able to show me the experiment you were speaking of the other night. You are always successful with her, are you not?"

Dick Lewisham at an adjoining table bent low over his newspaper to hide his amusement.

"Unfortunately," said the solicitor, "we are obliged to leave to-day, or it would have given me the greatest pleasure."

"What a mistake to leave just when we are all such a nice congenial party," said the American. "Is Miss Ewart really fit to go? She looked so white and ill when I saw her yesterday."

"She has been travelling about in Switzerland some time," said Sir Matthew, "and will, I think, be glad to settle down at home."

"I can understand that," said Miss Upwood; "I don't think the hotel life was quite congenial to her. Now we Americans are brought up to live in public from our childhood, it's second nature to us, and we are accustomed to so much more liberty than you allow your girls. I suppose, though, your English girls are much more tractable and obedient than we are."

Sir Matthew winced.

"Comparisons are odious," said Bruce Wylie, with ready politeness, and, after a very scanty breakfast, the two men retired discomfited, while Dick Lewisham and the bright-eyed American enjoyed a quiet laugh at their expense.

To get any clue as to Evereld's movements seemed impossible, and Sir Matthew did not care to put the matter into the hands of the police, or to employ a private detective. In his own mind he felt convinced that Evereld had gone to England, and he travelled home with the utmost speed, having first telegraphed to his confidential clerk to meet him at Victoria by the boat-train on the following afternoon.

"All well, I hope, sir," said Smither, the clerk, as Sir Matthew gave him a pleasant greeting.

"Quite, thank you; did you get that address?"

"Yes, sir," and the clerk handed him a paper. "Da Costa the agent gave it me."

On the paper were inscribed the words, "Macneillie's Company, September 20–27, Theatre Royal, Rilchester."

Sir Matthew promptly detached a key from his ring and handed it to Smither.

"Just see my portmanteau through the Custom House," he said. "I must catch the next train at King's Cross, and will only take my bag with me."

He drove off, but took the precaution of calling at the house in Queen Anne's Gate that he might see whether any clue as to Evereld's movements was to be had from Geraghty or Bridget. Their entire ignorance was however so transparent, and Bridget's inquiries after her young mistress were so natural that he went off to King's Cross more certain than ever that Evereld had avoided London, and had gone straight to her lover. He dined in the train, arrived at Rilchester soon after ten o'clock that evening, took up his quarters at the Station Hotel, and sent a messenger to the stage-door of the theatre to inquire as to Ralph Denmead's address, being careful to avoid giving his name. When, however, he had obtained what he wanted, and after some trouble had discovered the quiet street to which he had been directed, it was only to find that Ralph was still at the theatre.

"He'll not be back for at least another half-hour," said the landlady; "can I give him any message?"

"I had better come in and wait," said Sir Matthew.

The landlady hesitated a moment, but being impressed as most people were by Sir Matthew's manner and bearing, she admitted him and showed him into a fairly comfortable room, where the supper-table was laid for two people.

"I have caught them," said Sir Matthew to himself with an inward chuckle of satisfaction. "The little fool! with her grand talk of the Lord Chancellor's protection! She has ruined her case now. We shall have a scene, that can't be helped. All's well that ends well."

Picking up a newspaper he installed himself comfortably in an armchair and awaited Ralph's return. Presently steps were heard outside, the street door was opened and two people entered the passage; he put down his paper and listened. The voice speaking was certainly Ralph's.

"It's the worst house we have had this week; there weren't a dozen people in the stalls. Ah! I see there's a note for you here."

There followed sounds as of the opening of an envelope, and then the door handle turned and Sir Matthew looked up expectantly. Instead, however, of his runaway ward, there entered a middle-aged man, intently reading an open letter; for a moment Sir Matthew failed to recognise the tired and rather despondent face, then it flashed upon him that this must be Hugh Macneillie. He moved somewhat uneasily, and the actor, recalled to the present, lifted his eyes from the letter and looked at him in mute astonishment.

"I called to see Mr. Denmead," said Sir Matthew, and at that moment Ralph, with his blithe, cheerful face, came into the room, giving an astonished exclamation as he caught sight of his godfather. He greeted him, however, with all proper formality, and introduced Macneillie. There was a momentary pause after that; the situation was somewhat embarrassing.

"I hope Evereld is well," he said, chiefly for the sake of breaking the silence.

"I have come here to make inquiries about Evereld," said Sir Matthew, grimly. "Have the goodness to tell me at once where she is."

"Is she not in Switzerland, with Lady Mactavish?" said Ralph, astonishment and anxiety plainly to be seen in his face.

"My good fellow, I know you are an actor, but spare me this private exhibition," said Sir Matthew, waving his hand in the old

manner. "You know that she has sought refuge with you, and the sooner you give her up to her lawful guardian, the better it will be for you both."

"I think you must have gone out of your mind," said Ralph, fuming. "How should I know anything of Evereld's movements? She is, unfortunately, under your protection till she is of age. Do you mean that you have lost her?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I do mean," said Sir Matthew, wrathfully. "She merely left a letter behind her saying that she had gone to friends who would take care of her, and she had the audacity on the previous day to tell me with her own lips that she would never marry any one but you."

"She is gone?" said Ralph in horror. "But where?"

"That is precisely what I want to learn from you," said Sir Matthew, with a cold sarcastic smile.

"You brute!" cried Ralph, beside himself with passion; "how can you torture me like this? Tell me when she left you, and why? You must have treated her shamefully or she would never have taken such a step."

"You don't impose upon me in the least by all this tragedy acting," said Sir Matthew. "I am satisfied that you know quite well where she is. Probably she is in this house."

Ralph seemed on the point of springing at his torturer's throat, when Macneillie laid a strong hand on his shoulder and drew him back.

"My dear boy, leave this to me," he said. "Surely, Sir Matthew, you cannot seriously believe that we know anything of Miss Ewart's movements? From the little I know of her I should imagine she was far too right-minded and sensible to dream of attempting to seek refuge with her lover. I saw her once or twice in August, when she was staying with Mrs. Hereford at Southbourne, and was much struck by her quiet common sense."

Sir Matthew was obliged to alter his tone, for he saw at once that there was force in what Macneillie said.

"She told me she had met you at Southbourne. I suppose it was there, Ralph, that you had the presumption to ask her to marry you?"

Ralph had by this time recovered his self-control; he replied with a sort of quiet dignity which Sir Matthew resented much more than the outburst of anger.

"It was there that I told her I loved her and hoped some day to work my way up in the profession. It was there I learnt that our love was mutual. Surely she will have gone to Mrs. Hereford for protection. That would be her most natural impulse."

"Well, I had not thought of that. Are the Herefords in London?" said Sir Matthew, feeling that there was a good deal of sense in the suggestion.

"No, they will not be back till Parliament meets, but I know their address in County Wicklow and will telegraph to them to-morrow."

Sir Matthew frowned; it galled him terribly to feel that he was helpless.

"After all," he exclaimed, "she may have had the sense to go to her old governess in Germany. She would be far more likely to confide in her than in Mrs. Hereford. I will telegraph to Dresden and inquire."

"And when you have learnt where she is, what do you propose to do?" said Ralph.

"Fetch her home, of course, and make her realise what people think of such escapades."

Ralph seemed about to reply, but he checked himself.

"Did you imagine I was going to let her set me at defiance?" said Sir Matthew. "Do you think a girl of nineteen will get the better of me?"

"Yes," said Ralph quietly. "I think she will."

Sir Matthew laughed maliciously and rose to go.

"You're a true Denmead," he said. "Always sanguine, always foolish and unpractical. Well, good-night, Mr. Macneillie, I am sorry to have inflicted this visit on you. Good-night, Ralph. Let me know at the Station Hotel as soon as you get a reply from the Herefords."

Ralph showed him to the door in silence, and returning to the sitting-room flung himself down in a chair by the supper-table and buried his face in his hands.

"What can I do?" he groaned. "Surely there must be something I could do for her."

"Eat, boy, eat," said Macneillie, in his genial voice. "You can't think to any pur-

pose when you are dog-tired and as hungry as a hunter. All very well for Sir Matthew to come in here and rant at half-past eleven when he had dined luxuriously at eight; but for strolling players who feed at four and work like galley slaves all the evening it's not so easy."

While he talked he had been carving cold beef, and Ralph, who at the best of times was but a frugal supper eater, and had never felt less inclined for a meal, found himself forced to begin whether he would or not.

"Here's a salad that I mixed this afternoon after Sydney Smith's own recipe," said Macneillie. "It would be sudden death to most men of this generation close upon midnight, but it's the reward of hard work to acquire the digestion of the ostrich and to sleep the sleep of the righteous."

He talked on, much in the way he had talked long ago in the Pass of Leny, when he had helped Ralph along the road to Kilmahog; it was the sort of conversation which did not demand much response, but never failed to hold the hearer's attention because it was racy and humorous.

But by-and-by, when they had lighted their pipes, he reverted to Sir Matthew's visit.

"Curious man, that ex-guardian of yours," he said, musingly. "I am not surprised that you two never hit it off. I wonder what it was that drove little Miss Ewart to take such a decided step."

"I am certain it was some question of marriage," said Ralph. "Probably he wanted that brute Wylie to have the control of her fortune. I have always detested that man. Governor! What am I to do? Will you spare me for a week and let me see if I can help her?"

"No, my dear boy, I won't do anything of the sort," said Macneillie resolutely, yet with a most kindly look in his eyes. "I know it's a hard thing for you to stay here and go on with your work as if nothing had happened, while all the time you are sick with anxiety, but it's what we all of us have to put up with now and again. Besides, you could do no good and you might do great harm. Those who know Miss Ewart best are the ones who ought to have most confidence in her womanly wisdom. Depend upon it she is perfectly safe. Such a quiet, well-bred girl as that might go alone unharmed from one end of Europe to the other."

Ralph pushed back his chair and paced the room restlessly.

"The suspense is the intolerable part of it," he said with a break in his voice.

"I have good reason to know how hard suspense is to bear," said Macneillie. "And yet it's not the worst, for there's always a large mixture of hope in it. Come, write out your telegram to the Herefords; it will need careful wording."

And as Ralph complied, the Highlander paced the room humming a verse which often came now to his lips—

> "I've aye been strong and fitt,
> And can stand a gey bit thraw."

The next day was Sunday, but the telegraph-office was open for two hours in the morning, and upon the stroke of eight Ralph stood at the door with his message to Ireland. He returned again between half-past nine and ten and waited drearily in the office for the reply. But the deep bell of the cathedral boomed out the hour and still no answer came.

"Open again between five and six, sir," said the official, showing him to the door; and Ralph, miserably depressed, made his way to the cathedral. Here for a time he found comfort; but during the psalms the verger ushered a late-comer into the stall exactly facing him. He saw at a glance that it was Sir Matthew, and after that there was no more peace for him, but a dire struggle with his angry heart.

After service was over Sir Matthew joined him in the close, greeting him just as if nothing had happened.

"Did you telegraph to the Herefords?" he asked.

"Yes, but as yet there is no reply," said Ralph.

"And I have not heard back from Dresden. We shall both hear this afternoon. Come and dine with me at eight o'clock and you shall hear the result."

"Thank you," said Ralph; "but we leave for Nottingham by the 8.10."

"Come to lunch now, then."

But to sit down and eat with the man who had wrought such havoc in his life, and had driven Evereld to take such a desperate step, was more than Ralph could endure.

He excused himself, promising, however, to come round at six o'clock to the hotel and report any news he might receive from Ireland.

His face when he arrived was not reassuring; he looked pale and miserable.

"What news?" said Sir Matthew, eagerly.

"None," said Ralph, handing the telegram to his godfather. The words struck a chill to Sir Matthew's heart.

"*Know nothing about her at all. Imagined she was in Switzerland still with her guardian.*"

"I have had a similar one from Dresden," he replied. "She is not there, and wrote last nearly a month ago."

"Is there any clue whatever in the letter she left behind for you?" suggested Ralph, with a strong desire to see it.

Sir Matthew took from his breast-pocket a methodically arranged packet and drew out Evereld's note.

"I can find no clue in it," he said. "Perhaps you may be able to do so."

Ralph eagerly read the letter. There was not the slightest hint as to the direction Evereld had taken, but something in the quiet assurance, the guarded, dignified tone of the short note brought him comfort. It revealed a side of his old playfellow's character which had hitherto lain dormant.

"Well!" said Sir Matthew, sharply. "You look relieved. What do you make of it? Where do you think she has gone?"

"I have no idea," said Ralph. "The letter tells nothing. Still she wouldn't have written so calmly and confidently if her plans had not been well thought out. Evereld is not impulsive. Perhaps she had met friends while you were travelling and has gone to them."

"No, I had a telegram in London from Bruce Wylie, who went over to Champéry on purpose to interview a school friend she had met. She had heard nothing whatever about her. I shall have to set a private detective to work."

Ralph flushed.

"You would surely not do that?" he said quickly.

"Why not? I must find her; and I intend to bring her back to my house."

"Well," said Ralph, "the one thing that remains absolutely certain is that, when Evereld says a thing, she means it with her whole heart. She will certainly appeal to the Lord Chancellor, and I don't think he will compel her to return to your house when he has heard the whole truth."

"Do you dare to assert that I have not been in every respect a faithful and kind guardian to her? I, who was her father's oldest friend?"

"I assert nothing," said Ralph, bitterly, as he moved to the door. "But I can't forget what your friendship for my father led to."

Sir Matthew made no reply. He turned abruptly to the window, the colour mounting to his temples. The closing of the door and the sound of Ralph's retreating footsteps came as a relief.

"If I had but guessed what a serpent's tooth that boy would prove to me, I would have shipped him straight off to the Colonies instead of educating him," he thought to himself. "I was weak, pitiably weak! It was the look of Denmead's face as he lay there dead that unmanned me. There was the ghastly quiet of the country, too, and the child with his old-world politeness, and that infernal lawyer with his suspicions. If I had only been sensible enough to stamp out all sentiment and do the practical thing at once, my plans would not be thwarted now by a chit of a girl who has lost her heart to a penniless actor."

His face grew dark with anxiety and trouble as he reflected on the desperate position of his own affairs should Evereld succeed in baffling him.

CHAPTER XXVII

"When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow."
GEORGE HERBERT.

WHEN Evereld parted with the kindly American girl and Dick Lewisham, a sense of great loneliness for a time overwhelmed her. She looked in a dazed way at the various delicacies displayed in the prettily arranged shop, wondering whether she should ever feel hungry again. Having at last selected some dainty little meat patties and two crescent-shaped rolls, she walked on to the next halting-place of the electric tram, and after a very brief waiting found herself to her great relief comfortably installed in a corner seat *en route* for Vevay. She had judged it more prudent to take the tram.

knowing that she would more easily be traced had she gone direct from Territet station to Geneva by the railroad or by steamer. When once they were safely out of Montreux, and the risk of meeting any of the visitors in the Rigi Vaudois was practically over, she breathed more freely, even finding time to enjoy the lovely glimpses of the lake and the mountains as they sped through Clarens and the pretty surroundings of Vevay.

Arrived at length in that quaint old town, she was set down at the railway station, where she prudently took her ticket only as far as Lausanne, travelling second class, because she knew that she was less liable to find herself alone, and had heard the Continental saying that only fools and Englishmen travel first class. It was during the twenty minutes waiting time at Lausanne that her perplexities began.

"Came down to breakfast and opened the paper"

A kindly-looking English lady, seeing that she seemed to be alone, sat down beside her and began to talk about the weather and the scenery. Finally she hazarded a direct question.

"Have you a long journey before you?"

"Not very long," said Evereld, colouring, as she glanced inquiringly into her companion's face as though to make sure what sort of person she was. In one sense the look reassured her, for the most suspicious mortal could not have credited this mild-faced lady with any evil design, but on the other hand she was evidently one of those inquisitive mortals who delight in asking questions in season and out of season.

"I am going myself to Geneva; if that is your direction we might perhaps travel together," said the lady pleasantly.

"Thank you," said Evereld, reflecting that after all she could baffle the questions by reading when once they had started.

"It is not so easy for a girl to travel alone abroad as it is in England," said her companion, looking curiously at Evereld's girlish face. "I almost wonder your parents allow it."

"I have no parents," said Evereld.

"Indeed! And have you been staying with friends?"

"Yes," said Evereld. "And I am on my way now to some other friends."

Murmuring an excuse, she sprang up and went to the window to see whether the train was nearly ready.

"This is dreadful," she reflected. "If we talk much longer she will drag the whole story out of me. I will buy some papers, and try to make her read."

"You are sure your luggage is all right?" exclaimed the good lady the moment she returned.

"Quite sure, thank you," said Evereld, clasping her hand-bag closer, and trembling lest she should be asked some unanswerable question.

At length an official began vigor-

"It came back with lessened power and found a stronger man to grapple with it"

ously to ring the great bell in the doorway, and to shout the intelligence that passengers for Geneva and various other places must take their seats.

"Can I help you?" said Evereld, politely offering to take a basket from the large heap of possessions with which her neighbour was surrounded. She was startled to feel something jump inside it in an uncanny way.

"Thank you, if you would. To tell the truth it is my little dog in there, but he is such a good traveller I don't think you will mind him."

"Shall I say that I detest dogs, and so escape to another carriage?" reflected Evereld, smiling to herself. But on the whole, in spite of the tiresome questions, she rather liked this good English lady, and found a certain comfort in her presence when once they were installed in the train. Her spirits rose as they travelled further and further from the Mactavishes; she even grew hungry, made short work of the provisions she had bought, parried her friend's questions skilfully by counter-questions about the pet dog, and finally took refuge in "Pride and Prejudice," and in the delicious humour of Jane Austen's characters forgot all her dangers and difficulties till the train steamed into the Geneva station.

"I suppose your friends will meet you?" asked the talkative lady as she fastened the dog up in his basket.

"No," said Evereld, "but I shall manage very well now, thank you," and with rather hurried farewells she sprang from the carriage, not offering to carry the basket any further, but promising to send a porter. Fortunately, her companion was in such a bustle with the effort of collecting her various belongings that she did not notice the English girl's somewhat abrupt departure, and Evereld, with a joyful sense of escape, made her way to the outside of the station, and getting into one of the little public carriages drove off to make her purchases in the town.

Having bought an ulster and a warm shawl, which made a very respectable show

when put into her cloak straps, she went back to the station, dined in a leisurely way, and passed the rest of her two hours' waiting time as patiently as she could.

By six o'clock she was safely in the train once more, with the happy knowledge that she had no more changes that night, and would arrive at Lyons in rather more than four hours. Her heart danced with joy as she reflected that by the next afternoon she might have safely reached Bride O'Ryan and Aimée Magnay, her greatest friends, in Mrs. Magnay's old home in Auvergne. That was the safe refuge towards which she was steering her course. That was the thought which had darted into her mind on the previous evening when she had decided that flight was the only thing under the circumstances.

Later on, however, when darkness had stolen like a pall over the landscape, when, weary with want of sleep and worn out with excitement and anxiety, the glad sense of escape died away, she grew unutterably sad-hearted and forlorn.

At the other end of the carriage two men wrangled together over the vexed question of having the window open or shut. A fat French lady went to sleep and snored monotonously; just opposite her a young couple on their honeymoon laughed and chatted in low tones with much outward demonstration; while beyond, a young mother sat with her baby in her arms, an air of placid content on her face.

Never before had Evereld felt such a unit, never before had she realised how really alone she was in the world. She shuddered to think what would have become of her if Ralph had never crossed her path. And then, as the engine throbbed on through the darkness, all those terrors of imagining, from which her healthy, uneventful life had so far been exempt, laid strong hold upon her, and made the night hideous.

She saw Ralph lying ill and forlorn in a fever hospital. She saw him lying with pale lips and hands folded in the awful calm of death. She saw herself alone and broken-hearted, struggling to make something of her maimed life and failing in the attempt. She saw Sir Matthew tracking her out and carrying her back to the house in Queen Anne's Gate. Worst of all, she saw herself standing in church and passively allowing herself to be married to Bruce Wylie.

She had just reached this climax in her miserable thoughts when, as the train stopped at a wayside station, the door of the carriage was opened, and in came a very aged priest, whose rusty black raiment had an old and somewhat countrified look. His thin, worn face might have been stern in youth, but the passing years had mellowed it, and, like Southey's holly tree, what had once been sharp and aggressive had grown tender as it more nearly approached heaven. His keen eyes seemed to take in the occupants of the carriage in one glance, and he at once divined that the sad little English girl in the corner was for some reason feeling altogether desolate. He took the vacant place beside her, and began to unwrap a package which he carried. It proved to be a cage containing a bullfinch, and Evereld watched with interest the scared fluttering of the bird and the gentle, reassuring face of the old man as he tried to pacify it.

"It is its first journey," he said, glancing at her. "The unaccustomed has terrors for us all. It will soon understand that it is quite safe. Eh, Fifi, should I let any harm happen to thee, thou foolish one?"

"Can it sing any tune?" said Evereld. "We had one in London that sang a bit of the National Anthem."

"And Fifi is just as patriotic," said the old priest, laughing. "He will pipe two lines of '*Partant pour La Syrie*.' I am taking him to cheer up one of my parishioners who is lying ill at Lyons. He will think Fifi from the *presbytère* almost as good as one of his own friends from the village. And when the lad is better, why he will bring back this winged missionary to me. My old housekeeper would not hear of parting with Fifi altogether. He is the life of the house, she says."

The bird, growing now more accustomed to its strange surroundings, piped cheerfully the familiar air of the refrain:

> "Amour à la plus belle,
> Honneur au plus vaillant."

"Ah! he sings better than ours ever did," said Evereld, smiling. "He is a very good pupil."

"And much more tractable than a choir-boy," said the old priest, laughing. "Does he sing too loud and tire one's head—it is

but to cover his cage and he is as quiet as any mouse."

After that they drifted into talk about life in rural France, and by the time they reached Lyons Evereld felt that the old man had become quite a friend.

The other passengers scrambled out of the carriage, each intent on his own affairs, but the priest helped her courteously with her roll of cloaks.

"Would you mind telling me which is the best and most quiet hotel to go to?" she asked. "I cannot get on any further till nine o'clock to-morrow morning. I am on my way to stay with friends near Clermont Ferrand."

"You are over young, my child," he said, "to travel unprotected. But I know it is not in England as with us, the young *demoiselles* have greater liberty. The best plan will be for you to go to an hotel close by. As it happens, I know the manager and his wife, and if you will permit me I will walk with you to the door and ask them to take good care of you. I think you are like Fifi, not over well accustomed to travelling."

"Thank you very much," said Evereld, gratefully. "Now I shall feel safe indeed."

The old priest piloted her across the crowded platform, and having given her luggage to the hotel porter, himself took her to the manager's little office, where madame, a comely and pleasant-looking woman, sat at her desk busily casting up accounts. Her face lighted up at sight of the old man.

"A thousand welcomes, Father Nicolas, it is long since you paid us a visit."

"You are well," said the old priest; "I need not ask that for it is easily to be seen, and busy as usual. Is your husband in?"

"He will be desolated, but he has gone to his club."

"Ah well, I will call and see him to-morrow. In the meantime, will you kindly do your utmost to make this young English lady feel at home and comfortable. She is unable to travel further till the 8.59 to-morrow morning. I leave you in good hands," he said, taking kindly leave of Evereld. "Madame has a great reputation for taking good care of her guests."

"It will be my greatest pleasure," said the manager's wife. "Mademoiselle looks tired and will doubtless like to go to her room."

Evereld assented and toiled upstairs after the brisk, capable-looking manageress, who chatted pleasantly as they went.

"He has the best of hearts, old Father Nicolas," she said; "I have known him since I was a child. There is not a living thing, I verily believe, that he does not love. It was a sight to see him standing on a winter's morning in the garden of the *presbytère*, and feeding the birds before he went to Mass."

"Where does he live?" asked Evereld.

"At Arvron, a little village where there are many poor. His people adore him. This will be your room, mademoiselle, and shall I send you up a little hot soup to take the last thing, or will you rather come down to the *salle à manger?*"

"I should like it up here, please," said Evereld. "And you won't let me oversleep myself and miss the train to-morrow? I am so tired, I think I should sleep the clock round if no one called me."

"I will call you myself," said the manageress. "It is a busy life here and I am always an early riser. *Bon soir, mademoiselle.* I hope you will be quite rested by the morning."

"How much easier it has all been than I expected!" thought Evereld, as she made her preparations for the night. "To think that this time yesterday I was at Glion, and in such a panic lest anything should prevent my getting away! I wonder whether I had better telegraph to Mrs. Magnay and tell her I am on my way to ask her protection? I don't think I will. It might lead to my being traced later on, and besides, I have no idea whether there is a telegraph-office within reasonable reach of the château. How I wonder what it will be like."

Her reflections were interrupted by the arrival of a pretty young chambermaid, who brought her a basin of the most delicious soup, and long before midnight she was sound asleep and dreaming of Bride and Aimée.

She woke up in excellent spirits, chatted with Madame as she breakfasted on the coffee and rolls, which the pretty chambermaid brought to her bedroom, and set off on the next stage of her journey, full of hope for the future, and relief that all had passed off so well. At that very minute Sir Matthew Mactavish was ruefully regarding her empty room at Glion, and wondering how he could

possibly trace her out. But Evereld was too busy to trouble herself much over the thought of his well-deserved discomfiture. Every one seemed intent on being kind to her here. The manageress was almost motherly in her solicitude, the chambermaid waited on her as though service were a pleasure, and the hotel porter neglected the other passengers in the omnibus until he had seen her safely established in the *salle d'attente* with her possessions. Here, to her surprise, she found old Father Nicolas, reading his breviary.

"It was too early yet to see the sick lad I told you of," he explained, "so I thought I would start you on your way, if you will permit me the pleasure."

"I shall never forget all your kindness," she said gratefully. "I was feeling so dreadfully alone till you got into the train last night."

"Well, it is no bad thing to learn what loneliness means," said the old man, thoughtfully. "Nothing so well teaches you to go through life on the look-out for the lonely, that you may serve them. Ha! they come to announce your train! I will inquire if you have a change of carriages at Montbrison."

He hurried away, returning in a minute or two to help her with her packages.

"Yes, I am sorry to say they will turn you out at Montbrison, but you will have only ten minutes' waiting, and no difficulty at all in that quiet place. I see M. Dubochet and his two daughters—very pleasant people—will you go in the same carriage?" And so, with a few pleasant words of introduction, Father Nicolas bade Evereld Godspeed, and as the train moved off she looked out wistfully after her kindly old friend, wondering whether she should ever again come across him.

The clock was striking five, when, after an uneventful journey, Evereld found herself outside the station at Clermont Ferrand, giving orders to a somewhat rough-looking Auvergnat to drive her to the Château de Mabillon. The man seemed inclined to hold out for a certain sum for the journey, and as Evereld had no notion of the distance, she was determined to make no rash promises. It would never do to be extravagant now, for there was no saying how long her last allowance would have to supply her wants.

"M. Magnay will settle with you when we reach the château," she said with a little touch of dignity in her manner.

The man instantly subsided, feeling that he had no stranger to deal with, but a friend of the family. And Claude Magnay's name was quite sufficient to assure him that he would receive his rightful fare, but not the extortionate sum he had demanded of the newcomer.

The little incident had, however, depressed Evereld. She had spoken confidently to the man, but now a qualm of doubt came over her. She was about to cast herself upon the mercy of Aimée's parents, and after all she knew little about them. On their occasional visits to Southbourne, she had gone with Aimée and Bride to spend Saturday afternoon with them, and she had been three or four times to their London house, but she realised now that she was going to ask a very great favour of them, and that possibly they might not care to shelter her from her lawful guardian.

These thoughts lasted all the time they were driving through the narrow and dingy streets of Clermont Ferrand, and she fancied that the lava-built houses seemed to frown upon her, and to assure her that she was an unwelcome visitor. Before long, however, they had left the town behind them and were driving through the most beautiful country, and in that sunny, smiling landscape it was impossible to give way to anxious thoughts. The glowing colours of the autumn leaves, the picturesque vineyards, the river with its gleaming water reflecting the blue sky, and the strange irregular mountains which rose on every hand, filled her with delight. The sun had set when at length they reached a narrower and more secluded valley; Evereld fancied they must be getting near to Mabillon and inquired of her driver.

"It is two kilometres to the château," said the Auvergnat. Then after a few minutes he again turned round from the box-seat. "Madame Magnay and her daughter are down at the mill yonder," he said.

"Oh, stop then, and let me speak to them," said Evereld eagerly; and springing from the carriage, she hastened towards Aimée, who quickly perceived her and ran forward with a cry of joyful astonishment.

"This is a delightful surprise. Are you

travelling back through France? Mother, you remember Evereld?"

Mrs. Magnay gave her a charming greeting, containing all the warmth and animation which English greetings so often lack.

"I remember Evereld very well, and am more delighted than I can say to welcome her to my dear old home."

"You are very good," said Evereld shyly. "I have come to you, because I was in great trouble, and I thought—I felt sure—you would help and advise me. It is impossible for me to stay longer with Sir Matthew Mactavish."

Her eyes were full of tears, and Mrs. Magnay, taking her hand, began to lead her towards the carriage.

"You are quite tired out, poor child," she said caressingly. "We are very sorry for your trouble, but very glad that it brought you to Mabillon. This evening you shall tell us all about it. Do you see that pretty girl waving her hand to us from the cottage door? That is my dear old Javotte's granddaughter. Aimée has told you how she starved herself in the siege of Paris that we might have food enough. Dear old woman!"

"And here is one of the best views of Mont D'Or," said Aimée, "only the light is fading so fast you can't properly see it."

Chatting thus they soon reached the old château, a great part of which had now been carefully restored, and Mrs. Magnay, seeing how pale and worn her guest looked, determined to take her straight upstairs.

"Run, Aimée," she said, "and tell your father to settle with the driver, and then bring a cup of tea for Evereld. I shall take her to Bride's room; she will be more snug in there, I think."

So Evereld was taken straight to her friend, and then, while Mrs. Magnay herself kindled the wood fire and daintily piled up fir-cones to catch the blaze, Bride made her rest in the snuggest of easy chairs, and she had very soon told them the whole story.

"I know nothing of English law," said Mrs. Magnay. "Are you sure you can put yourself under the protection of the Lord Chancellor?"

"I think so," said Evereld. "Don't you remember, Bride, how we used to tease you about your answer in that examination we had, when you wrote, 'The Lord Chancellor must be a very busy man, for Blackstone says he is the natural guardian of all orphans, idiots, and lunatics'?"

"To be sure I do," said Bride, laughing. "Well, if Blackstone says so, you must surely be right."

"I will go and talk over matters with my husband," said Mrs. Magnay, "and see what he advises, and in the meantime, Bride, I strongly advise you to put Evereld to bed. She looks to me quite tired out. Rest and forget your troubles, dear. No one can molest you at Mabillon, and you say that Sir Matthew can have no clue as to your whereabouts."

"No; he will naturally think I have gone to Mrs. Hereford, or to my old governess, at Dresden," said Evereld. "To-morrow I must write to Mrs. Hereford and ask her to let Ralph know that I am safe. I am so afraid he may hear that I have disappeared and be anxious about me."

"Write to him," said Bride, "and let Doreen forward your letter."

In the meantime Mrs. Magnay told the whole story to her husband, and it was decided that he should put the case straight into the hands of a London solicitor. Evereld, being consulted as to the one she would prefer, unhesitatingly named Ralph's old friend, Mr. Marriott, of Basinghall Street; and as Claude Magnay knew that she could not have mentioned a more trustworthy and efficient man, he wrote to him and made her on the following morning also write, with a full description of all that had passed, of her suspicions with regard to her fortune, and of her wish for a thorough investigation of her affairs.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leave somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it, till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made manifest!"

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

RALPH'S anxieties came to an end while the company were fulfilling their engagement at Nottingham. For one never-to-be-forgotten day there arrived a letter from Mrs. Hereford, inclosing a long letter, on foreign paper, from Evereld. The sheet bore no address, and

she did not mention the name of the friends who were taking care of her, but she told him all about their kindness, and that Bride O'Ryan was with her, that she was quite safe from molestation and in the depths of the country far away among mountains and woods, where neither Sir Matthew nor Bruce Wylie could trouble her peace.

Later on came news from Mrs. Hereford that Evereld's affairs had been put into the hands of Mr. Marriott, and that Mr. Hereford was in consultation with the old lawyer, and would do everything he possibly could; offering, if it were thought well, to become Evereld's guardian and trustee, should the Lord Chancellor decide to deprive Sir Matthew of the trusteeship. After that, for some time, came no news at all.

At last, growing anxious, Ralph made a hurried expedition to town late one Saturday night, and sought out his old friend Mr. Marriott on Sunday.

He could not, however, get anything very definite out of him. Mr. Marriott was always reserved and cautious, but he set him quite at rest as far as Evereld was concerned.

"She is perfectly safe, and Sir Matthew can't touch her, for she is now a ward of Court," he said, reassuringly. "I am not yet at liberty to speak to you as to details; I think, however, your old prejudice against Sir Matthew Mactavish was not without foundation. Unless I am much mistaken, he will soon be unmasked. Now to turn to quite another matter: I understand from my client, Lady Fenchurch, that you were present at Edinburgh last summer and met Sir Roderick. Tell me, as carefully as you can, all that passed while you were present."

Ralph related all that he could remember.

"We have exactly the same sort of evidence from many other witnesses of similar scenes," said the lawyer. "It will not be worth while calling you to appear at the trial. If you had witnessed any sort of violence—physical violence—we should subpœna you at once."

"When does the case come on?" said Ralph.

"Possibly next week, but there is always great uncertainty as to the exact date."

Ralph's thoughts naturally turned to Macneillie, and he remembered his words about suspense being tolerable because it was always so largely mixed with hope.

The lawyer, however, who knew nothing of his reasons for taking interest in the Fenchurch case, fancied the shadow on his face was caused by anxiety for Evereld Ewart, and began to talk in a kindly way of her future.

"Of course," he said, "I can understand that under the circumstances it is hard for you not to be allowed even to know where Miss Ewart is. But it is safer that you should only communicate with her through Mr. and Mrs. Hereford. Who can tell that Sir Matthew may not pounce down on you again as he did at Rilchester? You know that she is safe and well, and for the present that must suffice you. I have good reason to believe that the world will soon see Sir Matthew Mactavish in his true colours, and what will happen then no one can foretell. There are storms ahead, but I think they are storms which will at any rate clear your way."

After this enigmatical speech Ralph went back to his work, somewhat perplexed, yet on the whole relieved and hopeful. There followed ten uneventful days, and then one morning at Brighton, when he came down to breakfast and opened the paper, the first thing that caught his eye was a brief paragraph just before the leading article.

"In the Divorce Division yesterday the President and a Common Jury had before them the case of Fenchurch *v.* Fenchurch and Mackay. The adultery was not denied, but the evidence failed to show legal cruelty on the part of Sir Roderick Fenchurch. His Lordship was therefore unable to grant a *decree nisi*, but ordered a judicial separation with costs, and directed the amount to be paid into Court in a fortnight. Lady Fenchurch is well known to the public under her stage name of Miss Christine Greville."

"She is not yet free from that brute then," thought Ralph, a sick feeling of disappointment stealing over him as he realised how this news would darken his friend's sky, how it would for ever cheat him of his heart's desire. Hastily turning the paper to read the longer report he found a whole column with the sensational heading, "Theatrical Divorce Suit," and feeling how it would all grate upon Macneillie, longed to keep the newspaper from him. "He shall at any rate have his breakfast in peace," he reflected, and crushing the paper in his hands he flung it into the fire.

The blaze had only just died down when Macneillie entered. He seemed in unusually good spirits; they had had good houses for three nights, moreover the weather was bright and clear, and the autumn sunshine of the south coast seemed doubly delightful after a gloomy tour in the Midlands. Ralph thought he had never seen him look so young and buoyant and hopeful as just at that moment.

"Nothing like Brighton air for making a man hungry," said Macneillie, devouring a plateful of porridge and helping himself to eggs and bacon. Have they brought round the letters from the theatre?"

Ralph handed him a budget, hoping that it would occupy him and make him forget the paper.

But there were no letters of importance, and Macneillie, suddenly remembering that there might by chance be news of the Fenchurch case, which he was aware would probably come on during November, looked eagerly round the table.

"No newspaper?" he said. "How's that? The Smith boy must have played us false."

"I will run out and get one," said Ralph. "Will you have any of the local ones, too?"

"Yes, let us see what they have to say about 'The Winter's Tale,'" said Macneillie.

Ralph disappeared, and Macneillie, having finished his breakfast, rang for the maid to clear.

"Have you taken our newspaper to any of the other lodgers by mistake?" he asked, beginning to feel impatient for it.

"No, sir," said the maid. "It's in here, at least"—looking round in surprise—"I know it was in here. Mr. Denmead must have taken it away. I saw him open it when I brought in the coffee."

Then in a flash it dawned upon Macneillie that Ralph had made away with the paper because it contained bad news.

"The boy couldn't stand seeing me come upon it suddenly," he thought to himself. "He wanted me to breakfast first. No one but Ralph would have thought of that! It is the worst news. I must be ready to bear it."

He stood by the window looking out at the great expanse of sea with its blue surface crisply ruffled by the fresh wind. Away to the left the graceful outline of the Chain Pier seemed to speak of old-fashioned Brighton, and it took him back to a time at least seventeen years ago in the very earliest days of his betrothal to Christine. How vividly the very tiniest details of the past came back to him! It had been in the days of æstheticism and high-art colouring, a style which had suited Christine to perfection. He could remember, too, how at one of the little old-fashioned stalls he had bought her a dirk-shaped Scotch shawl-brooch with a cairngorm stone in it; they had been far too poor in those days to dream of diamonds.

"She was only a child of seventeen," he thought to himself. "Younger than Evereld Ewart, and I was not perhaps so very much older than that young fellow over the way. Yes I was though—it is Ralph! How slowly he is walking. I believe the boy cares for me; he hates to be the bearer of ill news."

Ralph's usually cheerful face was curiously overcast. He put down the papers, muttered something about "going to Brill's for a swim," and made for the door.

"Rehearsal at eleven, don't forget," said Macneillie, taking up the London paper with a steady hand.

He was glad to be alone, and in the midst of his grievous pain he felt grateful to Ralph for that little touch of considerateness which had spared him to some extent—that stratagem which had deferred his evil day.

For, as he had said, his suspense had been largely mixed with hope; he had tried to face the other alternative, but his very sense of justice had inclined him to be hopeful. It surely could not be that after these long years of suffering there should be no release? Max Hereford's words had chilled him for the time, but spite of them the hope had predominated. Now hope lay dead, remorselessly slain by this unequal English law, which as a Scotsman seemed to him so extraordinary, so intolerably unfair.

When a law is manifestly unjust, when it flatly contradicts the foundation truth of Christianity that in Christ all are equal, that there is neither bond nor free, male or female, there comes to every one of strong passions the temptation to break the law. It is such a hard thing to wait patiently for the slow,

tedious process of reform, that the headstrong and the impetuous and the self-indulgent, and all who have not learnt a stern self-control, will often take the law into their own hands and defy the world. Macneillie reaped now the benefit of long years of self-repression and brave endurance. He saw very clearly that it is only justifiable to break the law of the land when it interferes with a higher duty; that to break even a bad law because it interfered with one's most cherished desire could never be right; that to admit such a course to be right must sap the very foundations of society.

He saw it all plainly enough; yet, being human, could not at once shake himself free from the haunting consciousness that it lay in his power to choose present happiness, that in such a case the world would quickly condone the offence, and—greatest temptation of all—that he might shield Christine from the difficulties and dangers that were but too likely to assail one in her position.

Fortunately, he had but little spare time on his hands; it was already a quarter to eleven, and the mere habit of rigorous punctuality came to his help.

He walked down the parade, and the fresh air and the salt sea-breeze invigorated him. His mind went back—sadly enough, yet with greater safety—from the future to the past; he seemed to be young once more, and crossing this very same Steyne with a tall, golden-haired girl, who still retained something of the simplicity and innocence which she had brought with her from her quiet school in the country.

She was beside him as he passed through Castle Square, beside him as he walked up North Street, beside him as he went along the Colonnade and entered the stage-door of the very same theatre where they had acted together all those years ago.

There was a rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet," chiefly for the sake of Ralph, who was the understudy for Romeo, and was obliged to play the part that evening owing to the illness of the juvenile lead, John Carington.

Though of course perfect in his words, he needed a good deal of instruction, and Macneillie, who always found him a pupil after his own heart—receptive, quick, eager to learn, and with that touch of genius which is as rare as it is delightful—forgot for a time all his troubles in the pleasure of teaching. And if after the night's performance was over and his satisfaction with his pupil's success had had time to pass into the background, the old temptation came back once more, it came back with lessened power, and found a stronger man to grapple with it.

No word passed between master and pupil as to the bad news the morning had brought, except that as Ralph, somewhat sooner than usual, bade the manager good-night, Macneillie, with his most kindly look, said to him:

"Your Romeo is the best thing you have done yet. The saying goes, you know, that no man has the power to act Romeo till he looks too old for the part. You have done something towards falsifying that axiom, and have cheered a dark day for me."

"I owe everything to you, governor," said Ralph, gripping his hand; and as he turned away he felt that he would have given up everything and been content to play "walking gentleman" all the days of his life if only Macneillie could be spared this grievous trial that had come upon him. He prayed for a reform of the law as he had never prayed in his life.

Left alone, Macneillie paced silently up and down the room deep in thought. At length, in the small hours of the night, he took pen and paper and wrote the following letter:

"My dear Christine,

"It is impossible after our talk last summer in Scotland to let such a time as this pass by in silence. You well know that I love you, nor will I pretend ignorance of your love for me. Let us be honest and face facts; truth makes even what we are called on to bear more endurable.

"It is because I love and honour you that I write now to bid you farewell. Let us at least be law-abiding citizens, even though the law be a one-sided, unjust law.

"I believe from my heart that Christ, though disallowing divorce—with its natural sequence, another marriage—for all the trivial reasons which the Jews were in the habit of putting forward, distinctly permitted them where a marriage had been broken by the faithlessness of a guilty partner. And assuredly He never set up one standard of

morality for men and another for women; His words must apply equally to both.

"Doubtless some day the gross injustice of the existing English law will be remedied, and, as in Scotland, there will be one and the same law for men and women in this matter. For that day I wait and hope. For many reasons I do not ask now to see you. Is it not better that we should not meet? I am convinced that it is safer and wiser that we should — both for our own sakes and for the sake of the profession — keep apart. Many may think this mere old-fashioned prejudice, but I believe I should serve you better at a distance than by dangling about you, and so giving a handle to those scandal-mongers who love nothing so dearly as to make free with the name of some well-known actress.

"I dare not write more, save just to beg and pray that if there should ever be a time when you are in any danger or difficulty, and others—better fitted to serve, because more indifferent—are not at hand, you will then turn to me for help.

"God bless you! Good-bye.

"Yours ever,

"HUGH MACNEILLIE."

"God helping me, I will try to be more worthy now"

The letter reached Christine at Monkton Verney, and the sight of it made the colour rush to her pale face. What she hoped, what she feared, she scarcely knew herself; her heart was all in tumult. She read it in feverish haste, then again slowly and carefully, and yet a third time through fast gathering tears. How strangely it contrasted with the so-called love-letters she had received from some men! And yet how infinitely more it moved her by its calmness and self-restraint.

"I was unworthy of you in the past," she thought, "but, God helping me, I will try to be more worthy now."

And without further delay—dreading, perhaps, to put off the difficult task — she wrote him a letter which had in it the fervour of a new and strong resolve and the beauty of a perfectly sincere response of soul to soul.

After that she plunged straight into business, and about noon sought out Miss Claremont; and, walking with her in the quiet grounds near the ruined priory, told her of the plans she had made for the future.

"I have, as you know, made over the management of the theatre to Barry Sterne. He and his wife have been very good to me for many years, and it is better now that I should not again be burdened with all the cares of a manageress. He proposes that I should take the part of the heroine in the new play that he is bringing out in January, and I have just written to him accepting the proposal."

"Are you fit yet for work?" asked Miss Claremont, looking a little doubtfully into

her companion's face. It was curiously beautiful this morning, but not with the beauty of physical strength. Indeed, Christine had never looked capable of bearing any very great strain, and the last few days had taxed her powers to the utmost.

"I must get to work," she said, quietly. "There is no safety in idleness. How odd it seems that a physical breakdown comes generally through over-work and a moral breakdown through too little work."

"When must you leave us?" asked Miss Claremont.

"I think I had better go next week, and if you will keep Charlie a few days longer I can settle into that flat in Victoria Street which I have the refusal of. I shall manage very well there with my maid and with Dugald to wait on Charlie; it will be necessary to live a quiet life for many reasons."

Miss Claremont assented, nor was it possible to raise any objection to her companion's plans. But she could not help secretly wondering whether, with all her good intentions, Christine was strong enough either in health or in character to live a life so beset with difficulties.

SOME ASPECTS OF "THE IMITATION OF CHRIST"

By DAVID CONNOR

THE book which is known to the world as "The Imitation of Christ," and commonly ascribed to Thomas à Kempis, is one of the classics of devotion. For at least four centuries it has taught the honesties of self-discipline and the supreme lesson of renunciation; it has been the cherished companion of saints in their secluded hours. The child of Catholicism, it has beaten down the bastions of sectarian separation. The Puritan has long since taken it to his heart; when he thinks of it the rigid look is relaxed, and the voice softens to a mellower tone. Devout sons and daughters of every creed have held conferences of reunion from of old, as silent and apart they listened to the shadowy mystic of the Middle Age. Even this achievement is not the full measure of that potent voice; it has a wider compass still. Its wistful music has charmed reverent souls, who have strayed far beyond the barriers of the historic faith of Christendom.

Teachers like Comte, George Eliot, and Matthew Arnold, have been among the foremost to glorify "The Imitation" with the adequate eulogies of literary genius. After St. Paul, its author is their chosen apostle, whose uplifted look to the encompassing heavens they are content to tolerate, whose unerring glances into the human heart they acknowledge with emphasis of praise. It is seldom that any Christian prophet has won and retained an audience so motley. The Mohammedan sits by the Christian, the Puritan does not rail on the Catholic, the agnostic has no taunt for the man of faith, while all alike listen to this voice of the elder time, speaking of tribulation and sorrow, of penitence and amendment, of the high help and ineffable peace of God.

The Puritan dreamer, it will be said, has wielded the same spell. His images have become part of the common stock, like the metaphors at the roots of language; we owe him an imaginative debt so profound that we seldom pause to realise it. Yet the religious influence of "The Imitation" goes deeper than that of the "Pilgrim's Progress." We do not need to separate the religious element in its attractiveness from the literary and imaginative elements; we are not allured to its study by alien sympathies. Men read their Bunyan as they read their Spenser, for the sake of the story; the allegory is caviare to the general, who, in the words of the introduction to "The Faerie Queene," "had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, than thus cloudily enwrapped in allegorical devices." "The Imitation" has not riveted the eyes of so many to its immortal pages by a fairy-tale of palaces and meadow-lands, of giants and warriors, of dark valleys and cold

insurgent streams. It is a bare, unattractive book to all who are untouched by its yearning after progress in goodness, and to whom the interior life of the human spirit is a repellent theme.

In spite of its refusal to allure and its austerity of accent, or perhaps because of these things, "The Imitation" has attained the goal of a supreme influence. No book except the Bible—and the Bible is not a single book but the combined fragments of two literatures—has so completely held the attention of the Christian world. Its bibliography is a subject for a volume; reprints are innumerable; translations in some languages are to be counted by the score—in French there are said to be sixty. No other book has been translated into the speech of so many countries; even the Turk can read it in his native tongue.

The Protestant reads "The Imitation" as the Catholic reads the "Pilgrim's Progress," and though the texts of both books reveal under the process of editing a fine elasticity, like the plays of Shakespeare under the maltreatment of eighteenth century poetasters, great good must ensue from this exchange of teachers. Who can wonder, indeed, that the episode of the grinning and futile Pope, "grown crazy and stiff in his joints," is kept from the knowledge of the faithful by their guardian mother, the Church? It is less pardonable when the eucharistic doctrine of "The Imitation" is tampered with or suppressed. A reader may be excused for withdrawing from a slap on the face; it is childish to shut our ears against the noble and moving expression of ancient faith, which should retain with the most emancipated the rich value of symbol or legend or parable.

Best of all certainly it were to endure the buffet and hear the utterance of alien belief to a close. Knowledge grows in compass, in flexibility, in understanding of its own logic, as it assimilates the opposite verdicts of religions and philosophies and actual life; deprived of that wholesome discipline, it rises no higher than the dogmatism of an individual or a sect. But the half-loaf is better than none; nay, in many cases, as old Hesiod said in words that shot beyond his thought, "the half is better than the whole."

"The Imitation of Christ" is a tiny volume, which a hasty reader might rush through in a few hours. But it is not a book to be rushed through; it is a book to dwell with; it is shy of rendering up its secret. "Some few books are to be chewed and digested . . . . to be read wholly and with diligence and attention." So Francis Bacon speaks, and his words are illustrated in the only method of study to which "The Imitation" responds. Take a chapter or two, and you are offended at the lack of pungency, spiciness, and variety of flavouring. You must go to school with the book. Its grace and power are hidden from the tumultuous reader, as many a saint or sage veils his wisdom in vociferous company. But the grace and power are made vivid to those who bring the preparation of an inward sympathy.

The interest of "The Imitation" is deepened when we realise its representative character; we are listening to the voice of monastic Christianity, uttering part, at least, of the ideal which its noblest sons always fronted, and by which they looked forward to be judged. It has been the custom with a certain order of writers to apologise for the antecedents of this devotional classic; we are asked at the outset to vent exclamations on this strange, almost miraculous efflorescence of monkery; the law of environment has for once indulged itself in a freak. Let us hope that this kind of speech will soon have passed into silence. Surely the time has gone by when it was needful to defend monasticism against the ignorant detraction of the dark ages of Protestantism. English students have at their hand the facile and charming pages of Dean Church, or Dr. Jessopp, or Mr. Cotter Morison, from which he who runs may read what manner of men were the noblest sons of the movement. Like all human things it had its night—alas! a long dark night—of degeneracy and shame; in the modern world it is a fossil, the survival of an earlier age, the counterpart of evils whose tyranny is overpast. But it fell so low only because it aimed so high. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* Oh, the pity of it!

Degeneracy has not been the fate of monasticism alone. Other forms of Christianity have been visited in turn by the taint of unfulfilled profession; but we do not fling back on their palmy days the opprobrium of their fall. The Calvinism which

confronted Burns in Ayrshire was rotten as Catholicism in the days of Tetzel. Yet we know that once it put iron into the blood of Europe, and kindled in great and strong souls a mighty passion for righteousness.

And there was a time when the monastic leaders led what seemed the forlorn hope of the world; it lay, like the Roman republic after Cannae, battered and dustworn, with the pallor of death on its face; men were found who, like the Roman consul, refused to despair of the republic. By retiring from the world, they saved the world; they secured from that scene of war and ravage "a little holding," wherein "to do a mighty labour;" they created centres of light and goodness, where the seeds of civilisation were kept safe until a happier time. It is difficult for us to judge of the necessities of those dark ages, and it is foolish presumption to decry efforts to save a society whose low estate we have taken no pains to understand, much less to imagine and realise vividly. Enough that to its best and noblest, monasticism seemed a way of escape, and seemed the only one. They made mistakes, which it is easy for us who live after the event to criticise with complacent wisdom. They bore the brunt of a tremendous time—the struggle, the strain, the fiery baptism was their portion; the prize of what is in part their victory has become our heritage. The monks of the best time stand in no need of the charity of history; when we are content to do them justice, they will take their regal seat among the saviours of human society.

The relation of "The Imitation" to this great social and religious force, which we call monasticism, is not accidental but vital. It is idle to quarrel with large historic forces in any partisan way; we do not escape from their influence because we despise or belittle them; their unspent force is with us still, a formative element in the changed social organism of which we form a part. Our primary task is to understand and interpret them, with an insight born of the sympathy which reconstructs their vanished world and grasps the problems thrust before men as if by an angry sphinx. We must take up the attitude of the disciple before we are likely to fill with effectiveness the *rôle* of the *Advocatus Diaboli*. Criticism of any large movement in the history of civilisation is only illuminating, when the purpose and spirit of that movement have been viewed from within as well as from without. Our chief need is of an interpreter. If we wish to understand the ethical and political life of Greece we turn to Aristotle, who summed it all up on the eve of its decay and dissolution. The writer of "The Imitation" stands forward, when the heroic age of monasticism had gone into the past. His book does not reflect the social energies of monks like St. Anselm or St. Bernard; but it interprets in an effective, if partial way, the inner religious life.

The writer of "The Imitation" is a veiled prophet whose features, if rightly seen at all, are but dimly discerned. For a long time his identity was bitterly contested. As the birthplace of Homer was disputed by the seven cities of Greece, so the countries of Europe strove for the honour of having been the native home of "The Imitation." True, no one has dreamed of ascribing it to an Englishman. "'The Imitation,'" says Matthew Arnold, "could not well have been written by an Englishman; the religious delicacy and the profound asceticism of that admirable book are hardly in our nature. This would be more of a reproach to us if in poetry, which requires, no less than religion, a true delicacy of spiritual perception, our race had not done great things?" England has been out of the running, so to say; while Italy, France, and Germany have been eager to attain the prize. And not merely has the question been made almost a point of national vanity on the Continent, but the rival orders of the Catholic Church have joined as zealously in the fray. The irony of history lays bare the contrast between contemporary ignorance of a great writer and his posthumous fame. The couplet says Homer begged his bread through the very cities that later on were eager to claim the credit of having been his birthplace. Robert Browning has vividly told us "how it strikes a contemporary," what grotesque impressions of a poet and his doings are formed by idle onlookers. The author of "The Imitation" had a love of hiddenness and anonymity; but now the passions he most strove to allay have been excited round the question he left in darkness. It is not thus that he attains his due meed of praise.

The claims of two men seemed at one time almost equally balanced. John Gerson,

Chancellor of the University of Paris, lived before the eyes of men, a vivid figure in the movements of his age; his life reflects the history of the contemporary world; at once a scholar and a statesman, his voice was among the weightiest in any period of crisis. He was the spokesman of Councils, the antagonist of Popes; the sworn foe of the Ultramontane, he yet strove to quell the rising movement of reforming thought. He lived withal an inner life of contemplation, and the spirit of "The Imitation" was not alien to his mood. But it is not from him that we look for this classic of the interior life; its sentiment, its gentleness, its charm of style, its delicate maturity of utterance are not the outcome of a statesman's leisure hours; the ceaseless strokes of debate did not nurture that delicate flower.

The opinion of most competent inquirers connects the book with the quiet Dutch monastery, where the monk Thomas passed his span of even, uneventful days. For ninety years he never wandered from the flats of the Low Countries or the banks of the Rhine; when he died, the religious era which "The Imitation" sums up and expresses had passed away, for the men of the Renaissance were heralding the advent of the modern world. The life of Thomas à Kempis is a striking contrast to that of his rival. The rush of outward events did not distract his thoughts; he was safe in a land-locked harbour by the shore of the raging sea of the mediæval world; he was stayed in a by-water of its hurrying stream. Comparisons such as these do not express the full significance of monasticism as a method of life and work; it was really one of the most potent factors in the gradual shaping of a new civilisation out of the wreck of the old. Men like St. Bernard of Clairvaux stood behind kings and directed the movements of nations.

But the monk Thomas did not give himself to resonant tasks; his life had the general outlines of the monastic life everywhere; in itself it had no movement, no colour, no distinction. His figure is as a thin shadow which we only dimly discern; we cannot fill up the lineaments of the features. It is not so much a man of flesh and blood who speaks to us from the pages of "The Imitation;" it is a voice—as the title of George Eliot's well-known chapter has it, "A voice from the past." And it is well that it is so. Readers of "The Imitation" are not distracted from its message by any picturesqueness in the figure of the prophet. They do not waste time reading about him, as so much modern reading is made up of biographical tit-bits, sometimes edifying, sometimes very much the reverse, often merely serving to illustrate the facile growth of legend. "No carrion vulture," in Tennyson's fierce phrase, waited the death of the author of "The Imitation," "to tear his heart before the crowd." The world had not yet attained to the laboured biography, which more and more delights to be "candid" and to read cynical lessons on the difference between preaching and practice.

"The Imitation" is connected finally with the name of Thomas à Kempis; but some scholars think it difficult to define his exact relationship to it. It is just possible that the book is composite in its origin and growth. The great devotional classic, on any view of its antecedents, is not so much the work of its author or compiler, as it is the work of mediæval Christianity. Matthew Arnold has remarked how in Wordsworth's highest moods, nature almost seems to take the pen out of his hand and write for him. Something similar happens to those great books which sum up and bring to a close a period of the world's life, a movement of its thought. The spirit of the age—not the superficial *Zeit-Geist* people prate about, but the inward moral yearning of its noblest sons—seems to take the pen out of the writer's hand and write for him.

This, on any view of its origin, has happened to "The Imitation;" it is the creation of mediæval, or at least of monastic Christianity. The "Divina Commedia" reflects the life of the Middle Ages in an all-sided and resplendent way; religion, politics, philosophy, learning, all things in heaven and earth and under the earth, find their immortal expression; Virgil and Aquinas, popes and emperors breathe their spirit into the stern and mighty poem. But "The Imitation" fulfils its humbler task and embodies the devotional life of mediæval Christianity with consummate power. Its down-heartedness in the presence of the mysteries of life and the awesomeness of death, its sigh after a sinless perfection of thought and

deed, its keen perception of the symbolism of the Cross, its constant chiding of its own querulous heart, all the cry to God of that dark time is written for our learning in that famous book.

It is sometimes hinted in a disparaging way that "The Imitation" owes its fame to its title. That is a futile kind of remark; thousands of books with ambitious titles now repose in oblivion. Lasting reputations are not won in that way; and if bubble reputations are often due to such like causes, the next generation pricks them without remorse. It is worth observing, however, that the title of "The Imitation" is due to a kind of accident. The heading of the first chapter happens to run thus—"Of the Imitation of Christ and Contempt of all the Vanities of the World." This, with an insight that is entirely commendable, has been extended to the whole collection of over a hundred chapters. Books were often named in this way during the Middle Ages; Renan mentions certain songs about heroic deeds, which are strangely entitled "Infancies," because they begin with a recital of the marvellous deeds of the heroes in their childhood. One of the oldest titles of "The Imitation" is "Interior Consolations," as we hear of the Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius being likewise called his Journal, or Thoughts, or Commentaries. But the title "Interior Consolations" is now gone without chance of recall. If the name by which every one knows the book does not convey a literal description of it, a deeper instinct has been at work; the whole spirit and effort of the writer have been seized with unerring felicity.

But it must be said with emphasis that the book is totally lacking in the modern historical spirit. Though we call it "The Imitation of Christ," there is no attempt to draw an accurate picture of the life of Jesus. References to the incidents of the gospels are as few and far between as in the epistles of St. Paul; the gaze of this great mystic is riveted on the Cross as completely as is the gaze of the apostle. It is not that he thinks of redemption in any rigidly Pauline way, or dissects with the knife of his dialectic the unutterable mystery of the atonement. He looks on the Cross as Jesus Himself looked on it; it is the climax and justification of the law of sacrifice; it is the pathetic symbol of the life of man; it is the law of saint-hood. But it dominates his view so utterly that the details of the life of Jesus, which so charm our world, are simply blanched away. If we were left to gather our knowledge of the life of Jesus from the pages of "The Imitation" alone, we could only think of Him as a supreme sufferer, who had passed through the Cross to a victory that redeemed the world, and whose spirit lived henceforward in the souls of men.

It is this very narrowness of conception which makes a large part of the book's power. A modern writer, taking the theme of "The Imitation," makes a laboured use of all the appliances of historical science, and sets himself to construe the personality of Jesus in a literal and rigid way. The portrait is steeped in local colour; every line has been studied; a massive learning is behind all we see to justify its details. But the very breadth and accuracy of the historical painting weakens its effect as a religious conception. The result is a book of history, while "The Imitation" is a book of the soul.

The progress of realism in the literary treatment of the life and example of Jesus has its parallel in the progress of realism in sacred art. A modern painting of the Crucifixion is almost painfully correct, even perhaps to the exact shape of the dice with which the soldiers are killing the time. Fra Angelico would have made the nails of gold, and shown through the clouds the jubilant hosts of heaven.

Men have been helped in practical efforts after goodness by the method of "The Imitation" far more effectually than by the modern method of rigid photography. And very fittingly has the book been named "The Imitation of Jesus Christ."

ENGLISH WATCH WORK

By F. J. BRITTEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

FEW English industries have undergone so great a revolution in recent years as watchmaking. For nearly three centuries watchmakers had practised their art in this country, gradually improving their productions and developing their methods, while still adhering to the same broad principle in which the shaping of each item depended on the judgment and skill of the operator, rather than on an immutable

Front view

View of edge and back

CLOSED CLOCK-WATCH AND ALARUM. BY DAVID RAMSEY, 1610

rule laid down by the designer. Watchmaking, in fact, was an art, whereas the mathematician and the mechanician have now reduced it to a series of more or less perfunctory operations.

Taking a watch to mean a portable timekeeper whose mechanism is kept in action by means of a long coiled spring wound at intervals, in contradistinction to a clock driven by weights hanging from cords or chains, there is but little doubt that watches were invented about 1500, by Peter Henlein or Hele, a clockmaker of Nuremberg. Johannes Coccleus, who was born in 1470, in his commentary dated 1511, accurately describes a watch which struck the hours and distinctly credits its introduction to Henlein. The fact that small clocks and portable clocks are mentioned as existing in the fourteenth century seems to have led to the supposition that the mainspring as a

PECULIAR METHOD OF INDICATING THE HOUR

A representation of the sun points to the numeral for 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., and a counterfeit of the moon performs the same office during the corresponding hours of the night.

motor was then in use, but such a conclusion appears to be unwarranted, and the descriptions or rather references, are of the vaguest character. I am unable to trace any reliable evidence of English watches having been made till quite the end of the sixteenth century, although German and French productions were imported earlier. Derham in the second edition of his "Artificial Clockmaker," published in 1700, mentions an eight-day watch which he was told belonged to Henry VIII. but the context clearly shows a weight timepiece is referred to. Among the possessions of Edward VI., as quoted by Wood from a royal household book, is "oone larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt with two plummettes of led." The first words of this description may seem to indicate a watch with a mainspring, but such an assumption is at once dispelled by the mention of the "plummettes of led." That Elizabeth owned a large number of watches is certain. In 1571 the Earl of Leicester gave to his royal mistress "one armlet or shakell of golde, all over fairely garnished with rubyes and dyamonds, haveing in the closing thereof a clocke." From this it will be seen that the modern custom of wearing the watch in a wristlet is but a revival of sixteenth century fashion. It is said that Mary Queen of Scots had two "death's head" or skull watches, which she presented, one to each of two favourite maids of honour. Among others which tradition has assigned to the Scottish Queen, Octavius Morgan mentioned two which he considered to be of the period claimed for them. One was a ghastly *Memento Mori* watch in a case of crystal formed like a coffin, and the other an octagonal watch. The latter, it is asserted was given by Mary to John Knox the reformer. The possession of many watches is ascribed to James I., but such as he did possess do not appear to have been utilised as time-keepers on every occasion, for in Savile's record of a state journey to Theobalds in 1603, it is stated that the king stopped at the Bell at Edmonton, and wishing to count the number of vehicles passing in a certain time, he "called for an houre glass."

In London interesting displays of watches dating from the time of Elizabeth, are to be seen at the British Museum, the Guildhall, where the collection of the Clockmakers' Company has been lately enriched and completed by the generosity of the Rev. H. L. Nelthropp, M.A., and at the South Kensington Museum. A few examples of sixteenth and seventeenth century work are given on pages 527, 530 and 531.

Of the early makers but little is known. The Clockmakers' Company was incorporated in 1631, and in the charter it was ordained that the first master should be David Ramsey, who had been clockmaker to James I., and who was immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel." Several of his watches survive and most of them are engraved "David Ramsey, *Scotus me fecit.*"

Thomas Tompion, who has been termed "the father of English watchmaking" was born at Northhill, Bedfordshire in 1638

When quite a young man he carried on business at Water Lane, Blackfriars. Water Lane was a long tortuous thoroughfare, the western portion of which is now Whitefriars Street, and Tompion's shop, known by the sign of the dial and three crowns, was at the Fleet Street corner, where the offices of the *Daily News* are. Tompion was watchmaker to the king and associated with the leading scientists of the time, notably with the celebrated Dr. Hooke, most of whose inventions relating to horology he embodied. Tompion at his death in 1713, received the honour of interment in Westminster Abbey where a stone is let into the pavement of the nave to mark the resting-place of him, and one who must be regarded as a still more accomplished horologist—George Graham. "Honest George Graham" as his biographers and admirers love to speak of him, was born at Kirklinton or Rigg in Cumberland in 1673, and at an early age tramped to London where he became apprenticed to Henry Aske, clockmaker. At the completion of his indentures in 1695 he entered the service of Tompion with whom he was closely associated during the life of his employer and friend. In 1713 Graham removed to the opposite side of Fleet Street, where he continued till his death in 1751.

GEORGE GRAHAM

Portraits of these two distinguished coadjutors are appended. Of contemporary and later makers above mediocrity, Daniel Quare, John Ellicott, and Thomas Mudge are especially worthy of mention.

Possibly watches at first were made throughout by one man, but the work was gradually sub-divided, and for a long period before the introduction of the present factory system, watchmaking embraced a large number of crafts carried on by what were known as "chamber masters" and their assistants. Economy of production was of course the primary object in keeping each worker to the same particular task, from year's end to year's end; but I think it must be conceded that such a sub-division of artistic work, when carried to its utmost possible limit, defeated itself, because the manufacturer was dependent on many helpers, each of whom had a number of customers to serve; so that in the end very much time was wasted sending to and fro, and waiting till a particular part could be secured.

The chief manufacturing centres were Clerkenwell, Coventry, and Liverpool, Prescot in Lancashire supplying each of these places with the heavy brass foundation, or the rough movement, as it was termed. Any one passing through Clerkenwell forty years ago could not help being struck by the large number of errand boys who from morning till night went round to the different workers, distributing or collecting the various components of the watches. It is unnecessary to give the whole of the procedure, but it may be stated that, taking the escapement maker, the dial maker, the case maker, the finisher, the gilder, the examiner, the springer, and other chamber masters with their subsidiary devolutions,

there would be twenty to thirty different artificers taking a turn at the watch, each in his own home. And as already indicated, the method in vogue was to shape each bit separately so as to fit it for acting with its neighbours; while under the factory system, each piece is made to exact dimensions, with the assurance that it will be correct and satisfactorily perform its function when joined with the others.

Leschot, a Swiss, and others, had elaborated more or less precise systems, with some measure of success, but the handworkers of Clerkenwell saw nothing but ruin in change, so that when in 1843, P. F. Ingold, a Swiss, who had invented tools for duplicating parts of watches, came over and persuaded a few intelligent men in London to adopt his inventions, "the trade" called meetings, and eventually induced Parliament to refuse the company an Act of Incorporation, and so, though a few good watches were made by the "British Watch Company," at a place in Frith Street, Soho, a very promising project was nipped almost at its inception. Ingold went to America, only to meet with disappointment again, but some of his tools led, I believe, to good results there, twenty years afterwards.

John Wycherley of Prescot did much to reduce the manufacture of watch movements to an interchangeable system, about 1869, but he was hampered by the fact that in many instances his customers, the watch manufacturers, insisted on some slight deviation from his models, which, of course, was fatal to uniformity.

The American Civil War, which practically stopped the importation of watches into the United States, afforded some of the ingenious mechanicians who abound on the other side of the Atlantic, an opportunity of elaborating a system of factory manufacture, in which the advantage of having the various operations conducted under one roof was gradually supplemented by the introduction of labour-saving machines, almost automatic in their action, and requiring but comparatively little technical knowledge on the part of the workers. The cost of designing and making so large a number of special machines needed for duplicating the components of a watch is immense, and in order to attain the greatest economy in working, a very considerable and steady output is a *sine qua non*. With the indomitable

THREE EXAMPLES OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY WATCHES

Closed Opened

TWO VIEWS OF A "MEMENTO MORI"—DEATH'S HEAD OR SKULL WATCH. ABOUT 1630

perseverance and enterprise so characteristic of the nation, the Americans proceeded to distribute their watches throughout the world. The first factory of any note was established at Waltham in Massachusetts, in 1860, and it has steadily grown till the present day; it now gives employment to about 5000 work-people, of whom one third are females.

EARLY APPLICATION OF THE MINUTE HAND

The hour is indicated by the figure of Time, which rotates. About 1660

One of the first successfully to grapple with the problem here was Auguste Guye, a clever Swiss who settled in Clerkenwell, in the neighbourhood of which his family continue the business he established. Mr. William Ehrhardt, a watchmaker of German extraction, who had for some years resided in England, also equipped a factory in Birmingham, which has, I believe, been continuously successful.

Then Messrs. Rotherham & Sons of Coventry, who had been the leading watchmakers in the Warwickshire city of the three spires for genera tions, determined to engraft the machine system on to their existing manufactory, and they have now a really splendidly arranged factory with many original features.

EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WATCH

The late Aaron L. Dennison, who took a leading part in constructing the American system, brought to Birmingham and erected there the movement-making machinery of one of the smaller defunct American companies. William Bragge, a well-known engineer, entered into the project and assumed the directorate of the affair, which was launched in 1871 under the title of the English Watch Company. Watches were manufactured there till a few months ago, when the place was dismantled and closed.

The Lancashire Watch Company at Prescot owns the latest and largest watch factory in England. It was established by Mr. T. P. Hewitt, a thorough mechanician of indomitable perseverance, who more than twenty years ago devised a system for making the movements of keyless watches. He subsequently took over the larger movement factory of John Wycherley, and is now

MELTING GOLD AND SILVER

managing director of the company, which employs about 1000 workpeople.

In starting a watch factory a watchmaker of known ability would be engaged to select the type of watch to be manufactured. This done, he would confer with the head of the machinists' department, the master mechanic, as he is termed in America. Together they would discuss each item in the watch, the machinist endeavouring to reduce the form to easily worked surfaces, and the watchmaker, while anxious to meet his views, taking care not to imperil the suitability of the piece for its particular function. From this point the more advanced the factory the lesser the number of watchmakers required. High-priced skilled labour is employed in preparing and keeping in order the elaborate machines, which not only cast away all superfluous metal from the raw material, but leave the finished pieces exact duplicates of each other, with no further attention than can be given by an attendant, who is often merely a watcher, the machine being nearly automatic in its action. In some instances a device is added to even ring a bell when the supply of material is exhausted.

Girls and lads are soon taught to perform the part of machine minder. Beginners are, of course, placed where the least possible intelligence or discretion is required, and the more capable among them quickly advanced to offices of greater responsibility. Over the machine attendants are foremen, who can be appealed to if anything goes wrong, or if cutting edges or polishing surfaces require renewal. But even the foremen have no latitude allowed. Exact measurement is the test, and each surface of each piece must stand the most uncompromising application of the gauge.

I think I may venture to say that every

STANDARD CLOCK WITH GREENWICH TIME SIGNAL AND CONSTANT TEMPERATURE OVEN FOR TESTING WATCHES IN HEAT

operation in the manufacture is now performed without the help of the old style watchmaker, at all events for all but the highest grades of watches. Even the attachment of the balance spring, on which the timekeeping depends, and which formerly was a costly task entrusted to a highly paid specialist, who tried and altered as his judgment dictated, is now done by girls, who, with special tools, weigh the balances and gauge the energy of the springs, placing them in compartments according to a tabulated plan, so that the selection of a proper one of each kind becomes a matter of certainty.

Views of two of the workshops and examples of some of the machines used in a modern watch factory are given on pages 533, 534, 535, and 536.

The old-style English watchmaker aimed particularly at durability; but in the modern method the first requirement is timekeeping. However low-priced and roughly finished it may be, the machine-made watch is expected to show some near approximation in this respect.

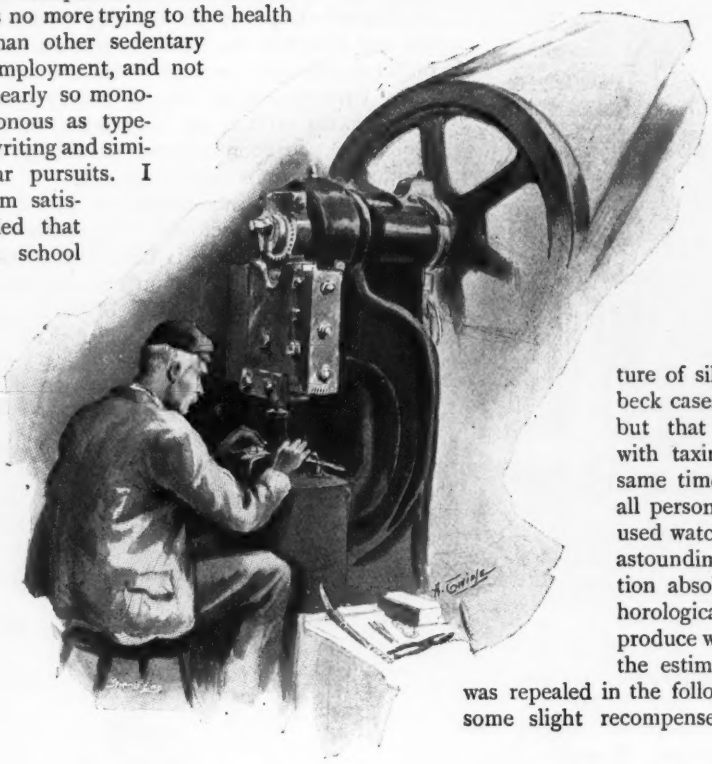
There will always, I daresay, be some demand for really fine hand-made watches, each with an artistic individuality; and after all, if price is no object, they still undoubtedly remain the best. But the number of discriminating persons with long purses is few, and what with the excellent performance of the machine production and the attractive cases covering cheap foreign timekeepers, watchmaking on the old lines must, in all probability, be soon reduced to still more slender proportions than at present.

Still, though the watchmaker is at a discount in the watch factory, his occupation is not gone; practically he is transformed into a watch repairer, and a thoroughly competent repairer must possess ability of no mean order, as he should be not only quick to diagnose a fault, but be able to make with reasonable expedition any new part that may be required. It does not at all follow that because a man is expert at a particular branch of new work, he would therefore be a good repairer. The latter requires a distinct aptitude for dealing in the best way with derangements of the mechanism not originally contemplated, and needs in addition a special training.

Watch repairing offers an excellent field

ENGINE TURNING

of occupation for women. It is no more trying to the health than other sedentary employment, and not nearly so monotonous as typewriting and similar pursuits. I am satisfied that a school for training girls as watch repairers would be a success and add one more outlet for the many daughters of the lower middle class who are at a loss for congenial employment yielding a living wage.



SUB-PRESS STAMPING

Even before the advent of the machine system the course of the English watchmaker was not one of unbroken prosperity. Legislation has on more than one occasion affected the prosperity of the watchmaker and also the material used for watch cases, which must always be regarded as an important part of pocket timekeepers. In 1719 a duty of sixpence an ounce was imposed on articles of silver, and this quickly led to the extended use of base metal cases. In 1758 an annual payment of forty shillings by dealers in the precious metals was substituted for the duty, and in 1759 the amount to be paid for the licence was raised to £5. But in 1784 the duty of sixpence an ounce was re-imposed in addition to the dealer's licence. As might have been expected, the use of silver immediately declined. In 1797 a tax of eight shillings an ounce was levied on articles of gold. This doubtless would have led to the manufacture of silver gilt and pinchbeck cases in larger numbers, but that Pitt, not content with taxing the cases, at the same time imposed a tax on all persons who possessed or used watches or clocks. This astounding piece of legislation absolutely paralysed the horological trades, and as the produce was far from reaching the estimated yield, the Act was repealed in the following year; while as some slight recompense for the dire ex-

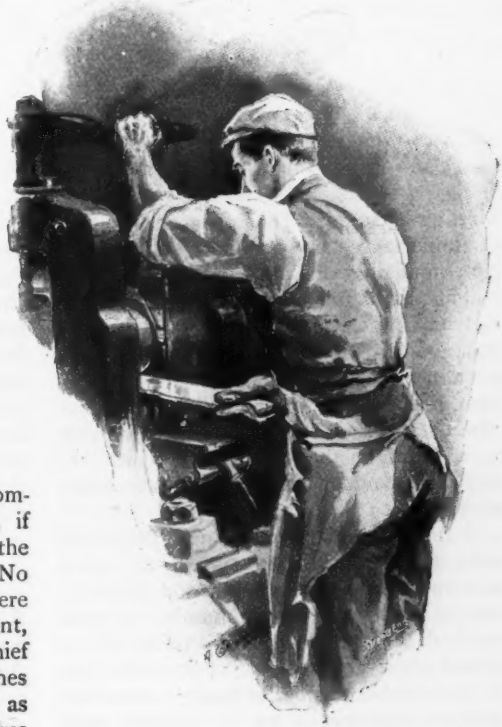
TURNING GOLD CASES

SETTING THE JEWELS

tremity to which watchmakers had been reduced, watch-cases were from that time exempt from the plate duty, which, however, was continued on other articles of gold and silver till 1890.

During the greater part of the eighteenth century the Dutch were large importers of English watches. But from about 1796 English watch-making declined, and in 1812–15 was at a very low ebb indeed. In 1816 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider what, if anything, could be done to alleviate the sufferings of Clerkenwell watchmakers. No doubt Pitt's fiscal arrangements were responsible for the situation to some extent, but the Continental wars were the chief factor, for the Dutch distributed the watches throughout France and other countries, as shown by the large number of old watches to be met with having cases which bear the French test-mark or hall-mark in addition to the English one. The proclamation of peace did more than the House of Commons Committee to resuscitate Clerkenwell; the Committee was forgotten in the return of prosperity; the demand for English watches revived in a remarkable degree, its rapid growth being materially helped by America, which proved to be a profitable and increasing customer till 1860. It must be confessed that many of the watches sent to the United States when trade was brisk were bad and brought discredit on the reputation of English work.

According to law, all watch-cases of gold or silver made in Great Britain and Ireland have to be assayed and marked. The oldest of the assay offices or halls is that presided over by the Goldsmiths' Company of London, which is situated in Foster Lane, just at the back of the General Post-office, St.



ROLLING A BAR OF 18 CARAT GOLD

DIAL PAINTING

Martin's-le-Grand. The other assay offices of importance are the one at Birmingham and the one at Chester. By the hall-marks impressed in the case one can tell where it was marked and in what year. The distinctive London mark is a leopard's head, that for Birmingham an anchor, and for Chester three wheat-sheaves. The indication of the date is a letter of the alphabet of which the key is to be found in a list of the letters used.

I am inclined to place the most flourishing time for the chamber system of manufacture as between 1840 and 1860, although, taking as a criterion the number of cases marked, the largest output of English watches would occur about 1875. But at that time a considerable number of foreign cases were marked here and some of English make covered foreign movements. The period of least production for the last 60 years, was, I should say, about 1894, when the hand method was admittedly outdistanced and the influence of the more recent of the English factories hardly apparent. The number of cases marked now does afford a better indication of the number of watches made. Dealing with round numbers, there were marked at the three chief assay offices during 1896 about 17,000 gold and 130,000 silver cases. If to these be added the movements in base metal cases, the production would reach not far short of 148,000 watches. This is satisfactory for a beginning, but the ugly fact remains that we still, according to the Board of Trade Returns, pay nearly a million pounds a year for imported watches and parts thereof. And so, however bitter the effect of the modern system of manufacture may be to producers on the old lines, it must be welcomed as a means of meeting foreign competition.

HANDS AND FEET

By F. G. AFLALO, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

SOME of my readers may in the course of holiday rambles in continental capitals have watched an individual who, bereft of arms, paints most deftly with a brush held between his toes. The contemplation of this artist has always led me to think of the practical uselessness of our own toes, and whether it might not be possible to reclaim them as useful members from the disuse into which they have been allowed to fall. As a matter of fact, it is fair to suppose that it would in that case come to a choice between two courses; and if the performer in question were to apply his feet to the normal purpose of walking, I suspect their prehensile qualities, to which he owes a precarious living, would soon desert him in the hour of need.

Now the larger apes, at which we are apt to laugh condescendingly in the menagerie, are better off than ourselves in this respect; they are, to all practical purposes, four-handed men. It is as well to state at the outset that one object of the following remarks is to show the great resemblance between our hands and feet and those of the so-called "lower animals." It is more particularly, perhaps, in the hand that this likeness will make itself at once apparent, and in proof of this, I need merely refer to the "radiograph"—the X-rays have certainly come as a boon and a blessing to awaken an interest in matters of anatomy which were but the other day available only to those who would visit the dull museum or the still less popular dissecting-room—of the human hand and that of the fin of a whale, a "hand" of apparently very different type. We find them identical. In the human hand, as in the whale's, are five fingers (more correctly, four and a thumb). Each finger has three joints, while the thumb has but two. The only difference is that the whale, having taken to an aquatic life, and being in no further need of hands that grasp, has grown a pair of fleshy gloves that encase the digits in such a manner as to convert the hand into a most efficient swimming paddle. Its feet have gone altogether, the hind limbs being replaced by a large and powerful tail, set crosswise or horizontally, and not vertically as in fishes. In this same crosswise setting we find fresh evidence of nature's wonderful provision for the welfare of her children, large and small, for the huge lung-breathing mammal has to undertake constant journeys to the surface for fresh air. For these no propeller could better fit it than this horizontal blade, a few strokes from which send it from a great depth in a few seconds. The whale is, it is true, no mean traveller. Its honeymoon trip alone takes it over many thousands of miles from its normal South-Polar haunts to the warm regions of the Gulf Stream, where it meets its mate, gorges on cuttle-fish, suffers violent indigestion and finally vomits in consequence that priceless "morbid secretion," ambergris. But this is a digression. Its object was to point out that, although a great traveller, the whale covers in all probability most of its ground, or rather water, in its continual ascents in quest of oxygen.

As the whale has the same hand as ourselves, so have those very different aquatic forms, the manatee and dugong, both of which were, in the good old days when steam and the electric spark had not yet put a term to the operations of the travelled prevaricator, reported as possessing the attractions of the apocryphal mermaid. I have many a time watched these same dugongs browsing on the submarine grasses under the bow of my steamer as she lay in some North Queensland estuary, and was struck on each occasion by a curious relic of the mammalian hand. The main use of the dugong's flipper is, as might be expected, to assist the creature in its swimming; but I invariably noticed that the tussocks of weed were clasped between them while the animal tore off the upper portions with its round molars. It is also of interest to note that there are extinct relations of the dugong showing unmistakable signs of disused hind limbs.

The typical hand, then, its five digits with their three joints (the thumb excepted), is characteristic of all the flesh-eating mammals, of the tiger and badger, the dog and cat. Only our soft nails are, in the case of beasts

of prey, modified into a long and powerful hooked claw, a departure we shall presently find analogous to that in raptorial birds. Even the rodents, the rat and rabbit, have this same five-fingered hand. In the tortoise and crocodile, too, we find it cropping up; and even the turtle's flipper is, to the casual observer, identical, but for the two protruding nails, with that of the whale. Five fingers and either five or four toes, would seem to be the unbroken rule among the flesh and grain and insect-eating mammals.

When, however, we come to the great class of vegetarian hoofed, or ungulate, beasts a most important change is at once apparent. The single exception, the only one of the order, that is, with the full complement of toes, is the huge elephant. Its five toes are tipped with broad flat nails. This exception to the reduced number of toes usual in ungulate beasts has just suggested to me a somewhat interesting theory, in claiming which as original I make the permissible reservation in favour of its having very possibly been advanced somewhere else without having come to my notice. The elephant, a slow-moving animal in the ordinary course, has, as already observed, five toes. The rhinoceros, a much faster beast, as hunters have often learnt to their confusion, has but three. Now in the sheep we find two digits only, while in the horse, peerless in the matter of pace, the number falls to a single digit. The nail of the higher mammal may have given place to a horny hoof; no matter, the finger remains, for purposes at any rate of comparison, a finger all the same. Be it added that many extinct hoofed creatures are endowed with the full five digits, and not a few existing deer show distinct traces of two obsolete shorter "fingers." From this I gather, though the theory may, not quite unreasonably, be dismissed as far-fetched—that these weaker grass-eaters have gradually dropped their digits as the struggle grew in severity, and the necessity for swiftness of limb increased. Nor, I am free to confess, did the apparent truth of this appeal to me in force until I came to compare the foot of the swift ostrich with that of the stately stork. It was as I expected, the fleet bird of the desert had dropped two of the four fingers permitted to most birds, having but two. The almost equally swift emu and cassowary had dropped one, being possessed of three apiece. This, then, seems to me a fair rule: the fewer the digits, the swifter the beast. And the rule bears the stamp of the exception necessary to prove it, inasmuch as the sluggish hippopotamus has one less than the hare! Perhaps, then, this notion of mine will apply only to the hoofed beasts. Whether the elephant might in time have dropped one or two of his digits, and at the same time dieted himself, to acquire greater pace, is an open question, and one which, since the arrival on the scene of man and his rifle, is like to go unanswered. These last have been powerful factors in putting a term to the development of many an interesting zoological problem.

In that lowly Australian group, the marsupials, we find a remarkable variation of the standard type, the hands, feeble to the verge of uselessness, provided with five fingers; the powerful feet, on the other hand, in all but one species, with only four digits, of which the central (really the ordinary fourth) is armed with an immense claw, the timid kangaroo's only defence when at bay, and one which it can use with effect. The rat-kangaroo, one of many species, that forms the exception alluded to, hails from Queensland; it has in the feet the usual five toes *plus* an opposable thumb, such as is found in the feet of the allied phalangers (wrongly called "opossums") of the same continent. These, however, have but four digits in either foot.

Coming to our more volatile friends, the birds, we now leave the consideration of hands out of the question, for the birds have feet only; and we must substitute four digits for five as the correct number. How the swift-footed ostrich has dropped two of these has already been shown. If we consider for a moment the foot of that commonest of birds, the thrush, we shall see that nature could have devised no better foot for it and its perching kindred than that with three claws in front and one behind. We shall appreciate her economy, too, by noticing that in the wading sanderling, which has no need of a fourth toe for grasping branches, that same fourth toe has disappeared completely. Indeed, the adaptations of feet to ends are, in the bird kingdom at any rate, endless. The claws of the eagle are, like those of predatory beasts, curved and of great power.

The cuckoo and the woodpecker, which perch somewhat differently from the rest, have two toes in front and two behind. The curlew and bustards have, like the sanderling, but three toes. The pheasant, on the other hand, has not only the full complement of four feet, but also an additional spur. In the owls, again, we find the fourth toe reversible. It is a fact, though taxidermists are only now deigning to take it into account, that these much abused birds perch in the ordinary course horizontally, and not, as do most other birds, with three toes to the fore. Be it to the stuffer's credit added that there is nothing in the arrangement of its feet to prevent the owl taking up such a position did it choose; indeed, the reason for its abnormal way of perching has not been satisfactorily accounted for.

I have devoted sufficient space, perhaps, to the comparison of the actual number of fingers and toes allotted to the different classes of living beings; and I should like, ere these notes become unnecessarily prolonged, to give a few instances in which the hands or feet are specially adapted to peculiar conditions of existence. One of the most familiar is to be found in the fore-paws of that untiring "little gentleman in velvet," as the Jacobite toast ran, the mole. Here we see at a glance the admirable efficiency of the curved claws for throwing up the earth. In the less familiar foot of the nuthatch, one of the most interesting of woodland birds, we find a pad at the junction of the hind claw which bears the creature's weight as it climbs up the perpendicular trunk in which it rears its brood. This is about the only instance of "heel" in an English bird.

In one or two birds, the heron and nightjar for example, we find a remarkable comb-like claw, which would appear to serve some purpose in connection with the procuring of food, though their exact function is by no means satisfactorily established—which does not, one would think, say very much for the joint efforts of the vast body of outdoor nature lovers who profess to study the birds through glasses. The most general modification, however, which the feet of any creature—be it beast, bird, or lowly reptile—can assume, is undoubtedly the webbing that shall enable its owner to lead a partly or wholly aquatic life.

It is unnecessary to give many instances of so familiar a phenomenon as a webbed foot; the reader will at once recall the feet of ducks and other water-fowl, or even the less common instance of the otter and beaver. The last, indeed, furnishes, as does also that very interesting monotreme, the Australian platypus, a beautiful example of the exact calculations by which nature arrives at her children's requirements, for both these beasts not only have to dive and swim, but they must also dig and burrow; and to combine both these attainments, it is wisely ordained that the hind-feet only shall be webbed, leaving the others free to excavate. These two quadrupeds, of such different cast though they be, have a further resemblance, in the mutual possession of a spur, or extra nail. It has always seemed to me highly probable that this weapon, if weapon it be, must have the same use in either case. Yet we are told that, whereas the beaver uses it for combing its fur, the duck-mole finds in it a formidable lethal arm of defence.

Two further examples I will give of very special modification, the one in the birds, the other in a reptile, and these notes must be brought to a close. In the grebes, as in the coot, we find a remarkable lobe or membrane along the toes. The feet are not exactly webbed, yet there is this curious membrane, aiding doubtless in the extraordinary trick, so well known to gunners, with which these birds will gradually submerge themselves in the water and thus offer the minimum mark to your shot.

My other and concluding foot, is that of a very different creature which I last saw flourishing in its native island of Java, the little fly-hunting gecko. These active and interesting lizards used to run up and down the walls of my bedroom and verandah at Buitenzoorg, catching the bright-bodied insects with remarkable skill. Nay, they would even run along the ceiling, upside down, a feat they could not have performed but for their wonderfully padded toes, not unlike the arrangement provided for the common house-fly.

So much, then, for a few aspects of the (to me) fascinating subject of extremities and their uses. I may not drag out these notes *ad nauseam*, although they have but indicated the fringe of the subject. Otherwise,

passing over the fish, which—always excepting the Queensland Lung-fish and the mud-hoppers of Indian estuaries—get through life without either hands or feet, it would have been interesting to extend our comparisons and contrasts into the great domain of the many-footed invertebrates, the ground floor of nature's laboratory, where is at once all that is most lowly and all that is most marvellous.

YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

By ROBERT MACINTYRE

(A. Debenham, photographer, Cowes)

THE PRINCE OF WALES

OF all the pastimes which are peculiarly British none, perhaps, has grown more rapidly in public opinion than yacht racing. The majority of those who speak the English tongue love sport for itself alone, and the decline of branches which have become associated with the worst forms of professionalism and with gambling has proved this over and over again. In yacht racing there is no betting to speak of. Nobody denies that on great occasions there is a little; but what distinguishes the sport from those associated, in a broad sense, with the turf is the fact that since the world began no racer ever earned a penny for her owner. In her best years a yacht of any size costs more than a racing stud could in its worst, and with that obvious it is clear that yacht racing is purer sport than is to be found in the kingdom. The wear and tear of spars and gear passes comprehension, and the pay and upkeep of a crew of say thirty-three—which is about the average of the big boats—represent a sum that in hard cash could not be safely carried about in an ordinary pocket.

For a win each hand gets a sovereign and for losing just half that sum, and in the hour of victory the skipper has a commission on the prize whose gross value very often is not much more than the cost of getting the boat under weigh. A thousand pounds for wages alone is a serious item, and altogether it is safe to assume that yacht racing makes few millionaires. As a matter of fact millionaires have been heard to complain of the expense ownership of a first-class yacht involves.

But everybody is not directly affected by the fortunes of "up-to-date flyers"; hardly a poor man around the coast cannot, if he chooses, enjoy racing as thoroughly as if he were the owner of one or other of the boats engaged. Only princes and plutocrats may own fast yachts, but their joy in the sport is shared by every British seafarer.

Until recently the general public took little interest in the pleasure fleet of the country, but the American contests which began with Sir James Bell's *Thistle*, and ended with Lord Dunraven's third *Valkyrie* changed all that. Interest in the earlier races was confined practically to yachtsmen,

and beyond that aristocratic community nobody knew of the struggle to recover the prestige lost nearly half a century ago in the Solent. But to the daily newspaper the globe is gradually becoming a very small affair, and everybody, from the highest to the lowest, may now over breakfast understand the progress of the world.

Only the select understood yachting, but the mass of the people recognised that the honour of the old flag was concerned in each succeeding challenge, and every effort to recapture the cup was backed by loyal Britons. Then first *Navahoe* and subsequently *Vigilant* crossed "the silver streak" with the object of belittling us in our own waters, and the heart of the nation rejoiced that both went back very badly beaten. These international contests aroused the interest of the public, and it is doubtful if even the recovery of the long-lost trophy will now diminish it.

For one thing, the active participation of the Prince of Wales in the sport tends to

(Lafayette, photographer, Dublin)

THE GERMAN EMPEROR

(Wm. U. Kirk & Sons, photographers, Cowes)

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN

maintain it, for of all those who have striven to keep yachting in the position it occupies His Royal Highness is the greatest. *Britannia* is the most popular boat that ever showed a racing flag. Wherever she is, there is the crowd, and in the season, inland people travel half a day just to say they have seen her. The first question a tripper asks is "Which is *Britannia?*" and the last "Did she win?" Since the royal cutter vanquished the American champion *Vigilant*, *Britannia* has been the people's boat.

With a never-ending list of engagements heirs-apparent have few breathing-times, but it is a hopeful sign for the sport that our Prince spends most of the days he can call his own on the sea. On board *Britannia* he is always happy whether victory is assured or defeat certain, and sometimes I wonder as the old champion smokes along whether he is prouder of his royal blood than he is of *Britannia*.

His Royal Highness is Commodore of that very exclusive body, the Royal Yacht Squadron, and also President of the Yacht Racing Association: and his connection with the

sea, which he loves like any commoner, extends over thirty years. That the Princess of Wales is also fond of the sea stands to reason, but everybody may not know that of all the royal ladies in Europe her Royal Highness is considered to be far and away the best sailor. In one of the Cowes races of, I think, *Vigilant's* year, *Britannia* sailed over in weather that was hardly calculated to improve a racing yacht, but when racing hands talk of the day, they remember little else than that her Royal Highness was the biggest-hearted sailor-woman they had ever known.

When *Britannia* was launched I was at Meadowside, and since then I have seen her in the great majority of her races in home and foreign waters. Her defeats of *Navahoe* in the Solent, buoyed us up in the belief that the America Cup was a certainty for *Valkyrie II.*, and her repeated victories over *Vigilant* in the succeeding season softened our disappointment at the failure; but, prone as we were to believe that we had out-built the Americans it was obvious to those who watched that the British boat was handled in a way Americans, clever though they be, can never hope to equal.

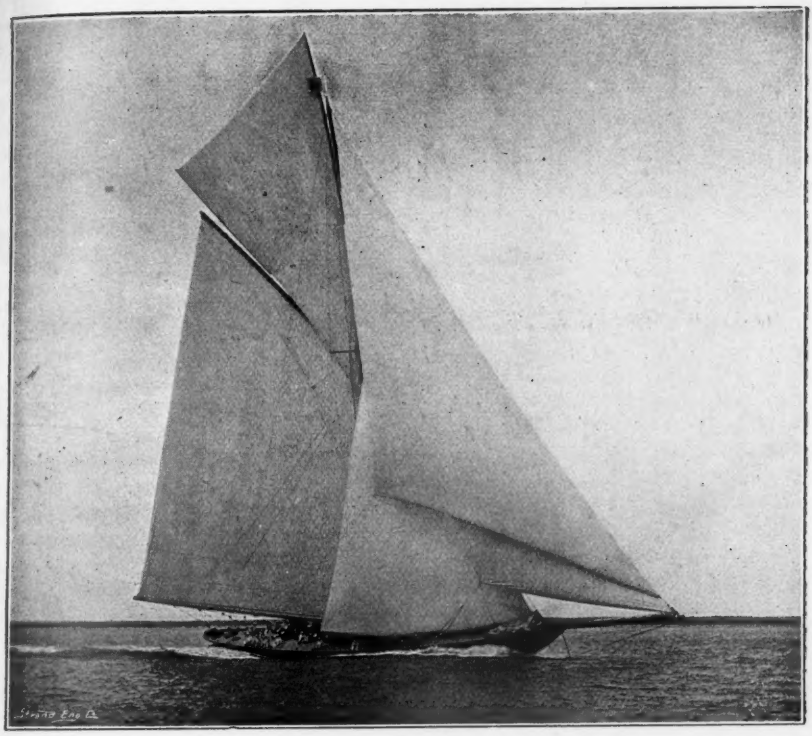
(C. Street, photographer, Rothesay)

CAPTAIN CARTER

From the beginning Captain Carter has navigated *Britannia* brilliantly. In racing, nobody, if success be the objective, may take any liberties with him, for his eye takes in everything and his knowledge of local waterways and their peculiarities is immense; but to my mind his crowning quality is that *Britannia* is never beaten until the gun announces the victory of another. This blindness to what the ordinary man would call "fact" enabled him to beat *Valkyrie III.* in her first race, deprived *Meteor II.* of first prizes at Calshot and at Largs, and convinced most people that perseverance is an element of success even in yacht racing. There have been great skippers before my time, but I do not think any were greater than Captain Carter.

The fact that I think his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany a yachtsman of whom even Great Britain might be proud, need not lose me any friends, for in the storm and stress of political warfare it is difficult to estimate the worth of even an Emperor. In the republic of sport, however, rank counts for little, and the fact that the Kaiser is liked by everybody in it, points to the conclusion that the political standard is unreliable.

The first time I saw his Imperial Majesty was at Cowes, and I liked his manly ways. The *Hohenzollern* and half a dozen German warships were in the crowded Roads, and, with so many disciplined subjects around him, the Emperor was in his best mood. In the heart of his fleet he was, of course, the Emperor William; but ashore amongst the British nobles he was a typical English gentleman, making friends and keeping them in the most charming manner possible. His absence last August spoiled what might have been one of the most brilliant seasons in the history of Cowes; but as this Jubilee year is likely to see his fleet again in the Roads, Solent sportsmen may well forget what kept him away a year ago. The Jubilee race, though it broke the continuity of the British season, showed the spirit in which his Majesty



(Wm. U. Kirk & Sons, photographers, Cowes)

METEOR II.

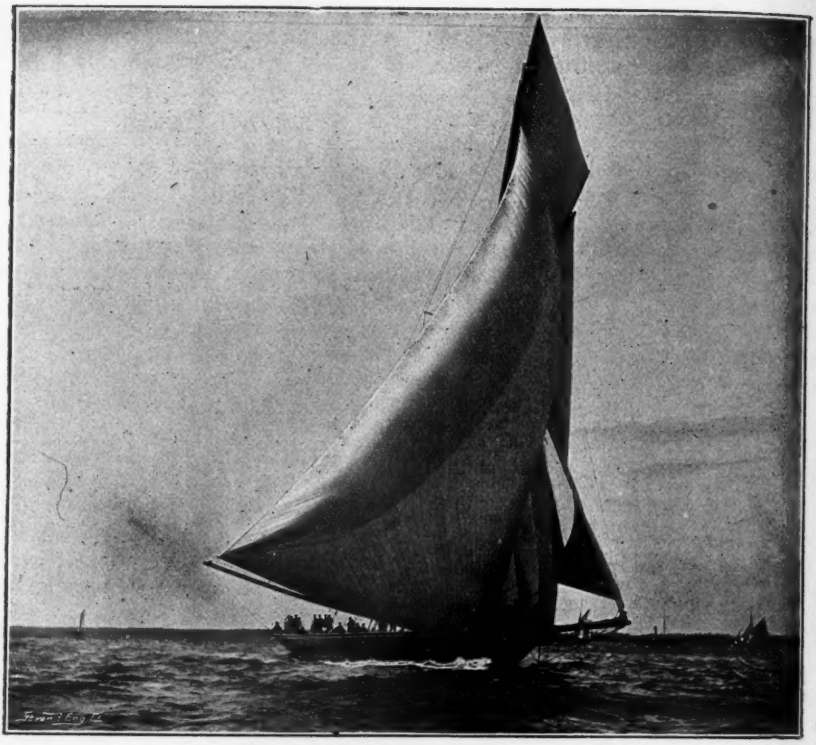
has taken up yachting, and, from the humblest to the highest pleasure sailor, everybody hopes that there may be as many whole-hearted recruits.

The Emperor's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, is also a yachtsman of the first rank, and *Irene*, *Wenonah*, and *L'Espérance* are not at all bad beginnings. Prince Henry's skill in the manipulation of a boat is greater than that of his Imperial brother, and it would not be anything like a doubtful arrangement to leave his Royal Highness on *Meteor* as the representative of the owner.

In Germany yacht racing may be as popular as it is in France, but with *Malgré Tout*, *Luciole*, and *Nike* to go by, it looks as if the Republic were the stronger in initiative. The disadvantage, however, is not the fault of those who seek to promote the sport in the Fatherland; for since the Emperor acquired *Thistle*, nothing of the British type has been too good for them. But in ability to compete successfully with this country they have still a long leeway to recover. On the other hand, in design and build, if not in handling, France is progressing very rapidly, and nobody need be in the least surprised if, in a year or two, it takes the best Great Britain can produce to maintain the supremacy of the old flag in the Mediterranean.

The Germans, however, are a practical race; the lie of the land, so to speak, and the resources of the enemy mean everything to them, even in sport, and when they have calculated all that is worth weighing, there is no reason to doubt that British yachtsmen may expect serious opposition in also the North Sea. It is a drawback that the best German boats are built in Britain and sailed by Britons, but nobody who knows the German need fear that when the time is ripe the contests will be purely international.

In 1893—*Navahoe's* year—the Kaiser first



(*Wm. U. Kirk & Sons, photographers, Cowes*)

BRITANNIA

took up yacht racing seriously, and with the old Clyde champion *Thistle*—which was afterwards known as *Meteor*—entered into the sport in the whole-hearted way which with him is natural. The rapid evolution of the racing yacht did not leave the boat with many opportunities of adding to her record of successes, and before the season was finished it was evident that she was outclassed. *Vigilant's* year naturally marked no advance, and the advent of *Ailsa* left matters worse than they were; but in 1896 the old *Meteor* was transformed into a training ship, and Mr. Watson produced a successor which proved simply invincible.

It is difficult to say what *Valkyrie III.*—which now lies idly in Gourock Bay—could do with her younger sister in light weather; but I do not share the opinion that she would beat her hollow. To my mind *Meteor II.* is the best of all Mr. Watson's boats, and represents the happiest combination of qualities. Young Mr. Fife, Mr. Soper, and Mr. Arthur Payne may have it in them to design boats that will make the world wonder, but the development of Mr. Watson's ideas—he has had all the chances certainly—has been so steady and clearly marked that he would be a sorry German indeed who missed the thread in *Meteor II.* The hope is general that the Emperor will have many yachts; but grateful as his custom is, the interests of sport would be better served if they were designed, built, and manned by Germans.

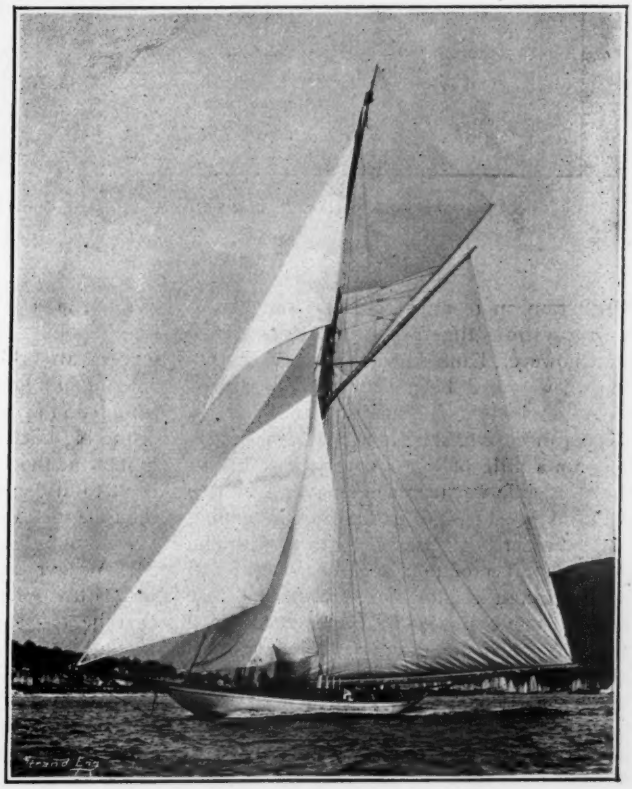
In Captain Ben Parker, *Meteor II.* has a skipper whose equal is not to be found in every yachting centre. He is an Itchen ferryman, the most distinguished of a family of clever yachtsmen, and with, comparatively speaking, youth on his side, is certain in the end to rank high in the list of the famous captains of Southampton. Second thoughts do not trouble him greatly. He races as if

he enjoyed it, and his own brother on the wrong tack had better look after himself as sharply as if he were a hereditary foe.

Lord Dunraven is a yachtsman of whom every Briton is proud, for since the earlier contests his have been the only really serious efforts to recapture the Cup the schooner *America* took from us. It is no trifling matter to challenge for the Cup, for apart altogether from the cost of the undertaking there are a hundred and one little preliminaries to be gone through. The contest for the trophy practically begins the moment the challenge is cabled; and no common sportsman could have lasted the months of worry involved in three challenges like the noble owner of the *Valkyries*. The finish of the 1895 contest was unfortunate, but British yachtsmen, who take everything into account, have never wavered in the belief that his Lordship is the best of sportsmen, and one day we may again see the famous flag which only *Audrey*, and occasionally *Cariad* now wear, representing the old land in an international contest. But the worst of it all is that with the cruiser and the twenty he is not likely to find the summer days long, for next to the Clyde the stretch of water inside the Wight is the most beautiful in the kingdom. Lord Dunraven has never sought popularity, and where it has sought him he has been rather reserved than otherwise.

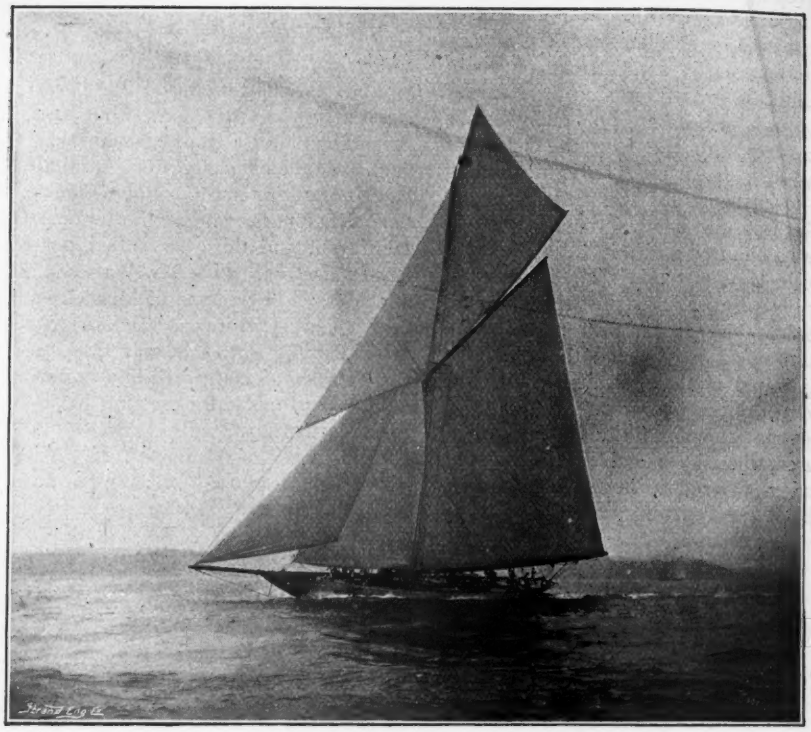
Both William Cranfield and Sycamore, who were in charge of *Valkyrie III.*, are skippers of renown. Like Carter and hundreds of able yachtsmen they come from the Blackwater, and both were well-known men before they crossed the Atlantic in 1895. The Cranfields are as well-known in yachting circles as the Carters or the Parkers, and of the family Leman is the greatest. William has been more in the public eye, however, and was responsible for both *Valkyries* in American waters; and, if success had come to either the general rejoicing around Colchester would have lasted at least a week. Sycamore, who hails from Brightlingsea, is a younger man than Cranfield. He had charge of Admiral Montague's forty-raters, *Corsair*, *Vendetta*, and *Carina*, before he entered the service of Lord Dunraven, and this year is skipper of the new boat *Bona*, which Mr. Watson designed and Messrs. Henderson of Meadowside built for the Duc D'Abruzzi. Before the days of the Admiral's forties he was associated with the success of many well-known boats, and of Mr. Watson's latest creation he is certain to make the most.

The career of Mr. Fife's biggest, if not his most fortunate, boat has been a peculiar one, for after a brilliant opening in the



(A. Debenham, photographer, Cowes)

VALKYRIE III.



(*Wm. U. Kirk & Sons, photographers, Cowes*)

AILSA

Mediterranean regattas of 1895, she had a most disastrous time in British waters. Last year, however, handled by Wringe of Brightlingsea, who had been mate with Sycamore on Admiral Montague's forties, and in 1895 skipper of *Carina*, she did a great deal better, and not a little of her recovery was due to the admirable way in which she was handled. All round she ought to have beaten *Britannia*, but the older boat ends her career with the greater number of points to her credit, and nobody can satisfactorily explain why. Wringe is a first-rate example of the type from which racing captains are drawn, and excels most of his contemporaries in coolness and resolution. He is half-way between thirty and forty years of age, and has therefore plenty of time in which to add to his gathering fame.

When Mr. Barclay Walker ordered *Ailsa* he was a new recruit to racing, for his previous experience only covered a year. *Thelma*, a twenty-rater designed by Mr. Fife, was his first venture, and though scant success attended her the sport had taken hold of him, and the following year saw the completion of *Ailsa*. The doubtful success of the big boat, and her practical outclassing by new methods of measurement, were sufficient to discourage anybody, but though—at the time this is written—*Ailsa* is at Marseilles, the possibility of a successor is not remote. Mr. Walker loves yachting, and is by no means done with it. The public recognises that he has spent a lot of money in promoting it, and the hope is general that he will see his way to assist further in the development of a recreation for the masses which is daily becoming more popular. Liverpool is indebted to the Walkers for many things, and it was a proud day for the Mersey when both *Ailsa* and *Caress*—though neither raced—were moored at Rock Ferry.

Of the new boats that will, if labour

troubles permit, be in commission before the season ends I can say nothing, but I am convinced that the owners of both are recruits who will do great credit to the sport. Mr. C. D. Rose, for whom Mr. Soper designed a successor to *Satanita*, has proved himself no half-hearted yachtsman, for last year, in addition to purchasing the Southampton champion, and racing her both in France and at home, he built *Penitent*, a twenty-rater, *Dusky Queen* and *Emerald*, five-raters, and *Queen of Hearts*, one-rater. Like most other new-born yachtmen his aspirations lie in the direction of the *America* Cup, but until the path to a fair and square race is smoothed by our friends across the sea it is hardly possible that Cook Diaper—representative of another famous racing family—will have the chance of setting Southampton water on fire.

The Duc D'Abruzzi, though not an owner in Britain, was a keen follower of the sport, and frequently a very interested spectator of the big racing in the Thames. The Italians are far and away the best yachtsmen on the Continent, and *Bona's* successes in British waters will be sure to make them more than ever dangerous adversaries. The Duc, though young, is an experienced yachtsman, and sailormen who hope to see international racing which will involve the whole Continent, welcome him heartily.

There are other yachts and yachtsmen of whom one would cheerfully write, but the space allotted to this article is obviously exhausted. Not every reader cares about the sea, and it were superfluous to tell those who do of its attractions. But having seen the majority of the great races of recent years, I cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that there is nothing more beautiful in nature than a fleet of white-winged yachts struggling for mastery. The French people lose themselves in admiration of vast sail-spreads on Mediterranean blue, while Britons, with little eye for the beauty of the scene, follow the race as anxiously as if they were personally affected by the issue. To the writer true happiness lies between; the French love of the beautiful and the British love of sport make the complete yachtsman.

A MEMORABLE ART CLASS

By THOMAS SULMAN

NEVER without an afterglow of grateful memory will the first art class of the Working Men's College be remembered by those few living who were privileged to belong to it.

How long ago it seems! The whole social heavens have altered. In art, in theology, and in literature, their polarity has changed. It needs some effort to-day to recall the hope that the rise of the Broad Church inspired. The Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice's lectures are difficult enough reading to-day, but in 1850 we thought them inspired. The distinction and charm of Maurice's personality were part of the spell, but the whole time was one of expansion and hope.

Carlyle was writing "Past and Present"; Charles Kingsley as "Parson Lot" was translating Chartism into gospel, his latter-day and anti-game-law lyrics penetrated like leaven. Maurice's Bible-class for young men on the Gospel of John was a mystic outpouring. It seemed as if a new dispensation was at hand. I never knew how far our beloved John Ruskin accepted Mauriceism, but he threw himself heartily into art work at the College in 1854.

It was a foggy November night when three friends presented themselves at the dingy old rooms in Red Lion Square. One of the three was the late too little known artist and thinker, James Smetham. We sat upon a school bench and matriculated. The examination was not rigorous. We read a paragraph from a newspaper, wrote a few sentences from dictation, and worked a short division sum. But simple as it was, Smetham who read Horace and Ariosto in the original, broke down three times in the arithmetic.

We then went up to the studio. On the third floor two small rooms had been broken into one; they were so closely packed with easels as to deny elbow room. Our master had most generously provided materials and copies. We began to work. I cannot hope to describe the delights of those evenings. Twice a week John Ruskin positively beamed; he devoted himself to those who gave themselves sincerely to study. He taught each of us separately, studying the capacities of each student.

We drew first a plaster of Paris ball, giving the intersecting shadows of a score of gas lights; then a small plaster cast of a natural leaf. After that he went to nature; a spray of dried laurel leaves, a feather, a bit of spar to show the lines of cleavage; every kind of natural structure. He soon encouraged us to try colour, warning us that gaslight altered all the values, but saying that colour was too delightful to be foregone. For one pupil he would put a cairngorm pebble or fluor-spar into a tumbler of water, and set him to trace their tangled veins of crimson and amethyst. For another he would bring lichen and fungi from Anerley Woods. Once, to fill us with despair of colour he brought a case of West Indian birds unstuffed, as the collector had stored them, all rubies and emeralds. Sometimes it was a fifteenth-century Gothic missal, when he set us counting the order of the coloured leaves in each spray of the MS. At other times it was a splendid Albert Dürer woodcut that we might copy a square inch or two of herbage and identify the columbines and cyclamens. He talked much to the class, discursively but radiantly. I think I remember that in politics and religion he leaned to order rather than progress. He had just published his "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds;" we hoped we understood it, and thought it admirable. I have a delightful memory of an architectural evening, principally given to French Gothic, comparing Amiens, Rouen, and Beauvais. He reprinted for us a chapter from the "Seven Lamps," with all the illustrations—"Notes on Northern Gothic." This brochure must be a treasure to-day. (Alas! I lent and lost my own.) On another night he introduced to us Alfred Rethel's work, especially the weird "Auch ein Todtentanz."

He was hard to please, I remember, in engraving. Etching he thought frivolous; even Rembrandt's were too elaborate and over subtle. He praised on the other hand the bold, graver work of the Florentines. For the eighteenth-century lozenge shading he had reprobation only. He thought tints should be line beside line. One day he hung up a proof of a saint by Domenichino, as "the worst specimen he had ever seen of a perilous art." He praised Blake warmly, especially the "Book of Job," which he said was greater than much of Rembrandt.

But he detested most of all the Flaxman outlines, illustrations of Homer and Dante. He said they were "examples of every kind of falsehood and feebleness which it was possible for a trained artist to commit. You could not have a more finished example of learned error, amiable want of meaning, and bad drawing with a steady hand." And surely we agree with him. He told us if we got to like large, cross-hatched, finished prints after Correggio or Raphael we were lost, unless we forthwith sold, or better still, burned them. I showed him a purchase I had made from a Saturday night's umbrella, when I bought for a few pence a Marc Antonio's "Muses on Parnassus" and two of Ruysdael's marvellous etchings. But Albert Dürer was his favourite master. We copied bits of the great and smaller passions, the "St. Hubert" and the "St. Jerome." Nor were we allowed to protest against the angularities and deformed toes of the great Nüremberger's creation. But of course the pole-star of his artistic heavens was Turner. One by one, he brought for us to examine his marvels of water-colour art from Denmark Hill. He would point out the subtleties and felicities in their composition, analysing on a blackboard their line schemes. Sometimes he would make us copy minute portions of a "Liber," some line of footsteps, or the handles of a plough. He would not allow us to copy Turner in colours, saying that would come years after, at present nothing of these but line. How generous he was! He had reams of the best stout drawing-paper made specially for us, supplying every convenience the little rooms would hold. He commissioned William Hunt of the Old Water Colour Society to paint two subjects for the class, and both were masterpieces. One was a golden, metallic, dried herring and some

open mussel-shells, and the other some eggs and yellow onions; to show how brilliant the humblest subjects might become in a master's hands.

He used to say if you gave one man the pigments of every tint of the rainbow, he would paint you a dull picture, but give another a little whitening, or a little slate and brickdust, and he will produce a brilliant and harmonious one.

Although I have reason to think he was at this time privately suffering, he seemed delighted with his class. His face would light up when he saw a piece of honest or delicate work; it was, perhaps, his greatest fault as a teacher that he was sometimes too lavish of his praise. He had spent one happy summer in Switzerland, and brought to show us a folio of his work. He had drawn and painted nothing but glaciers. He compared them to dragons, to serpents. They had cast a fetichistic spell over him. On formal occasions he did not speak well. His style was over-elaborate and paradoxical, but on these evenings he talked divinely; we were carried away by the current of his enthusiasm. Often his subject was poetry, and then he was never tired of praising Scott. I could not give in to his dispraise of Coleridge as "sickly and useless," or of Shelley as "shallow and verbose," though I feared he might be right, and that we should have to come round to think so.

He took a great interest in the art work of a young publisher's assistant, and sent him, at his own expense, to Venice to copy a few bits of Byzantine sculpture there. When the student arrived he settled down to Titian's "Peter Martyr" instead. Ruskin was indignant, but B—— managed to stay on and paint Venice for himself. He soon got patronised by wealthy Englishmen and Americans, and lived there till his death.

Ruskin never himself knew how much he did for many of us. It is not too much to say that the whole of our following lives have been enriched by these hours we spent with him. One student drew birds' nests more minutely than Hunt, and another finished groups of fungi beyond human eyesight.

I cannot remember how soon Dante Gabriel Rossetti became our joint teacher. It may have been from the first. With him also was associated Mr. Lowes Dickinson. Rossetti came on alternate evenings with Ruskin, and taught figure and water-colour painting.

He was very kind and sincere; he spoke little, and with a mournful inflection of voice. Art was his religion, he never talked Mauriceism. Rossetti was not without an unexpected flash of satire. Once a pompous student, who, unlike the generality of us, was able to buy adequate art materials, asked Rossetti whose colours he advised us to get, "those of Messrs. R—— or of Messrs. W—— and N——?" "Ah!" said Rossetti, "I don't know, I generally use the halfpenny colours from the oil-shop myself." And I can almost believe it, for I well remember a shabby box of fragments, that he used to rattle amongst, rubbing with an almost dry brush on hard chips, but getting always the colour he wanted with surprising and harmonious effects. His method was, I have heard, adopted from Madox Brown; they called it the "dry brush style." Cobalt and vermilion were mixed to a neutral, and the charged brush stroked on a waste piece of paper till it ceased to streak. When the shaded scheme of the design was worked over, it had the effect of an unpleasantly toned aquatint. Into the interstices of the paper he worked bright chrome, cobalt, and red lead! (I am sure red lead, with pangs of conscience as being treacherous.) For flesh he used vermilion with raw emerald green, and a little purple carmine. Half done, his work had a strange iridescence, but he was far too sensitive an artist to be satisfied till he got the depth and harmony he sought; and I feel sure, although he disclaimed it, and believed somehow he had not done it, he glazed and deepened his shadows. He objected to pencil outlines. He would say: "The masses of shade are the drawing, begin with them. The first fact to notice is the shade on one side the nose, put that in as tint; then the shade on cheek and chin." He thought it insincere to put drawing where it was only inferred. Thus, when I had once drawn the return to an eyelid, he said: "Get rid of that academic fribble! draw only what you see."

On one occasion, Ruskin had been denying wings to angels, but wishing to show how pinions should be drawn, he sent into our class-room a great hamper of birds. There was a fine cock pheasant, a wild duck, a partridge, a wood-pigeon, and other birds. He then challenged Rossetti, Lowes Dickin-

son, and Smetham, to paint a specimen for our instruction. Dickinson chose the pheasant, and tossing it upon the table, in an hour had struck out a bold romantic sketch in browns and reds that was very convincing. The partridge and wood-pigeon were also painted. Rossetti got the duck, and spent an hour tying it on a drawing-board with string into a round heap. The grey dry brush went on, we watching with profound interest. The next evening he proceeded to cover it with bright chrome. We grew uneasy, we could see no yellow in the bird. For the next few nights he was absent, and before the drawing could proceed another stage, the housekeeper for sanitary reasons had removed the model; we never knew what scheme he had in his mind. Yet he could inspire and even thrill us; we loved him so, and were happy to render him the smallest service. I have said he talked little, but at times he did so enthusiastically. I remember how he came late one night and said he had been with the Brownings, and had played with their only child, "a boy who did not know his parents were poets," and that Mrs. Browning had read some pages from her new poem that would be immortal. It was to be called "Aurora Leigh." Whereat some one asked what was Robert Browning as a poet like? Rossetti cried fiercely, "Like? Why, in his lyrics, he is like Shelley, in his dramas he is like Shakespeare!"

Sometimes we got permission to see his pictures. I remember at this time, his memorable cupboard, painted I think for William Morris. On one lid was Dante's first meeting with Beatrice in a Florence street, and on the other Dante's last vision of her in the earthly paradise, when she lifts her veil and says, "Look at me well, for in sooth I am Beatrice." She is standing beside a lovely hedge of roses with brilliant birds flying. The keyhole and the handle came frankly into the picture. I have seen them since; the furniture removed and the panels framed as pictures. But they looked less startlingly beautiful than at first. Another picture of Rossetti's I have never seen described since, was "The first night after the Crucifixion." John the disciple had taken Mary to his own home. A window looked out over a distant Calvary bereft of its crosses. Mary was lighting the watch lamp, John was bent pondering a scroll of Isaiah. A stormy sunset flooded the picture with purple light. The whole, as I remember it now, was very impressive. I think there must have been frequent amazing failure in the drawing, but the colour was so deep and "Belliniesque" in its glow that all its faults were condoned after one impatient glance. The "Borgia family" was a subject several times attempted. In the one I liked best Lucrezia leaned back in her chair, playing with a golden chain. She wore a glorious dress, and had a fleece of golden hair. The hateful Pope leered, and Cæsar furtively dropped poison in the wine; in front a boy and a girl danced, and behind a maid-servant from a window looked down upon the tragedy. Other pictures were, "Seeing Themselves," "Dr. Johnson and the Fair Methodists," "Mary at the House of Simon the Pharisee," and the grotesque "Jan Van Eyck's Studio." We saw these and others by stealth. He did not want our worship. About this time the illustrated Tennyson was being prepared. Rossetti drew five subjects for it.* Some of these were intrusted to that supreme engraver, W. J. Linton. The two men could not understand each other. Rossetti was furious at the liberties Linton took with his designs. Linton sneered, "If I had cut them as he drew them!!!"

About this time too I saw on the wood the charming drawing of the Maids of Elfin Mere done for that violet of a book, "Day and Night Songs," by William Allingham, published in 1855. In 1862 he designed a mystical frontispiece to his sister Christina's volume, "The Goblin Market and other Poems." Besides these I am not aware that he drew again for the press. One day Rossetti scribbled in ink on the back of a letter a motive for a picture, two lovers embracing in a turret of a castle wall. The subject pleased him and he blotted in a scheme of colour. Both figures wore red. The wall against which they stood was red also. Red also was the woman's hair. The fields beyond were vivid green and the sky blue. This scrap of paper had an in-

* I saw on the wood the mysterious heading to the "palace of art"—St. Cicely with lovely falling hair and the amazing "angel that looked at her." Below a soldier ate an apple and a dove escaped from a prison grating.

describable dignity and a charm almost Titianesque. It was as full of poetry as a border ballad. He painted it later on, but never so well as in the rude, letter-paper sketch.

Rossetti was living then in chambers in Chatham Place, Blackfriars. The rooms might have been in Venice for their mediæval charm and their many surprises.

In one corner he had put two large mirrors at right angles, which gave a startling vision of endless beautiful rooms beyond. He early discovered the splendid decorative value of old embossed Spanish leather.

As a teacher Rossetti was often absent. Sometimes (the now Sir Edward) Burne-Jones took his place; once I think Windus came. Some one asked Ruskin if Rossetti were industrious; Ruskin replied, "If you call beginning work at nine o'clock at night and working impetuously till daybreak, then sleeping till afternoon, industrious, he may be."

In 1856 the college moved from Red Lion Square to Great Ormond Street, where the class had more room, but, alas! we lost our masters. Ruskin went abroad, and although he came to address us once or twice the class was under other management. For a time Ford Madox Brown was an inspiring teacher. Burne-Jones, who was then Venetian in feeling, rather than Florentine, came for some months. Mr. Valentine Prinsep followed, giving valuable teaching; but the class had changed. Maurice and Kingsley died. The old unity was gone. We did much more life work. Our models were simple, unprofessional folk. One night the sitter was absent, and a student went into the street to capture a substitute. After some time he returned with two reluctant navvies, tempted by half a crown each for the evening. They were very suspicious; and when they had stumbled up two flights of stairs the door of the physiology class stood open, with great coloured diagrams of the dissected human figure. With looks of horror they fled in a noisy stampede down the old staircase, only feeling safe when they had put a street or two between them and the class. The college prospered under its new president, but the Broad church wave was spent. The rosy glow of an inspired hope passed, fading into the light of common day.

IN THE STREETS OF PARIS

THE EARLY BIRDS AND SOME OTHERS

By ELLEN GERTRUDE COHEN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

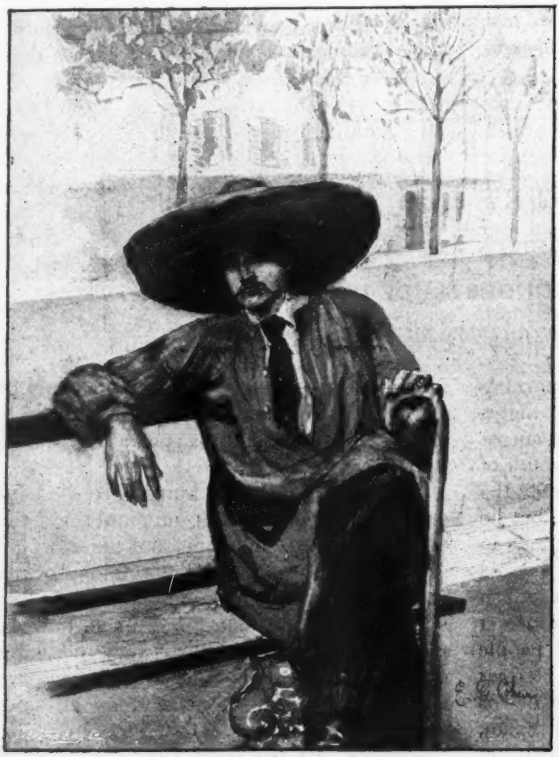
FROM the first thing in the morning till not only the last thing at night, but right on through the night itself, the streets of Paris are full of an all-absorbing interest. It is naturally the stranger who feels this most keenly, but he cannot at once make any nice distinctions in his analysis, for Paris in numbers of ways is much like many another big European capital. The new comer realises, as a first impression, how foreign things and people are to him. What he means by this he does not quite know, but by degrees it dawns upon him, especially if he is an Englishman, that everything and everybody is most unaccountably gay. It is a thing to which he is wholly unaccustomed, a gaiety not only of expression and demeanour, but a remarkable lightness and brightness pervading everything.

Nobody appears in a hurry or to be bent on any more important mission than the enjoyment of the sunshine, and life it would seem is not at all a serious thing to any one. This is of course not absolutely the state of the case, but the French, unquestionably, do not take either their pleasures or their work sadly, and jests and badinage of the raciest character abound on all sides and among all classes.

Perhaps one has most auricular proof of this amongst the working classes. It is here,

too, that their gaiety extends even to the very clothes they wear. A French working man is almost always a beautiful object as to colour, and something he has on is sure to be of a remarkable blue. This blue is so universal that it forms one of the chief characteristics of the streets of Paris, being, sometimes, dark to start with, but taking all varieties of wonderful shades through much use and hard washing. It is the favourite colour, as being distinctive of the Mother Mary; so women love to dress their little children in it, and the school-hoods the latter wear in winter are seldom made of any other colour.

So wide is the use of it, also, amongst the workers themselves that one would say, on seeing them issuing from some big *usine* or factory at the *déjeuner* hour, that they were all clad in a uniform. Men following almost any kind of handicraft wear blouses, usually blue, and workmen for the most part either these or else *bougerons*, cotton jackets, often a brighter blue of an extremely smart cut, close to the figure at the back and loose in front. Blue velveteen trousers wide above and small at the ankle are much in vogue, particularly among carpenters and *chemineau*, or navvies, and this costume is often picturesquely completed by the addition of high wellington boots, a scarlet sash and a sombrero hat. The women of the lower and middle classes, the tradesmen's lads, and the "boots" when at work, all have aprons of a dark blue material; and no *bonne*, or French servant, is complete without one. Indeed there is an unwritten law that every mistress shall present two to any maid when engaging her. Many servants do not wear caps at all, nor indeed do the working women use any head covering in the streets. One meets them so in the omnibuses and on the Boulevards with neatly coiffed heads even when the snow is on the ground, and this is the more remarkable as their ears (and often those of their husbands too) are sure to be stuffed with pink cotton-wool, and at home they will shut both doors and windows at all seasons for fear of what they call a *courant d'air*.



A HEAVY PORTER

Slatternly milliner or dressmakers' girls are almost an unknown quantity in the streets of Paris. The little messengers one sees there with their huge pasteboard boxes are always of the trimmest and if not every one of them exceptionable as to their conduct from certain points of view, they form, at any rate, a picturesque addition to the street landscape. A woman is sure to be neatly shod, no matter to what class she belongs, though an English heart would undoubtedly sink low at the terrible thinness of the sole. This apparent recklessness has its excuse in the fact of the condition of the streets. To attain their wonderful state of cleanliness 1,855,000 francs are spent on them in three years, but this has only been the case since the imposition of a tax in 1873 on every landlord to cover the expense. Before that, things were

in a very bad state, and Maxime Ducamp, the great authority on the subject of Paris wrote, about that time, deploring the shocking condition of the streets. Now, however, to do this work and to remove the 2500 cubic metres of rubbish, there are 149 brigades of sweepers, numbering 3345, in conjunction with 550 rubbish carts, and 1075 horses.

From before dawn till long after sunset one sees the street cleaners in their peaked caps and watermen's boots or sabots hard at their work of sweeping, swabbing, or watering. Each hour of the day brings its particular work for them. From 4 to 6.30 A.M. they have to wash and sweep the pavements and streets, and in winter cast gravel on the asphalte (315,470 metres) and wood paving (368,300 metres) of the city. From 6.30 till 8.30 four of them and a woman-sweeper accompany the scavenger's dustcart to clear away from the dustbins the refuse which the *chiffonniers* have discarded; from 8.30 till 11 they are again at work sweeping, cleaning, watering, and flushing the gutters, till these almost assume the form of little mountain torrents. From 11 till 1 they leave off for *déjeuner*, and then they are hard at work again cleansing streets and benches, and in winter, from 7 till 9 P.M., it is their duty once more to throw gravel over the wood and asphalte pavements.

But these are only one of the many bevies of busy workers to be seen in the early hours of the morning. Up and at work soon after the street cleaners are the *chiffonniers* male and female (rag-pickers), the *porteuses de pain* (bread carriers) and the milk-women. These last deliver their milk in glass bottles or *bottes* of either a litre or half a litre, and metal handles are attached to them, so that as many as thirty can be carried at a time, swinging from two iron bars.

The bakers' shops are some of the first to open, and as early as five o'clock the *porteuses de pain* begin operations by brushing the bread. The bakers' boys are usually girls, or rather strong elderly women who can carry as much as forty pounds of bread at a time. Formerly, long baskets were used, but these have of late been discarded, except for the 5 P.M. delivery, when the small hot rolls are taken in them to the hotels and better class houses, ready for the dinner hour. Instead of the basket the *porteuses de pain* now wear a substantial blue apron

A NEWSVENDOR

extending from the shoulders and cut double the length of the ordinary article, so that were it allowed to drop it would trail far on the ground. The two corners are knotted together and drawn up round the bread and over the wrist or shoulder of the *porteuse*, making a really solid bag. Some of the bread, the *pain de marchand de vin*, over two yards long, is not a little cumbersome to the poor *porteuse*, and as she has often to mount *au sixième* one cannot help being sorry for her on a warm morning; still her picturesque figure could ill be spared from the street scene, and after all she does not have to journey far, a cart usually supplying the more distant houses. In sharp contrast

A BREAD CARRIER

to these, the spotless, orderly early walkers of the streets, stand out the dingy stooping figures of the *chiffonniers*. They look weird objects enough in the half-light of the dawn, truly more like birds of prey than human beings, as they hover vulture-like over the tin rubbish-boxes which at that hour line the Paris streets. It is impossible to realise, when watching one of these weird creatures at her strange work, that in this way 50,000 francs' worth of pickings is collected in one day. Swift, silent, solitary, she performs her unsavoury task with a deftness that is quite remarkable. First she drags the movable official dustbin, *Poubelle* box, from its place near the concierge's lodge to the curbstone. Then she turns its contents out on to a piece of sacking spread over the pavement, and by the light of her lanthorn down on her knees rummages amongst the *débris* with the aid of her chiffonnier's crook or *crochet*, snatching with lightning movements at anything that can prove of any possible profit to her, bits of rags, bones, corks, glass, hair, flowerpots, grease, paper, sardine-boxes. These, which to her have every one of them a monetary value, she crams into the inseparable companion of the *chiffonnier*, her wicker basket, and this in its turn when quite full she empties into a colossal sack, often tied near by to a lamp-post to support its bulging proportions till the arrival of the hand or donkey cart which is finally to carry it off. At the home of the *chiffonnier* the contents of the sack or sacks are carefully sorted on the floor, the silk rags are divided from the cotton or woollen, the white from the coloured, &c. The silk are worth next to nothing, but the woollen are highly prized as bringing in nearly thirty francs the one hundred kilos. After the *placeur* (or regular *chiffonnier* who owns the right to sift a certain number of dustbins) has finished with her overhauling she leaves the despoiled dustbin which it would seem contains little else than decayed vegetables and cinders to the tender mercies of the roving *chiffonniers* or *coureurs*. These novices do not make much profit from their scant pickings, poor things, one franc and a half being the most they can earn, whereas a *placeur* will realise often seven or eight times that sum.

Allied to the *chiffonnier* are various other wanderers, as for example the collector of cigar and cigarette ends. He is usually to be seen later in the day when the idlers and smokers have left him a harvest under the *café* tables ranged on the Boulevards. The *garçons* often dispute this privilege with him, but even then he has still left to him the Boulevards themselves, a not unfruitful source, the outsides of the places of amusement and of the restaurants. He is unquestionably a pitiable object with his groping figure, dirty clothes, and his bloodshot eyes ever darting glances outwards and sideways and always downwards on the pavement in search of a castaway *megot*. As he never raises his head he must realise by some intuition when his opportunity has come, for the end of the weed has hardly left the smoker's lips before it is in the vagabond's possession, his ragged figure has darted and dived for it, usually with the aid of a pronged stick; it has been extinguished between his

finger and thumb and triumphantly tucked away in the pouch hanging by his side, all within the space of a couple of seconds. However, his collection made, his day's work is by no means over. He retires to a quiet corner of the lower quays, and there spreading out his wares, always careful not to expose them to the sun on account of the odour it would give them, undoes them, thoroughly dries them and gets out the cinders. He carefully separates the cigars from the cigarettes, the tobacco of the latter being worth a great deal more to him, and then adds a little fresh tobacco. This concoction appears next on the Place Maubert, where a franc's worth is made up into forty packets of tobacco, and sold at a sou per packet. The vendors have their regular *clientèle* there, and also find a market for their wares at certain *débitants*, or pothouses, in the neighbourhood of the Temple and Buttes de Chaumont. But it is a poorly paying trade, only resorted to in a case of dire necessity, not by any means the wealth-bringing commerce it has sometimes been represented.

Many other apparent loafers, who are in reality nothing of the kind, may be seen at any and all hours on the Paris Boulevards. Of these the huge forms of the *forts aux farines* are by far the most interesting. One can hardly pass an hour in any of the larger streets without remarking one or two of them. It is impossible to pass them by without a second glance, on account of their giant stature, and their enormous hats whitened with flour. These hats, which cost thirty francs and weigh four or five pounds, are nearly as large in circumference as a small parasol, and are invaluable in protecting the head, hair, and neck from the weight of the sack. They are of a very solid, peculiar make, and are only to be had at Issy, beyond the fortifications. These apparent idlers have, it would seem, nothing in the world to do, and are either lounging on a seat, to all appearances lost in thought, or lazily chatting at a street corner. They are in reality on the watch for the miller, who, when he passes, will take one or two of them up in his cart, and pay them handsomely for unloading the flour. The sacks weigh often 318 lbs. each, so the *forts* have need of all their uncommon strength when carrying the flour up several floors. They do

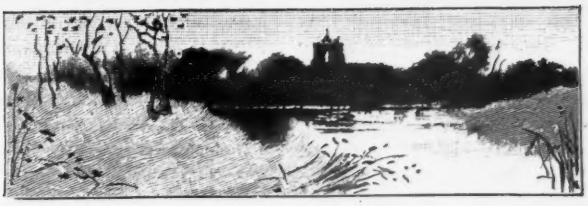
A RAG-PICKER AT WORK

A FRENCH NAVVY

not touch the sack, which is nicely balanced on the famous hat, but with one hand lean on their stout stick, and with the other grasp the handrail. The weight is so great that when at work they have to discard everything but trousers and light waistcoat, for the sake of coolness, though, when on the Boulevards, their costume is quite complete, finished off with a picturesque blue blouse. They are a society of 121, which has existed 150 years, first as a society, but since 1895 as a syndicate. The brotherhood is limited to that number, and a test as to great strength is applied before membership can be obtained, each having to wear his medal and special uniform. Although they are such magnificent specimens of humanity, the mortality amongst their number is very high, being as much as seven or eight out of the 121 in a year. This is through pleurisy and other severe chills brought on by the extreme heats they experience in their heavy work. There is no grand fortune to be made at this calling, for though the miller pays the *fort* threepence for unloading each sack, and a very strong workman might gain even thirty francs in one day, still on the next he might not earn five francs, so that a fair day's work does not average more than eight francs.

There is also less work to do in the summer, the miller supplying only two sacks of flour where three would be required in the winter months. This is caused not alone by the absence of Parisians from town, but by the falling off in appetites occasioned by the warm weather.

Innumerable other frequenters of the streets could be mentioned equally interesting, if not quite so picturesque as these attractive *forts*. There are the *tondeurs de chiens* or dog-tenders, who pass through the streets at a certain hour every day, announcing their presence by a particular cry, and with their shears and little box of necessaries will for a small consideration wash and clip the French poodles, making their toilettes in most artistic fashion. There are the porcelain menders and the solderers, the itinerant barrel sellers, the repairers of windows with immense sheets of glass at their backs. All of these have their particular cry or pipe or song and their particular uniform. There are also the newspaper vendors who from 6 A.M. frequent the omnibus stations, reaching up with their long poles to the outside passengers of the omnibuses and tramways. On these poles are constructed wire frames made to hold every kind of newspaper, and at the top are fixed tin boxes for the coppers. The goatherd, too, must not be forgotten. He walks the streets with his little tribe from 5.30 A.M. till 11 P.M., and will fill a cup with warm milk for two sous. He often returns to his native Italy for the winter months, but spring sees him again at his work in Paris. In his blue blouse and goatherd's cap, surrounded by a flock of goats which follow faithfully to the sound of his delicate piping, he makes the most curious and interesting spectacle one could well see in the crowded thoroughfare of a great city.



LUCEM SPERO

A HYMN FOR THOSE IN TROUBLE

THE land I travel through is dark
  With fears, and cares, and shadows;
No sun to wake the singing lark
  Or fill with flowers the meadows;
Myself, alas, my only light,
The sun by day, the stars at night.

O God eternal, Lord of love,
  Whose power goes forth in pity,
To stir the sleeping fields and move
  The clouds from o'er the city,
Breathe on my heart and let me know
The gladness of the way I go.

O let me look on field and sky
  In joy and endless wonder,
And love Thee for the lights on high
  And flowers that blossom under,
And praise Thee for the fruits of earth
With cheerful toil and kindly mirth.

Teach me to lose myself, and live
  In peace with men, their neighbour;
To honour, help, endure, forgive,
  And gladly rest and labour:
O touch my heart and string my will,
And all my life with Christ fulfil.

Let echoes of the heavenly praise
  Come still through earthly gladness;
The light that lies on lovelier ways
  Be but half hid in sadness;
And of Thy grace the unseen power
Lift up with hope my passing hour.

ROBERT KEMP.

HOW A KNIFE IS MADE

BY G. R. FLEMING

THERE is a wonderful charm about a knife. It is the sceptre which proclaims the hero in the school, for the boy who possesses the knife with most blades can command any service. Again the owner in his perpetual whittling at anything and everything is almost certain to experience his first baptism of blood; under ordinary conditions it would be a catastrophe, but for the sake of the weapon courage is displayed. The churl may incline to the view that this is rather begotten of fear lest the weapon be forfeited; but after all, the first step towards stoicism is taken, it matters not with what help. The pleasure of the grown-up boy or girl in a pretty or useful knife is none the less real, although silently or secretly cherished, so that in

subjecting the charmed instrument to the penetration of the Röntgen rays, I may disillusion some, but not many; for the making, even of the shilling article, is almost sufficiently wonderful to increase our admiration, especially when it is remembered that the material is brought from the remotest parts, and that from the beginning to the end of manufacture there are eighty processes carried out successively by twenty-four workmen.

Before these artisans get the metal of which the blades are formed, it has passed through many hands in its transformation from Swedish ore to long strips of hard steel. Again, it would be impossible here to sum up the labour—perhaps I should say rather the enjoyment—of the ivory-seekers in Africa, in India, and in other far-away lands where the elephant disports himself. Sheffield cutlers purchase the elephant tusks, or teeth as they are sometimes called, at the London market. These average 90 lbs. in weight, but I have seen beautiful specimens from the Congo of 160 lbs. Some of the rich tusks command 20*s.* a lb.; the average price is about 15*s.* A hint may be here interpolated as to the choice of ivory paper knives or handles, because many prefer the piece of ivory which shows a pronounced grain. Panels of wood may be judged by this standard, but the blade of ivory which has fewest markings and is nearest transparent is the finest and most durable.

Prettiness, however, appeals to a young lady; keenness of edge is a first quality with a boy. This necessitates hardness of metal, a characteristic not so necessary with steel for ordinary purposes. This hardness is, of course, to ensure that the blade will retain its edge for the longest possible time and is the proof of quality under fair treatment. The steel has a high percentage of carbon, and at the same time it is necessary in its manufacture to eliminate all impurities. First, the raw material is of specially pure quality. The iron ore is brought from Sweden, as it contains little sulphur and no phosphorus. A thousandth part of the latter in any quantity of ordinary steel makes the metal unreliable, and tool steel for knife blades with a ten-thousandth part would be useless. This largely explains why the $4\frac{3}{4}d.$ knife, made in Germany, is, as a rule, a source of dire disappointment.

The Swedish iron is first placed in a furnace surrounded by charcoal, and being subjected to great heat, a chemical change is effected, the metal being then known as blister steel, because the surface in the process is much blistered. This is then cut into small pieces a little larger than loaf sugar, and these are put into clay pots called crucibles, holding about fifty pounds. To all appearance, these are like the picturesque water pitchers of the East. As they have to stand a temperature of from 2200 to 2400 degrees, there is an art in making them. Any metal would melt, and ordinary clay crack; but a compound of China clay, silica, &c., is made. The recipe is a trade secret, and success is dependent upon it. The crucibles with their lids are put into a furnace, called a "muffle," to heat gradually before being placed with their contents into the bath of dazzling flame.

These latter crucible furnaces are square cavities under the ground level, lined with special brick, and having on the top a sliding door of fireclay brick in an iron framework. The heat is provided by gas which leaps from all sides of the furnace, as living tongues of fiercest flame. Great experience profits a man in regulating the temperature, and one cannot but marvel at the worker's hardihood or indifference to heat. I borrowed his blue spectacles, without which the brilliance of the white heat would blind; he removed the cover of the furnace, and the lid of the crucible; but it was only for the briefest moment that I could glance. He urged me forward, as if to view some panorama of Arctic scenery on a sultry September day; the impression made to the contrary was vivid and real. Whipped by those flames which could melt the most adamantine of metals stood the clay pot in which the steel was boiling like the contents of a kettle, sparkling the while like diamonds in a brilliant silver setting.

This is quite different from the ordinary process of steel making. The flames of the fire are usually allowed to play upon the steel, but coal has often foreign elements, and by using the crucible any chance of impurity is overcome. The crucible steel melting continues for about five hours, after which the crucible is emptied, or "teemed" into moulds, while yet the metal is in a molten

or liquid state. It is then rolled or mangled down into strips the width of the blade. These are passed to a forger, who reheats the end, and by skilful hammering, tapers it to the form of the cutting edge and point of the blade, and then by hammering it over a flat mould, drives a projecting rim into the blade, to make the "nick" for the finger-nail to catch it for drawing it from the handle. He cuts the steel according to the length of blade, and finally forms the thick end where the blade is pivoted to the handle. All this is done with surprising speed, for 168 blades can thus be formed in a rough state in a working day by one man, who attends to his own fire.

The table knife is formed differently. The strip is thinner and after being hammered to a cutting edge, there is welded on at one end a small square of steel to form the head which butts against the handle, and to this again there is also welded a short length of wire, to be passed into, and secured to, the ivory handle. The speed of manufacturing in this case is quite as great, as there is no thumb-nail catch, nor a pivoting piece, which itself involves two operations. In some cases the rough blade is further hardened either by being allowed to cool quickly or slowly after being reheated to a high temperature; but this is not always necessary.

The rough blade thus made is passed to the grinding department, where it is ground on circular stones revolving at a high speed, the worker protecting himself by a wooden framing into which he places the blade during the process; and thus he can allow his grindstone to work at a higher speed, without any chance of steel dust flying about. Of course the blades are not yet sharpened ready for action; that is the last process. They are taken first to the fitting shop. Here also are brought all the other parts, without which a blade would be unattractive, if not useless.

There are knives and knives. The great majority are the servicable 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* or even 2*s.* 6*d.* specimens. But sportsmen's weapons run up in price to four guineas; and that, too, without embellishment. Indeed I have seen pearl handled, gold mounted and chased knives, on whose blades were etchings of hunting scenes, costing from twenty to twenty-five guineas. I am conscious, however, of the injunction against tempting my fellow man and therefore confine myself to the ordinary type for every-day use.

Supposing there to be two blades, there are eight pieces to form the knife, excluding rivets. There is first the ivory handles; some are of buckshorn, but the method of preparing it does not differ. The elephant's tusk is first sawn into short lengths, and each ring is similarly divided into thin slips —to thus "rough out" one thousand handles is an easy day's work for a man with a circular saw driven by belting from a steam engine. These slips are mounted separately on brass backing. The placing of the name plate is as pretty a piece of work as one could wish to see, it is so simple; it is a process of boring of great antiquity. There is an iron mould, having cut in it a hole corresponding to the size and form of the plate. This mould is clamped temporarily to the front of the ivory handle and serves as a guide-groove for the cutting tools. Two of these tools are mounted on a rod round which there is wound a piece of twine with both ends loose so that by pulling each end in turn the rod rotates if held stationary. The cutting tools are placed against the ivory handle by the workman pressing the rod forward with his chest, and with each hand he plays see-saw with the strings, so that the cutting tools rotate and yet have sufficient movement laterally to travel along the groove being made for the name plate. It is like a boy's play, yet admirable mechanism, for a groove can be cut in less than a minute, and the little name plate, which has previously been stamped to the exact size, fits tightly in, and is secured by two rivets.

The two sides of the handle, with backing and name plate thus finished, are next introduced to the "back" of the knife which separates them from each other and yet is the connecting bar between them. This, of course, has been formed separately, and with the two blades is now brought to the fitting shop, where in a vice they are all riveted together and the blades hinged in position. The knife is thus nearing completion. In fact it might be better for some boys if it did leave the workers here; but it is next taken to have the blades finally sharpened, "set," and polished; the handles burnished; and a nice piece of white paper wrapped around it to complete the charming effect which so easily captivates boys, old and young.

THE KINGFISHER

By VIDA BRISS

Of all the little hearts in feather,
Of all the little wights in fur,
Give me the Kingfisher.
My soul and it, methinks, take life together!

Not where the shining spaces of the mere
Lie blue and clear,
But where the brook's small waters run
Reflecting emerald leaves and chinks of sun,
On a dead branch, in solitude
It watches for its fleeting food.
So, poised on dead and dying things,
Not in the glare of being, but the sought,
Dim, tranquil umbrage of sequester'd thought,
The soul keeps vigil o'er the living springs.

Bright bird, thine azure wings, thy ruddy breast—
The colours of the furrow and the sky—
Remind me that at worst and best
Akin to earth and aimed for heaven am I.

Leaf-cloistered in a solitary reach,
Thou keepest watch without a mate,
Without a song;
Even so the soul that would await
Life by the living springs must linger long,
Withdrawn from human fellowship and speech.

Hark! dry wood snaps. Who dares intrude
Upon thy sea-green solitude?
(Hush! hush!) No human will shall do
Thy spirit wrong; thou shalt be left alone.
Alas, one flash of blue—
Heaven's colour—tells that thou art flown.

SCOTCH LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME

By SHERIFF CAMPBELL SMITH, LL.D.

CHARMING young women exist in abundance in all parts of the world, proper or necessary allowance being made for the very variable standard of human taste; but a charming or beautiful old woman is one of the rarest of nature's wonderful works, and is better worthy of attention than most specimens of natural history. Therefore we give and call for a little attention to one of this peculiar class. She was for more than half a century a citizen of St. Andrews, a city not less remarkable than herself, and she was a representative of the lively intellectual life that prevailed among its venerable but desecrated ruins, clad with lichens and wall-flower, and grass-grown unpaved streets a hundred years ago.

She was the daughter of one professor and the wife of another (her father-in-law being the celebrated Principal Hunter, the editor of well-known editions of Horace and Livy, and the foremost philosophical grammarian of his day, and, so far as Scotland is concerned, probably up to the present day). She lived at the centre of the University life, which since the Reformation has been the only active intellectual life of the old city. The haunts of the golfers, though always full enough of fun and sometimes too full of smuggled whisky, and gin, and brandy, and often of fine human intellect famous in its results elsewhere, but here intent on recreation, self-abandonment, and devil-may-care merriment, were seldom, if ever, known to the general polite discreet public for intellectual outbursts or results that could be published without very vigorous editing, except to the select few who were not easily astonished by practical jokes and strong language, which, though perhaps of ecclesiastical origin, had a perverse tendency among golfers to deviate considerably from ecclesiastical significance and use. Her sister was the first wife of the famous Edinburgh reviewer Francis Jeffrey,* and that relationship led to other migrations from St. Andrews to Edinburgh and the planting of three of her family in three homes there, which were more open and hospitable to the votaries of literature and science in Edinburgh thirty years ago than most houses in it. One was that of the eldest son John Hunter, W. S., Auditor of the Court of Session, a man of wide literary culture and true poetic taste, the friend of every poet who has breathed the air of Auld Reekie from Leigh Hunt to Sydney Dobell and Dr. Walter Smith; another that of her daughter Mrs. Stirling, the author of "Fanny Harvey," "Sedgeley Court," and other clever novels, which were too thoroughly interpenetrated with common sense to attract the excitable, prurient mob of modern novel-readers; and the third was that of her son-in-law, James Leslie, C. E., nephew of the famous Sir John Leslie, an engineer of the greatest skill and most unflinching veracity, who could write clear elegant English, out of which even lawyers could not extract a double or disingenuous meaning, whose wife, a bright beautiful woman was a wit like her mother, and like her mother not so afraid to utter her impromptus as most ladies, who have been taught to suppress every idea that seemed to deviate from commonplace by the prim, dull, cast-iron snobbery of genteel Edinburgh. Many in Edinburgh knew this noteworthy mother; she was personally known to the better intelligence of St. Andrews for a longer time than any notable character in its long history, and is remembered still. Stories not a few have been told of her in print and otherwise, a good many of them over walnuts and wine, and between the third and the tenth tumbler of toddy. Probably most of them were true in part, certainly some of them were invented and many of them were vulgarised, for her humour was as free from vulgarity as true humour ever can be. Hardly any teller of Scotch stories in our day has not retailed some of them in one form or another. Few old Scottish ladies have been more talked of. Her name has become the nucleus of so much tradition and romance that it may prove not uninteresting to set down a few facts about her even if it be impossible to dissever them entirely from the romance and varnish of story-tellers.

* *Vide* Lord Cockburn's "Life of Jeffrey," vol. i. pp. 116, 145, and 163.

Probably the majority of readers, who have got this length, have divined that the lady referred to is Mrs. James Hunter. She was known to every enlightened visitor of St. Andrews, for two or three human generations, and that would mean about ten generations of golfers, and fifteen generations of students, whose course may be only three or four years. Her husband was the son of John Hunter, the most famous Latinist that St. Andrews has sheltered since it sheltered George Buchanan. He was all-powerful in the University, and his son James obtained a College presentation, first to the parish of Dunino, and then to the College Church and chair of logic in the United College, to which chair he was succeeded on his death in 1845 by the more widely known Professor Spalding, who was probably the most thoroughly hard-working teacher that ever filled the St. Andrews chair of logic, not excepting its late more gifted, poetic and deep-seeing occupant, Professor Jones. James Hunter did not give himself much trouble about his students, and they did not care much for him. They said that his lectures on rhetoric and literature had been written by his brother-in-law, Francis Jeffrey, which was an unintended admission that they were well written. He was a tall, handsome man of military style and address, who used few words, talked no nonsense and would stand none. From his more capable students, such as Dr. Robert Lee of Old Greyfriars', Edinburgh, and John Robertson, D.D. of Glasgow Cathedral, the reports that I have heard were most favourable. Dr. Robertson, the best St. Andrews student of his day, summed up what I take to be the truth, "Jamie" (the name by which both wife and students spoke of him) "did not want ability, but he was very lazy and he took little interest in his work." Certain it is he disclosed no zeal either for his professorial or his pulpit work; but I am not satisfied that, judged by the standard of his time, he neglected either. Certainly the general opinion was that he was rather a "driech" preacher; and of that opinion his wife never professed ignorance. Indeed, in her frank jocular style she did not hesitate to tell that she was engaging a servant-girl who had agreed cheerfully to everything required of her till she was told she would be expected to attend the College Church, on which she exclaimed, "Lord, that's an awful bondage!" Upon the whole I conclude, in spite of the opinion of evangelical servant-girls and indolent students, that Dr. James Hunter was no fool, and most probably no Pharisee. His son John wished to be a minister, but the father insisted that he should try his fortune in the legal, rather than the clerical profession, and in the result John made far more money and exercised a far wider influence. That he lived a happier life is doubtful, for his happiness appeared to be sought and found chiefly in unwearied devotion to books. One point, however, is not doubtful and that is, if Mrs. James Hunter had preached and lectured instead of her husband, all her utterances would not have perished so completely from human memory as his have done. That they would have been strictly orthodox, I for one would not like to undertake to declare as probable. She was an early specimen of that kind of rationalist that has assimilated more of the nurture than of the admonition of the Scottish manse, and she hated cant with an all but irrepressible hatred.

Mrs. James Hunter may be said to have lived in an ecclesiastical atmosphere all her days. She was born in 1773 in the manse of Auchtermuchty in Fife and she died in South Street, St. Andrews, in 1859. Her father Charles Wilson after short ministries in Auchtermuchty and in Scone, migrated to the chair of Hebrew in St. Andrews in 1780 and after that she was never far away from it until the mortal integument was carried "east the town" to the old Cathedral burying-ground. Her father was the author of a Hebrew grammar which had in its day a high reputation not confined to Scotland, and his ability and versatility were such that in 1793 he was promoted or at least translated from the Hebrew chair to the chair of Church History also in St. Mary's College. His wife was also a daughter of the church. Her father was a Fife laird and minister of the parish of Balmerino of the name of Stark which he had exchanged for Robertson (he was connected with the Struan family), the exchange to Stark being made shortly after Culloden, and for reasons not stated but most likely not of an æsthetic character. His adopted name of Stark has not yet disappeared from among the Fife lairds of his family.

Mrs. James Hunter went to the manse of Dunino a bride about a hundred years ago. Her daughter Susan, Mrs. Stirling (misdescribed by Carlyle oftener than once not as niece which was the fact, but as younger sister of Jeffrey's first wife), was born there in 1799 and her son John in March 1801, Jeffrey's marriage to the aunt, Catherine Wilson, occurring on the 1st November of that year. The paramount influence of Professor John Hunter carried his son to St. Andrews and the Logic Chair in 1804, and made way in the parish of Dunino for the Rev. James Roger, a clerical apparition whom I saw in my teens, with a pale gaunt face, and an enormous white neck-cloth. He kept the Presbytery of St. Andrews in hot water for forty years, helping to blister Principal Playfair, the ancestor of a few celebrated men, in the beginning of his career, and Principal Sir David Brewster towards the end of it, ostensibly because Brewster had joined the Free Church, but chiefly because he hated him; himself a Perthshire man with a strange history, for he had been a reporter in the House of Commons at the end of last century, and had a fund of old London as also of old Scottish stories that made him one of the most interesting talkers in Fifeshire, according to Russel of the "Scotsman" and others who had talked with him. His son the Rev. Charles Rogers, with a final letter added to his name, and with less intellect than his father, achieved considerable notoriety because of the laws of slander and the Wallace monument; and also by his gossiping writings some literary fame. He was a man of extensive if not very precise knowledge, and out of his own and his father's traditional stores he could in his prime have told a good deal about Scottish life and character which will probably never be told.

The tale of life in Dunino and St. Andrews which Mrs. James Hunter carried in her tenacious memory is, I am afraid, also untellable. I know that it was not free from anxiety and cares. The stipend of Dunino was small, and the emoluments of her pluralist husband in St. Andrews though considerably increased would never, so far as I can estimate, have come up to £400 a year. Dr. Chalmers occupied the Moral Philosophy chair for five years as a colleague of her husband. He was the most popular though not the most philosophical professor ever seen in St. Andrews; and Principal Nicoll's letter inviting him to leave Glasgow for the St. Andrews professorship expressed regret that "the living cannot be reckoned higher than £300 a year." Mrs. Hunter was by nature endowed with a sufficient amount of philosophy and of fun to enable her to be "contented with little and cantie wi' mair," but I fancy the philosophy was most useful when oatmeal was up to *2s. 6d.* a peck, tea *5s.* or *6s.* a pound, and other food at famine prices, as happened often between the French Revolution and Waterloo, and once more after the drought of 1826. To eke out the narrow professional emoluments the Hunters kept student-boarders, and among them were the brothers McNeill from Colonsay, one of them afterwards a baronet and famous diplomatist, and the other a peer bearing in the House of Lords the name of the island of his birth. Lord Colonsay on his way to St. Andrews College in the end of 1805 heard the victory of Trafalgar announced from the top of the stage-coach by the guard to the populace of Glasgow, as also the cheers stopped by the whisper, "Nelson is dead;" and he went on his long, slow journey to gain the highest honours in Mathematics, and a high, if not the highest, place in Dr. Hunter's Latin class. Duncan McNeill never forgot St. Andrews College where he worked diligently, and played pranks like other students, nor the kind home that he found in the Hunters' house, nor the caustic wisdom of the mistress of it. One of the luxuries selected by him or another young Highlander to whom she had conceded the indulgence of choosing a dish for dinner was "fried blood," a choice which rather astonished her because of its unprecedented character, but which was duly given effect to with the assistance of salt, pepper, onions and oatmeal, and the result of much satisfaction to all who could enjoy "black pudding." Duncan was a favourite with her, "a fine, frank, obliging lad, but he could hold his tongue better than most Highlanders"; his brother "John was very handsome but aye diplomatic: you could never see to the bottom of him."

Mrs. Hunter had had opportunities of seeing and seeing into most of the notabilities that lived in or visited St. Andrews for nearly three quarters of a century, and

had formed opinions about most of them, though she was not always, or very ready to express them, even to discreet auditors. She knew Chalmers, a boy from Anstruther, who had entered college at the age of eleven and occupied the same rooms with Thomas Duncan, afterwards professor of Mathematics, his life-long friend; and she held a better opinion of Chalmers than most of the citizens of St. Andrews. She said, "The Toon's folk called him 'Daft Tam Chalmers,' but there was naething daft about him; he was a wild merry reel-o-Bogie laddie, full of fun and mischief, but very clever. I aye thought he would turn out something uncommon, but I never thought he would turn out a saint."

John Campbell from Cupar Manse, the future Lord Chancellor, was there too, at the same time going through the ordinary eight years course of training for the Church, "a slow, steady, well-behaved boy. They called him 'plain John' afterwards. He was aye plain enough and had a big enough face, but he never looked clever. His oldest sister Jess, a friend of mine and about my own age, was far cleverer than he was."

John Leyden was another contemporary student at St. Mary's College, commonly called the Divinity Hall when he was preparing to enter the Church. She admired him, but in moderation. "He was a genius, a kind of poet and a very fluent, indeed eloquent speaker, but he a sort of skirled when he was excited and he was not always very polite. Once he apologised to me for not attending a lecture of my Jamie, that he was busy and so forth, and he hesitated and blurted out, 'I daresay I did not lose very much'; I daresay it was not very far from the truth, but he ought not to have been so rude as to say that to me." However, she had kindly made allowance for the effects of Leyden's peasant education, poetic impulsiveness, and credulous simplicity, the last of which was sometimes played upon in St. Andrews, as for example, when following the friendly advice of a clergyman in the East Neuk, on the day the Presbytery gave him licence to preach, he gave them at their presbyterial dinner, a grace of an hour and ten minutes in length, and rendered it necessary that the broth should be returned to the pot. She knew, as all the college circle did, that Leyden was often in boy-like bickers in St. Andrews, including an attempt to thrash John Campbell, the Chancellor of England to be, because he had reported him according to his duty in the office of "censor" for playing truant from Church on one or more Sundays, and that he generally acted the part of a young man possessed by the spirit of the song that he sat up to sing in the fever delirium that preceded his death, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" Leyden's licence to preach did not prove of much use to him, and after a year or two of absence, and six or eight months of diligent study in medical and scientific subjects he returned to St. Andrews and obtained a licence to practise medicine as a preliminary to his career in India as a doctor, scientist, and Oriental linguist, that ended prematurely on Java's "deadly shore" on August 27, 1811.

Regarding most of the noteworthy citizens of, and visitors to, St. Andrews, between her girlhood and old age Mrs. Hunter had tales to tell, and had formed opinions that did not err on the side of flattery and not often on the side of unctuous charity. Of her pricks and shafts of ridicule every conspicuous hypocrite in St. Andrews was afraid. She and Christopher North's daughter, Mrs. Ferrier (after 1846), were a nameless terror to all sorts of genteel, affected pretenders. But the everlasting quarrels, especially the college quarrels of St. Andrews, had taught her to be cautious in what she said and how she said it. Her sarcastic shots were generally fired at a tangent, and if the skin they struck was thick enough they were apt to escape the attention of the person chiefly interested, and that person was not infrequently a creature belonging to the order of small deer that no epigram could save from annihilation. Therefore many of her sayings that were worth remembering have passed to the irrecoverable. Most of the remembered stories have about them an aroma of her ecclesiastical parentage and education. An old friend once intimate, long a stranger, called upon her without warning of any kind, and was saluted, "Losh keep me, Margaret Berry, I have not seen you for forty years. This must be the resurrection." To a curiously inquisitive stranger desirous of knowing how many children she had, she answered, "Weel I

am like the woman in Scripture, out of whom came seven devils." Another Scripture character to which she could discover casual resemblance in St. Andrews was Balaam's ass. Though able to move about on her feet till the last few days of bodily decay, she sometimes sought the benefits of fresh air in a Bath chair, which was wheeled for her by a caddie who was getting rather stiff for the links, but still retained the caddie propensity of talking to whoever was ready even if unwilling to hear him. The caddie when tired wheeling, stopped pretty often and bored her with his copious discourse. During one stoppage up came a friend, and after the usual preliminaries as to health and weather she abruptly desired information. "Tell me, was it once or twice Balaam's ass spoke to the prophet?" Getting the answer, which she did not need, she said, turning her thumb to the caddie behind, "Mine is never dune!"

A Free Kirk elder related by marriage, an obliging but hollow, noisy, ostentatious kind of man, called on her during one of her illnesses after she had passed the threescore and ten and recovery was thought doubtful. He was admitted to her bedroom and proposed to pray for her. She gave a languid assent. Her hearing continued good to the last, but the elder was slightly deaf and had been accustomed to hold forth at prayer-meetings. After he was fairly started in his devotions he began to shout in tones suitable for an open-air meeting at the Martyrs' Monument or the Witch Lake. The noise had wakened her up in more ways than one, and, when he had finished she, in her usual pungent style, said to her maid, "Does F—— think the Lord's deaf?" He did not think it necessary to come back to pray for her. One time when her husband was ill and so carried in his mind that he thought himself dying, he, though generally an undemonstrative man, bade his household a demonstrative "Farewell," winding up with the declaration, "We shall all meet in heaven to-night," to which proposal she answered, "Weel, Jamie, I'm willing, only you need na' be sae pertikler aboot the time." When her own death had become imminent she was quite serene and uncomplaining, told an effusively demonstrative relative who was weeping over her, "There's a drap at your nose, man!" talked jocularly of her funeral, and among other things said it would be a "fine ploy" for a connection that she named, and who was alleged to be fonder of attending funerals than doing useful work.

There was little or no malice in her wit, or in her nature. She was not given to direct condemnatory criticism, and had, when I knew her, strong tendencies to silence. She made no secret of her small regard for Sir David Brewster and his share in college disputes, and though she always welcomed the frank jocularity of Provost Playfair, she did not approve of his despotic military ways and his destruction of many of the old-fashioned features of St. Andrews in the process of converting it into a fashionable watering-place. I was very curious to learn what this strong-minded, deep-seeing daughter of an ecclesiastical nursery thought of Francis Jeffrey, "greatest of British critics," according to more than one exalted Edinburgh opinion, but two or three attempts produced the conviction that somehow or other she did not like him, and that she would say nothing definite about him except that he was an "extraordinarily clever, fluent-talking little creature" whom she could never properly understand. That *she* selected him for a brother-in-law I don't think probable.

An intense lover of old St. Andrews, she had small regard for Edinburgh and its modern hollow artificial splendours. She dared to sneer even at its hospitality. "In this braw toon you may gang from Dan to Beersheba and naebody ever spier if you have a mouth."

Under her habitual mask of cynicism there was a large store of charity, with an additional though not inconsiderable store of contempt, yielding occasionally electric sparks of unpremeditated mischief. She took no harsh view of human folly if it was merely folly. Patrick Proctor Alexander, son of a St. Andrews professor, a man not unknown in the world of literature, though not nearly so well known as his great natural gifts might have made him, told me of some charitable but unsentimental remarks that she had made to his mother when she was grieving over youthful pranks of his own or of one of his lively handsome brothers. Says Mrs. Hunter by way of common-sense consolation, "What's the use of breaking

your heart over the frolics of a boy. If your sons have not inherited a fair share of original sin, they'll never gather much gear in this world. Little good can come out of a lad that has no mischief in him. Students' pranks and tricks and devilry are no' worth speakin' aboot. When you hear of your son trying to run away with a cook twice his age and auchteen stane it will be soon enough to begin to greet aboot him."

St. Andrews has, since the days of Clive, been a nursery of officers for the Indian Army. Two of her brothers and some other relatives attained to distinction in that service, and many of her young acquaintances entered it or tried to enter it after the test of Addiscombe examinations had been instituted. One who had entered, had had some experience, and had returned home for a time on sick leave, was boasting to her of his military experiences and accomplishments: he could discharge the duties of any man in the army, from the general to the drummer; whereat she remarked, "I see you have not forgotten the trumpeter." Another who had not been so fortunate was still determined to make his fortune in the East; he was telling her he would go to Ceylon, he would go to Calcutta, he would even venture the length of Pekin, to which she responded by way of comment, "You're just as weel whaur ye are. They're sair gi'en to eatin' puppies in Pekin." Performances of the nature of practical jokes have been ascribed to her. She is said to have once kept a dinner-party waiting in the drawing-room for Principal Haldane, when it was only the beef-steak pie that was not up to time. Though this has found its way into print I doubt it. There is another similar, perhaps apocryphal, story. She was sometimes troubled by inquisitive genteel gossips wanting to see her children, and they were not always ready or fit for presentation to strict critics. One day when a few callers were specially urgent to see the latest baby, and it was not convenient to produce the genuine article, she sent out the nurse to borrow a baby, the neighbouring baker's, which was of suitable age, if it was tidy. The baker's baby was obtained and produced, and gave great satisfaction. It was declared to be "nice, and pretty, and *very like its father*." Such little bits of comedy may possibly have occurred in the house of a D.D. before this century had reached its teens.

I did not know her to speak to till she was past eighty, nor by sight till she was past seventy. She was a very serious, grave, square-headed and sagacious-looking old woman that no one could have suspected of dealing in jokes, her appearance being suggestive of solidity both physical and intellectual. She had been a beauty in her youth, and her likeness in old age conspicuous by a widow's cap or Scotch mutch is still to be seen about the centre of Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair's Theatre of St. Andrews celebrities. The last long talk I had with her was in St. Andrews a few months before her death. She was moving about in her dining-room which looked across to the College Library, and met me at the door gravely and kindly. I hoped she was "pretty well." "'Deed no," said she, "I'm neither pretty nor weel," and proceeded to say after a casual remark or two that life was getting burdensome, that she sometimes felt it a "perfect staw', aye the same thing ower again," but that she was quite resigned to whatever was decreed for her by the Power above,

> "Who sees with equal eye, the God of all,
> A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
> Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
> And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

In quoting Pope the flush of youth seemed to come back to her pale face and the poetic fire of her girlhood seemed to glow once more under the ashes of eighty years. Pope had been the favourite poet of her youth and I heard enough to feel sure that she could still repeat scores, perhaps hundreds of his lines. I don't know that I ever met any one who remembered the "Essay on Man" so well. She had accepted of its philosophy as sufficiently orthodox Calvinism; had striven to do her duty according to her lights and her opportunities, and she looked calmly toward the future without exaltation and without fear. I still fancy that I can hear the sound and quiet resigned tenor of her unfaltering though discontinuous words: "I don't think that Providence can trouble itself much about an auld wife like me, but I have never had any reason to distrust the goodness and mercy that have always followed

me all my days, though I have had my own share of sorrow and care, and though I wadna' be anxious to live my life over again, I am ready to do it or anything else that the God above all may have appointed for me and I am sure I am often ready to go away however far, for all my friends of long ago have left me here alone, and I would like to see them again, if it be God's will.

THE SHEPHERD

BESIDE her cot, with shading hand,
She searched the hills at eventide;
Each scaur and heathery track she scanned
Until her shepherd she descried.

So be it given thee to behold,
My heart, when life's last air grows chill,
Thy Shepherd moving by the fold
At sundown on the heavenly hill.

GEOF. WINTERWOOD.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR AUGUST

THE SELF-EVIDENCING CHARACTER OF CHRIST'S DIVINE GLORY

BY THE EDITOR

FIRST SUNDAY

THE APOSTOLIC AGE AND THE PRESENT

MOST of us in this country accept without hesitation the mystery of the Incarnation. We have been born with this belief, and have been trained in the creeds. There is no shock or difficulty experienced by the average of those who attend our churches from the statement that the Man Jesus of Nazareth is Lord—the eternal and only begotten Son of the Father.

Nevertheless our age presents several features which connect us very closely with the age of the apostles, when this doctrine was received with difficulty. We live at a time when many are thrown back upon first principles, and are asking proofs of what their fathers regarded as maxims. Nor is this a wholly unhealthy sign. The Church of God ought to welcome inquiry, and we need not be sorry if, while the mass of professing Christians accept the doctrine of Christ's divinity without question, there are others who seek fuller light. It may be well, however, to distinguish the kind of light which can alone satisfy; and when we revert to the apostles we discover that the ultimate ground on which they rest is the self-evidencing glory of Christ Himself, recognised by our spirits as divine glory. Thus is it that St. Paul says: "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost." And St. John also writes in a similar strain: "Hereby know ye the spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God."

Such sayings are of peculiar value, because they belong to a period when men were dealing for the first time with the Incarnation, looking at it with a fresh eye, and under circumstances when the difficulties that press upon us now were pressing, in many respects, with tenfold greater force upon them.

But it may be asked: "Wherein is the difficulty of saying that Jesus is the Lord?" Let us go back to that first age that we may realise it.

The difficulty then, as now, lay in the two words, "Jesus" and "Lord." For Jesus was the human name, and suggested the human nature and the human, earthly life of One who had only recently died; and the word "Lord" implied the highest possible claim. The original Greek word κύριος which St. Paul employed, was the word used throughout the Septuagint to translate the most sacred name of God. It could, therefore, have had only one significance in this connection for those Hellenists in Corinth and for St. Paul who were familiar with the

usage. That was the difficulty which weighed upon many minds then, as it weighs upon many minds now, and if it startles thoughtful people now, it must have created still greater anxiety then.

For St. Paul was writing at a time when the ordinary aspects of the human life of Christ were strongly in evidence. Only a very few years had passed since Jesus had been there in Palestine, walking on the roads, speaking to the people, and eating and drinking with them in their homes. There were thousands then alive who had seen Him and had spoken to Him. There might have been persons then in Nazareth who had been His associates when He was a boy, who were intimate with His mother and brethren, and who could have told us much about those thirty years of which we know so little. How was it possible to get these people to confess that that Jesus was the Lord? Nay, how came it that St. Paul himself, the pupil of Gamaliel, the ardent Monotheist, came to accept so startling a belief? Remember how keen, how fanatical the Jews of that age—the Rabbis, the Pharisees and Scribes—were in their Monotheism. Although we now know how consistent the faith in the divinity of the Son is with the unity of the Godhead, yet it did not so appear to these people when first preached.

St. Paul had therefore to deal with persons on whom the demand made by the new faith fell with almost unparalleled sharpness. He himself had passed through it all, and knew the difficulty. For he and they were not like us. They had no long Church history familiarising them with the confessions of saints and martyrs, and with the victories won in the name of Jesus. They had no venerable creeds embalming the results of learned discussions on the part of great and wise teachers. They had no consensus of opinion surrounding them with an atmosphere that makes conformity easier for us than denial. They had nothing but the new, the startling claims of the untried Church and of the untried creed, to them a novelty, resting on the assumed conviction that this Jesus of Nazareth was divine in the highest sense—that He was indeed "Lord" in the most awful significance of the term.

How could they accept a faith so wondrous? Must they not fall back upon some explanation such as that adopted by the people against whom St. John wrote, who said: "It is too much to believe that it was a real Incarnation—a real manifestation in the flesh: it must have been only a kind of phantom appearance of flesh and blood"? Yet how could they, trained as they had been, and in such near contact with the facts of that earthly life, believe the overwhelming truth which the apostles asserted? "Only by the Holy Ghost," is St. Paul's answer. "Only because they have been taught of God," is the reply of St. John. Let us see what this means for us in the present day.

SECOND SUNDAY

INADEQUATE METHODS OF PROOF

We have already said that there is much in the present day which links us to that earliest age of the Church. For there has been a reaction from the abstract doctrines about Christ which chiefly occupied the minds of our fathers, to the historical Christ; from the theology of the person of the Lord to the actual human life of the Gospels; and the effect of this and of other lines of modern thought, to which we need not allude, has undoubtedly been towards a revival of some of the old difficulties which pressed upon the first age of the Church. We have much, therefore, to learn from St. Paul as to the kind of evidence that is required.

For, in dealing with such difficulties, St. Paul might have fallen back upon external evidences; and had he done so, as he sometimes did, he would have been able to adduce many cogent proofs. He might have quoted prophecy, as he often did, and as Christ Himself did, to show to these Jews out of their own Scriptures the glory which was attributed to the Messiah. He might have quoted the words of Christ then current in the Church, treasured by the disciples and by hundreds who had heard them from His own lips, in which He had unmistakably asserted His divine majesty. He might have described the signs and wonders which had sealed these marvellous claims. He might have reminded them, as he often did, of the resurrection life of Christ, hundreds of witnesses to which were then alive. He

might have related, as he often did, his own experiences of Christ's ascended majesty, and of His eternal power and Godhead. And, had he followed such a line of evidence, he would have certainly launched an argument of the most cogent character, and have afforded grounds on which, from the side of external authority, we would be justified in accepting the creeds.

And yet, after all had been gained which such kinds of proof can accomplish, it might be questioned whether the end would have been reached which St. Paul desired. The force of such arguments might be enough to convince the understanding up to a certain point, but would it be enough to win the assurance of the heart and of the spirit? Let the weight of external authority be as great as possible, yet more is needed to create that form of conviction which carries with it the seal of conscience, the strength of the sympathies and the consecration of heart and life.

For there is obviously the greatest difference between accepting a truth upon external authority and believing it because we ourselves see it to be true. To accept a proposition of Euclid on the testimony of a mathematician may be quite justifiable, but it is inferior to the conviction which arises from having ourselves solved the problem. The one kind of belief is liable to be overthrown; the other rests on a foundation which nothing can assail.

It is this last kind of proof—the proof which comes from seeing the truth for ourselves—which St. Paul indicates as necessary, for he appeals to the conviction of the spirit as the ultimate evidence that Jesus is Lord.

And it is this kind of evidence that is especially required in the present day. For if we imagine an ordinary man determined to make an exhaustive inquiry, and to search out all the merely external evidences before he gives his assent to the claims of Christ, then consider the multiplicity of questions which he must investigate. He would require to weigh the evidence for the authority of the books which we call the Bible; and accordingly would have first to meet the agnosticism which denies the credibility of any revelation before even entering on the minute questions of Biblical criticism which deal with the authenticity of the various documents. How many are possessed of the time or scholarship to render such a course of study possible? And even if they had, it is a grave question whether, having completed the survey satisfactorily, they would thereby reach such faith in Christ as is expressed in the saying: "Now we believe, not because of thy saying"—not because of the saying of prophet or apostle or because of this text or that—"but we know for ourselves that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." The Romanist might triumphantly fancy it an occasion for asserting another kind of outward authority and say: "You are driven to the Church." St. Paul, however, tells us differently: "No man can say that Jesus is Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

THIRD SUNDAY

ST. PAUL'S METHOD

"No man can say that Jesus is Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." In other words, no one can vitally acknowledge the divine in Christ upon the mere authority of another; he must for himself perceive its intrinsic beauty and divine worthiness. The evidence that Christ is light cannot arise only from some text which declares him to be the light of men, but should come from the eye of the spirit having been so enlightened to see that he himself enjoys the light. We do not require a miracle or a text to convince us that the sun is shining when it has arisen in its strength. The light it gives is its own witness. Nor should we depend upon texts or upon Church councils or catechisms for our assured belief that Jesus is Lord. These may have their most valuable uses, but the actual shining forth of the divine in Christ ought to be the primary and all-convincing evidence that, if there is a God at all, then it must be. His glory we behold on the face of Christ, for we cannot conceive of anything more divine. This evidence is direct as well as convincing. The poorest and most ignorant man or woman can through this reach at once what is to them an impregnable conclusion, and the most learned and powerful can attain to nothing more inherently satisfying and complete. Let them accept Christ for His own sake, just as we frankly take the light of His earthly sun for its own sake.

We need not narrow here the conception of the working of the Holy Ghost to any dogmatic formula. We may for our present purpose view it in the widest and freest sense, and regard what St. Paul says as being to the effect, that what any man perceives of the divine arises from the divine that is in himself, from that in him which is of the Spirit of God, and which, because it is in him, renders him capable of knowing God.

For there is a law in our natures which, as it were, compels us to distinguish between good and evil, love and hatred, sin and holiness. That law has been written in our hearts by Him who made us. It is the law of the Spirit, that which is in us of the likeness of God, in whose image we have been formed. This spirit which is in man *ought* to recognise the divine when it is revealed. And yet what can be truly confessed as divine is only that which meets in absolute perfectness what is highest in ourselves, and which we therefore recognise as the source and ideal of the aspirations and spiritual instincts that are in us.

It is therefore through this divine Spirit, this spark of Deity that is in us—this Holy Ghost who witnesses with our spirits that we are sons of God, that we are capable of so perceiving the Divinity of Christ, that we can savingly confess that Jesus is Lord.

Do you ask proof? We answer, Behold Him; study what Jesus is; let all that is best in you lie open to the glory that is in Him. See how He interprets your own inarticulate aspirations after what is purest, holiest, most loving and righteous! See how He transcends your utmost reaching after the spiritually perfect! If sin is pain to you, see what it was to Him! You never can fully know its evil and its horror till you try to measure what it was to Him. If love is of God, then behold that love unfathomable. If there is a right attitude for man to be in towards God, and a right attitude for God to be in towards man, is it not that Christ has taught us both? He touches us at every point, and while reaching down to the lowliest, searching out the worst and meeting our faintest aspirations, He rises always into the measureless glory of perfect spiritual goodness.

What Jesus is becomes thus the ultimate proof of His claims. It was this which attracted the hearts, drew forth the worship, and inspired the devotion of the apostles. They felt that the glory they saw was none other than the glory of God. If there was a God at all, He could be none other than this.

We have spoken of the shock to those who had known the human aspects of Christ's life, when called upon to confess that He was Lord. Yet, in fact, there was no shock to those who truly knew Him. How significant it is that that man who was in closest contact with the humanity of Jesus, he who once felt the weary head of Jesus resting on his bosom, and the throb of His heart pulsing against his breast, and who knew, as we cannot, the earthly side of the Incarnation, was the very one who, remembering what Jesus had spiritually been, left this record for all ages, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

FOURTH SUNDAY

SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS

IT would be well if the eye with which men looked at the light that is in Christ were so single and sincere that they always perceived its beauty. But our Lord warns us that light may come and men prefer the darkness; that the light which is in them may be darkness; that having eyes they may see and not perceive, having ears they may hear and not understand, and having hearts they may not feel. He teaches us that obedience to the light we have is the condition upon which more is given. "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. . . . While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light."

How little did the people then in Palestine value "the Light of the World." They little thought how men for countless generations would look back upon those days in Jerusalem and Galilee. They did not appear remarkable to them; all was so simple and quiet. Yet the personal presence of Jesus was the most precious privilege ever enjoyed. Possessed of what we now know, what would we not give to have been there, to have heard His sayings as they fell freshly from His lips and interpreted by His look and accent? As we consider the men

to whom all this was given, and given in vain, we marvel at the situation and at the statement "they believed Him not." And as they refused the light the inevitable judgment followed, because in all such moments of decision the choice made reacts on the moral nature. Lost opportunities entail lost capacities. As they hid themselves from the light, the light became hid from them. It is always so. Ideal beauty becomes hid from him whose practical life has been debased; the grace of purity is concealed from the heart that has been corrupted, and Christ becomes hidden from the soul that resists His approach.

Some light is given by God to every man, and there are moments when acceptance or rejection becomes critical. The ordinary routine of life ever presents the claim of duty, and much depends on daily faithfulness; but there are occasions which form determinative epochs in our history, such as those days were to the Jews when Christ was on earth. They may come to us without observation. It may be a chance book that is read which convinces us strangely. A mind, a soul speaks to us then, and we are arrested. We feel a call to something higher and better in life; an ideal is presented which claims obedience. But we also know that if we yield to the light many things must be changed, for there is implied discipline, self-denial, self-surrender. Will we take the light or quench it, and put all our convictions aside as we put the volume back on the shelf? If so, be certain it will not be the same as if we had never received the vision of nobler possibilities. The avoidance of conviction must entail injury to character. The testimony of Christ is fearfully sad respecting such. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." We may lose the capacity of seeing things spiritual.

Alas! we require no picture of a future hell to deepen the moral shadows which rest upon the consequences of unfaithfulness to the light God gives us, seen in the gradual loss of all capacity to appreciate the beauty which once was ours. Can any doom be more fearful than this self-inflicted blinding of the eye of the soul, so that it perceives no charm in goodness and no loveliness in God? It is a doom that is fulfilled every day, when men yield to darkness rather than light, to what is animal instead of spiritual, to what is debasing instead of elevating, and which is found in a heart become so gross that it experiences no more the promptings of better aspirations, in an ear which catches no more a thrill from what is generous, and in an eye which perceives no glory in the divine. The saddest spectacle earth can show is such a shipwrecked life, the terrible loss of him who has lost all the possibilities which his humanity involved. If he has quenched the light God once gave him, and by self-indulgence and unfaithfulness so debauched his spirit that at last he is deserted by every angel of purity and goodness, and is unvisited by even the desire for any spiritual attainment, then there is a lost soul in the most awful sense, whether here or in the world to come.

It is therefore possible for a man to look on Christ and hear His words and know His will, and yet perceive nothing in Him of the divine. Having eyes he sees not, having ears he hears not, the heart is so gross that he feels not. If Christ's glory is the best evidence of His divinity, we can perceive a new sense in the words that "no man can say that Jesus is Lord, but by the Holy Ghost," for when, through our sin, the witness of that Holy Spirit has been resisted in our humanity, and His voice silenced by disobedience, then it comes to pass that Christ becomes hidden from our eyes.

FIFTH SUNDAY

OBEDIENCE THE WAY OF ATTAINMENT

CONVICTION as to the divinity of our Lord depends, as we have seen, not only on the intrinsic excellence of what is revealed, but also on the character of the eye which sees. "The light of the body is the eye," our Lord tells us; "if, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" And He also represents us as responsible for our moral blindness. We ought to see, and if we see not it is because of unfaithfulness. "If ye were blind," Christ said to the Pharisees, "ye

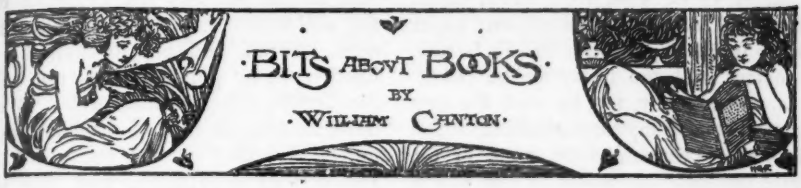
should have no sin; but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth." In other words, if ye were without capacity, you would be without responsibility; but in saying "We see," and yet perceiving not, there is indicated a moral cause, and so your sin remaineth.

This may teach us the great necessity for singleness of purpose, and for that daily faithfulness to opportunity, through which a deepened spiritual sensitiveness is formed. Obedience to goodness always strengthens the love of goodness and our sympathy with it. When the light of conviction falls on the path of duty, so that everything that is best in us urges us to take that at whatever cost, then, however trivial it may appear, however unknown the consequences may be that it implies, yet as we yield to the right we gain increased fellowship with the right and have deeper experience of its value. "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light."

We see this principle marvellously illustrated in our Lord's disciples. They were men of like passions with ourselves, and we can mark the different stages of their education whereby they were led into the closest communion with the mind of the Master. When we first meet them, they are but poor fishermen who toil with the net, and sell their fish in the markets of Capernaum and Tiberias. But they were honest men in the best sense, for they were candid and open-minded. The eye of the soul was single and sincere. When John the Baptist preached, many of them at once felt that he spoke truth, and they yielded to that truth. Then when Christ came, a peasant and working man apparently like themselves, and said, "Follow me," they obeyed Him. There was that in them which told them it was right to obey. There were many objections of a practical character they might have urged. Were they to leave their boats, and their small houses, and their friends and neighbours, and go forth with this Teacher, who had touched their hearts, and accept a new way of life? If they felt the force of these difficulties, they felt still more the call of duty; and so they arose and went. They were true to the light then given them, and so houses and lands, and brothers and sisters were given up, and they went forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither they went. That first step, perhaps, did not seem so very great at the moment, but they took it, and it proved the beginning of the great career which ended in the apostleship. That day when his brother Andrew called him to Christ, Simon Peter little dreamt where it would all end, and how he, the common fisherman, would out of weakness be made strong, and bear a name in whose honour churches and cathedrals would in after ages rise in every city of Europe. With honest intention he gave up for Jesus houses and lands, and he has gained houses and lands in every clime where men have learned to bless his name. So was it with St. Paul, who, recalling that solemn moment when, as by a flash, all the mistakes and errors of his previous life were shown him, and a new course, utterly revolutionising every former aim, was revealed; he tells us he "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," but rose from his knees and went forth to preach Him whom he had persecuted. Through obedience to light he received light, and his future history was that of increased light, until he needed no proof but what he saw of the eternal glory shining on the face of Christ. Nay, so complete was his assurance that, standing in the light of truth, he could tell the Galatians, "though an angel from heaven were to preach another gospel from that which ye have received, let him be accursed."

It was thus that apostles and holy men were in old times led to perceive for themselves the divine in Christ. It was not a matter of external proof, however much that may have confirmed them, but of spiritual insight.

And it is this we require in these days, when so many remain at the circumference weighing evidences which do not touch the merits, but are either reasonings about external authority, or the assertion of some infallible Church whose dictates we are to accept with closed eyes. We need to revert to the early and more direct method of going straight to Christ Himself, and with pure and single eye gazing on what He is, learn to perceive His divineness, through all that is highest and best in ourselves responding to what is in Him; or, as St. Paul puts it, by the Holy Ghost witnessing in us, be brought to confess that He is "Lord to the glory of God the Father."



EXCEPT in the case of the professional teacher—and I note the exception in a spirit of imaginative courtesy—"Thirty Years of Teaching"* is not a title to arouse a devouring curiosity. Notwithstanding my recollection of two delightful books by Professor Miall which I had spoken of in these pages, I opened somewhat apathetically the little volume he has just published. I had not read many lines, however, before I discovered that Professor Miall could be as engrossing and illuminative on the subject of teaching as I had found him on the subject of natural history; and long before I had finished I came to the conclusion that "Thirty Years of Teaching" was one of those exceptional little books which have a word of wisdom for every reader. As far as I can gather, both schoolmasters and parents have a good deal to learn—and to unlearn—in regard to the teaching and training of children. Acquaintance with these chapters will reveal that they may still learn a good deal about the defects of their own education. Indeed, with its ample experience, its sound common sense, its clear range of vision, its lucidity and unpretentiousness, the book cannot fail to make a deep impression on all laymen who are fortunate enough to come across it; and one may hope that it will have the effect of modifying, in at least one or two important particulars, the present defective system of school work.

A little wool to justify so much cry! Professor Miall deprecates the very presence of the cane. Interest in the work should take the place both of rewards and punishments. In extreme cases, and after fair trial, the idle and uninterested should be excluded. A class should not be threatened for the offence of an individual; and a master is not justified either in punishing the innocent or in punishing the guilty before conviction. These may seem to be trivial details, but nothing is trivial that involves the possibility of warping a child's sense of right and wrong, and embittering his recollections of any portion of his life. "Our rewards," says Professor Miall, "are sometimes extravagantly high. I cannot see the sense of giving a boy or young man a substantial income for two or three years, merely because he has passed a certain examination with credit. The public creates scholarships and fellowships in order to help poor and deserving students. Very often it is the rich and deserving student who carries them off. . . . . All the scholarships and fellowships in the British Isles are less important as a stimulus to higher studies than the reduction (could we only manage it) of the fees of tuition in our University colleges to a maximum charge of £10 a year. Cheap education for every one, and not prizes to the few, is what is wanted to give every promising youth a fair chance."

I am delighted to find a vigorous protest against "home-work" for young people. "Don't forget that a child has many things to do besides his lesson. He has to grow, to play, to prosecute a thousand private activities." "The boy has not only to be trained but to grow. Getting knowledge is the least part of the business. Among other things your boy has to live with others." "I would get rid of most of the home-work of higher forms, and of all the home-work of junior forms. It is untidy, and half-understood; it spoils home diversions and home education; *it is not so much an aid to good teaching as a substitute for good teaching.*" That last phrase contains, I fancy, the root of the matter. With a proper system and a competent teacher, there should be no need whatever for home-work, except possibly of the lightest description, and even then it should be understood to be voluntary. The after-school hours are

* "Thirty Years of Teaching." By L. C. Miall, F.R.S., Professor of Biology in the Yorkshire College. Reprinted, with additions, from *The Journal of Education*. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 3s. 6d.

too valuable to be wasted on sums, dates, analysis, and other scribblings on paper which too frequently make a child's burden too constant and too heavy to be borne. It gives me huge joy, too, to read the easy and somewhat contemptuous anathema which the Professor pronounces on some of the elaborate nonsense contrived by our educational pundits: "Some of the text-books which treat of English grammar and analysis of sentences make me bless my own stupid old school, which never mentioned these things at all. Mastery of English, I would remark, does not come by grammar and analysis, but by observation and practice." The "extension of the predicate" and other delightful subtleties of the scholastic mind, should be gaily ignored when they make their appearance in home-tasks; in time, one hopes, they will disappear even from the class-books. In some instances I fear it is too true that "it is the indolence and selfishness of the parents which makes them cry out for home-lessons to keep the children quiet;" and where that is so one can only pity the poor little spirits in prison, and hope that they may fare no worse than other prisoners who found companionship in a flower, or a mouse, or relief in seeking for a pin in the dark or in building warships out of the bones saved at dinner.

I have just referred to the class-books, and here again it is good to find that Professor Miall has something definite to say about the proper place of these works: "I would never use a text-book of geography at all, and I would never give a lesson out of a school history. It can be used now and then as a book of reference. Train the children little by little to turn up in the history the particular facts which are wanted for the class lesson." Speaking broadly, it seems to me that the best and most fruitful lessons are those in which no book is opened at all. Indeed, I should be apt to regard as of little account a teacher who could not keep a class going for the best part of an hour, no matter what the subject, without more than the most casual reference to the class-book. I do not know how matters are managed nowadays, but time was when many masters were apparently most easy in their minds when they had text-book, key, and crib lying open before them for immediate refuge. It is well, too, to see how the Professor regards the well-known rule, "Never tell the child what he can find out for himself." The literal rule, he points out, is not only impracticable, it is also unnatural. "We need never be anxious to find drudging work for our pupils; they will get enough of that in any serious occupation, and the teacher should take all pains to keep it down." "It is only when the finding out gives exercise to the higher faculties that it becomes precious." "Looking up words in a dictionary is no more profitable than consulting an index of any other sort." Towards the close of the volume Professor Miall gives a delightful exemplification of the method of finding out. Taking the common text-book description of the constitution of light as an instance of the way in which we begin to teach science at the wrong end, he turns to Edgeworth's "Practical Education" for the method in which an enlightened teacher would go to work: "A boy of nine finds a kind of rainbow on the floor. He calls his sister to see, and wonders how it came there. The sun shines bright through the window. The boy moves several things upon which the light falls, saying: 'This is not it. Nor this.' At last, when he moves a tumbler of water, the rainbow vanishes. There are some violets in the tumbler, which he thinks may explain the colours on the floor. But when the violets are removed the colours remain. Then he thinks it may be the water. He empties the glass. The colours remain, but they are fainter. This leads him to suppose that the water and the glass together made the rainbow. 'But,' he adds, 'there is no glass in the sky, yet there is a rainbow, so that I think the water alone would do, if we could hold it together without the glass.' He then pours the water slowly out of the tumbler into a basin, which he places in the sunlight, and sees the colours on the floor twinkling behind the water as it falls." The author extends the lesson by giving the boy one of the drops of a crystal chandelier, and letting him work out for himself an explanation of the coloured fringes which he gets on a strip of paper.

I should like to believe that the majority of teachers take the same view of the scope and character of their work as that which Professor Miall puts forward as a reason for

the shortening of hours and a rearrangement of subjects. So, too, with regard to the power and possibilities of examiners. But the examiner is in the main, I fear, a hopeless personage. "A board of revision of examination papers and results seems to me absolutely required to check the vagaries of individual examiners." Examinations themselves he regards as useful and even indispensable, but he also believes that far too much is made of them. Their place is a humble one. They are in their place "when they test mere competence; they are more useful in lower than in higher stages; they should bring no rewards of money value either to pupil or teacher; they should count for little or nothing in the winning of posts. Professional merit is best judged by productive work."

I should have liked to dwell on the admirably suggestive dialogue between a Well-to-do Drysalter and a Schoolmaster, the discussion on Pedagogy and Psychology, the interesting account of Baer the great naturalist, the story of the Edgeworths as educationists, and the estimate of Froebel and Pestalozzi, in which a just tribute is paid to Mr. W. H. Herford's "Student's Froebel" as the "real door of access for English men and women" to the *Menschenerziehung;* * but my space is exhausted. I conclude with a reference to the principal lesson in the book—that the mainspring of the childish intelligence is curiosity. "The thirst for knowledge, the habit of inquiry, we do not teach." "Curiosity is stifled under lists of capes and rivers, lists of kings and queens, lists of compounds of chlorine, lists of 'metals, semi-metals, and distinguished philosophers.' 'Mangnall's Questions,' under which the children ot England groaned for forty years, is, I hope, extinct, but books not very much better are still in use in school and college. Our practical conception of teaching is still that of presenting to the learner's mind assorted packets of information." The schoolmaster, the professor, all of us do our best to extinguish the sacred fire of curiosity. We teach what the young people do not want to know; when they do want to know, our reply is, "Don't bother with your foolish questions!" As I close the book it is with a feeling of regret that there was no Professor Miall in my young days.

I observe that many of the songs and poems in use in the Kindergarten are from Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses;" and as I listen to them I recollect what a wonder and what a delight it was to me in my teens to discover in Wordsworth the unforgettable lines of "Lucy Gray" and "The Pet Lamb" which had somehow lodged in my infantine memory. It is as easy for children to learn genuine poetry as it is to learn inferior verse; the only difference is, that in the first case the little scholar acquires what will be to him a possession and a joy as long as he lives, a natural and inevitable standard to which he will refer in judging new work, a fountain-head of authority in questions of style, taste and language. Much of the criticism which I see provokes the question: What great writer in prose *could* this arbiter of literature have been familiar with in his salad days? Has he *any* standard of comparison? I have been thrown into this train of gossip by the glance I have taken through "The Temple Reader."* Rarely has so much beautiful and celebrated English, so much out-of-the-way and suggestive English been packed into 200 pages. The range and variety of the contents seem to me wholly exceptional. Beowulf, Bacon, Bunyan, Boswell, Byron and Browning find places beside Dante, Defoe, De Quincey and Darwin; Cervantes and Cavendish, Homer and Hakluyt, Herrick and Heine rub shoulders with Montaigne, Mandeville, Milton, Malory, with Swift and Shakespeare and Sterne. One or two selections —say Shelley's "Arethusa"—one could have wished changed, but who has not a generous appreciation for a "Reader" which contains Lamb's "Dream Children" and Addison's "Vision of Mirza," Pliny's "Eruption of Vesuvius" and Xenophon's "Return of the Ten Thousand"? Mr. Speight's management of editorial details is also marked by skill and discretion. The little book is a model of its kind; for the schoolboy it is, in

* "The Student's Froebel: adapted from 'Die Erziehung der Menschheit' of F. Froebel." By William H. Herford. Parts I. and II. Isbister & Co. Ltd. 2s. 6d. each.

* "The Temple Reader: a Literary Reading-book for School and Home." Edited by E. E. Speight, B.A., with an Introduction by Edward Dowden, LL.D. Horace Marshall & Son. 1s. 6d.

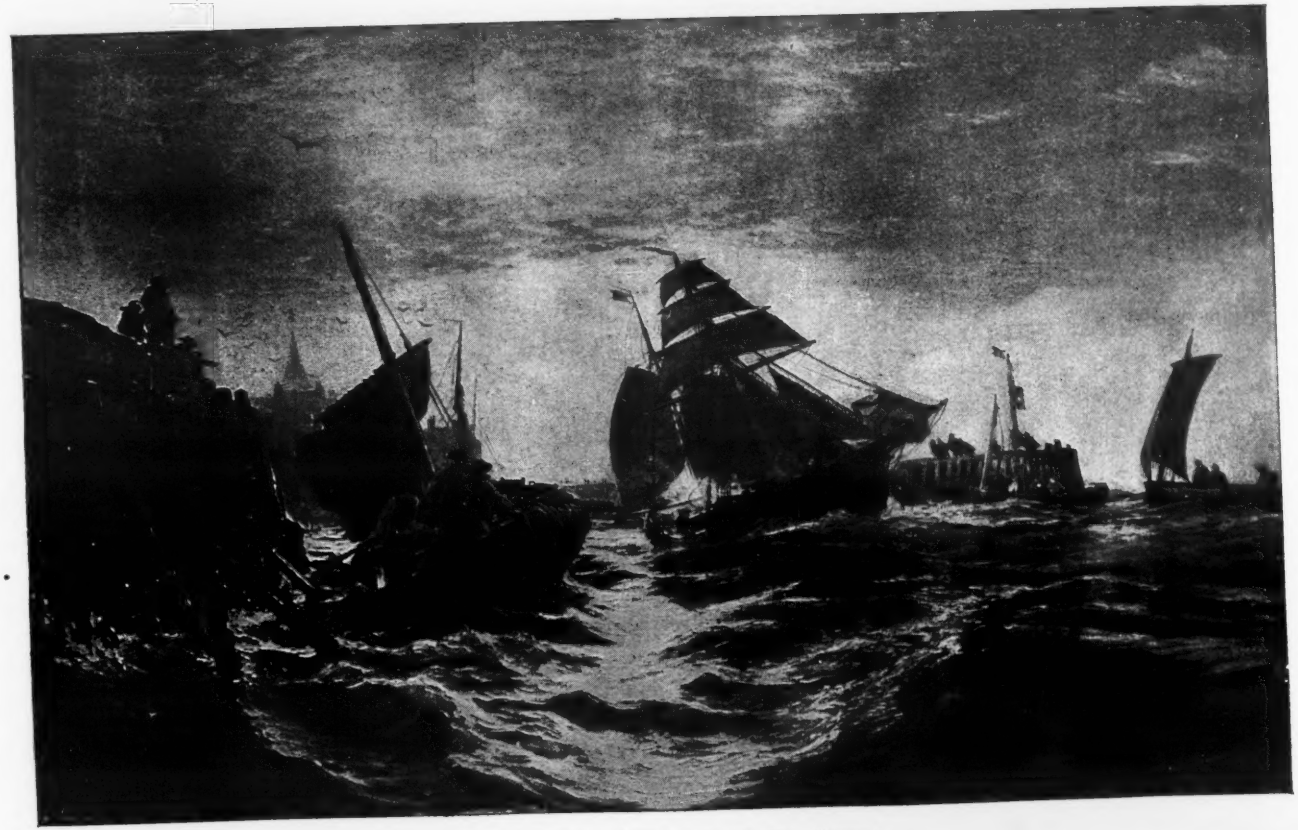
Professor Dowden's phrase, "a companion as well as a teacher;" and for my own part I shall place it on my shelf of books "ready to the hand"—those well-thumbed favourites which one can open anywhere, at any time, and for any *shortness* of time, and feel that there is still dew on the grass and fragrance in the rose.

"Gray Days and Gold"* is a pleasant summer book, an attractively illustrated account of pilgrimages to famous "homes and haunts," which it is good to make and, next to making, good to read about. Mr. Winter is a charmingly sympathetic and appreciative companion, and one fancies that to his New-world imagination something of glamour hangs about our old houses, our ancient churches, and the places associated with our men of genius. And he can tell an amusing story well. Take, for instance, this about the author of "Lalla Rookh": "Another resident of Devizes, with whom I conversed, likewise remembered the poet and spoke of him with affectionate respect. 'My sister, when she was a child,' he said, 'was often at Moore's house, and he was fond of her. Yes, his name is widely remembered and honoured here. But I think that many of the people hereabout, the farmers, admired him chiefly because they thought that he wrote "Moore's Almanac." They used to say to him: "Mister Moore, please tell us what the weather's going to be".'" And what a piquant picture one gets of Wordsworth in the story told by the late F. A. Marshall, the editor of "The Henry Irving Shakespeare": "Once I was sent to the garden by Mrs. Wordsworth to call him to supper. He was musing there I suppose. He had a long horse-like face. I don't think I liked him. I said, 'Your wife wants you.' He looked down at me and he answered: 'My boy, you should say "Mrs. Wordsworth," and not "your wife."' I looked up at him and I replied, 'She *is* your wife, isn't she?' whereupon he said no more. I don't think he liked me either." On pp. 110–111 there occurs an incident by Southey's grave, with Sir Henry Irving and a sweet little cottage girl into whose hand numerous shillings are being dropped, as the central figures, which might well find a place among next year's Academy pictures.

If I mistake not, Mr. Clive Bigham is the first of the war correspondents to give a spectator's account of the Turko-Greek struggle. "With the Turkish Army in Thessaly"* is a clear, straightforward and obviously impartial record from the Turkish side of the field, with a sufficiency of good maps and photographs. Of the character of the narrative it need only be said that the average reader will be more interested in the general conclusions drawn as to the strategy, tactics, organisation and so on of the combatants than in the story of the curiously dilatory and yet overwhelming advance of the Turks, and the inevitable retreat of the Greeks from one strong position to another. One gathers, indeed, that there is a secret diplomatic history of the war which may or may not be revealed, but, until it is written, the extraordinary handling of the Turkish forces and the still more incomprehensible conduct of the Greek fleet are problems which will baffle conjecture. On one important matter Mr. Bigham speaks plainly enough: "While we were in Thessaly, beyond the occasional burning of a house, probably more due to carelessness than anything else, and the casual appropriation of a few sheep, there was hardly any pillage, and to my knowledge no outrage." One hopes that other eye-witnesses will be able to make a similar report. Another interesting point to which the author draws attention is the prestige of the Germans. "As a matter of fact, the whole war was very considerably utilised by the Germans to push forward their commerce; and to a great extent they stepped into the places evacuated by the Greek traders in Constantinople and the Levant. Several of the railways are already in the hands of German companies, and the army will probably now become more German than ever; so that, unless some opposition is made, we may really lose what foothold, political or commercial, we still have in Turkey." And who can wonder?

* "Gray Days and Gold in England and Scotland." By William Winter. New edition, revised, with illustrations. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d.

* "With the Turkish Army in Thessaly." By Clive Bigham, author of "A Ride through Western Asia." Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 6s. 6d. net.



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DUNKIRK

By Sam Bough

"He began to swathe himself elaborately in his tartan"

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"Thou goest thine, and I go mine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days, and many ways,
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song;
Many a road, and many an inn:
Room to roam, but only one home
For all the world to win."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XXIX

"It seems indeed one of the deepest of moral laws that, under the stress of trial, men will strongly tend at least to be whatever in quieter hours they have made themselves."—"The Spirit of Discipline."
DEAN PAGET.

DECEMBER was now half over, and Macneillie's company had got as far as Southampton in their progress along the south coast. It was no slight pleasure to Ralph to find himself back in his old neighbourhood, and to act in the very theatre where long ago his father had taken him to see Washington in "The Bells." He had heard nothing more from Mr. Marriott, and Evereld's letters contained no reference to business matters, but were taken up with descriptions of life in the French country house, and of the happy time she was having with Bride O'Ryan.

It happened one day that, as there was no rehearsal, Ralph was able to walk over to Whinhaven. There were, however, very few of his old friends left in the neighbourhood.

Sir John and Lady Tresidder were in India. Pretty Mabel Tresidder had married an officer, and he had no idea of her present whereabouts, while even in the village there were many changes. Langston, his coast-guard friend, had got promotion, and others

had left the place or had died. He felt like a returned ghost as he wandered about the well-known lanes, and glanced at the familiar garden, and at the well-known outlines of the Rectory. A little child was playing with a pet rabbit on the lawn just as he had played in old times. He stood for a minute at the gate, watching it with a strange feeling at his heart which was not all pain, but rather a sort of tender regret, and a glad sense of gratitude for a happy childhood of which no one could ever rob him. For the rest his return was like all such returns. He found the church unaltered, the houses bereft of some of their old inhabitants, and the churchyard more full.

Ralph, however, was not a man who liked to linger among graves. He stood only for a minute by the tomb of his father and mother, and passed on to that little nook in the park which they had always called the "goodly heritage." It was as beautiful as ever, even in leafless December. The robins were singing blithely, the little brook rippled at the foot of the steep descent, and an adventurous squirrel had stolen out of his sleeping-place to investigate his secret stores and to take a brief scamper among the branches. Some day, Ralph thought to himself, he would bring Evereld to see it all, and with that his thoughts travelled away into a happy future, and as he walked back to the nearest station regrets for the past were merged in the realisation that the best part of his life was still before him, and that many of his dark days had been lived through.

He was only just in time to catch the train, and was hurriedly searching for a place when he was startled to hear himself called by his Christian name, and glancing round he saw some one beckoning to him from a carriage at a little distance. The door was opened for him, he stepped in, and to his amazement recognised in the dim light the well-known features of his godfather. There was no other occupant of the carriage, and Ralph, remembering how they had parted at Rilchester, would fain have beat a retreat.

"You are going to Southampton?" asked Sir Matthew. "I heard Macneillie's company was there and I came partly for the sake of seeing you."

"Do you bring news of Evereld?" asked Ralph eagerly.

"No," said Sir Matthew, "she has succeeded in baffling me; you were right there. It is to her wilfulness that all my misfortunes are due."

Ralph bit his lip to keep back the retort that occurred to him.

For a minute the two looked at each other searchingly. Sir Matthew felt a sinking of the heart as he noticed the merciless criticism and the angry light in his companion's eyes. Ralph, on the other hand, was perplexed by the pallor and dejection of his godfather's face. The company promoter seemed quite another man; he looked old and broken; all his suavity of manner, his businesslike, capable air had vanished.

"I am ruined," he said; "worse than ruined—I am disgraced. At any moment I may be arrested, unless I can succeed in leaving the country unnoticed."

Ralph listened to this startling announcement with an astonishment which he would not allow his face to betray. He hardened his heart against the man who had dealt harshly with him.

"I suppose it means," he said, "that another of your companies has failed, and that this time you have suffered yourself, besides ruining hundreds as you ruined my father."

"God knows how I regretted his losses," said Sir Matthew; and for the time there was a ring of genuine feeling in his voice. "It was for that reason I adopted you, that I educated you, that I took you straight to my own home. Have you forgotten that?"

"You never gave me a chance of forgetting it," said Ralph bitterly, all his worst self called out by contact with this man whom he detested. "Had I listened to your temptation I should now have been pledged to become a contemptible, money-grubbing priest, a trader in holy things, a disgrace to the church."

He pulled himself up, recollecting that he had not much to boast of as it was, being just a faulty, irritable mortal, full now of resentment, and hatred, and contemptuous anger.

"Perhaps you were right," said Sir Matthew, with a sigh. "I admit that I was harsh with you that day, and you have a right to hit me now that I am down."

Ralph instantly responded to this appeal, as the astute Sir Matthew had calculated.

"Don't let us speak of the past," he said, in an altered tone. "I owe you my education and I try to be grateful for that. Why did you wish to see me? What do you want with me?"

"We are almost at Southampton," said Sir Matthew, glancing at the lights of the town. "Let me come to your rooms with you and I will there explain matters. Is this St. Denys? They stop for tickets here, I suppose. Have the goodness to give mine to the collector."

He moved to the further end of the carriage and began to unstrap some rugs from which he took a highland maud. He was still stooping over the straps when the tickets were collected. Then as soon as they moved on once more he began to swathe himself elaborately in his tartan.

"Can I see you alone?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Ralph. "I am usually with Mr. Macneillie, but he has friends in Southampton and is staying with them, so I happen to be quite alone."

"All the better," said Sir Matthew, a touch of his old manner returning to him. "We will take a cab. I have only this Gladstone with me."

And, accepting Ralph's offer to carry his bag, he drew the tartan carefully over the lower part of his face and crossed the platform swiftly to the cabstand.

Ralph felt like one in a dream as they drove through the town to his lodgings, and several times he recalled the day when, as a child, he had last left Whinhaven and Sir Matthew and he had sat thus, side by side, driving through the crowded London streets to Queen Anne's Gate.

The tables were turned indeed! It occurred to him even more strikingly as he took Sir Matthew into his snug little sitting-room in Portland Street, and saw him warming his hands at the fire. Recollecting that his godfather was a great tea-drinker, he rang at once and ordered the landlady to make some ready.

"That will be coals of fire on his head," he thought to himself with a smile, as he recalled the afternoon when he had sat hungrily in Lady Mactavish's great drawing-room privileged only to hand cups to other people.

Sir Matthew was curiously silent, and as he sat by the fire seemed to care for nothing but the warmth and the food. By-and-by, however, glancing at his watch, he seemed to remember that his time was limited.

"You are acting this evening?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Ralph, "in the 'Rivals.' I must be at the theatre in three-quarters of an hour. Can you tell me now what you want with me?"

"I want your help," said Sir Matthew. "At any moment I may be traced. Though I hope I have set them on a wrong track, one can never tell in these days of telegrams and espionage. I don't ask much of you. All I want is this. Go down to the agents and take a place on board the Havre boat for to-night; let me shelter here until the passengers are allowed to go on to the steamer, and, since you are a practised hand in making-up, help me to disguise myself. I ask nothing but that."

The audacity of the request roused all Ralph's angry resentment again. He clenched his hands fiercely and began to pace up and down the room.

"You ask me to help you to escape," he said indignantly, "when I am certain that you richly deserve to be brought to justice!"

"I ask you," replied Sir Matthew, "to help your godfather in his great need, to show a kindness to your father's old friend."

"You had no kindness for him," said Ralph. "How can you—how *dare* you come to me? You who have desolated homes and broken hearts! Why there are few things I should like better than to see you arrested and properly punished."

Sir Matthew's face grew whiter.

"Would you betray me?" he said, "after I have trusted you."

"No," said Ralph indignantly. "Certainly not! But I will not stir a finger to help you. How can you expect me to forget the way in which you have wronged Evereld?"

Sir Matthew's keen eyes scrutinised him closely for a minute. He was puzzled to know how much Ralph had learnt of the truth.

"Wronged her?" he said questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you traded on her innocence and ignorance of the world, that you tried by the most foul means to force her and frighten her into marrying Bruce Wylie, that you drove her to escape from you,

and that but for the care and kindness of others she might have got into great difficulties."

A look of relief crossed Sir Matthew's face. Ralph certainly did not know that he had speculated with Evereld's fortune and lost almost the whole of it.

"You misjudge me," he said, assuming a tone of some dignity. "I cannot explain matters to you, but I had the best intentions in desiring to see Evereld safely married to Bruce Wylie. For the rest, it is highly probable that you will have your wish. You may even see me arrested to-night in Southampton. However, I shall take good care not to remain long in custody. It will be merely the change of foregoing the journey to Havre and instead taking a much less costly ticket for a journey to 'the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns.'"

He stood up, and began slowly to button his overcoat. The easy tone in which he had made the quotation, and the look of quiet determination on his set face made a very painful impression on Ralph. His anger died away. Horror and perplexity suddenly overwhelmed him.

"What am I to do?" he thought, desperately. "What would my father have done? If it were possible to imagine a man like Macneillie coming with such a request, why I would shelter him and help him. Must I do as much for a man I loathe? It would be more just to let him be arrested! Why should I aid a guilty man to escape? It's conniving at his wickedness. But then, again, it's true that I ate his bread for years. If he should indeed take his own life, I shall certainly wish I had helped him. Good heavens! how is a fellow to see the right and wrong of such a case?"

He looked round. Sir Matthew had folded his plaid about him, and now moved towards the door.

"Good-bye, Ralph," he said. "Many thanks for your hospitality."

But Ralph, though he mechanically took the proffered hand, spoke no farewell; merely held the hand in his grasp while over his curiously mobile face a hundred lights and shades succeeded one another.

"Wait," he said, at length; "I cannot let you go like that, Sir Matthew."

His perplexity and distress were so genuine that, for the first time in all their intercourse, the company promoter felt a sort of liking for this boy whom he had wronged and patronised, snubbed and educated, scolded and secretly hated. He saw that Ralph had all his father's gentleness and generosity, but a good deal more strength and warmth of temperament than the rector had ever possessed.

In dire suspense he waited to know his fate. There was a silence of some minutes; then Ralph, who had moved across to the fireplace and had wrestled out his problem with arms propped on the mantel-piece and face hidden, lifted up his head once more and met the gaze of his father's old friend. Sir Matthew was astonished to see that he looked pale and haggard with the struggle he had passed through.

"I will try to help you," he said, simply.

"Then," said Sir Matthew with warmth, "I am justified in having come to you. You are—as I thought—your father's son. You are a true Denmead."

Ralph for the life of him could not help laughing at this.

"You told me that in a different tone at Rilchester," he remarked. "The Denmeads, I think you were good enough to say, were always unpractical fools, aiming at impossible ideals. I was angry then, but after all perhaps you are right. I believe I am a fool to help you; but just because you have so wronged us in the past, I am afraid to refuse lest there should be anything of private spite or revenge in the refusal. What class do you wish to travel? I will go at once for your ticket."

"Take a second return to Havre, it may be a precaution," said Sir Matthew. "The steamer does not leave, I think, till 11.45. I did not come down by the boat train for that might very probably have been watched. How about disguise?"

"I will go to the theatre on my way back to you," said Ralph, "and bring a grey beard which I think is all that will be needed."

He hurried off, for there was not very much time to spare. Now that his decision was made he was comparatively at rest, and as he sped along the dark streets his thoughts went back to Whinhaven and all the quiet familiar scenes he had just visited. It was strange that Sir Matthew should have

encountered him just as he returned from his old home, and perhaps, if the truth were known, the company promoter might never have gained his help had it not been for the softening influence of that visit to the old Rectory and the "goodly heritage."

Having secured the ticket, he made his way to the theatre, where, early though it was, Macneillie had already arrived, and was discussing some knotty question with the assistant stage manager and the master carpenter. Ralph slipped by them and ran up to his dressing-room, unearthed the beard he wanted from his basket, tucked his make-up box under his arm and hastened away.

"Where are you off to, Denny?" said Macneillie.

"Back again in ten minutes, governor," he replied.

It was no use now to reflect how little he liked doing the work he had undertaken, and indeed when he was again in his own room a sort of pity for his godfather stirred once more in his heart. Sir Matthew was so broken down, so aged by all that he had gone through! The nervous haste with which he took the ticket, the hurried questions he put, were so unlike the hard business man of old times that it was impossible not to feel some compassion for one who was the mere wreck of his former self.

Utterly exhausted by the high pressure at which he had lately been living, the sham philanthropist sat by the fire and allowed himself to be done for like a child, watching with a strange sort of admiration Ralph's intent face as, with deft touches to the eyebrows and accentuating of certain wrinkles, he entirely transformed him. When the process of fixing on the beard with spirit-gum was over, and he looked at himself in the glass, Sir Matthew hardly recognised his own features, and saw before him a man at least twenty years his senior.

"Stoop a little more," said Ralph. "That is better. Now I don't think even Lady Mactavish would know you."

Sir Matthew sighed heavily. "It's mostly for her sake that I care to escape to-night," he said with a touch of real feeling in his manner. "She will always be grateful to you, Ralph, for helping me."

"I will order them to bring you some dinner at eight," said Ralph, "and if you like I can drive down to the docks with you at eleven, when our show is over."

Sir Matthew caught at this suggestion, and Ralph having finished his work at the theatre, refused an invitation to supper and hurried back to wind up the most curious service he had yet been called upon to render to any man.

"Don't think too harshly of me," said Sir Matthew as they drove down to the starting place of the Havre steamer. "Remember that I always expected the speculation to succeed, that I still think I could have recovered myself if only things had not all conspired against me at the same time. You Denmeads can't understand the temptations that assail an average man in the City. You are born without the love of money in you, and whatever happens you are always strictly honourable. Some men are made so. If I had not felt implicit trust in you, I should not have put myself now in your power. You own that you would like to see me arrested and punished, but I know that you won't betray me for all that."

"I don't wish to see you punished now," said Ralph, "and of course I can't betray you. But perhaps the best way after all would be for you to give yourself up to justice."

Sir Matthew broke into a laugh. "You might be your father sitting there and talking! It's exactly what he would have said. My dear fellow, your ideals are above me, and they are about as little likely to be adopted by ordinary men of the world as the ideals in Plato's 'Republic.' I shall certainly not give myself up. I shall instead try my very best, for the sake of others, to recoup my losses and to start afresh."

A curiously sanguine look crept over his worn face, and Ralph felt certain that, like a gambler, he would return as soon as possible to his great game of speculation, very likely persuading himself, with the ease of one who has posed in a false position for many years, that he did it all from the purest philanthropic motives.

"You had better not come on board with me," he said, as they drew near to the docks. "And, on the whole, perhaps I had better not take this tartan with me; it is too marked. I will bequeath it to you. Goodbye, Ralph. Many thanks to you for what you have done for me."

With the first hearty grip of the hand he had ever given his godson, he bade him farewell and passing up the gangway on board the steamer disappeared from view. The cold wintry wind came sweeping over the water. Ralph shivered, and was glad enough to wrap the highland maud about him as he paced up and down watching to see the actual start of the Havre boat.

There was a bustle of arrival as the passengers were transferred from the boat train. He stood in the shadow watching them, and apparently another man, unobtrusively dressed, was engaged in the same occupation. Ralph felt sure that the fellow was a detective. He folded the plaid more closely about his mouth and pulled his hat over his eyes. The man furtively glanced at him and drew a few steps nearer, whereupon the spirit of mischief and love of acting overcame all other recollections, and Ralph, as though most desirous of eluding pursuit, slipped quietly away into the darkness and vanished in the crowd. The detective, with all his suspicions aroused, gave chase, but presently coming to a place where two streets branched off, was baffled for a moment.

In a deep porch of one of the houses close by, a young man stood bareheaded, sheltering a flickering match with his hat while he tried to light his pipe.

"Seen a man wrapped in a plaid go by this way?" asked the detective, panting.

"He has not gone past here," said Ralph coolly.

The man took the other street and just at that moment the sounding of a steam-whistle and the chiming of a clock in a neighbouring house told Ralph that it was a quarter to twelve and that the boat for Havre was safely under weigh.

He quietly picked up the highland maud from the well-shaded corner of the porch where it had been snugly tucked behind a pillar, and then walked back to Portland Street musing over Sir Matthew's fate and wondering what news the morning would bring.

CHAPTER XXX

"O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
The gowd and siller canna buy.
We may be poor—Robie and I;
Light is the burden luve lays on.
Content and luve bring peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

BURNS.

RALPH slept late the next day and only escaped a fine at rehearsal by the merciful rule which permitted ten minutes grace.

"You have done it by the skin of your teeth," said Macneillie, with a laugh; "but of course you found the newspaper absorbing."

"I have not even seen it. What is the news?"

"There's a warrant out for the arrest of Sir Matthew Mactavish on a charge of swindling, and Mr. Bruce Wylie, they say, is already in Holloway Gaol, having been arrested last night."

"Good Heavens!" said Ralph, "Bruce Wylie in prison!"

"What matters more," said Macneillie, "is that some South African company of which they were the leading directors has failed. And this, following closely on the failure of that other company with which they were connected, will probably cause more failures to follow. Thousands will be ruined. Mr. Marriott was right enough when he darkly hinted to you that startling revelations were in store. Well, we must get to work. What a mercy it is that Miss Ewart is safely out of her guardian's power."

A sudden panic seized Ralph. What if Sir Matthew were to come across Evereld in France? He had no idea where abouts she was, but for the first time he wondered whether any possible scheme for getting her again into his power could have occurred to the company promoter.

On the previous night such a thought had never entered his head; he had adopted the more reasonable conclusion that Sir Matthew chose Havre merely as a possible starting place for America or some distant port where he could safely shelter. It needed all his patience and self-control to wait through the tedious rehearsal, and the instant he was free he ran to the telegraph office and begged Mr. Marriott to send him tidings as soon as possible with regard to Evereld.

The answer set him at rest before the evening's performance. Evereld was safe and well, and Mr. Marriott begged that

Ralph would, if possible, spend the following Sunday at his house, since there were many things to discuss.

It was now only Wednesday, so he had still some time to wait; but the worst of his suspense was over, and it was with a very buoyant heart that early on Sunday morning he presented himself at the old lawyer's house. After a pleasant breakfast with the kindly ladies who had always taken an interest in his career, he was carried off to the study by Mr. Marriott for a business talk.

"I asked you to come up to town," said the lawyer, "because you have a right to know the whole truth of things. Sir Matthew Mactavish was not only a scheming speculator, he was a fraudulent trustee. Miss Ewart's affairs were entirely in his hands, and Bruce Wylie, her solicitor, aided and abetted the speculations which have dissipated her fortune."

"The brutes!" said Ralph. "Still I can forgive them that. It's their abominable scheme for trapping her into a marriage that I can't forgive."

"Perhaps you hardly realise things yet," said the lawyer. "I mean exactly what I say. Instead of being an heiress she has now nothing whatever left but a couple of hundred a year, which being her mother's property, and in the funds, could not be tampered with."

"If she is much troubled about it I am sorry," said Ralph. "But personally I don't care a straw. No one will be able to say now that I was running after her fortune. How soon do you think we might be married? There is nothing to wait for now."

"Well, you will have to get the leave of the Lord Chancellor, but I don't suppose he will disapprove," said the lawyer with a smile. "I can't see any objection to your marrying before long if Miss Ewart desires it. Go and talk it over with Mr. Hereford. She is under his guardianship, and he is in town till to-morrow evening."

"What good luck!" said Ralph. "I will go round at once and try to catch him before he goes out."

"Very well. We shall meet again later on, then," said the old lawyer kindly. "We can put you up for the night and then you can let me know what arrangement you and Mr. Hereford have arrived at. I will walk round with you to Grosvenor Square; these bright frosty mornings are tempting."

Ralph received a friendly greeting from Max Hereford, who was amused by his extreme haste and anxiety to win the Lord Chancellor's consent to his marriage with Evereld.

"You see, we have been practically engaged for several months," he urged, "and I shall never have a moment's peace about her while she is drifting about the world. Who can tell whether we have heard the last of Sir Matthew Mactavish, even now? It's unbearable to think that I don't even know where she is."

"Well, I can set you at rest on that point," said Max Hereford laughing. "She is on her way to Ireland, and my wife will take the greatest care of her."

"She has left France?"

"Yes, I went myself to bring her home, and my sister-in-law came with her. Dermot will spend the winter in the south, and I am taking the two girls across to Dublin to-morrow night. They are here now."

Ralph's face was a sight to see.

"You must talk to her and find out what her wishes are," said his host pleasantly. "I am the last man to advise a prolonged engagement. And since Marriott has told you that Miss Ewart is no longer an heiress, but has been robbed by those precious scoundrels of almost the whole of her fortune, I think it only remains for you two to decide upon your own course of action—subject, of course, to the approval of the Lord Chancellor. She shall always find a home with us, as she very well knows, if you think it advisable to wait."

"I don't think it advisable," said Ralph eagerly. "But of course I must ask whether she is really willing to put up with the discomforts of a wandering life."

"I will go and find her," said Max Hereford, "and you can have an interview in peace."

Evereld and Bride were in the great drawing-room, both looking rather pale and tired after their long journey.

"Time to go to church?" asked Bride with a portentous yawn.

"No, my dear, you would only go to sleep," he said teasingly. "As your brother-in-law and Evereld's guardian, I strictly prohibit church-going this morning. Rest

"Sir Matthew hardly recognised his own features"

and be thankful, and don't forget that you will be travelling all to-morrow night. Evereld, if you have energy enough for the interview, Mr. Marriott has sent some one round on business. Should you mind just going down to the library? He wants to put a few questions to you."

Evereld started up, looking rather nervous.

"How odd of him to come about business on a Sunday morning," she said. "I hope he is not an alarming sort of person. Will you not come down with me?"

"Well, I think on the whole you had better be alone," said Max Hereford with profound gravity. "I always think it is a mistake to have a third person at an interview. I should only make you more nervous."

She said no more but set off bravely for what to her was no slight ordeal, her first business interview.

The touch of dignity, which even as a child she had possessed, was more noticeable now in the poise of her head, and in her whole manner; but the face was not in the least altered; it was the same sweet modest face which had for so long reigned in Ralph's heart.

He sprang up to greet her, and Evereld with a joyous laugh ran towards him.

"Oh, Ralph! is it you?" she cried, radiant with happiness. "What a tease Mr. Hereford is! He told me it was some one from Mr. Marriott on business!"

Ralph laughed as he released her from his embrace.

"We have not begun in a very business-like way!" he said, "but it is quite true that I have come from Mr. Marriott's house. He has been telling me of this fraudulent trustee who has treated you so shamefully. Are you very angry with those two rogues? How does it feel to be robbed of a fortune?"

"It feels anything but pleasant," said Evereld warmly. "But what I find it hardest to forgive is the hypocrisy. Of course it is sad to think that the money which my father and grandfather earned by such hard work has all been wasted, specially as I thought it would have been useful to you some day. Do you realise, dear, that I shall be quite poor?"

"I don't care a fig about that," said Ralph. "But when I remember that those vile knaves nearly succeeded in trapping you into a marriage which must have been lifelong misery to you, then—well—I feel like killing!"

"But they never did nearly succeed, Ralph," she said, slipping her hand into his. "I would have died sooner than marry Bruce Wylie. Oh, how good it is to be here with you and quite safe! That time at Glion was dreadful."

"Do you know that you at nineteen have baffled two of the cleverest rogues of the present time?" said Ralph. "It is delicious to think of that. How did you think of such a plan and carry it out so pluckily?"

"I don't know how," said Evereld. "But I knew that somehow I must get away out of their power. Then, when I was so very unhappy, this thought suddenly came to me of Bride O'Ryan and Aimée Magnay

in Auvergne, and after that it was all quite simple—except, indeed, the Continental Bradshaw which nearly drove me distracted!"

"You told me in your letter about that jolly old priest who took care of you. We must go and see him some day, I should like to thank him."

"Yes, I should so like you to see him. And you must go to Mabillon—it is such a dear old place. I have grown to love it almost as if it were my own home."

"Don't you think we ought now to come to the business part of the interview?" said Ralph, with a mirthful glance. "Do you think, darling, that you are really willing to become the wife of an actor who has still to fight his way up the ladder? Remember that as yet you are quite free, that there is no engagement even between us."

"The engagement really began for me that Sunday at Southbourne," said Evereld shyly.

"And for me, too," said Ralph. "But think once more, darling, and try to realise what you are promising. Ours will have to be, at any rate for some time, a wandering life. For Macneillie has been so very good to me that I must stay with him and try to repay him a little for all his training. Even if a London engagement were to be offered me, and that is not likely, I should feel bound to stay with him as long as he cares to have me."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Evereld. "Why we owe everything to him! I wonder if he would like——" she broke off rather abruptly.

"What were you going to propose?" said Ralph, trying to read her face. There was a wistful look in it now which he did not understand.

"Only I have felt so dreadfully sorry for him since the Fenchurch case. Of course I heard people talking about it, and I can't help fancying that he must still care for Christine Greville."

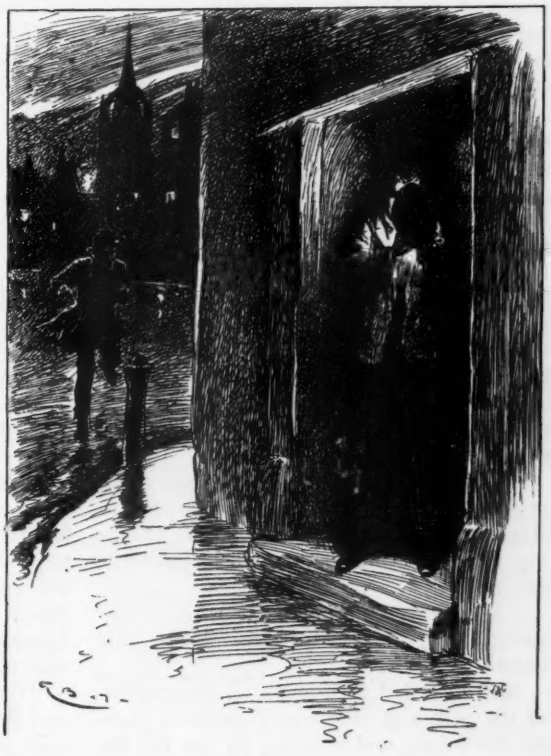
"Yes," said Ralph. "It is very rough on him."

"I shouldn't like to take you away from him, Ralph," she continued, "specially just now, for I could see quite well at Southbourne that you are almost like a son to him. You don't know what things he said about you when you were talking to Mrs. Hereford that morning. He would miss you dreadfully. Do you think we could still be in the same house with him when we are married, or should I bother him?"

"I don't think you would be likely to do that," said Ralph, smiling. "When I tell him about our marriage I will see how the land lies. I wonder, darling, whether you will be able to put up with all the discomforts of life in a travelling company?"

"Why, it will be the greatest fun!" cried Evereld.

"Well, I have found it a very jolly life, but, you know, wayfaring men naturally have to put up with some discomforts. You will find the endless packing and unpacking, and the settling into fresh lodgings once a week an awful bore."



"A young man stood bareheaded sheltering a flickering match"

"But I shall have you, dear," she said, happily, "and nothing else will matter much."

"Then it only remains for us to win the Lord Chancellor's consent and to tell Macneillie, and find out when he can spare me for a few days. You won't make me wait long, will you?"

"I think Parliament meets on the 5th," said Evereld, "and we are to come back from Ireland in the first week of February. I know the Herefords will let me be married from this house, and we will have a quiet wedding. You see we are both of us alone in the world; except the Marriotts and Mr. Macneillie there is really no one to ask, for of course the Mactavishes will keep away from town for some time to come."

"I wonder what will become of poor Lady Mactavish," said Ralph. "I fancy she has something of her own. So as far as money goes she will be all right. But how she will feel the disgrace!"

"I'm not at all sure," said Evereld, "that now real trouble has overtaken her she won't give up grumbling. If not, I am sorry for Janet, for she will have to bear the brunt of it. Oh, Ralph! what a strange world it is! Only last spring the Mactavishes seemed at the very height of their prosperity and were so enchanted about Minnie's engagement, and now here is Sir Matthew ruined and disgraced and Bruce Wylie in prison."

"Well," said Ralph, "it's a much better fate than the one they tried to force upon you. It's not of them I think, but of the thousands they have cruelly injured. If you had seen your father die of a broken heart, as I saw mine, you would think prison and exile a very light punishment for those cursed speculators."

"Yes," assented Evereld. "It was more of the suddenness of the change I was thinking. Last spring, too, you were tramping through Scotland, ill and half-starved, and now——"

"Now I am the happiest man in the world," said Ralph, his face aglow with ardent love.

And after that they forgot all the troubles of the past and sat weaving delicious plans for the future, and enjoying to the full the happy present.

The next day Ralph rejoined the company at Bournemouth and in the evening, when supper was over, he with some trepidation told his story to the manager.

Macneillie had of late been very silent and depressed, and Ralph hated having to speak of his own happiness to one who was in the depths of dejection. However, with an effort he broke the ice.

"I saw Miss Ewart's new guardian, Mr. Hereford, in town," he began. "And it seems that almost the whole of her fortune has been lost by that swindling trustee of hers. She has nothing left but a couple of hundred a year which luckily was tied up and out of Sir Matthew's reach."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Macneillie. "So he had the audacity to put her fortune into his rotten companies, I suppose?"

"Yes. However, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. The fortune is gone, but so is Sir Matthew; and the new guardian permits our engagement and sees no reason why it should be a long one. He is distantly related to the Lord Chancellor and thinks he will consent to our being married shortly."

"And what does Miss Ewart say? Have you heard from her?"

"I have seen her. She was passing through London on her way to Ireland. Well, she talked very sensibly about the money, had hoped it might be useful to us, but chiefly looked on it, as I do, as an obstacle which had threatened to delay our marriage. Thank goodness, there is nothing to hinder that now."

Macneillie's grave face was suddenly convulsed with merriment. He laughed aloud at this view of the lost fortune.

"Was there ever such a couple of babies!" he said. "Pray how do you mean to live?"

"On my salary to be sure," said Ralph, "and on the two hundred which Evereld has left."

"You are over young yet to get much of a salary in London, and, even if we succeeded in getting you an engagement there, who can tell how long you would be secure of keeping it? Then living and rent is much higher in London, and Miss Ewart has never been used to anything except the very best."

"But why do you speak of London?" said Ralph. "Do you mean to give me the sack, governor, if I marry?"

Macneillie turned and looked at him in some surprise.

"I naturally concluded that having gained some experience with me you meant to go off at the earliest opportunity. That is the way of the world. You don't mean that you intend to bring your wife to travel with us?"

"Why not? It is often done. Harden's wife used to go about with him, they say."

"Oh, of course it is often done, but after the sort of life Miss Ewart has been accustomed to——"

Ralph broke in eagerly.

"We talked it over very carefully, I told her exactly what it would be like, and she is only longing for the fun of it all. Indeed she made a very audacious proposal."

"What was that?" said Macneillie, pleased and interested in spite of himself.

"Her old hero worship of you is as keen as ever. She thinks nothing would be more delightful than to housekeep for you, and pour out the tea. Women always think they do those things best—it's quite a mistake! Then, too, she has a notion that you might miss me if we went off into rooms by ourselves. I told her that was nonsense."

"No," said Macneillie, "it's true enough, my boy, I should miss you very much. But all the same I hardly know whether it is fair to you both to spoil the early days of your married life. I am growing a very dour sort of man and that's a fact."

"You have been a second father to me," said Ralph, "and Evereld knows that; so if, as she says, we shall not bother you——"

Macneillie laughed. "If she can put up with a dour man as third fiddle, and promise to speak the truth when his playing jars too much with your harmony I should like nothing better than to have you both with me. To tell the truth, Ralph, I dread being alone just now. By-the-bye, have you heard Jack Carrington say anything about his part in the new play? Brinton had a notion he didn't take to it."

"Yes, I heard him say it didn't suit him," said Ralph. "I don't see why. It seems to me rather a decent part."

"I'm not at all sure that he will renew his engagement," said Macneillie. "And if he leaves, why there is no reason at all why you should not become leading juvenile, and I could raise your salary to five pounds a week. However, that is between ourselves. As for Carrington, he has been with me three years and is likely enough to get a good berth somewhere before long. When do you two hope to be married?"

"Early in the spring, if possible," said Ralph.

"Well, I would never counsel a long engagement," said Macneillie with a sigh. "You are not obeying the advice of Mrs. Siddons but, after all, there are exceptions to every rule, and Miss Ewart is one of a thousand. By-the-bye, I never told you, little Miss Ivy Grant wrote to ask if I could give her an engagement, and I have offered her the part of the French girl. She seems to me to have exactly the face for it."

"Oh, it will suit her down to the ground!" said Ralph, looking pleased. "I am glad poor Ivy has left the Delaines; she was too good for them. Evereld will be glad that she is to be one of the company."

CHAPTER XXXI

"So let my singing say to you,
'Our hearts are pilgrims going home;
Love's kingdom shall most surely come
To all who seek Love's will to do.'"
"Daydreams."—A. GURNEY.

IN the course of the next four months Ralph's powers of letter-writing improved amazingly, and, thanks to these love letters, and to the bright merry life in the Hereford household, Evereld's engagement proved a happy one, although she and her lover could only spend two Sundays together during the whole time. They knew each other so well already, however, that there was no risk of any misunderstanding between them, and the waiting-time was too short to be very irksome.

As for Bride O'Ryan, she proved herself a friend worth having, threw herself into all Evereld's interests with delightful eagerness, and teased her just enough to add a little salt to the entertainment.

The Lord Chancellor kept them for some little time in suspense, and furnished Bride with endless food for merriment. "He is a very formidable guardian," she protested, "and when once you get into his clutches it's very hard indeed to get out again. I wonder you dared to appeal to him."

"It was the only thing to be done," said Evereld. "But I do wish he would be quick and give his consent."

"I have always heard," said Bride provokingly, "that when once things get into

chancery they stay there for years and years. Remember how it was in 'Bleak House.'"

"Well, at any rate, Mrs. Hereford says the Lord Chancellor is most kindhearted," said Evereld. "And I know he is fond of reading novels, so he ought to take an interest in the romances of real life. And particularly he ought to like Ralph, for they say he himself had dreadful struggles at the beginning of his career when he was a young barrister on circuit."

However, at length the consent was given, and it was arranged that as Macneillie's company was not giving any performances in Holy week, Ralph and Evereld should be married on Palm Sunday.

Evereld, like a wise little woman, was determined not to waste her substance in the purchase of a trousseau which would be an endless trouble in their wandering life.

"I have plenty of clothes already," she protested. "All I shall need is a nice warm cloak in which I can walk to the theatre in the evening—a respectable dark sort of garment—and of course my wedding dress. I won't be a frumpy bride in a travelling costume."

"No, have a gown like the bride in Blair Leighton's picture, 'Called to Arms,'" said Ralph, who had come up from Bristol to spend a Sunday at the Herefords', directly they returned to London. "It's a thousand times prettier than any of the ugly modern fashions."

Evereld did not know the picture, but she promised to do her best to copy it, and, with the help of a clever American maid of Mrs. Hereford's, and Bridget's ready assistance, and the advice of all the female members of the household, her skilful fingers succeeded in turning out a very good reproduction of the artist's design at about a fifth of the cost of an ordinary wedding dress.

"Even had I not lost my money," she said to Bride, "I don't think I could have borne to spend much just on clothes when so many people are ruined and half starving from the failure of all these companies."

That was the greatest shadow that was cast over the happiness of the two lovers. The appalling accounts of the trouble caused by Sir Matthew's wrong-doing, the knowledge that many of the victims had literally died from the shock, that many more had lost their reason, that thousands were reduced to dire poverty and distress could not but affect them.

Evereld was touched, too, by a very kindly but sad letter from Lady Mactavish. It contained one sentence which puzzled her not a little.

"What does Lady Mactavish mean by speaking of the help you gave Sir Matthew?" she inquired a week before their wedding day, as she and Ralph sat together in the library, where in December they had had that first "business interview."

"What does she say about it?" asked Ralph.

"Here is her letter. It is a message to you. 'Tell Ralph that I shall never cease to be grateful to him for the help he gave my husband. It saved his life.'"

"Well," said Ralph, "I suppose I am free to speak of it since she mentions it to you. He came to me at Southampton, indeed I met him on my way back from Whinhaven," and going through the whole story he made her understand exactly what had taken place. "To this day I don't know whether I did right. But if the same thing were to happen again I should still probably help him. It was the dread of letting one's private hatred and resentment bias one against helping a desperate man. As a matter of fact, he has by no means escaped punishment by escaping from England. I don't believe there is a corner of the earth where he will long remain unmolested. He will lead a miserable, hunted life, far worse than the life Bruce Wylie leads in gaol, and with nothing really to look forward to. But I think he was in earnest when he said that night he would put an end to himself if they arrested him. And I have never regretted the little I did to shield him from discovery."

"You wouldn't have been yourself if you had acted differently," said Evereld. "But it must have been hard work to decide."

"I hope I may never again have such a decision to make," said Ralph. "And all the time there was the maddening remembrance of what he had made you suffer. What a strange, complex character he had! There was a sort of greatness about him all the time. I suppose that was how he deceived people in such an extraordinary way—he managed to deceive himself. Even now a sort of panic seizes me lest he should somehow interfere between us. I shall never

feel at rest about you till we are safely married."

"Next Sunday," she whispered. "Where shall you be all this week?"

"At Manchester," he replied, "and as ill luck will have it, we have two shows on Saturday, a *matinée* of the new play, and 'Much Ado,' in the evening. However, there will be plenty of time to sleep in the train, and I will meet you somewhere for the early service."

"Let it be at the Abbey, then; that seems specially to belong to us. Bride and I often go there and we can meet you just by the baptistery at the west end."

"What time is the wedding to be? I have not even learnt that yet," he said laughing.

"Mrs. Hereford arranged that it should be at two; that will leave us plenty of time to catch our train, and I have not told any one where we mean to go. That is our secret."

"Yes, we will keep that dark," said Ralph, "otherwise it may be creeping into the papers. Did you see there was a paragraph about Sir Matthew Mactavish's late ward in to-day's *Veracity?*"

"Yes. We couldn't help laughing over it, but I hope Janet and Minnie won't see it. Oh, Ralph, what a nightmare the past is to look back on, and how happy and safe I am with you."

Now that all was arranged, she seemed perfectly at rest, able even to enjoy all the manifold little plans and the cheerful bustle that heralded the wedding-day. But Ralph, down at Manchester, spent a feverishly anxious week, and found it difficult indeed to concentrate his mind on his work. Most managers would have lost all patience with him, but Macneillie, with the genial breadth of mind and the rare patience that characterised him, took it all very quietly, and perhaps in his secret soul rather enjoyed the sight of such unusual and unsullied enthusiasm.

By the time Saturday arrived Ralph had become very "ill to live with." He wandered about the house imagining that he was busy packing, but contriving to forget half his possessions. He could hardly stir without singing or whistling, and he would have neglected to put in an appearance at treasury if Macneillie himself had not reminded him.

"You are like your namesake 'Sir Ralph the Rover,'" said the manager, who had been answering his correspondence as well as he could to a running accompaniment of Ralph's voice.

> "'He felt the cheering power of spring,
> It made him whistle, it made him sing.'

We won't finish the quotation. My dear fellow, you will be quite played out to-morrow if you go on at this rate."

"How about the train?" said Ralph, "That's the thing that bothers me. Shall we ever get through to-night in time to catch the Scotch mail?"

"For pity's sake, don't begin to fuss about that already!" said Macneillie with a comical expression about the corners of his mouth. "It's a mercy that marrying and giving in marriage are not everyday occurrences or a manager's life would not be worth living."

"I'll promise never to do it again, governor," said Ralph with mock penitence.

"Well, well," said Macneillie with a patient shrug of the shoulders; "it all comes in the day's work. You will understand now, Denny, how to render Claudio's words—

> 'Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.'"

Ralph thought it extremely obnoxious of the Manchester folk to have petitioned for a performance of "Much ado about Nothing," on this particular day, and though he acted Claudio very well it was always to him an uncongenial character. Macneillie's Benedick was, however, considered one of his best parts, and though perhaps he enjoyed playing it as little just then as Ralph enjoyed going through the wedding scene on the eve of his own marriage, he was the last man to let his private feelings interfere with his work either as actor or as manager.

The play was carefully rendered, and after a most uncomfortable rush and scramble Ralph, thanks chiefly to the help of "Granfer," who as usual had been to the fore with kindly help and execrable puns, found himself at the station just as the Scotch mail steamed up to the platform. Whether Macneillie would arrive in time seemed doubtful; however, just as the guard's whistle sounded, he emerged from the booking office, and with his usual im-

perturbably grave face sprang in while the train moved off.

Ivy Grant and Myra Brinton had packed up a most tempting little supper for the two and had taken care to see that it was not forgotten in the hurry of the last moment; and Macneillie, who always retained the power of enjoying a holiday under any circumstances, proved a very genial companion until the advent of another passenger at Crewe, when they relapsed into silence and settled down to sleep.

The night was stormy; torrents of rain washed the windows, and the wind howled and moaned as the train sped on through the darkness. Ralph tried in vain to follow the example of his two companions who, quite oblivious of their surroundings, slept composedly through all the din. As a rule after two performances he was so tired out that he could hardly keep awake, but on this night he was far too much excited to lose consciousness even for a minute. The carriage lamp was shaded and, in the dim light, visions of Evereld kept rising before him.

She was a little girl once more, in a black frock, and with soft, bright hair falling about her shoulders.

"Are you not hungry?" she said to him confidentially, as they stood together, strangers and yet somehow already friends, in a drearily grand London drawing-room.

Again she was sitting beside him on the stairs, a fairy-like little figure in white, eating ice-pudding supplied to them by the good-natured Geraghty. "I somehow think your father and mine will be talking together to-night," she said, her sweet blue eyes looking as though they could see right into that spirit world of which she spoke.

On thundered the train, and yet another vision rose before Ralph. He was in Westminster Abbey, and there before him he suddenly saw a face which took his heart by storm—the face of his old playfellow grown into gentle gracious womanhood. Then the same face, but with wistful love-lit eyes, was lifted up to his outside the house in Queen Anne's Gate, kindling hope in his heart and filling him with a glow of happiness which had carried him through the pain of the parting.

Those same love-lit eyes and a yet more wonderful response of soul to soul rose in vision before him as he re-called a certain summer afternoon by the seashore. What did it matter to him that the cold spring wind raged round the carriage, piercing every crevice, or that the hail-stones rattled angrily against the glass? He was far away from it all, seeing blue waves and the mellow brown side of a boat and Evereld's blushing face. The memory of that August day lasted him all the rest of the way to London. Then in the chilly dawn they made their way to the nearest hotel, where the order of things was reversed; for Ralph at last fell sound asleep on a sofa in the reading room, and it was Macneillie who was wakeful and saw visions of the past—visions that he dared not dwell upon, because with them there came the maddening recollection that he was close to Christine, that it would be the easiest thing in the world, yet the most fatal, to go that afternoon and call upon her. What was she doing? How did she struggle on in the difficult life on which she had embarked? All the craving to know, all the longing to serve her, must be crushed down in his heart. Alone she must dree her weird. Alone he must bear the anguish of her pain and his own bitter loss.

Almost involuntarily, those hard views of God from which years ago he had been rescued by Thomas Erskine's book, "The Spiritual Order," returned now to him, flooding his mind with rebellious thoughts.

Why did all this misery come upon him? Why were the mistakes and sins of others visited upon him? Why were the ways of God so unequal? Other men prospered. Other men had the desire of their hearts granted. Why was he for ever to be thwarted? For years he knew that he had made strenuous efforts to live uprightly, but there seemed nothing before him but sorrow, while over yonder there was a mere lad of one and twenty about to gain after the briefest of struggles the woman he loved.

The tempter had, however, defeated his own object by introducing the thought of Ralph Denmead. Macneillie's heart was too large for jealousy to harbour in it. Jealousy can only rest long and comfortably in narrow and cramped hearts where self-love and petty absorption in trifles has contracted the space.

As he glanced across the room he saw that the sunlight was streaming full upon the sleeper. He got up and lowered the blind, pausing for a minute by the sofa to look at his companion.

Ralph was sound asleep, and his untroubled, boyish face was worth looking at. To Macneillie it suggested many thoughts. He remembered his first impression of him, lying on the banks of the Leny with the look of Watts's "Happy warrior, conquering pain." He delighted to think that partly by his aid Ralph had battled through his difficulties and had got his foot firmly planted on the ladder of success.

There is nothing so strange in life as the manner in which a kindly deed reacts in a thousand subtle ways on the doer. And now, as had been the case before, Macneillie was lured back to life by the one he had helped. The hard thoughts died away, he stood there in the bright spring morning strong once more in the conviction that the eternal patience of the All-Father schools each son in the best way.

He sat down at the writing-table and filled up a couple of hours with answering the letters of the previous day; then, when the time came, set off with Ralph to the Abbey, and finding the way to the baptistery unbarred, waited there beside the busts of Maurice and Kingsley, lifted a degree nearer to that light and love of which their epitaphs spoke, by the struggle he had just passed through.

They were joined here by Mrs. Hereford, Bride, and Evereld, and Macneillie thought he had never seen anything more winning than Evereld's eager welcome of her lover. He felt very much in harmony with their happiness as they all went together into the choir, and indeed throughout the day the depression which had overwhelmed him since he had received the bad news at Brighton was banished by the unalloyed bliss of the two who were just stepping into their goodly heritage of mutual love and companionship.

It was a thoroughly unconventional wedding with only the merry Irish family in the house, with Bride and the two little Hereford girls for bridesmaids, and Macneillie and an old schoolfellow, who had returned from Canada just in time to be Ralph's best man, as the only outsiders.

Of course, when at two o'clock they drove to the church, it was crowded with spectators, for the marriage of the heiress who had been defrauded of her fortune by Sir Matthew Mactavish had found its inevitable way into the hands of the paragraph-mongers. But then, as Macneillie remarked, a marriage ought to take place before a congregation, and it would have been a thousand pities if this particular marriage had been smuggled through in secret at some chilly hour of the morning in an empty church.

"As it was," he added, "some idle London folk had the chance of singing, 'All people that on earth do dwell,' to the Old Hundredth, and that's a chance that doesn't often come to us in these degenerate days of flabby modern hymns. All the women, moreover, will go away persuaded in their own minds that the conventional wedding-dress of modern days is ugly, and that the old-world dress of Mrs. Ralph Denmead is far more artistic."

There was one thing, however, which baffled the press. It described the service with gusto, and gave the most elaborate details as to the dresses, but it could not discover where the bride and bridegroom intended to spend the honeymoon. It was reduced at length to the desperate expedient of a good round lie, and said that they left *en route* for the Continent.

Ralph and Evereld, who had kept this detail entirely to themselves, laughed contentedly as they read this fable in their snug little sitting-room at Stratford-on-Avon.

"We knew a trick worth two of that," said Ralph. "Fancy rushing off to the Continent for a week! It never seemed to occur to any one that Stratford was the ideal place for an actor's honeymoon. We are not going to leave our Mecca entirely to the Yankees."

Evereld hoped she thought enough of Shakspere as they wandered about the quaint old place and enjoyed the bright spring weather in the lovely country around.

"It was a delightful thought of yours to come here," she said; "one likes to have a beautiful background for the happiest time of one's life. But after all, darling, it's very much in the background. We should really be as happy in the black country."

"Of course," said Ralph, laughing, "and

"I have always heard that when once things get into chancery they stay there for years"

there'll be plenty of the black country to come by-and-by. You have no idea what dreary towns we have sometimes to go to. Are you not afraid when you look forward to that sort of thing?"

"Not a bit," she said with a radiant face. "Don't I know now what the song means when it speaks of the desert being a paradise? That used to seem such nonsense in the old days! But with you, Ralph——"

She was interrupted. They had been to Anne Hathaway's cottage and were walking back through the fields. Evereld's hands were full of the early spring flowers—cowslips and primroses and delicate white anemones. She had broken off abruptly, for a daintily dressed little lady suddenly stood before her, having deserted a camp-stool and easel, though she still retained palette and brushes in one hand.

"Miss Ewart!" she exclaimed, with a faint touch of American intonation, which instantly recalled Evereld to Glion, "I am so delighted to meet you again, and in this spot of all others, this sacred shrine which you lucky English people possess, though we would give millions of dollars if we could but transplant it right over the ocean."

"How glad I am to see you," said Evereld, warmly. "I shall never forget your kindness last September. May I introduce my husband to you? Mr. Denmead, Miss Upwood."

"Ah," said Miss Upwood, shaking hands with Ralph heartily, "I congratulate Mr. Denmead very warmly. And to think that the third volume, which you were to have sent me in America, should greet me here by the banks of the Avon! It is delightful!"

"You have not gone back as soon as you expected?" said Evereld.

"Well, no. You see the storm at Glion somehow cleared the atmosphere, and many things were altered by it sooner or later," said Miss Upwood, her bright eyes twinkling with fun. "In fact, thanks to you, another romance began there, and next year when Mr. Lewisham has taken his degree at Oxford, why he'll be coming over the ocean to Boston, and we have an idea of following the good example which you and Mr. Denmead have set us."

"How glad I am," said Evereld. "That is charming. Some day we all four ought to meet at Glion, for it is hard that I should have any disagreeable associations left with that lovely little place. You ought to see it, Ralph."

"Why not plan a meeting here on one of Shakspere's birthdays? We are likely enough to be here for some of the performances in the Memorial Theatre."

"Yes, that's a better idea still," agreed both Evereld and the American girl.

And after walking back to the town together they parted on the best of terms.

That evening a note and a little packet were brought to Evereld. They were from Miss Upwood.

"Just one line in great haste," the letter ran. "We are off to Kenilworth to-night, being, as they call us, true Yankee rushers. You told me you were not going to set up house yet awhile, but wherever you are I know you will drink afternoon tea as you did in Switzerland. Stir your tea with these Stratford Memorial spoons, and drink to our next merry meeting in the birthplace of the Swan of Avon. With all good wishes,

"Yours cordially,

"CORA G. UPWOOD.

"I hope my romance will have as satisfactory an end to its third volume as yours."

"What a jolly sort of girl she seems," said Ralph, as Evereld read him the note. "But that postscript is all wrong, darling. We are not at the end of things, we are only just at the beginning."

ON BETTING

BY PROFESSOR MARCUS DODS, D.D.

"MAN," says the immortal Mrs. Battle, "is a gaming animal. He must always be trying to get the better in something or other." It may, therefore, seem both unwise and likely to be fruitless to attempt to stem a current which finds its spring and its momentum in human nature. Yet it is perhaps the absence of frank discussion which is partly responsible for the disastrous magnitude to which the practice of betting has grown. No one seems to know exactly what to think of it, or in what its evil consists, if it is evil. We read that "the Calcutta Diocesan Conference, with the Metropolitan at its head, recently spent a whole day trying to discover what was wrong about gambling, but did not succeed. They carried a resolution, however, declaring it to be the duty of all to discountenance betting." Everywhere an extraordinary indecision is apparent in the public mind and attitude towards betting. What the right hand subscribes to, the left hand deletes. For centuries Acts of Parliament have condemned gambling in one form or other, and to-day it flourishes more than ever. Condemned by the law, it is practised by legislators. "Betting is the way of the world. So are all the seven deadly sins under certain rules and pretty names, but to the devil they lead if indulged in, in spite of the wise world and its ways."

Betting is not to be condemned on the sole ground that it is an appeal to chance, for many such appeals are innocent and justifiable. There are issues so absolutely trivial, or interests so perfectly balanced, that reason cannot or need not be exercised, and the tossing of a coin is the most sensible means of arriving at a decision. For determining which side is to have the choice of innings at cricket, or in any case where nothing can be urged on the one side that may not equally be pleaded on the other, an appeal to chance is legitimate. But to carry this appeal into regions where the issues are of magnitude and importance, and in which reason and conscience should be listened to, is to renounce the distinctive prerogatives of human nature and sink below our proper level. That the loser pays for the use of the table in billiards is a convenient arrangement;

and if the players are so equally matched that after fifty games each shall have paid for the same number, no one can take any exception to such a method of determining who shall pay for each game. But if the players are unequal then it is a meanness.

We shall be in a better position to pass judgment on betting if we trace it to its source. The attractiveness which gives it almost universal empire is its appeal to two of the most persistent of our appetites—the craving for stimulation and the desire to make money without toil. The dreary monotony of ordinary human life is accountable for a great deal of the betting as for much of the drunkenness in town and country. Nature by its changes of seasons, its vicissitudes of weather, of growth and so forth, has done something to relieve this monotony. And one of the greatest blessings which easy circumstances bring is variety of occupation, of residence, of interest, of outlook. But where a meagre education has starved the mind, and where the necessities of daily toil admit of little relaxation or change; where the same faces are seen, the same dull streets frequented, the same mechanical occupation engaged in day after day, year in year out, this monotony drives a man, like a caged bird, to crave enlargement and some experience which will add a new zest to living. Betting offers a relief to this intolerable monotony. It quickens the life with fresh, if trivial, hopes; it keeps him for days or weeks expectant of results and therefore with a possible bright future instead of the leaden present. The richer classes bet as much as the poorer. That is true. Unfortunately it is also true that it is only too possible for persons who have all the world open to them to become *blasé* and to share with the poorest and dullest the craving for excitement.

With the large majority of those who habitually bet, sheer greed is the incentive. They are lazy and have little or no interest in work; perhaps they resent and loathe it. They seek a straight and easy way to wealth. They hear of large sums won on races, of immense fortunes made on the Stock Exchange, and they wish to share in this delightfully simple method of acquiring wealth. They would shrink from appropriating by theft or fraud the money earned by other men, but here is a method by which they can, without the condemnation of society and without labour, get possession of other men's money. If men were neither lazy nor greedy, if they found sufficient stimulus and reward in forwarding the work of the world, there would be no betting. It has its roots in the lower parts of human nature, in morbid and selfish views of life.

It can, I think, be shown that betting is ungentlemanly, unsportsmanlike, foolish, productive of crime, and a violation of the fundamental law of society.

1. It is ungentlemanly. Many gentlemen bet. Yes, but they do so because they are blinded by the custom of their set, and have failed to consider the nature and bearings of their actions. They would be more perfect gentlemen—that is, they would be more considerate of the feelings of others, and be in a purer relation to their friends—if they did not bet. There are men among us whom we esteem as giving us the true ideal of conduct, and these men it is impossible to conceive as standing book in hand at a race-course, or as betting with their friends. And to those who are not beguiled by custom, it is difficult to understand how of two friends one can put his hand in the other's pocket and stoop to be profited by the other's loss. Be it a half-crown or five thousand pounds, it is equally incomprehensible how a gentleman can receive it from his friend. If the sum is small, there is a meanness in being indebted for it; if it is large, there is a meanness in depriving his friend of it. There is a pleasure in receiving a gift from a friend as the expression of his remembrance and affection; none in winning from him money which he is compelled to pay. The small trader who would scorn to put money in his till for which he had not given an equivalent is, forsooth, looked down upon by the so-called gentlemen who with equanimity pocket what makes their friend poorer, and which they have done nothing to earn. Nothing is more likely to damage the character, and eat out the other qualities which are associated with the title of gentleman, than the practice of betting. There is no getting past the words of Charles Kingsley: "Betting is wrong, because it is wrong to take your neighbour's money without giving him anything in return. . . . . If you and he bet on any event, you think that your horse will win; he thinks that his will: in

plain English, you think that you know more about the matter than he; you try to take advantage of his ignorance, and so to conjure money out of his pocket into yours—a very noble and friendly attitude to stand to your neighbour, truly. That is the plain English of it; and look at it upwards, downwards, sideways, inside out, you will never make anything out of betting, save this—that it is taking advantage of your neighbour's supposed ignorance. But says some one, 'That is all fair, he is trying to do as much by me.' Just so, and that again is a very noble and friendly attitude for two men who have no spite against each other; a state of mutual distrust and unmercifulness, looking each selfishly to his own gain, regardless of the interest of the other."

2. It spoils sport. Popularly it is supposed to be the very life of sport. The betting man is supposed to be the true sportsman. The very opposite is true. There can be no whole-hearted love of sport where there is betting. To a man who habitually bets, there is no attraction in a game of whist or billiards, or in a horse race, on which no money depends. Notoriously it is the betting which draws crowds to the race-course, and keeps the crowds anxiously awaiting the result in remote parts of the country. And there are many eager and constant whist players for whom all interest in the game lapses if they cannot play for money. Sport in itself ceases to be of interest to the man who has staked a large amount upon the issue. He is absorbed in the issue for himself, and has no room for any pleasure in the sport. It becomes deadly earnest to him. It is therefore not sport that is fostered by the betting men who gather round the contest; it is money-getting, and money-getting under such circumstances as taints the gains. Between the man who plays for play's sake, and the man who plays, or watches play, for a money stake, there can surely be no question which is the truer sportsman.

Hence there gather round all our favourite pastimes, crowds of ill-conditioned loafers, who have little or no knowledge of the game and who are unable to admire play for its own sake. City-bred youths who know none of the points of a horse become the gulls of a prophet who knows little more than they do and is himself the gull of stable gossip, and talk knowingly of favourites they have never set eyes on. Can any set of men be much more contemptible? "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?" It is this that drives sober people from the race-course, and from other manly and exhilarating amusements, and instead of promoting true sport, brings it down to a mere carnival of greed, fraud, and trickery.

3. It is foolish. In many cases the gambler himself is conscious of his folly, and therefore excuses himself. He merely wishes to experiment; he wants a little fun, and so forth. But the estimation in which the world holds the gambler becomes apparent when he loses. The merchant whose losses are the result of untoward and unforeseen changes in the market receives sympathy and help. But what bank or private friend will advance money to a gambler? The betting man who has staked his last shilling and lost it is pronounced a fool, and has put himself beyond the reach of practical compassion. The sharper who has fleeced him has neither gratitude nor pity. He uses his victim as the butt of his ridicule. And the victim himself, who has risked his money on mere chance, or on baseless information, or on fraudulent representations, freely pronounces himself fool, judging himself in the light of the issue. To fancy that we shall be exceptions and win where others have lost, that we shall be the solitary lucky ones among the thousand unlucky, is a folly to which we are all liable, but it is none the less a folly. It is stated that the winnings of the table or bank at Monte Carlo last year amounted to £800,000; that is to say, this was the net sum lost by those who played. Yet each gambler who stakes his little pile fancies he will be the one to win. There are some thousands of bookmakers in our own country. Out of whose pockets do they pick so comfortable a living? Out of the pockets of their dupes, who so bountifully contribute to the maintenance of their worst enemies.

4. Betting is a prolific source of crime. As betting is largely indulged in by boys whose wages amount to seven or eight shillings a week, and by clerks who have less than a hundred a year, it is obvious that losses must strongly tempt them to embezzlement and theft. Accordingly, it is the unanimous and unambiguous testimony

of chaplains and governors of prisons that the great proportion of these crimes are the result of betting. The statistics of suicide also prove that betting is responsible for a larger number of cases than drunkenness. And any one who is familiar with the working classes in the larger towns of England must have had evidence of the same fact within his own observation. And beside the crimes that fall under police cognisance, betting is responsible for many neglected and miserable homes, and for a thoroughly unhealthy view of life and of the relation in which a man should stand to the society of which he is a member.

What, then, is the inherent vice of betting? Recognising the evils which it unquestionably produces, can we also lay our finger on that very quality in the act itself which makes it wrong and constitutes it a breach of moral law? Obviously, it runs directly counter to the most rudimentary ideas of what is due to society and to ourselves as members of society. For, fundamental to the idea of society is the law that every one who enjoys its advantages should contribute to its well-being. The man who wins money without producing the money's worth, or in any way benefiting those from whom he derives it, transgresses this radical law, and becomes a mere parasite or abscess on the body of which he ought to be a helpful member, consuming the substance and contributing nothing to the strength. But, it is objected, there are many beside betting men who are in this condemnation; those who have inherited sufficient means and live a life of leisure; those who from any cause are above the necessity of working. Of such the same law holds good. There are those who, by reason of old age or infirmity, are unable to benefit society by any active exertion; but where there is no such obstacle every man, in whatever affluence born, is bound to toil for the good of the community. The mere consumer is a mean and worthless parasite.

And this craving to acquire wealth without producing its equivalent reacts disastrously on the man's self. It turns life upside down. The sole enduring satisfaction in life, the one thing that above all else makes life worth living, is to forward a little the interests of our fellow men, to do some little piece of the world's work, to drive one firm bolt in the ship of the State, to lift some one to a happier standing, in one way or other to put our strength into the common stock. But when gambling takes hold of a man and possesses him, as it does with such surprising rapidity and tenacity, he can no longer aim at anything but his own gain.

These are our reasons for thinking that betting must be condemned by every citizen who seeks the good of his country, and by every individual who is interested in character and morals. Judged by the law of Christ, which forbids our hastening to be rich and assures us that it is giving and not getting which blesses human life, it can look only for doom. Let the counsel for the defence be called, and what can he plead? To set over against the deterioration of character, the desolation of homes, the suicides, the mean trickery and fraud, the obstruction to healthy methods of business, the withdrawal of so many from honest and productive labour, the evoking of what is grasping and selfish in the individual—what has the advocate for betting to plead? What are the gains it has brought to our social state? What healthy views of life and advance of civilisation has it introduced? Where are the advantages which are to blind us to the calamitous results of this practice? In point of fact, there is no one good thing which can be pointed to as produced by betting. It is the prolific mother of a brood without exception evil.

(*Oil. S. Boustead, Esq., Harraby*)

BURGH MARSH

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

By EDWARD PINNINGTON

Author of "George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., and the Art of His Times"

THE year in which Bough died—1878—is marked with a black letter in the annals of Scots art. In February the mysterious death of George Paul Chalmers threw a shadow across Scotland, which in Edinburgh deepened into a gloom and a horror. On March 4, Lawrence Macdonald, sculptor of Gask, who lived for about half a century in Rome, died there at a ripe old age. April brought with it the loss of James Docharty. Autumn carried away, on October 5, another Perthshire artist, Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. and R.S.A. He practised chiefly in London, and, as became the son of the Laird of Kilgraston, had a residence in the hunting district around Melton Mowbray, where he died. In Scotland, however, he was both born and educated in art, and he exhibited at intervals in the Royal Scottish Academy almost to the last. Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., miniaturist and happiest of all painters of the Scottish Highlander, passed into the unseen in November; and when, upon the nineteenth of the same month, Bough died, the cloud which hung over Scotland in February was again drawn down. At times, no doubt, Bough became wearied of his life in Edinburgh, and allowed his thoughts to revert to his native Cumberland. His ideal life was to settle down upon a property of his own in the Caldbeck district; and yet he loved Scotland, and Edinburgh most of all. His artistic appreciation of the capital never waned or wavered, and he never grew tired of depicting her stately beauty and rugged grandeur. Had he gone elsewhere, he had surely left one half of his heart behind. On the other side, Edinburgh received him as a child of her own, and as such mourned his loss. An alien by birth,

(*Water-colour. James Lindsay, Esq., Edinburgh*)

GALE ON THE EAST COAST

Bough made Scotland his home, and he was at least her son by adoption.

As a matter of fact he was something more. On the paternal side Sam's grandfather was English (Somerset) and his grandmother Welsh. On the maternal side his grandfather was James Walker of Scots descent, his progenitors being connected with both Dumfries and Edinburgh. Through James and his wife Dorothy—known affectionately in the family as "Old Dolly"—Sam was partly Scots by blood. James Bough, son of the above-mentioned James and his Welsh wife, left Somersetshire in the service of Sir Thomas Gilpin, and settling ultimately in Carlisle, married Lucy Walker, the daughter of James and old Dolly. This second James and Lucy were Sam's parents, and he, accordingly, was of combined Welsh, English, and Scots extraction. The date of his birth is variously stated, but in the minutes of the Royal Scottish Academy, he is said to have been born at Carlisle in 1822. A grim witness, the plate upon the casket in which he was laid to rest, testifies thus: "Samuel Bough, born at Carlisle, January 8, 1822, died November 19, 1878."

Within the limits of the present paper it is probably better so to present the man that he may be realised and understood, to interpret his aim, and to define his place and influence in art, than to construct a skeleton life, a catalogue of dates and incidents. There are few men, if any, of whom so many and contradictory opinions have been formed. We say of the Scottish heather that it is rough, but that its perfume is sweet and its bloom bonnie; and it was so with Bough. He, too, was rough, though he could be gentle, but if he be taken as nature left him, and as natural inclinations and taste guided him, and not as he was when trying to adapt himself to the companion of the passing hour, there rises from his life an essence both invigorating and purifying. Whether doubled in fight or wielding the painter's brush, his hand was always the hand of a man. He was a strong man, a man of power, alike in artistic genius, physique, heart and brain, and contact with virility rarely fails to strengthen and inspire.

As in the case of Burns, Bough has been and is yet misunderstood, because the measure applied to him is, as a rule, too small. Many who flatter themselves upon knowing him intimately, never in reality saw

more of him than the clothes he wore. We do not speak of Bough's duality, but of his multiplicity, his well-nigh infinite variety. He could be rude in both manner and speech, and his acquaintances were habituated to sarcasm and *brusquerie*. He had, in consequence, many friends, but a multitude of enemies, who have passed into currency many stories of his wild conduct. These have led others who only knew by hearsay one, and that the worst, side of his character, to invent many cruel and repulsive fictions about him and his ways. These may safely be discounted to the extent of about ninety per cent. Mr. William McTaggart, R.S.A., tells of a sketching excursion which he had with Bough. It lasted three days, during which they were hardly ever separate, either night or day. On starting Bough opened what proved a sustained flow of informing, high, and often eloquent discourse. The natural gentleman had left his clown's mask at home, and the broad humorist was supplanted by the suggestive and brilliant conversationist. They had done little more than reach Edinburgh when they were met by two or three of his boon companions, and in an instant Bough was transformed. He knew what was expected of him, and he stepped down into the gutter and ministered unto them.

It may be said that he should have made a better choice of associates, and he may not have been blameless. It is, nevertheless, unfortunate that men can always be found willing to drag down a meteor wherewith to light their parlours. That may be said of Bough and of them which the farmer of Covington Mains said of Burns and his apologists: "One half of his good and all his bad divided amang a score o' them would make them a' better men." It is worth remembering that men do not talk who have no listeners.

If at this point a pause be made for the sake of the backward view, it will be found that Bough did not live inside out, as many imagine, and that there was another side to him than the bristles which he very often, hedgehog fashion, turned to the world. The house in Abbey Street, Carlisle, in which he was born is still in existence. The frontage towards the street is wholly changed, the room in which he first saw the light is now part of a furniture store, and the partition which separated it from the other rooms upon the floor has been

(*Water-colour. William McCall, Esq., Glasgow*)

CALDBECK CHURCH

(*Oil. William Sewell, Esq., Yarm*)

THE MORNING GUN

removed. The window, however, remains intact, and looks out upon a backyard in which he was wont to play, and in a little summer-house in which, while still a lad, he taught a few pupils.

Sam was a Bohemian by heredity, a born humorist, and an artist by divine endowment. After leaving the service of the Gilpin family, James Bough turned clogger —maker of clogs—and shoemaker. He was a man of quiet temperament, fond of having the poets read to him while he worked. Sam's Bohemianism came to him through his mother. Describing him lately to the present writer, one of his school companions said he was a "wild, mischievous, and dilapidated youngster." He rarely went out through the door if the window was conveniently open. He cared less about dress and appearances generally than even the laxity of his mother could tolerate. He was much addicted to giving chase to young girls and frightening them. His education, however, grew apace, and when he was old enough, he entered the office of Mr. Nanson, town clerk, with a view to qualifying for the legal profession. Two years satisfied him that law was not his vocation. He was drawing when he ought to have been copying, and vastly preferred the open book of nature to the pages of Blackstone and Coke. Imparting his love of art to Mr. Nanson, that worthy gentleman declared him to be "the biggest fool he had ever set eyes on." Whether Sam took his liberty, or got it from Mr. Nanson, is not clear.

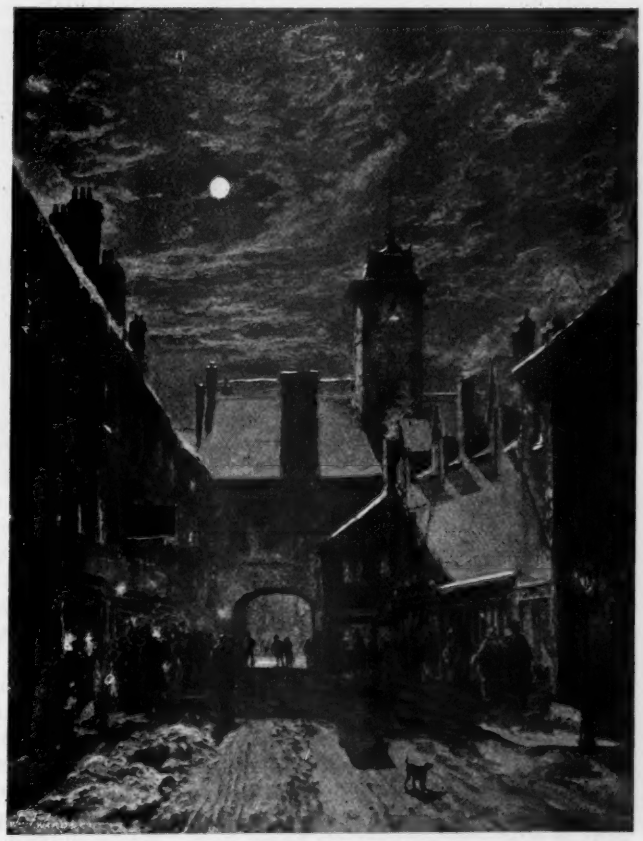
He was still a youth when he went touring through the country in gipsy fashion, with donkey cart and tent. His companion, sutler, groom, chancellor of the exchequer, and man Friday in general, was John McDougall, a native of Oban, who had been a soldier in the Ninety-first Argyleshire Regiment. John was a Peninsular veteran, who finished his

fighting at Waterloo. Sam sketched and painted, and, when the treasury ran low, it was John's high function to sell the sketches and paintings to the best advantage. Long afterwards, when a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and settled in Edinburgh, Bough often looked back longingly to the free life of his youth. His happiest days were passed, he said, when he rambled about Cumberland, sleeping either in barns and outhouses, or under canvas with McDougall.

Like all strong men, he rejoiced in the exercise of his strength. The stories told of him recall the Rev. George Gilfillan swimming in the misty twilight, dark almost as night, in Lochlee, the romantic Highland tarn at the head of Glenesk. They bring back Christopher North knocking down a pertinacious old-clothesman, while on his way to give his morning lecture in Edinburgh University from the chair of Moral Philosophy, and having a wayside wrestling bout with the champion of a border encampment of Yetholm "muggers." In similar manner Percy, of Manchester, tells of Bough's swimming with him on his back, of his single-handed encounter with a gang of roughs, of his laying down on the pavement, and finally "banging half-way through a door," a professed pugilist who had, "for some or no reason," given him a black eye.

Fifty years ago artists of all kinds and degrees —actors, musicians, painters and poets—inclined towards Bohemianism. With Bough's early life, before he donned social bonds, his theatrical connection is therefore associated. At twenty-three he was assistant scene-painter at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. In that, and the higher capacity of principal, he reached Glover's Prince's Theatre, Glasgow. He afterwards practised that branch of art at Edinburgh and Dundee. The easy manners of those with whom he came in contact, their freedom from cant, sham, and formality, endeared them to Bough, and confirmed him in his social preferences. In man and woman he loved the real and genuine; he detested artificiality, pretentiousness, hypocrisy, and the chilling forms which smothered nature.

The key to Bough's later life and mature character is now in our hands. Take this athletic and rambling painter, who loved nature with a devotion too deep to plumb, away from the tent pitched amongst the fells and dales of Cumberland, and from the only



(Water-colour. Colin McCuaig, Esq., Edinburgh)

CARLISLE TOWN HALL. MOONLIGHT

less free life of the theatre, and transplant him to the cold, chaste reserve and rigid formality of Edinburgh, and what was he likely to find but ice atop and ice-water under? He was too full of life to care for the lifeless fabric called society. His heart was too great, and its beat too strong, for him to obey loveless social law. Hence he openly ridiculed the stately ceremony which society had stamped with the sacred seal of its approval. He laughed at convention, set at defiance the laws devised for the regulation of social intercourse, and swept aside every restraint upon individual freedom. It requires an effort to picture Bough sitting "mim-mou'd" and trying to be proper and mannerly, in kid gloves and starch, wearing the orthodox broadcloth and stiffened breastplate of social righteousness. When, therefore, he wished relaxation, he unbraced himself in a section of society where men at least met each other face to face, without either mask or disguise.

The danger here to be avoided is that of inferring too much. Bough was honest, genuine, and candid, and if he had a fault, it was that of protesting over-much. He was warm-hearted and generous, but his naturally hot blood was apt to become fiery, and he was inconsiderate and defiant when he might have been tolerant if not conciliatory.

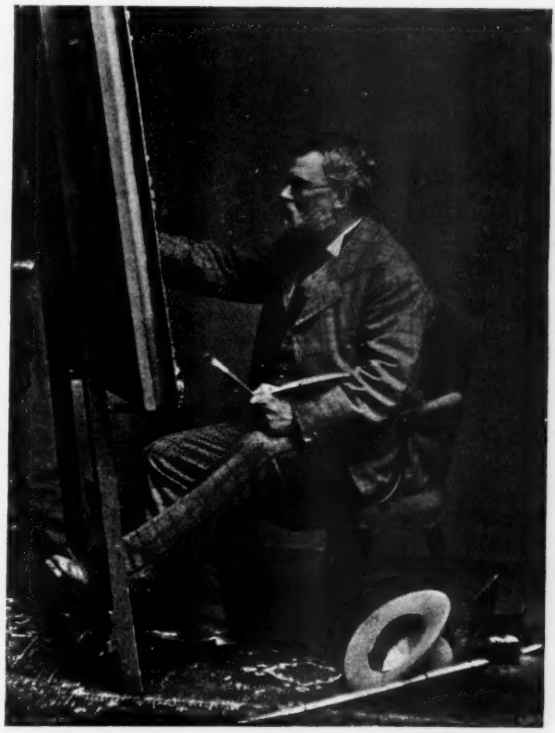
The friends who knew him, however, he retained to the last, and amongst these was Lady Ruthven, to whom he was introduced by her sister, Lady Belhaven. They probably thought him eccentric, but eccentricity is nothing more than departure from the conventional type. It virtually means distinction from the mass. Without refinement of feeling and thought no man could have held Bough's friends with his security of tenure. One of those who best deserves the name of friend wrote the present writer in January of this year: "I knew Bough well. I never heard of his doing a mean or even a questionable thing. He was brave, genuine, and good, kind and gentle to a degree never reached in any one else I have met. Yet, he could be rough with the rough, and he had a scorching tongue to the mean, the envious, and the jealous."

As to intellectual attainments he was deep in Burns, a thorough Shakespearean student, preferring, curiously but suggestively, the pathos of *King Lear* to the dominant sentiment in any other of the great master's plays, and especially well versed in the literature of Queen Anne's time. He was a great reader, and had a retentive and well-stocked memory. "Amongst men of mind," says another life-long friend, "Bough's conversation was pregnant and thoughtful. He was seen there in all his excellence and intellectual force."

His sympathetic devotion to nature in every changing mood postulates the delicacy of feeling and tenderness of appreciation which constitute refinement. His devotion to the art he practised was no less profound, but in that direction his love was great enough to embrace all the arts. He was fond of song, and not only sang with feeling, but showed in a very practical way his fondness for song by marrying Miss Isabella Taylor, one, at least, of whose fascinations was the music of her voice and harp. The violin he played with expression and sympathy. No doubt he liked the early wandering life, but he made the spacious mansion of Jordan Bank, his Edinburgh home, a treasure-house of works of art, of every description, in porcelain, bronze, marbles, marqueterie, ormolu, glass, enamel, ivory and silver. Not only were the walls hung with paintings and engravings, but the very doors swung heavily under their several loads of works of art. In literature his taste was critical and fastidious. The fact is eloquent that he could recite from memory poem after poem by Tennyson.

No friend in need ever appealed to Bough in vain. None of his kindred, whether remote or near, suffered want while he had anything to share. The ties of blood he held sacred. Once he resumed a discarded suit of clothes, parcelled up his new suit and carried it under his arm to his studio, to give it to a wandering mason-sculptor from Carlisle. Again, when going home from a late party, he was once accosted by a theatrical acquaintance in poverty. Bough dropped behind, and the two men disappeared in an entry. When Bough rejoined his friends he was *minus* his overcoat. In evening dress he faced the bitter wind of the winter morning for sweet charity's sake. Why multiply instances? "Brave, generous, and good, kind and gentle"—such, in truth, was Bough.

He will live as an artist when all his oddities and social peccadilloes are forgotten. His skill in the handling of pencil, needle and brush was his birthright and gift. It had no external source. He drew in boyhood, and one of his schoolmates used to sell these drawings at threepence apiece. One of the most popular had for its subject a washerwoman over a tub. Even then he was a humorist. He so cunningly contrived two holes in the drawing-paper that the insertion of a finger in each secured a comical representation of the sturdy limbs of the woman tramping the clothes. At ten or twelve Bough attended the drawing classes of John Dobson. He received further fragmentary instruction from James Macmillan, an engraver, who had a local reputation as an accomplished and clever artist; from William Atkinson, a house decorator, who helped Bough both by instruction and by securing admission for him to private collections in the district; and from others. He already had a name in art when he made a brief appearance in Robert Scott Lauder's class in Edinburgh. It is possible that he got the better part of his art-education in the National Gallery, London, where he copied the landscapes of Rubens and Poussin, and he acknowledged in later life his indebtedness to a picture by Cattermole. He was then about seventeen, and at that age he could both etch and draw with sufficient skill for purposes of book illustration. Some of the drawings published in 1840–2, and executed not later than the ages of seventeen and nineteen, may owe something to the engraving of Lizars, but there can be no mistake in speaking of their firmness and accuracy, their fine and even shading, and of the marvellously delicate treatment of details. At twenty he painted in oil, "Workington Bridge," a canvas which, in view of his years and training, is one of the most remarkable efforts of his life. The flood of sunlight flowing across the picture would almost bespeak the practice and experience of a painter in his prime. Then came a few years of scene-painting, and in 1849 Bough crossed the Rubicon with "The Baggage Waggons Approaching Carlisle," and made landscape painting his life-work. His earliest works appear to have been in oil, but it is certain that he had learned to appreciate water-colours before 1849. Of the illustrations of this paper the portrait is an autotype by Horsburgh of Edinburgh; "Dunkirk" (1850), "The Morning Gun," and "The Burgh Marsh" (1872) are oils; and the rest are water-colours, ranging in date from 1856 to 1878.



(After a photograph by Horsburgh)

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

Bough was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1856, and an Academician in 1875. He made his first appearance as an exhibitor in the Academy in 1844, when he was only twenty-two, with

"Ascham Mill, Westmoreland," which he sent from Carlisle. He did not return until 1849, when he sent four landscapes, two in oil and two in water-colours, from "Prince's Theatre, West Nile Street, Glasgow."

Whatever the medium employed, Bough's treatment of sky, sea, and shore is always masterly. Few have painted the sky with his daring brilliancy, and few have rendered the sea with equal suggestiveness of life and motion. This is felt in the buoyancy of the fishing boat in "The Morning Gun." In "Dunkirk" the effect changes with the light. In a low light the sea looks gloomy and threatening, and the whole colour-scheme is reduced. In a good light a few scattered notes of red make themselves felt, and lend warmth and brilliancy to the blue, gray, opal, and white of the sky. The sunlight falls across the surging sea, giving it life and heaving motion. A parallel sensation of lashing wind, driving spray, and sea in wild unrest, is the charm of "A Gale on the East Coast." The moonlight view of Carlisle Town Hall is an exquisite example of the delicate differentiation of tint and tone necessary to the true treatment of varied lights, whether artificial or natural, whether moonlight or sunlight.

Speaking in more general terms, Bough bore himself in art as he did in society. He rose above the conventions of his predecessors, and painted not only what he saw but what he thought and felt. In rendering atmospheric effects, particularly those prevailing in broken weather, when the sunshine is dashed on sea and land in flakes, when the wind is high and mists are gloomy and dank, he had for many years no rival. And, further, in suggesting what no artist could paint, he filled the great blank in the earlier landscape art of Scotland. Looking for affinities, we assort him with Constable, David Cox, Muller, Copley Fielding, and Cattermole, and yet we never lose sight of Bough. He was so versatile that while he painted stage scenery in a manner at once magnificent and broad, he could turn his brush to the most delightful treatment in water-colours of the portrait of a Skye terrier. His style changed from canvas to canvas, from theme to theme. It was not small and stereotyped, but large and elastic. He came to Scotland with the turn of the tide from mannerism to the higher impressionism—the expression of individuality, the painted outcome of the artist's self—and when he passed the source was dried up of an influence which had always made for the exaltation of art.

NOTE.—By arrangement with the owners of the several pictures here reproduced, the illustrations of this article are selected from a number to be employed in illustrating a life of Sam Bough in course of preparation by Mr. Pinnington. The biography will be published by Messrs. T. and R. Annan and Sons, art publishers, Glasgow, who also concur in the above arrangement.

A DAY'S WORK

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

THERE were four calves in a meadow opposite the bedroom window of a house in which I spent my summer holiday, and the first thing I saw every morning when I pulled up my blind to look out was this little party hard at work. They ate as if they had not a minute to lose. They had begun at sunrise, or earlier, long before I first set eyes on them, and they ate all day, at least till about four o'clock, when a man brought their supper of chopped fodder which he emptied into a square bin, and they devoured as eagerly as if they had never tasted a morsel of food.

This daily business went on for weeks, and though I had come down from London, seeking rest after its importunate toil, I fancied that "a day's work" there was not to be compared with one in the country. City dwellers, who associate repose with the fields which look so still and are so quiet after the racket of the streets, have small idea

of the labour which cultivated soil demands, at least in our own land. That on a pasture, indeed, is chiefly done by the calf or cow which works with tongue and jaw, and whose life is a meal, or its material review, interrupted by the milkman, gratefully, or, not without extra feeding, and ended by the butcher. When, too, sheep are browsing in a meadow, if the shepherd sees one which stands without having its "head down," he knows at once that there is something the matter with it. Its business while upon its legs is to eat.

But the four calves which ate all day as if they had not a minute to lose, set me thinking about the human labour which Nature demands before man can eat his daily bread. Ploughing, sowing, and reaping are agricultural terms which make a very slight impression on a genuine townsman's mind. And this is less than it was when railroads were few, and especially since the days of telegram, telephone, and parcel post. When the commercial traveller went about by coach or drove his gig, carrying his "samples" with him, he had many a long chat with local husbandmen, and heard their talk of labour needed before the sickle could be put to the corn. Now the town is fuller, and the man who sees the creeping plough from the window of the train which whirls him across the land, fails to realise the slow addition of furrow to furrow in the field, and the endless labour which it means. What does he know, either, of the rolling, drilling, harrowing, manure-carting, and weeding, which go to make up the incessant toil and thought of the farmer's yearly life? Nowhere is nature, which really rules the world, more exacting than in the country where the townsman goes to seek a sense of rest. She knows no holiday, and never sleeps. There are, more or less, twelve hours in the day wherein a man works, but she, with whom he has to deal, does not stop for a moment throughout the twenty four. She had been busy all the night before my calves began their business, as if they had not a moment to lose, and set me thinking about "a day's work."

But is it heavier in the country than in the town? Call to mind, for a moment, that needed in and beyond the office of a (well-named) "journal" before it is daily laid upon the table of its million readers. Think of the telegrams sent, letters opened, shorthand notes expanded, speeches condensed, summaries made of legal, political, financial, social, and sporting news, leaders written, advertisements arranged, messengers hurried, printing machines started, vans loaded, trains supplied, addresses inscribed, carts and postmen busied in town and country distribution, &c., before a newspaper staff has done one "day's work," to begin that of another at once. The unfailing production of a "journal" is a daily unrealised wonder of our age.

Some amount of focal recurrent pressure is, however, felt in every great house of business—aye, in many a small one too. And what good housewife who stays at home while the master goes to his office or field, is without her share of manifold, inconspicuous, and often unappreciated work? Even the schoolboy is guilty of distinct offence when he plays truant for a day. When no task is set, it is significantly the "evil" spirit that walketh about seeking rest, and finding none. Some work is always found for idle hands.

Whether it be good or bad, the space between the rising and setting of the sun is mostly assumed to be the time in which work is, or ought to be, done. A great sheet of light ever moves round the world, dividing men's lives into patches within which they can see one another without the aid of candle or lamp, and though many thus stretch them beyond these limits, no division by the clock, however accurately observed, can take the place of those twelve hours, more or less, which are marked out for us by the sun. A mysterious influence accompanies his coming and going, between which arrives the inevitable demand for labour or rest. There are, indeed, northern countries where traditional necessity compels the native to sleep and rise in broad day, and thus create an artificial night. But it takes the habit of generations to do this without an effort. When unaccustomed southerners are subjected to the long Arctic day, the loss of nightly darkness brings an intolerable strain upon their powers of endurance. The crew of Nansen's *Fram* thus became so weary of continuous companionship in the light, or in the dark, that they were driven to arrange for a daily severance, by each walking off by himself in a separate direction. Thus their paths were like the spokes of a wheel, of which the *Fram* was the hub.

What significance is attached to the term, "a day's work!" The man seeking employ-

ment says he has not had a "single" one for ever so long. That is mostly the way in which he expresses his want. And when we speak of some objectionable deed we often do not mention the act itself, but call it, "a bad day's work." Or if we are pleased at a thing done, we say, "that was a good day's work." They are "days," too (seldom weeks or months), which are observed in social life, such as those of birth, death, marriage and the like. Or we talk of the "day," rather than the time when we saw, heard, did, this or that. The man who has crossed the Atlantic or visited Palestine, thinks and tells of the "day" on which he first saw American land, or set his eyes on the city of Jerusalem. The word insists upon its use. The anecdote runs, "One day I was, &c. &c." or the intention, "Some day I will, &c. &c." Not only does it mark each seventh division of a week, but in social and ecclesiastical language the "day" is prominent, as at Christmas and Easter. Then, too, however long a man's past life may have been, we say his "day" is over.

Nevertheless, when we talk of "a day's work" we have to bethink ourselves of what we have done between rising and sleeping in that item of our allotted time. Has it been a blank? There is a significant completeness in its requirements hinted at in the words, "Give us this day our daily bread." Has its work been "done," or only left off? Though some business we have in hand may occupy us long before its end can be reached, each step in its progress needs a certain fulfilment. The saying, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," applies to the spending of time, as well as of money. And how has this penny of life been spent? Has it bought anything worth having? Or has it been laid out on something which we ought never to have had at all? It is not without grave reason that we speak or think of a "bad" day's work while watching another man's ways, or remembering our own.

But of all the days which go to make up a man's life there is a recurring one from which the word "work" has been divinely detached. My reader does not need to be told that it is "The Lord's"—the mystic seventh. There is some hidden law which determines the repeated date of "a day's rest." Revolutionists have tried to use a "decimal" notation in fixing its grateful return, and have failed. Some, under inevitable pressure, have attempted to set another aside for unbroken repose. But it is impossible to create a Sabbath calm apart from that in which the multitude of workmen lay down their tools, whether they apprehend its holy use or not. Who can secure the unchallenged serenity of rest if all the wheels of life are turning noisily around him? When we think of "a day's work" let us be thankful that, though it is ordained of God, it would become increasingly exhaustive, if He had not mercifully created another, to come at sure and stated times.

FATHER AND CHILD

I LEFT her in the dark to find
  Her own way home; she had no fear.
I followed noiselessly behind;
  She never dreamed that I was near.

I let her have her childish will;
  But had she cried, why in a wink!—
That would have seemed a miracle.
  So in *our* little life, I think.

VIDA BRISS.

FLOWERS IN LONDON—NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL

By G. HOLDEN PIKE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

ALTHOUGH there may have been gardens of a kind, even within the City boundary, we do not associate Old London with flowers. During the first days of May, a number of pretty girls who served the town as milk-maids might adorn their hair with blossoms and other ornaments; even a May-pole might be erected in the City or the Strand, but otherwise, the breath of the streets had no affinity with leaves and blooms. The somewhat extensive traffic in cut flowers, which is now carried on in London, is the growth of the last generation; and the magnitude of the trade is shown by the spacious, covered flower-market—a kind of miniature Crystal Palace—at Covent Garden. This is quite a modern erection, a small space in the open street being all the accommodation that was allotted to the florists forty years ago; but at that time there was not supposed to be a single street seller of cut flowers within the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction.

When he made his extensive inquiries concerning the working classes of the Metropolis, about half a century ago, the late Henry Mayhew found that "the fondness for flowers in London was strongest in the women, and perhaps, strongest in those whose callings are indoor and sedentary. Flowers are to them a companionship." It was also found that a liking for violets, mignonette and roses, indicated some superiority of character, of taste, thrift, and general prosperity. Amid squalid surroundings, and in a foul atmosphere, the nose lost its "daintiness of sense," according to Mayhew; and no doubt flowers still help to brighten the contrast between those whose thriving condition makes work a pleasure, and others whose loss of hope has turned their calling

MAKING UP THE BUNCHES

into slavery. As Mayhew found it to be the case, so should we. "The working tailor's comfortable first-floor at the West-end is redolent with the perfume of the small bunch of violets that stands in a tumbler over the mantel-piece; the sweater's wretched garret is rank with the stench of filth and herrings." It is also still found that persons who are low down in degradation, or those who are engaged in coarse and repulsive employments do not care for flowers.

At the present time, cut flowers alone, in London, represent quite an important industry, the expenditure in them reaching a sum of some thousands sterling daily. This large sum is paid by all classes, the love of flowers being characteristic of the poor and the hard-working, as well as of the rich and the luxurious. A workman or a clerk will give a penny for a button-hole on his homeward way from work; some pounds will be expended on the becoming decoration of a dinner-table; while what some would regard as sufficient capital to start a moderate business will be given by a Society leader for flowers to enliven her saloons and corridors on the occasion of a Parliamentary dinner, or a reception during the London season. The commands of such a *prima donna* of the world of fashion are attended to by those first-class West-end florists who are supposed to have the pick of the market. After them come the second-class dealers; and then what may be left of the wholesale salesman's stocks can be cleared by that ever-growing sisterhood of street flower-girls, who have done more than any other class to enliven the London thoroughfares with flowers during the last twenty years. These girls are extremely poor, many of them being Irish immigrants who have taken to flower-selling as a last resource; the battle of life goes hard with them at the best, and at times their life is more than anything else a struggle against starvation. The anomaly is that such subjects should prefer their oftentimes desperate lot to the really eligible openings which offer themselves. As Mr. John A. Groom has proved by means of his Flower Girls' Brigade, these youthful *fleuristes* are really very good material for the making of domestic servants after being sufficiently trained. Over a thousand have been thus withdrawn from the streets to pass through the Brigade which has its headquarters at Clerkenwell Close; but at first they are as opposed to such a discipline as Arabian fillies are to being caught and broken in to harness and regular work. Go into service? They almost prefer the House of Correction, or even "The House" itself, to such an experiment, although to them "the Union" is even lower down on the social ladder than the prison. An experience like the great frost of 1895 tells with them better than the most nicely put arguments, however. That phenomenal visitation killed many flower-sellers outright, while those who escaped with their lives became more tractable.

FLOWER GIRLS IN THE CITY

INTERIOR OF WORK-ROOM AT FLOWER GIRL'S MISSION HALL

The modern demand for flowers has of course ensured the supply, flower-growing now being one of the most considerable industries of the suburbs. Excursionists who have pretty well explored the radius, twelve miles from St. Paul's, are well aware that there is to be seen some of the prettiest scenery in England, especially the tract in which North Middlesex joins with South Hertfordshire. Few rural ramblers have so thoroughly explored this corner of Arcady as Charles Lamb did after he "came home for ever" from the India House to settle down at Enfield. In Elia's time there was of course here and there a nursery; but since the setting in of the age of flowers, one may often come upon the estate of a flower-grower on an extensive scale who depends for success chiefly on a vast assemblage of glass houses. Some of these may be set apart for grapes, cucumbers, or tomatoes, but others are for flowers. No matter what kind of climate or soil his exotics may like, he can humour their taste; and though there may be fog and frost outside he will send off their blooms carefully packed in wadded boxes as choice and as fresh as though they had just been gathered in the tropics. Certain of the flower supplies may come from lands across the sea, from France, the Channel Islands, the Scilly Isles; but the more delicate species do not take kindly to sea-voyages. Thus, the florist who is a master in his calling, knows little or nothing of agricultural depression. Only find him the kind of land that will suit him, and he is able to pay well for it. Years ago, before land fell in value, a market-gardener bought a large field in that picturesque part of North Middlesex just referred to; but as the soil was favourable for the purpose, a rose-grower gladly purchased the field at one hundred per cent premium on its original cost.

Markets in London become either notable successes or dismal failures. An example of the latter is the New Farringdon Market, which our enlightened and enterprising City Corporation have recently erected, that brings in this respect a thorough contrast to the crowded Floral Hall at Covent Garden, with its nearly three hundred stalls and extensive trade. The air is charged with perfume; the eye looks upon one of the choicest of shows that art and enterprise could bring together; and besides that, the market is as a clock which indicates the time of the changing year to one who knows what flowers come in each successive month. Not that it would tell you the exact season if you regard it as a mere garden, however; for while certain products can be had all the

year round, others will appear long before their proper season, and long after it, because they have been brought to perfection in forcing-houses. In warm spring and summer weather, when the outward surroundings are in keeping with the plentiful supplies, all beautiful to look at and sweet-smelling, the market is a sight for early risers to see. It presents quite a different phase of life, however, when there are twelve or fifteen degrees of frost in the air, and when each gas flame twinkles like a rush-light through the freezing mist. While the supplies are plentiful and cheap, or are comparatively so, in spring and summer, the flower-girl appears at her best; there may even be a smile of content on her pale and pinched features. It is during the cold and dark winter months, when even violets imported from France are at a famine price, and when a scant stock-in-trade is soon withered in the basket by an east wind blowing for snow, that the flower-girl's trials come on. Occasionally, and late at night at such a time, the agent of the Flower Girls' Brigade, acting on Mr. Groom's instructions, will pay its owner the value of her weather-ruined stock, and so prevent her from returning broken-hearted, to her one-room home in Drury Lane or at Seven Dials. It is not seldom either, in winter, that the fireless grate and the bare cupboard also have to be replenished by a messenger of mercy from Clerkenwell to save girls, women or children, from actual death.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKING

The liking for flowers appears to have become a national characteristic; and while the chief horticulturists may have their glass-covered gardens near London, all large towns now demand to have a supply of blooms so that the industry, as a whole, is one of considerable magnitude. It is also a healthy symptom, that the greater part of the supplies are really purchased by the people at large. We may hear of excessive prices being paid at New York or London for roses or orchids for some brilliant occasion; but that is a mere freak of the rich to have things out of season. The florist practically makes his revenue out of the middle and working classes, who can only pay popular prices. At the same time a very big order now and then during the height of the London season will rank among the curiosities of the trade, sums ranging from £500 to three times that amount being known to have been paid for the floral decorations of one ball. In one instance several tons of green leaves alone may be used. Of course nothing can be so magnificently effective in the way of decoration as leaves and blossoms, and rich people are willing to pay for them.

It seems to be an odd thing that there should be any connection between natural and artificial flowers; but from the street retailer's standpoint there is really a very close relationship. Thus, those who would altogether remove a young creature from the streets offer her a better livelihood at flower-making than she can possibly get by selling them. The Brigade already mentioned as having its head-quarters at Clerkenwell Close, has artificial flower-making for its staple industry, and those who become members receive weekly wages even before they have learned the art. If they show exceptional taste and skill, especially as pattern designers, they may advance till they earn twenty-five shillings a week when work is plentiful. The wax flowers of thirty or forty years ago are of course quite superseded.

Paris sets the fashion; and some dealers mark all goods in this department as of French make, in order to favour people's fancy. On account of

this prejudice France becomes the most powerful competitor of England, and aught that checks the supply from across the Channel stimulates the demand in London. On this account it happened that the golden age of the artificial-flower industry in London was at the time of the Franco-German war of 1870. All the goods that the London makers could turn out then found a ready market; but one of the worst times ever known was the period of ten years ending with the early part of 1889. After that the trade revived for a time, and then declined again; but at present, judging from the floral display on hats to be seen in the streets, the good time would seem to have returned.

Paris would appear to be the chief of supply for the best materials for artificial flower-making; but Manchester is entering into competition, especially when cheaper goods are required. The materials really consist of the more costly kinds of silk, velvet, sateen, muslin, plush, &c., these being for the most part spotlessly white, the colouring—oftentimes of several hues—being an after and very delicate artistic process. The material is most costly of all when silk velvet of the finest quality has to be used for certain kinds of flowers. When blooms of only one colour, such as geraniums or buttercups have to be produced, the manufacture is comparatively simple; but when a number of leaves, as in the case of the rose, have to be arranged, and some with silk, great skill is needed. The leaves have to be pressed into the natural shape by hot irons; and unless the colouring is properly done, the hues will fade while in wear.

Flowers in the market, in the street, in process of manufacture by the Girls' Brigade, suggest other things to which bare allusion alone can be made. The traffic in natural flowers is fast extending, and those who sell them are becoming quite a large class by themselves. The *bona fides*, as Mr. Groom would call them, are those who stick to the business through the four seasons; the interlopers, who are more likely to bring discredit on the sisterhood, imitate the swallows by retiring into warmer quarters on the approach of winter. Lowest down of all are those marble-hearted people who live on the money which little girls—trained to sell, beg, or steal in the streets—can bring home to them. In what is called an orphanage at Clacton-on-Sea, there are over a hundred of such subjects, ranging from babyhood to children of full school age, some being reclaimed from surroundings too horribly degrading to be described. There are several houses, all together making up quite a little village, and each is named after some well-known flower. Thus, the association with natural flowers in the street, and with the artificial ones of the Girls' Brigade is still both prettily and effectively maintained.

JOHN VANDERKEMP, M.D.

THE FIRST MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO AFRICA

By Dr. GEORGE SMITH, C.I.E.

OF the good and the great men whom the London Missionary Society commemorated in the hundredth year of its beneficent history, the earliest, and, perhaps the noblest, was the Rotterdam scientist, captain of dragoons, landed proprietor, and Doctor of Medicine of the University of Edinburgh, Johannes Theodorus van der Kemp. His name is from the same town of Kampen which Thomas à Kempis has made memorable. His career was almost as romantic as that of the East India sea captain, James Wilson, who carried the first thirty missionaries, chiefly artisans, to Tahiti and the South Seas in the good ship *Duff*. His scholarship was more exact and extensive than even that of his other contemporary, Robert Morrison, who first revealed the Chinese language to the West, and translated into it the Bible. His life among the Kafirs and Hottentots was even more self-sacrificing, and his practical

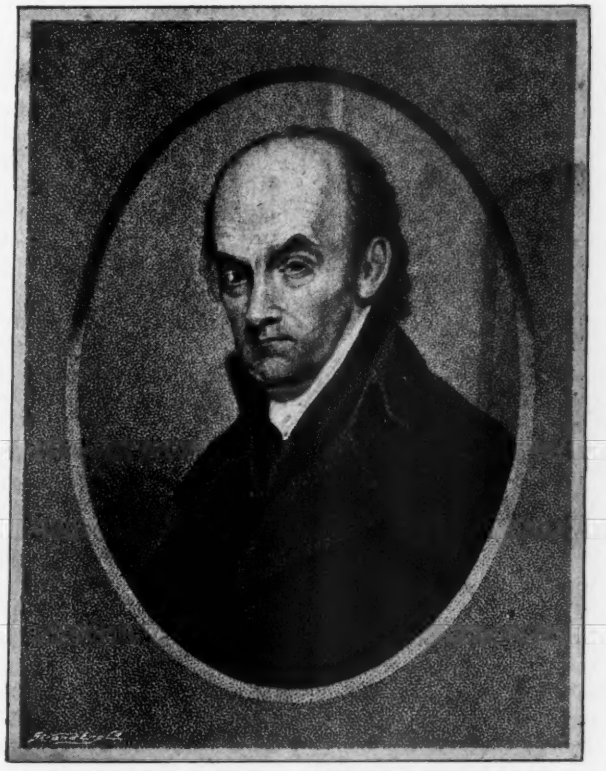
skill in handicraft more remarkable than those of his junior, John Williams, who opened the Pacific Ocean to the Gospel in a ship of his own construction, and died a martyr's death at Erromanga. Vanderkemp's twelve years in South and Eastern Africa pointed the way to Robert Moffat and David Livingstone, alike as a medical missionary and a philanthropic protector of the dark races against the selfishness of his Boer countrymen and of the English settlers. He was, finally, the first to project a mission to Madagascar, which only his death in 1811 compelled him to leave to successors, who have given the Hova nation the Christian civilisation which the French Republic is now unhappily threatening.

John Vanderkemp, as his name is always given by the English of whom he was proud to be a fellow citizen, was born at Rotterdam in the year 1747. He was the son of an evangelical Dutch minister, and the brother of a Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. After careful home training, the boy was sent to the High School of Leyden, and he passed at an early age into its University. His college career redeemed, by its brilliancy, the promise of his early boyhood. He mastered philosophy, mental and mathematical, and theology, but he started back from the Church under the double influence of scepticism and a life of pleasure. He became, to use his own language long after, the slave of vice and ungodliness. At twenty he entered the dragoon guards. Three years afterwards he received the brevet rank of captain, so thorough was his mastery of military tactics and his profession. Then he married Christina Helena Frank, and outwardly at least seemed to reform his habits of life. After sixteen years of remarkable military service, he returned to the University, where he began the practical study of medicine. Black and Hutton, the Bells and the Hunters, had at that time raised the Edinburgh school of science and healing to the position it has ever since maintained, and Vanderkemp, in the ripeness of his powers, sat for two years at the feet of its professors, and worked in its laboratories. In the year 1782 he there graduated M.D., the title of his thesis being "De Vita." Then he wrote and published a learned Latin treatise on Cosmology under the title of "Parmenides," a second edition of which appeared at Dort in 1798. In the same year he published at Leyden a second treatise, under the title of *Tentamen Theologiae Dunatoscopicae*, in which he applied his method to the question of the existence and attributes of God.

Confirmed in his purely rationalist Theism by his Edinburgh experience of the friends of David Hume, who had died not long before, and of Adam Smith, whose influence was supreme, Dr. Vanderkemp began to practise as a physician at Middelburg near Flushing. There his professional reputation, and now high personal character, made him known all over the Netherlands. He absolutely restricted the number of his patients to twelve, declaring that only thus could he study every case as it deserved, and give his undivided attention to the cure of each. At the height of his fame he suddenly retired to Dort, where he resolved to settle down as a country gentleman and give himself to literary research. He seems always to have enjoyed a good income. The old provincial town of Dort, or Dordrecht, stands on an island in the Maas, not far from one of the three mouths by which it falls into the North Sea. When he was boating with his family, on the 27th June 1791, a violent squall swept the river; his wife and daughter perished, and he was found by the crew of a drifting vessel, clinging to the upturned boat a mile below the scene of the disaster.

John Vanderkemp, then forty-three years of age, thus saved to bewail the loss of wife and child, became changed for ever. His bare Theism broke down. His opposition to the supernatural in the person of Christ disappeared. His remorse for the sins of his youth, for which he had sought pardon in continued prayer to God for punishment, and which "had proved utterly ineffectual to produce even the lowest degree of virtue in my soul," had resulted in despair. He had long given up partaking of the Lord's Supper, but now, entering church on the Sunday after his loss and his rescue, his prevailing impression was thus described by himself:—"Examine the Christian system once more and you will judge otherwise; but eat now of this bread and remember your new Master." His case was that of Augustine, and he found it described so accurately in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans that he was astonished. Writing of this time he

declared:—"When the Lord Jesus first revealed Himself to me, He did not reason with me about truth and error, but attacked me like a warrior, and felled me to the ground by the power of His arm." All this he afterwards worked out in his Dutch commentary on that Epistle which appeared at Dort in the year 1802 under the title of *Theodicée van Paulus*. The war with France led to the erection of a large hospital near Rotterdam, and Vanderkemp was at once appointed its director. Now his military experience and his medical skill were directed by the highest of all motives. The place became a house of rest and healing for both soul and body under his organisation. Like St. Paul, his moral antecedents caused him for a time to be distrusted by many, who closely watched his conduct. Personally he acted as chaplain to the sick every Sunday, and he supplied spiritual instruction and consolation by an evangelist of his own appointment.



JOHN T. VANDERKEMP, M.D.

While thus occupied he received from a Moravian correspondent at Herrnhut a copy of the address by which Dr. David Bogue, Scots Minister of Gosport, encouraged by the success of Carey's Baptist Society, appealed to "Professors of the Gospel" to send out twenty or thirty missionaries, and so founded the London Missionary Society on the 21st September, 1795. Deborah's curse of the inhabitants of Meroz, "because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty," so fell upon the great physician that he cried out, "Here am I, Lord Jesus; Thou knowest that I have no will of my own since I gave myself up to Thee to be spent in Thy service according to Thy pleasure . . . . lead me in the right way if there yet be any way of wickedness in me." He then invited the new society to issue an address to the people of Holland specially, by whom his Dutch translation was received "with uncommon avidity," being circulated by the thousand. It resulted in the foundation of the Netherlands Missionary Society in 1797, and the volunteering of young Kicherer as a missionary. Dr. Vanderkemp twice visited London, where his saintly wisdom and learning so impressed the directors that they urged him to undertake a mission to one of the civilised peoples of the East, whose language and philosophy he knew. But his humility and his foresight prevailed. William Carey and Schwartz were already in India, north and south; the *Duff* was going forth with its consecrated cargo to the South Seas. He would spend his life among the oppressed races of South Africa, and use its Eastern province as a stepping-stone to Madagascar.

So David Livingstone afterwards studied to be sent to China, and was diverted by war to Africa.

As if all the philosophy of Leyden, the science of Edinburgh, and the theology of Dort were insufficient to qualify this Dutch physician and gentleman to be the first medical missionary to Africa, he must needs work with his own hands in the labour of making bricks, so qualifying himself to be the first of a century of industrial missionaries, down to Mackay and James Stewart and Robert Laws. In the neighbourhood of London, the philanthropic scholar was seen toiling for many days in the brickfields, like another Peter the Great in the dockyards, as was remembered and said on Vanderkemp's death. The Scots Church in Crown Court, London, was the scene of his public ordination, when with his countrymen, Kicherer and Edwards, he was set apart, by ministers of all Evangelical sects, to begin and superintend the new mission to South Africa. He chose, for the conveyance of himself and the party to the Cape of Good Hope, the Government transport *Hillsborough*, which carried male convicts to Botany Bay. Just before Christmas day in 1798 she sailed in company with the *Duff*, which took out the second party of forty missionaries to the Pacific only to be captured by a French privateer near Rio Janeiro. After fifteen weeks of an awful voyage, of storm without and mortality within, the convict ship reached the Cape. Vanderkemp alone was able to quell the rioting of the prisoners, and save the officers from destruction. Disease followed mutiny, till the vessel became an infected hospital. Day and night the four missionaries ministered to the dying, while the doctor's skill saved not a few, and true converts to Christ were gained.

Vanderkemp was fifty-one years of age when he entered on his twelve years' mission. As a Netherlander, yet a Scottish University Graduate, and the first representative of a London Society, he seemed specially fitted to conciliate the warring colonist parties in South Africa. But these parties, and especially the Boers, have always been marked by unkind and even hostile treatment of the native races. Only the foresight as well as the sense of justice and humanity of men like Vanderkemp and Livingstone, Stewart and Don, has been able, with the occasional sympathy of governors like Sir George Grey, to rescue the stronger Kafir varieties, and prove that the "red" savages may be transformed into civilised wealth-producing Christian communities. Sir Francis Dundas, acting as Governor after April 1801, assisted the distinguished Netherlander; "the South African Society for Promoting the Spread of Christ's Kingdom" was founded in Cape Town; the Moravians, then at Bavian's Kloof, supplied a famous elephant-hunter as guide and interpreter, and De Beer, a godly Boer, received his countryman with joy when he preached his first sermon to the Kafirs, and speeded him on, through lions and snow-clad hills to Graaff-Reinet. There his first act was to find the latitude of the place. He carefully collected materials for an account of the religion, customs, population, language, history, and natural productions of the Kafirs and their country, which will be found in "The Missionary Transactions," vol. i. He was the first to prepare a Kafir dictionary, and for many a year all Kafir converts were known as "Vanderkemp's men."

His life threatened by Nggika, the chief, and deserted by his companion Edmunds, who desired to go to Bengal, Vanderkemp turned to the Hottentots, and removed with eighty of these to Botha's Place, some eight miles from Algoa Bay. There, associated with Mr. Read, he worked out his first industrial mission, encouraged by Governor Dundas, and the two ministered to the neighbouring English garrison.

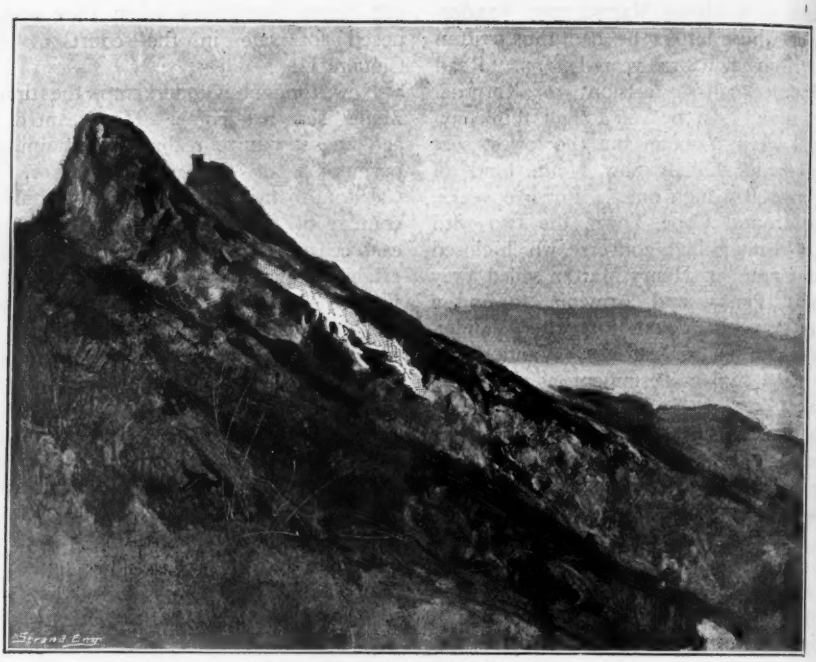
On the withdrawal of Great Britain and the restoration of the colony to Holland, Governor Janssens settled them to the west, at Zwart's Kopf river, and there their third mission of Bethelsdorp soon flourished. But Dutch ascendency encouraged the Boers to persecute Vanderkemp and Read as agents of an English society who were disturbing the labour market. The two missionaries were driven into Cape Town in time to witness the battle of Blaauwberg on January 8, 1806, when the colony became British for the second time. Sir David Baird, the Indian hero, invited Vanderkemp to advise him as to the native prisoners of war, and sent him back to Bethelsdorp, with the concession of land to his mission. It was at

this time that Henry Martyn met Vanderkemp, of whose letters he had thus written in his "Journal" three years before: "Read Dr. Vanderkemp's mission to Kafraria. What a man! In heaven I shall think myself well off if I obtain but the lowest seat among such, though now I am fond of giving myself a high one." For five weeks, in and around Cape Town, the two with Read held much high converse, which closed with this note, as Henry Martyn sailed away to India, Persia, and Armenia, to find a solitary grave in Tokat, just after Vanderkemp's death: "Dear Dr. Vanderkemp gave me a Syriac Testament as a remembrance of him."

Restored to his medical and industrial centre of light at Bethelsdorp, Vanderkemp made it more prosperous than ever. Of its thousand inhabitants in 1810, he writes that their "industry appears to increase. The work of God's converting grace is also manifest among the people. After six years' labour it has attained such a degree of solidity that it may be committed to the care of another missionary, which will enable me to devote some subsequent days of my far-advanced age to His service among some of the nations hitherto ignorant of the way of salvation." Here he completed his *Theodicée*, of which the editor in Holland had written in his preface to the first volume: "The author, who is really a great man but now become a child in the kingdom of heaven, is ready to sacrifice all earthly pleasures, and to make himself useful with all his knowledge and power, for the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ among the heathen." Here he wrote a manual of obstetrics for the use of his settlement. Here he continued, working at his own charges always, to redeem many from slavery. We learn indirectly from R. Philip's "Life of John Campbell of Kingsland," who was sent out to succeed him, that he married a native wife, daughter of a Hottentot, whom he had thus rescued. Never did missionary so live in the spirit of the Master, for the salvation of the lowest of every race and colour, the convict and the slave, since Eligius of Noyon (A.D. 588–658) ransomed our Saxon forefathers when they were exposed for sale in the court of King Clotaire II.

Now, thought Vanderkemp, the time for Madagascar had come. His dream of long ago he set out to realise, by obtaining the permission of the new Governor, Lord Caledon, to make a tour north through the country of the Tambookies and along the east coast to a point opposite Madagascar, establishing a chain of mission stations. It has taken nearly a century to complete his project, for Pondoland became British only the other day. While strengthening the base of all his operations, by stimulating missionary enthusiasm in Cape Town, and awaiting the arrival there of Mr. Pacalt to accompany him in his heroic but premature enterprise, he was cheered by Sir John Craddock, and by a letter from a missionary who had touched at the Isle of France on his way to India and told him Madagascar was open. But not to him for whom there was reserved the rest that precedes the higher service. On the 7th of December, 1811, he was seized with violent fever, and he passed away, leaving to his Society and the Church the legacy of his unfinished work, exclaiming, "Light."

In the eighty-five years since that bright Cape December the Light has been travelling around the Continent and into its darkest recesses. But as yet it is only the early dawn. Since the Saracens, following the Vandals as Augustine of Hippo lay dying, swept away the great missionary Church of North Africa, leaving only the miserable Copts and degraded Abyssinians, there have been four notable pioneers of the great army which is yet to take possession of Africa and its Madagascar island for Christ—Raimund Lull, Spaniard, martyr at Bona; Peter Greig, Scotsman, martyr near Sierra Leone; Vanderkemp of Rotterdam and Edinburgh, whose dust lies in Cape Town; and David Livingstone whose heart is buried in the centre of Africa, while his tomb in Westminster Abbey ever silently summons Great Britain not to rest till Light and Liberty have removed the old curse from the millions of Africa.



CASTLE OF VOLTERRAIO

A MONTH IN ELBA

By ISABELLA M. ANDERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. ARTHUR ROUSE AND HANSLIP FLETCHER

FIRST PAPER

AN atmosphere as invisible as that of Egypt, a sea of the clearest amethyst and emerald, merging into sapphire in the distance, and jealously guarded by a series of frowning headlands, now grey, now black, now red, with heart and veins of iron, that enclose miniature beaches and mysterious grottoes where the water sleeps peacefully in the arms of its lord; and within, a sea of vines embracing the feet of mountains clothed with pines, with lentisks that have watched the passage of centuries, with bushes of white heather taller than a tall man, with glaucous agaves, rigid and puritanical, with prickly pears, fantastic and repellent; the very air of a voluptuous quality: soft, velvety even, with the mingled odours of an infinite number of aromatic plants and herbs, sweet with the white amaryllis that fringes the sea. Such, in broad outlines, is the island for which Etruscans, Romans, Genoese, Pisans, Saracens, Spanish, French and English have fought, in which Victor Hugo was nursed into life, in which Napoleon was caged; a land of wine and iron, glowing with strength and passion.

A land of perfect peace and infinite possibilities does this island seem as one drifts along the coast, watching the fish dart below the keel of the boat, rounding the islets that look as though they had skipped from the mainland in play and were intent on their own reflection in the water; as one swims into grottoes purple-roofed, over water of the purest aquamarine, and looks through the narrow opening across the twinkling sea outside; or, as one walks through miles of

vineyard in which grow the choicest grapes, or climbs up to the iron quarries, where the mountain is being simply dug away.

Yet, the deepest impression made on the mind of a visitor to Elba is not so much that of the future prosperity of the island, for all its resources, as of its past importance. Almost every peak bears its ruined castle; headland after headland was fortified in the Middle Ages by Powers jealously tenacious of their rights; the iron quarries, now comparatively little known, were worked unremittingly by the ancients, witness Virgil's well-known line:

"Insula inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis,"

and witness the iron slag that proves the existence in Roman times of furnaces for refining the ore; the very wine, delicious as it is, is no longer the great source of wealth it was some years ago, partly on account of the phylloxera which has lessened the production, partly because the customs-war between Italy and France stopped its export to the country which afforded the most profitable market, partly for the reason that the peasants are primitive enough to insist on selling the unadulterated juice of the grape to a public that prefers manufactured wines.

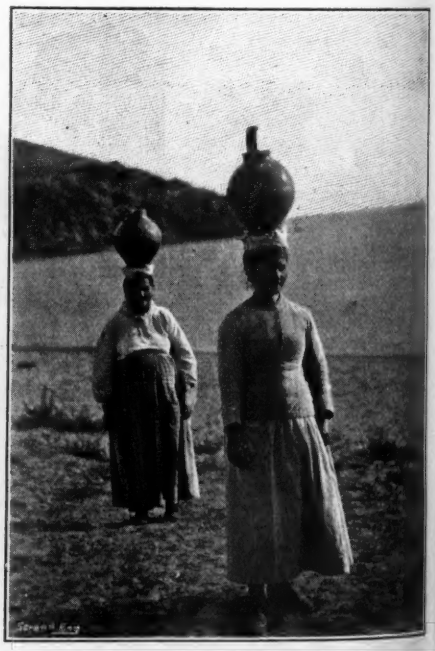
All this adds to the sense of repose; the past is so long past, the future seems still so far off. And meanwhile the peasants and the small proprietors prune their vines and shell their almonds, and use their old-fashioned lamps, and dance barefoot on *festas* to the music of a concertina, either at their own houses or at the *palazzo* of a neighbouring large proprietor. They give each other nicknames, which gradually supplant the surnames, descending from father to son after the fashion of primitive times. Thus a man who thought a good deal of himself was called *il Papa* (the Pope), whereupon his sons and sons' sons are called *Papini* (little Popes); a man noted for his patience was called *Giobbe* (Job) and his children are known as *Giobbetti;* a man who once wore a coat that was too long for him has ever since been called the Doctor; another from a bad stroke at bowls rejoices in the name of Scatterer (*il Baracone*), and who should now call him John would be scarcely understood. They intermarry largely. They troop from all parts of the island on donkeys and diminutive horses to the *festas*

VOLTERRAIO, INSIDE OF CASTLE

of the various miraculous Madonnas, not omitting to go down to the nearest beach on the eve of a *festa* and wash according to traditional custom. They preserve local differences and hostilities that tell of difficult intercommunication: thus a Lacona man will tell you that the men of Capoliveri,* whose township he can see perched on a hill to the east, are "*danniferi;* what they have with their eyes they must also have with their hands," he adds, as he picks up a bunch of unripe grapes, wantonly broken off and thrown away. No one but a Capoliveri man would commit damage of that sort.

The earliest among the buildings that tell of the past importance of the island is the Castle of Volterraio. A ride along the hills overhanging the gulf of Portoferraio brings us to the foot of the precipice on which it stands, rising, with the sheer rocks that form part of the building, out of a tangled mass of low growth, from which, every now and again springs a graceful wild olive. By only one path is the place accessible. Path is a courtesy title. The way up is a scramble, often on hands and feet, up smooth, slippery, slanting masses of jasper rock in whose crevices flourish rounded, hedgehog-like cushions of the most cross-grained thorns. Ten minutes' climb brings us to an ancient wall with a gap, where was once a gate, and a strongly built, vaulted guard-house. Up again, over short grass this time, and we come to the low, narrow doorway at the top of a steep flight of steps, sheer down on one side, without any trace of railing. At the bottom of the steps a hole in the ground gives evidence that an upright there supported a further defence of some sort. Inside, where armed men fought, a couple of fig-trees flourish greatly, and the ground is a series of heaps of grass-covered *débris* that sound strangely hollow as one stamps on them. The sentinel's round within the castellation of the walls is still intact. At some little distance on each side of the tower, which forms the south-eastern corner, it stops short, and deep holes for uprights in the parapet show clearly that a drawbridge on each side enabled the defenders to isolate the tower and fight to the last gasp. At one place it widens out. A number of men could make a stand there; the inner wall is pierced with many loop-holes, and these all converge on one place: the steps leading up to the wall, and the well at the bottom of them. One can creep too, into a number of dungeon-like recesses in the walls, or clamber through a hole down a steeply inclined ledge of rock to a little underground chamber having a recess like a rough bed on one side, lighted by a hole in the rock that forms the roof, and another in that which looks over the gulf. A small opening, defended by an outwork puts this underground cell into communication with the outer world; but the outwork is evidently a comparatively late structure.

All this is absolutely lonely, save for a few goats that now and again make their way up, and the falcon that screams and wheels overhead. Once it was the storehouse of the Etruscans of Volterra, who, drawing iron,



ELBAN WATER-CARRIERS

* That Capoliveri was a Roman town seems to be proved by the manuscript of a Goth, quoted as travelling in these parts in about 530 A.D. He tells us that the right name of the place is *Caputliberum*, for that Roman exiles deported to this village, without any difficulty, obtained the liberty of walking outside the walls within the jurisdiction of the city. It must have been a sort of *Domicilio Coatto*. The author of the manuscript is called by Ninci and Lambardi *Celeteudo* or *Celteuso*.

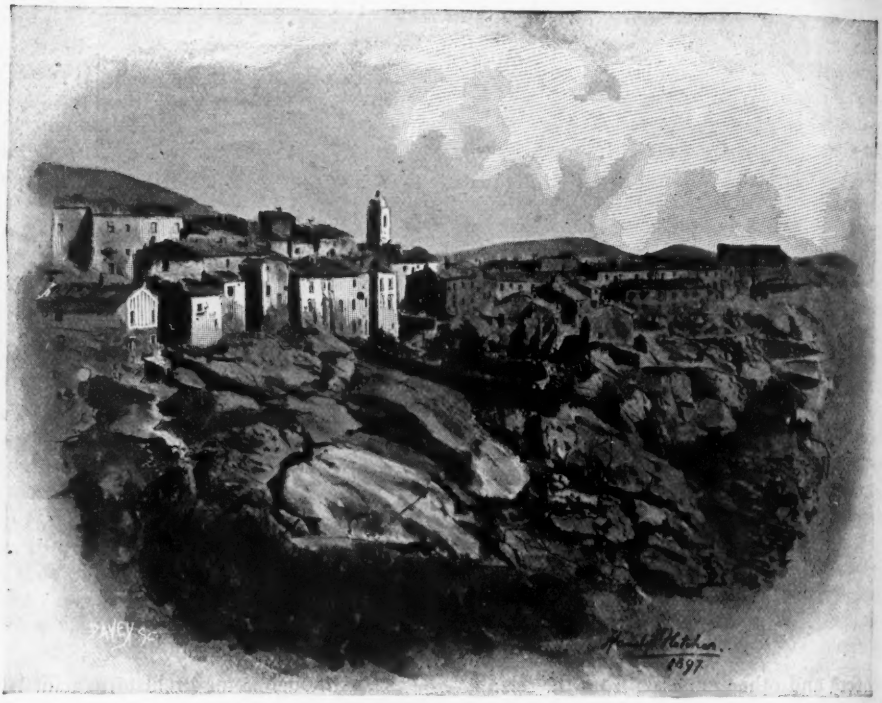
ELBAN PEASANT BOYS

copper* and other minerals from the island, built the Volterraio as a defence for themselves and their treasures in case of sudden assault. It has stood many sieges, has heard the oaths of many nations in Roman and Mediæval times and is now falling to decay; for Turks and Saracens roam the seas no more, and the island it helped so long to guard has become part of a united peaceful kingdom.

Quite the most curious proofs of the ancient importance of the island are to be found between the little villages, of S. Ilario and St. Piero di Campo, overlooking the southern coast. We are in a granite country from which the stone is exported for sculptural and architectural purposes. No need of quarries to obtain it though; it lies scattered over hill and valley in huge blocks, as though some prehistoric giant had dumped cart-load after cart-load with the idea of raising some enormous building, but had been cut off by a god in the midst of his operations. They have a certain defiant air about them, still, those masses of granite. They shrug a shoulder at you from under the houses, they poke out a rounded back in the very middle of the church wall, they lie across your path in winking, slippery masses, nourishing thorns in their bosoms on to which you may fall, and then, if you look up suddenly, you may see one that has climbed on to the shoulders of his brethren and with feathered cap stuck awry, and big empty eye-sockets, is grinning down at you with unholy, sardonic mirth. Every little fold in the hill-side shut in strangely from the outside world, has its chestnut grove and its running stream; but even here there is something uncanny, and no peasant will put his lips to that water without making the sign of the cross above it; he fears he may become possessed by the spirits that haunt it. It is curious, however, that if he takes the water in a glass he considers himself free from the danger.

In the midst of all this weird desolation rise two Roman buildings at some little

* The copper mines, mentioned by Aristotle, are no longer open. That they were worked by the Etruscans was first proved by Raffaello Foresi, when, in 1865, he made known the discovery of various bronze objects. These were found by one of the Foresi peasants near the entrance into the ancient copper mines above Portoferraio, together with a mould for receiving the melted bronze. Finely-worked bronze ornaments were found about the same time during an investigation made at Foresi's suggestion, associated in a sepulchral cavern with skulls of Etruscans and Ligurians.



ST. PIERO DI CAMPO

distance from each other; one a spacious ancient church, the other a square tower. They are built of beautifully hewn blocks of granite, oblong or square, but mostly square, at the surface, put together without mortar. The door of the church is low and square, not arched; its face is pierced just under the roof (now fallen in) by a rounded window formed of smaller slabs of stone, also without mortar, in which a bell formerly hung, but which does not give one the idea of having been built for a belfry. The building is rather oblong than square, and was apparently divided into two unequal portions by a low granite wall, which does not seem to have much in common with an altar-railing—it is too much towards the middle of the church and appears to have been altogether too strong a construction. The apse is extraordinarily shallow, pierced by three of the loopholes that at long intervals serve as windows to the church. There are no traces of pillars.

At some distance from the church the granite rocks have piled themselves into a peak that looks straight over the underlying plain to the sea beyond. Here stands the tower. "The solidity of its walls," writes that most conscientious, but not very critical historian, Giuseppe Ninci,* "the smallness of its rooms, the great difficulty of access, show it to have been one of those terrible prisons in which pined for long years those unfortunates who, exiled from their native land, were sent off to the islands." If prisoners were put there, it must have been to starve, and for that they might surely have been shut up in some place which would cost less to build. There is but one side on which it can be approached, and even there a man must twice grasp the edge of the rock above his head and draw himself up by sheer force of biceps before he reaches the base of the tower. Once there he discovers that he must repeat the operation, for there is no door, only a

* "Storia dell'Isola dell'Elba." Giuseppe Ninci. Portoferraio, 1815.

window above his head, which he can reach by stretching up his arms. The tower consists of two low rooms one above the other, with walls a metre thick. Was it really a prison or was it not rather a watch-tower, or a tower of refuge? Otherwise what should it be doing there all alone on its granite base? Was there once a Roman or an Etruscan city round that large church or temple? Yet, the huge granite blocks look as though man had never attempted to oust them for his advantage. Wanted, an archeologist's report before these writings of past history become still further obliterated.

St. Piero di Campo is well worth lingering in for a while on one's return from San Giovanni. It was always a favourite landing-place for hostile ships, the plain below being fertile, and the gulf sheltered. The castle, therefore, contained everything that could be wanted in case of siege: a church, and a graveyard in addition to the usual means of defence. It is a square, massive building, with but one small entrance. The church is extremely ancient. The roof, low and vaulted, is supported on two short, thick granite columns, one having a roughly carved capital which is well worth study, the other none at all. The walls have been barbarously whitewashed, but in two or three places where the whitewash has been chipped off, there stand revealed the figure of early 15th-century frescoes executed by a Tuscan artist. One or two figures have been laid bare as a matter of curiosity, and it appears probable that the whole church is frescoed in the same way. If so, and the Campesi would undo their barbarism, it would be worth a pilgrimage to see.

ELBAN PEASANT-WOMAN SPINNING

AN OX-CART—ELBA

We are indebted for the illustrations to photographs which have been kindly lent to us by Signor Mario Foresi, the well-known Elban poet.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN HOUSE AT ROME

By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE AND M. BARING-GOULD

FIRST PAPER

CERTAINLY the most unique discovery made during the last decade among the antiquities of Rome has been that of the house of the martyrs John and Paul on the Cœlian Hill. Hitherto we have been familiarised with the interiors of pagan dwellings, by those excavated at Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the houses of Livia at Prima Porte and on the Palatine Hill, but no Christian house had hitherto been revealed by the spade. Now we have one, and that one belonging to men of whom we know something.

FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF THE SAINTS
(*The windows are now blocked up*)

The story of this house is, in itself, a romance.

During the reign of Constantine the Great, his daughter or niece, Constantia, lived in Rome. She lived in the imperial palace which was not occupied by the Emperor, who was at Byzantium, or if not occupying the entire palace, resided in a part of it, and she had in attendance on her John and Paul as chamberlains, brothers and Christians. She died shortly after Constantine, and the chamberlains remained on in the palace to the accession of Julian the Apostate, in 361.

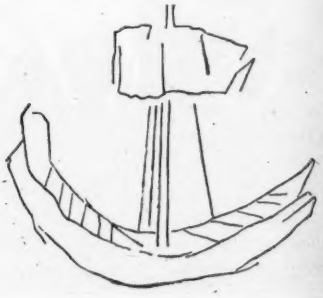
Julian at once sent orders that all imperial officers and servants were to sacrifice to the genius of the Emperor and do worship to his image, which was the "short way with dissenters," that had been devised by the Flavian emperors.

John and Paul refused to obey, and were ordered to retire to their house till Julian had been communicated with and his pleasure known.

The Emperor sent orders that they must obey or be put to death. If they continued stubborn, they were to be privately executed in their own house and buried in the cellar. The Emperor particularly desired that no publicity should be given to the case, lest the Christians of Rome should exalt these refractory officials to the position of martyrs.

Accordingly, a centurion and some soldiers proceeded to the house of the brothers on the Cœlian Hill, and on their remaining steadfast in their refusal to give idolatrous worship to the image of the Emperor, they were decapitated and then buried in the cellar. The slaves had been kept apart and were cautioned to say nothing. The matter, however, could not be kept concealed, and a great number of the faithful came to the house to see and pray at the place where the martyrs had suffered. On learning this, the centurion came to the Cœlian, drove the devotees away with violence and even killed three of the most persistent. The names of these three were Crispus, Crispinianus, and a woman, Benedicta.

Julian perished in 363; and the death of the martyrs took place in July 362.



SHIP, SCRATCHED ON THE WALL

PART OF DECORATION OF ONE ROOM

Julian was succeeded by Jovian, who died in 364, and was followed by Valentinian I. The Emperors were now Christian.

Immediately on the death of Julian, Byzantius, father of Pammachius, the correspondent of St. Jerome, interested himself in the matter. The recent martyrdom was in all mouths, and a rush of pilgrims and visitors to the house was an inevitable result.

An oratory was erected over the tomb of the martyrs, and Pammachius somewhat later, at his own expense, built a noble basilica above the place of the martyrdom and interment. This was completed in 410, forty-eight years after the martyrdom of the chamberlains. This basilica consisted of an oblong church of nave and side aisles, with an apse to the west, and to the east a square courtyard with cloister on all sides and a water-tank in the midst. By means of a series of steps visitors could descend into the "Confession," or place where the bodies of the saints reposed in the cellar of their own house, but now enclosed in a decent square chest of alabaster slabs.

Through the incursions of the Vandals and Goths in 410, 445, and 537, the basilica was ruined and fell into neglect. But in Lent, the stations continued to be made to the tombs of the martyrs and always commenced with that of John and Paul, the sole tomb within the old walls of Rome. In the eighth century Adrian I. executed some repairs to the dilapidated church, but in 1158 a new and stately church was erected on the spot by Nicolas Breakspear, the English pope who assumed the title of Adrian IV., and he removed the bones of the saints from their ancient resting-place, and enclosed them in a porphyry urn which he set under the high altar.

In the seventeenth century the church was much vulgarised and modernised.

In early times the bodies of Saints John and Paul were the only ones preserved within the walls of Rome, and that because of their having been secretly interred there by Julian's orders. In the sacramentary of St. Leo (440–461) in the preface of SS. John and Paul, it is said: "Of Thy merciful providence Thou hast vouchsafed to crown not only the circuit of the city with the glorious passions of the martyrs, but also to hide in the very heart of the city itself the victorious limbs of St. John and St. Paul."

Adjoining the church is a monastery of the Passionists, and access to it and to the church is obtained by a narrow lane or street, that runs up the south side of the Church.

Now a few years ago Padre Germano, one of the Passionist fathers, in studying the long blank south wall of the church observed that it was by no means an erection of either Adrian IV. or of Pammachius, that, in fact, it was an old street-front of a house of three storeys; the lower formerly opened on to the street by six arches, above which were ranges of bedroom windows. All these had been blocked up; but no sooner had Padre Germano called attention to the fact, than it flashed on the minds of antiquaries that the south wall of the church was nothing other than the street-front of the house of the martyrs, which had been used first by Pammachius and then by Adrian IV. What is more, this is the only street-front of an old Roman house, extant in Rome.

Padre Germano at once conceived the idea that, as the floor of the church was

THE MILK AND THE SHEEP—PAINTED ON A WALL

level with the floor of the first storey of bedrooms, all the reception-rooms must be buried under it. He obtained permission from the Superior to explore, and with great difficulty collected a small sum to pay the cost of excavation.

I was in Rome the winter of 1889, when this exploration was begun, and again during the winter of 1890, when it was approaching completion; and as I made the acquaintance of the Padre, I was able to be present at the excavations and to follow them; and in the spring of 1890 I conducted the English and American visitors over the discovered house of the saints, and gave them an account of it, at the request of the English Archæological Society at Rome.

Since then more has been dug out, and now nearly the whole of the ground floor of the house has been revealed, as also the cellars and baths, all of which had been buried by rubble and earth when the successive churches had been erected over the "confession" of the martyrs.

The face to the street extends some 110 feet, and is pierced, as already intimated, by six arches, the three westernmost of which gave access and light to three important chambers, and these in turn communicated with three others lying north, which three gave further access to three more in the same northerly direction, opening on the courtyard, from which a flight of steps led to the upper storey.

A flight of steps, moreover, communicated with the bath, furnace, cellars, and the water supply, the Aqua Claudia.

It is not necessary, nor would it be of general interest, to detail the peculiarities of structure of this house; it will be sufficient to describe some of the rooms and the discoveries made in them. Now, the reception-chambers had all been elaborately and beautifully decorated with paintings on the walls and the vaulted ceilings. But after the martyrdom and the influx of devout visitors, these decorations were greatly damaged; as far as the hands could reach the visitors picked off bits of the plaster, perhaps to preserve as relics, perhaps out of mischief. But they also scribbled on the plaster of the walls with sharp instruments, and some of these graffiti are interesting. One Rufina has scratched her name, another has written "Vivas," a third has drawn a ship.

The original house and its decorations belong to two periods; part of it is of the second, and part of the third century. The principal apartment is also that which has its ornamentation best preserved. The walls were painted to imitate slabs of variously veined marble. Above this is a frieze of standing nude figures of men supporting wreaths of flowers and foliage. One of these figures is winged, the rest have a short cloak (*clamys juvenilis*) behind them, introduced

WOMAN IN PRAYER—PAINTED ON THE CEILING

for artistic purposes. Between them are various birds on the ground, and birds flutter above the garlands. The vault and arcade formed by the vault are filled with vine leaves and buds and small genii chasing the birds and plucking grapes. The whole is on a ground of creamy white. This is very similar to the ornamentation in the old cemetery of Domitilla, and to that of a vault in the catacomb of Prætextatus. It is probably pagan, and belongs to the second century. There are, however, no specially pagan figures in the decoration.

A second room has distinctively Christian ornamentation. The walls were painted to look as though encased in marbles, and with false recesses and arcades in it. Above this runs a frieze of no particular character, but the vault at once claims attention. Portions of the plaster and painting have fallen, yet enough remains to show what were the subjects represented. There is the Tree of Life, with two goats running to it; a man reading a volume; another with a long scroll, standing between two pilasters, one supporting a vase; and a woman in the attitude of prayer, with arms extended to form a cross.

In the angles of the vault are heads or masks of no distinctive character.

There can be no doubt as to these frescoes belonging to the third, or early part of the fourth century, and to their being Christian. The Padre Germano noticed a swelling of the plaster in one place, like a blister, and on picking off the covering layer of lime, found beneath a leaden pellet, on which was the sacred sign. The plasterer had apparently held this little piece of lead against the wall whilst he covered it with lime preparatory to the whole being painted, and left it there fastened by the coat he had applied, as token that the work had been done by a Christian.

In another part of the house is a very significant painting. It represents the vessel containing the pure Milk of the Word, and one lamb is approaching to drink of it, whilst another resolutely turns away its head.

A white marble bust was found among the *débris* filling the room, the head of a young man, of a size somewhat larger than life. It is clearly a portrait bust, and probably represents one of the ancestors of the martyrs.

One relic of paganism was discovered, a small altar or table for libations, that may have been thrown aside when the family adopted Christianity; also a fragment of a moulded glass vessel, with a representation on it of Bacchus in the midst of vines.

The cellar was excavated, and found to contain its ranges of bottles, amphoræ with sharp points so as to plunge them in sand or ashes. One of these, broken, has on it an undecipherable inscription in Greek and the monogram of Christ between the Alpha and the Omega. Another, quite perfect, is sealed with the sacred monogram. One glass bottle bears the stamp of the maker, Avidius Dancæus, who has been conjectured to have been an Irish manufacturer of bottles in Rome.

AMPHORA WITH SACRED SYMBOL

KATE KEITH

By JANIE M. CLERK

"THERE are haythens and haythens—but I think myself the bleck ones are no the worst kind! For my pairt, I think a strong young lass wha' lies in her bed hours after the sun is up, wi' a' her work liein' waitin' on her, is worse nor any haythen! Losh! I'd like to see me in my bed after five o'clock when I was your age! And here comes you at *eight*, and not even ashamed, but just 'I was tired.' Tired—Huch!"

An indescribable and unspellable sound

expressive of the highest contempt, and a clatter of milk-pails finished the sentence. I laughed to myself and looked out to see what was going on below the window.

I knew the speaker was old Kate, and guessed that Jean, the lazy young dairy-maid, was the object of attack, and I was right. The old woman, sturdy and indignant, had just set down two frothing pails of milk that she had brought in from the byre, and was eyeing with scorn the young one whose work it should have been, but who was hurrying out — two hours behind time. To escape a further scolding the culprit snatched up the pails and fled to the dairy, while Kate, grumbling and wrathful, stumped off to feed her chickens. This was a lengthy process, and required more skill and activity than one would imagine—for the whole poultry-yard had to be kept at bay—but Kate was equal to the task. Armed with a long hazel switch she dived here and "shooed" there, maintaining an unbroken ring around the little flock timidly pecking at their curds and dough, keeping up all the while a running fire of remarks that, to one who did not know her "ways," would have been puzzling to understand.

A Dorking cock, stately and dignified, was addressed as "Dr. MacQueen" and advised to "mind his ain parish," receiving a tap with the switch that caused his "reverence" to skip sideways in a most undignified manner; while a melancholy turkey trying to edge her way in unnoticed was speedily routed and told that she was "a real sly lady, and no half so nice as her sister, Miss Katie Mownie!" For to Kate, who had a rich fund of humour, all these creatures had distinct personalities and dispositions of their own, and were named by her accordingly after the various celebrities of her acquaintance whom they were supposed to resemble.

What a fine old woman she was! Standing there in the Manse courtyard in her short grey wincey skirt and striped "short-gown," square and sturdy in spite of the eighty years that "lay at her back," cheery, hearty and free from care, although she had not a penny laid by, having been too open-handed to any one who had claimed her help on the plea of kinship, which she was ready to recognise to the twentieth degree. In her younger days she had served for many years in the Manse and had now returned to it in her old age, confident of a welcome, and of getting her "bite and sup and corner by the fire," as she put it, while on her part she thought she was of immense use to her mistress in acting drum-major to the younger servants, and in doing various odd jobs, such as taking charge of the poultry, &c. She was a fine specimen of a class now nearly extinct—the typical old Highland servant, faithful, honest, and self-respecting, identifying herself so completely with the family she served that their joys and sorrows were hers. Her stories of bygone days and customs were many and varied, and were interesting as being the experiences of a woman with a shrewd mind, a keen sense of humour, and a clear memory of people and ways of more than seventy years ago, and she loved to get any one to listen to these "clavers." She had served in several of the "big houses" in Mull and Argyllshire, beginning "life" at the early age of seven, when she had charge of a flock of goats at Ardgour, and she used to describe how, when she was "a wee lass, not more nor seven year old, I wad be oot afore six o'clock lookin' after the goats—you see every house then keepit its flock o' goats for the makin' o' cheeses. Man!" (a favourite expression of hers) "it was beautiful to be up and oot on a fine summer morn settin' there on a knowe wi' the goats and the bonny bit kids all jumpin' and nibblin' amang the rocks, and the air so fresh and clear, and the loch liein' oot so calm, sprinkled up and doon wi' boaties at the fishin'. I wad hae a bit o' cake and cheese in my pocket and my catechism to learn; I daur say I could say some o' them yet, the questions I learned then. The Cornel himself gave me a shillin' the day I got it all by hairt. He was a kind-hairted man—Ardgour."

Although Kate's Gaelic was of the purest, her English was very mixed, being half Scotch with very little of the Gaelic idiom.

"It's a real pity they don't mak' cheeses o' goat's milk noo. I mind the Cornel used to say he liked it better nor Stilton. And it's a pity, too, that leddies don't look after their dairies themselves, like they used to do when I was young. There was Leddy Cam'l now, a real lady and a grand housekeeper,

I can see her yet, standin' there in the dairy in her clogs, wi' her silk goon kilted up and a big linen apron on her, watchin' us at the cheese-makin' or the saltin' o' the butter. She wad be peckin' here and peerin' there, tastin' the cruds and judgin' the butter, and the lazy lass that wadna be mindin' what she was about wad be gettin' a skelp on the arm from her leddyship's ain hand! She wad be questionin' us a' about the sermon on the previous Sabbath, and giving us good advice too about our conduct and our sweethearts. She was real kind-hearted, her leddyship, though she had a sharp w'y wi' her too, and I often wished I had taken mair heed to many things she said. She was a verra religious woman, though we didna care for her fault-findin' at the time. Where wad ye find a mistress o' the present day that wad take a like interest in her servants I wad like to ken?"

Besides "looking well to the ways of her household," Lady Campbell kept a strict eye on the doings of her family, and Kate used to laugh till she wheezed, telling of how she had once befriended Miss Anne, "her leddyship's niece and a real bonny young leddy," who had incurred the displeasure of her aunt by favouring the suit of "a young gentleman frae Edinburgh" when her ladyship had other views for her.

"I was oot in the laundry one efternoon—it was a bit from the house, near one of the lodges—and I observed the young lawyer gentleman goin' oot at the gate wi' a pair o' oars on his shoulder, and then in a wee while Miss Anne pops her head in at the door, her cheeks red wi' the runnin', and 'O Katie dear,' ses she, 'if her leddyship comes this way never let on that you've seen him and me gaun oot in the boatie!' 'Never fear, Miss Anne,' ses I, and then she was oot at the gate and aff after him like a lintie! Weel, shortly after up comes her leddyship wi' her eye-glesses on—yon was always the sign her temper was up—and her heid very high, and *rap* wi' her stick on the door.

"'Kate,' ses she, 'have you seen Miss Anne gaun by?'

"'Miss Anne, my leddy?' ses I, 'I've been ironin' here a' the efternoon.'

"'I ken that,' ses she, quite sharp, 'and you must hae seen if Miss Anne or any *other* person passed by this way?'

"'Mebbe I would, your leddyship, if I had been lookin', but I've mair to do than watchin' a' that passed, wi' a hale cartload o' napery waitin' on me!'

"She gied me one o' her sharp looks and marched off with her heid up and her staff goin' *rap* wi' deturmination, and oot at the gett and after them! Losh! I was interested to see if the poor things had their bit pleasure sail together, for Miss Anne was keepit a reg'lar prisoner whenever Mr. Dunlop was in the country, and I climmed up on the ironin'-table and keeked through the window, and I lauched to see the boatie fairly oot on the loch and her leddyship jist rampagin. She was weel enough pleased wi' the match after a'; Miss Anne, you see, got her ain way in the end, for he became a lord o' session, and was very weel off."

A reminiscence of hers that we never tired of was one of Mull, in that far-off time when summers were summers, and our great grandmothers seemed to have counted on unbroken sunshine from May till September. Kate, then little more than a child, was in service in the house of "the Duke's" factor, or "chamberlain" as he was then styled, and took part with the rest of the household in the annual festival that was held on the "fank-day," when the sheep were clipped, which was always at the beginning of June.

On that day the whole establishment was early astir, the shepherds, of course, off to the hill before daybreak to collect the sheep, then the dairymaid and "Peggy Kitchen," with the numerous "satellites," that revolved round the Highland kitchen of these days, departed in charge of the well-filled baskets, in a laden cart which wended its slow way up the "brae-face," and last of all "Fear-an-tighe' himself," the master, or literally "the man of the house." Kate described him as "a pretty gentleman, no' very tall, but weel made, tight and trig, wi' a weel-turned leg, and looking very braw when he was dressed on the Sabbath wi' pouther in his hair, and twa waistcoats, a rid one showing above a buff one, and full ruffles on his shirt. Weel, he wad give his arm to his leddy, and they wad step up the brae to the fank, wi' the young leddies and the boys, indade the whole establishment wad be on the hill that day."

I wish I could describe as vividly as she

told it what must have been a pretty picture of the old pastoral, patriarchal life of the Highlands—that busy "fank," or fold, beside the burn on the green hillside. Doubtless the same type of stalwart shepherds, the huddled sheep and watchful fighting collies may be seen at any Highland sheep-shearing at the present day, but the presence of the master and mistress overlooking their men and maidens, and turning work into a high holiday, is of the past.

All forenoon the master sat on a big stone at the fank gate, note-book in hand, keeping count of the fleeces, "wi' an eye as sharp's a gled's, and it would be a nim'le-fingered man that wad cheat him," while the mistress, surrounded by her daughters and maidens, rested in a sunny nook among the rocks until it was time to superintend the spreading of the home-spun damask, which was soon covered with all the good things of the season. Kate loved to roll off the long list which sounded most appetising. "There wad be saumon and cold roast meats, pies and chickens, gooseberry fule, cruds and cream, cream cheese, and bread of every variety—Peggy Kitchen wad be at the bakin' for days afore hand. Then there wad be cans o' sweet milk, claret for himself, and a glass o' whisky for the men; and there wad be the same good things for the servants' table and for a' the children, and though there had been enough brocht up to feed a regiment, there wadna' be a crumb carried hame—the very dogs got a feast that day! Ay! it was a gran' ploy, and no one enjoyed it more than wee Miss Jessie—himself's granddaughter; she wad be like to go off her bit heid wi' joy, playing wi' the shepherds' children at hooses in the rocks, and chasin' up and doon so that she wad be fair worn-out, poor wee lamb, and sound asleep when Murdoch shepherd wad carry her doon, rowed up in his plaid, when the day's wark and fun was by, and they wad be a' for hame."

Then the shadows fell on that green hillside, and the setting sun flamed across the Sound of Mull to the hills of Morven, and with these heralds of night came silence—a silence that is now for ever unbroken.

In the old Highland harvest-field the woman who could sing a good "shearing song" was welcomed, but when she could also wield her sickle with the best man there she was looked upon with high respect. Kate excelled at both, although on one occasion her laurels were nearly taken from her, and that by a Lowlander.

Only nearly, however, for, as she would tell with great pride, "I was *deturmined* no' to be beat—and by a south-country wumman frae Ayrshire!" (with infinite contempt) "and though she was near twice as big as me I keepit aside her the whole day till I was fit to drop. Man! I wrocht as I never wrocht afore, and I managed to sing too when I had scarce a breath to spare, but she got aheid in spite o' me, and I saw them lauchin' at me. I wadna stan' *that*, and I put on a spurt and wan in afore her, but my face was as rid's the fire, and I was fair done."

Like most Celts, she heartily disliked regular hours and steady systematic work, and it was characteristic of her that when set to tease wool every hard or knotty tuft was quickly disposed of in the fire! But give her a "spring cleaning" or "blanket washing," or, best of all, the "waulking" of a web, and she was in her glory. Nothing tired her, body or spirit; her cheeriness was infectious, and bursts of laughter and endless songs with swinging choruses would be heard wherever she presided. She had a genius for improvising, and while the others took up the chorus she would compose a new verse, which would often contain a sly hit at some awkwardness or slowness on the part of her companions, but it was done so wittily and with such spirit that no offence could be taken. The dressing of the harvest "maiden," or "doll," was always superintended by her, the children being directed how to make a marvellous frock of white foolscap, begged from "the study," ornamented with rows of nicks, holes, and scallops, which, pinned round the sheaf and finished off with a blue ribbon, looked quite smart, the maiden's golden head standing well out of the stiff drapery. This goddess graced the centre of the supper-table, and was afterwards carefully kept till the following spring and given as a tit-bit to the horses that turned the first furrow.

Kate loved to preside at such a festivity, and was cheery and hospitable, and ready for any number of songs—hers having a blyther "lilt" than any of the others, while

the linked handkerchiefs of the company waved rhythmically round the table in the pretty old Highland fashion of keeping time.

I may mention that such a lover of all things Highland as the late Principal Shairp never came to the Manse without asking that Kate might be summoned to the study to sing to him—for even in her old age her voice was sweet and true, and full of expression—but she used to say she never could "do justice" either to herself or the song before the Principal, she was "that nervous." One of his favourites, which she really did "justice" to, was the weird ballad of the "Spanish Princess" who had been washed ashore at Tobermory from the stately Armada ship wrecked there long ago, and whose spirit could not rest so far from her native land, but wandered about every night around her lonely grave, wailing and crying aloud for some one to waft her back to her beloved Spain, where she might rest "in pace."

Another favourite was a lament—"Allan Doune"—which she sang with wonderful feeling to a fine old air, rising and falling like a chant. The spirit of it is well given in the following verses, translated by a friend:

"A boat sailed far one day o'er sunlit sea,
And dear and precious was her freight to me
Laden was she with all my joy and sorrow,
My day, my yesterday, my silent night, my morrow.
And straight and firm he steered, my lad with locks of brown,
He guided well the helm, my Allan Doune.

* * * * * *

My white sheep wander still on grassy lea,
My dappled cows still foam the pail to me,
With nut-sweet meal the girnel high is piled,
With web of lint and plaid the kist is filled,
Not these the wealth for which my heart is yearning,
With weary waiting for the boat's returning!
The boat where steers my Allan Doune."

In listening to Kate's endless and varied repertoire one could not but be struck with the thought of how much the Celts—more perhaps than any other race—expressed themselves in music; their emotions, their toils, their pastimes, the chief events of their lives—all must find expression in song.

Their clans were "gathered" by the pibroch of the great war-pipe, and inspired to march to "the death" to the heart-stirring strains of the shrill, insistent quick-step; the slain were mourned in the wild lament or "coronach"—the chief hailed in the stately "failte" or welcome.

Then, for their joyful hours, what can stir the blood like the mad, merry reel or Strathspey, when the beat of the dancers' feet shakes floor and ceiling, and the tartan whirls round in the wild "Hulichan"?

In the harvest-field the corn fell to the blithe shearing song, as the reapers plied their busy sickles; and rowers pulled their oars in time to the long swing of a rowing measure, such as the plaintive "Fear a Bhata."

The pastoral life of the Sheiling, too, had its endless songs crooned by the dairy-maid to her "darling cattle," while the Chase was sung in words that thrill—how the hunter follows the red deer in the "white dawn" over grey ben and misty corrie, or spears the "shapely" salmon in the dark pool. Then love was sung of with exquisite touches, tender fancies and delicate imagery crowding on one another, taken from cloud-land, the white foam, the straight sapling, the wild flowers, and the "fleet and honeyed breezes," with ever a background of wild and impassioned grief when the beloved is false or returns no more. The cradle is rocked to the tenderest croons or lullabys; the dead are mourned in the wild "Laoidh-bàs" or death-song, which recounts the bravery and virtue of the departed, his feats of valour, and beauty laid low in death.

And the higher feelings of reverence and adoration, and belief in immortality, find expression in many hymns full of solemn and lofty thought.

Of the Celt it may truly be said in his own words: "Thog iad ceòl, 'us leag iad bròn" ("They raised their song and laid down their care").

Unlike most of her countrymen, Kate had no fear of the supernatural when it took the form of a ghost, but she held many beliefs and superstitions common to all Highlanders, such as the power of "the evil eye," its being unlucky to have one's belongings praised or admired, or one's cattle or chickens, &c., counted—the number being sure to decrease soon after! In salting the

winter butter, too, she always made the sign of the cross over the full crock with the apology that it was "just a freit she had picked up from one ower at Moidart!" But, as I said, she was far too sturdy and sensible to fear anything so intangible as a "ghost."

She told us one rather touching story of the gruesome days of "body-snatching," when it was customary for relatives to guard new-made graves. A little child died, and the two old grandfathers watched for nights beside the little grave. Kate described how, when the light came in, she saw them "creepin' awa' doon the road stiff wi' their nicht's watch. I couldna sleep thinkin' o' them, and the third nicht I put a plaid roun' me—the bairn's mither, you see, was a cousin o' my ain—and I was young and strong then, and feared naething, so I gied awa' up to them wi' food and a hot drink. I doubt but it frichted them a bit seein' me comin' owre the graves, so I sent my voice afore me, crying, 'It's Katie, Callum!' I sat doon and waited awhile wi' them. Man! when I think on 't now, it was an eerie thing, they twa auld men, just for the love o' the bairn, sittin' there in the quiet and dark—not a living creature near them—but a' round them the white stones and the big black trees. I canna say any o' us were frichted, for Callum and Murdoch were godly men, but there was just a *feelin'* about it, and we kept speakin' low. We went owre lots o' freits and auld stories, and the Psalms o' David; and we were speakin' o' how it wad be the last one buried that has to watch the kirkyard until the next burial comes and sets this one's spirit free. I hae seen, when there were twa funerals in one day, the freends having a hurry for it to get their ain in first, that *he* wadna hae the watch to keep."

Her last days would have been spent under the sheltering roof of the old Manse if it had not passed into other hands, but so it was. And Kate had to go out among strangers; but not uncared for; her old and beloved mistress saw that she was provided for as long as she lived, and when, at the age of ninety, the "good and faithful servant" departed, that same true friend saw fulfilled what had been her dearest wish—as it is that of every old Highlander—"to lie wi' her ain kin," and she now sleeps in the green island of Lismore.

"Peace to thy soul and a stone to thy cairn!"

NOTABLE DOGS OF THE CHASE

THE BOARHOUND

ILLUSTRATED BY R. H. MOORE

"GENERAL HOWE," says Gilbert White in his Selborne, "turned out some wild boars in Wolmer Forest to the great terror of the neighbourhood. But the country *rose upon them and destroyed them.*" Weird stories too are still green of "churlish swine" that in very recent years have been set at large in royal and other coverts, but to-day they are all immured and stoutly fenced about, so that neighbourhoods may not be terrified by the beast who "on his bow-back hath a battle set of bristly spikes." So for all practical purposes we may say that the boar as "wild" ceased to exist in Britain when a century and a half ago the country "rose upon" the gallant general's imported monsters "and destroyed them." As a matter of fact, boar-hunting as a recognised sport went out in England and Scotland with the Stuarts, though it lingered another fifty years or more in Ireland, and the boarhound (if ever there was such a dog) found his occupation gone three centuries ago.

But there never was such a dog, any more than was a bulldog or than nowadays there is a kangaroo hound. For any dog, whether smooth or hairy, "mongrel grim, bobtail tyke or trundle tail," if it only possessed the necessary gifts of strength and speed and courage was a "boar" hound.

For notable illustration of this, read Sir Samuel Baker's books on Ceylon, where, for such desperate game as boar and "elk," he

used great "lurchers," bloodhounds crossed with deerhounds and other hybrids of great pace, power, and fatal pluck; noble creatures that flung themselves with heedless courage upon tusk and horn. But, as regards breed, Baker's boarhounds were "mongrels" every one of them. And what awful fights they fought, these offspring of Manilla bloodhounds and wire-haired Australian kangaroo-dogs! One day, for instance, Baker and his brother were afoot in a Ceylon jungle, when they heard their questing dogs hold a boar at bay. They hurried to the spot. Four great dogs were fastened on the monster—he weighed four hundredweight—and the rest attacking him where and how they dared, and the two men flung themselves among the dogs upon the boar, stabbing him with their hunting-knives. Yet he dragged his assailants about as he pleased, ripping up dog after dog. "At length he halted, the dogs, boar and ourselves all mingled in a heap of confusion, all covered with blood and dirt, our own cheerings adding to the wild bay of the infuriated hounds and the savage grunting of the boar. Still he fought and gashed the dogs to right and left. He stood thirty-eight inches high, and the largest dogs seemed like puppies beside him; still not a dog of the four relaxed his hold, and he was covered with wounds. I made a lucky thrust for the nape of the neck. I felt the point of the knife touch the bone; the spine was divided and he fell dead." It reads grimly this, like the letterpress to one of Snyders' horribly fine pictures. The boar is a beast that gives no quarter; when you fight him it is for life against life.

Then again there was that terrific fight in which the boar was the victor. One by one the best of the dogs were cut to pieces, and Smut—a cross between a Manilla bloodhound and a deerhound—the Achilles of the pack, was killed. For a whole awful hour they fought in so dense a scrub that human aid was impossible, and the hounds had no chance against the boar, and grand old Smut, though his teeth were useless, stayed in the fight to the end, crawling out only when the boar had gone, with one leg nearly off, his throat gashed open, and his body literally nearly cut in half by a savage rip from the tusk. It is a cruel sport, even Baker, thinking of his dogs, called it cruel, but the master, remember, was as fearless of his own person as the dogs were of theirs, and as I have said elsewhere "it does one good to read of such staunch comradeship in danger. The hounds were like the man, of grand physique and invincible pluck, and, with him, they lived the life they loved best, hounds of war from their youth up. Their life histories too, help somehow to brace up our ideas of what the dog really is, how regardless of self in its services; ideas that after the endless gush and twaddle, written all in regulations of field-trials, and coursing matches, fox-hunts and dog-shows, have a tendency to get limp and slack."

Large spaces of the forest were intersected with fences, and towards these, some of them being *culs-de-sac*, the boars were driven, relays of hounds being placed at the various openings in the fences to keep up the running. The swifter hounds were slipped first to bring the boar to bay, and the slower and stronger after them to seize the boar, the sportsmen on horseback following as fast as they could. The huntsmen, armed with pikes, had to keep the boar, if they could, from breaking away or head him towards an angle of the fence, for it was their duty, as it was also that of the dogs, to provide "sport" for the horsemen, who rode in with swords or "borespears," and prided themselves on killing their game with a single thrust.

Shakespeare knew from the lips, perhaps, of men who had hunted the boar in England how grim the sport was, or it is just possible that he may himself when a lad have been in the neighbourhood of a boar hunt and seen just as much as Venus saw. The hunt is over. Adonis has been killed by the boar and Venus goes to find him.

"Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

"When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go."

And every poet, from Shakespeare backwards, right away to Homer himself, speaks

of the boar as a fearsome antagonist expecting no mercy and giving none.

And just as Baker fought him a few years ago, with dogs and a hunting-knife, so men of daring have fought him for centuries. Sometimes the spear was used, sometimes the sword, as indeed both weapons are to this day used in Europe, but most often it was the hunting-knife, just as in Italy, in the present year of Grace, Umberto Re and his huntsmen still despatch the boar in the Italian thickets with their *couteaux de chasse*. And it is with just the same dogs, great lurchers of mixed breed, that on the Continent they still bay and hold the boar, some chosen for speed, some for weight, but all for courage. Nor, going back along the pictured pages of old-world sport, that "Noble Art of Venerie," which has always had so many votaries both with pen and pencil, do we ever arrive at any fixed type of boarhound.

Three or four centuries is far enough to go back, and though we find in the text of Turberville, in the paintings of Snyders, Paul Potter, and the rest, many scores of dogs in conflict with the boar, there is but little resemblance between them. In England the bloodhound type with flowing ears prevailed —the progeny doubtless of imported St. Huberts and Griffons of the Vendée—while on the Continent the majority seem to be smooth-coated hounds of more or less mastiff character, many with cropped ears, and the rest of lighter build, looking like very bad specimens of what we now call the Great Dane. But, reason or no reason, the word "boarhound" has fixed itself in the language, perhaps in error for boor-hound, the German farm-dog (a mongrel mastiff) or for the French "Baux hound," the Talbot sort of animal we see in heraldry. Anyhow, there is the word, and it is curious to note how, in modern times, now that in England the old forms of "sport" are extinct, we have given names to the varieties of dogs that were used in them, which were not current when those sports were in the heyday of their popularity. Equally curious is the fact that others such as "bear-dog," and "butchers'-dog," which really were legitimate mediæval names for dogs of "sport," are no longer extant.

In Germany (as on the Continent generally) the dogs used for hunting large game, the boar included, are varieties of the German or Ulmer mastiff or "dogge," and very noble animals they are, albeit of mixed parentage; and it is now over fifty years ago that her Majesty the Queen accepted from the Duke of Buccleugh a Saxon "boar-dog," called Nelson, and imported by Lord John Scott from Saxony by that name. And in a fine painting (by Morley, I think) of a group of the Queen's dogs, Nelson appears as a rough-coated, badly cropped mastiff, of such proportions that a Scotch terrier in the same picture looks as if it was altogether not larger than Nelson's head.

This fine animal was the contemporary of young Bismarck's first hound, the terror of the peasantry round Kniephoff, where his parents lived. This dog afterwards accompanied his young master to the University of Göttingen, where, we are told, he speedily made his mark. Once, when Bismarck was summoned to appear before the Rector for throwing a bottle out of his window, he took his enormous hound with him, to the great dismay of the reverend dignitary, who promptly found refuge behind a high-backed chair, where he remained until the hound had been sent out of the room. Bismarck was fined five thalers for bringing this "terrific beast" into the Rector's sanctum, in addition to the punishment meted out for throwing the bottle.

And for the sixty odd years that have elapsed since then Bismarck has never been without one or more of these huge cross-bred mastiffs as his companion or guard. "As a law student and official at Berlin, during his travels in many lands, throughout his diplomatic career at Frankfort, St. Petersburg, Paris, and elsewhere, as well as at Varzin and Friedrichsruh, Bismarck has always had the companionship of one or more of his favourite dogs. Probably the one to which he was most attached was Sultan, who died at Varzin in 1877. Tyras—the famous Dog of the Empire—which was of unusual size and of the slate colour most popular in Germany, was then quite a young dog, and it was the constant companion of its illustrious owner till the time of its death, sharing his walks, his rides, his business, and his meal, and keeping guard in his bedroom at night. Owing to its uncertain temper it was not often seen in the streets or gardens of Berlin. It was indeed regarded more as belonging to the 'Pomeranian squire' side of the

THE BOARHOUND

Prince's life than to his official establishment. At Varzin or Friedrichsruh, however, the two were inseparable. No sooner was the most absolutely necessary business of the morning despatched, than the Reichskanzler sallied forth with the 'Reichshund' at his heels, and for the rest of the day the long light coat and the battered felt hat of the famous statesman were not greater objects of interest than the huge dog which followed him everywhere, on horseback or on foot."

The Tyras mentioned above is that dog of fame which is supposed to have floored Prince Gortschakoff. The story (often contradicted) is to the effect that the Russian statesman, in the course of an argument with the Prussian, laid his hand on Bismarck's arm, and the Dog of the Empire, who was watching and listening to the impassioned gesture and language, thought the moment had arrived for him to join in, and he sprang upon Gortschakoff and held him, without using his teeth, against the bookshelves, until his master explained to Tyras that he had jumped to false conclusions, and that Prussia and Russia were on friendly terms. The legend is now quite "ancient history" and still survives all contradictions. And why not? It is as good a legend as most—and Russian statesmen's denials of anything do not count for much.

These dogs of Prince Bismarck's are spoken of by English writers as Great Danes; by everybody else as German mastiffs; but by whichever name we call them, they are the real "boarhound" not only of to-day but of three hundred years ago, some rougher coated than the others, but all of "mastiffish" head and the same huge build. Yet, in spite of their proportions, they have an appearance of activity which neither mastiff nor bloodhound nor St. Hubert possesses, and which is due to the long ago cross with the Pyrenean dogs and some variety, probably Russian, of the greyhound type.

In one of his latest photographs, the great ex-Chancellor, sits with a huge boarhound on either side. One of these, is altogether Danish

by parentage, its great-grandfather being a dog bought by King Christian IX. from a peasant one day when he was on a shooting excursion, its grandfather a dog belonging to Princess Dagmar, and its father the offspring of the Czar's Hamlet (a present from Denmark) and Diana, belonging to the Prince of Wales. The other hound is Wilhelm IV., for he is fourth in descent from the Wilhelm of Bismarck's Junker dogs at Göttingen, "the terrific beast" of the story told above, and a Wilhelm has ever since been one of the favoured dogs of Varzin and Friedrichsruh.

The Great Dane then, the exhibition dog of to-day, and growing every day in favour as a beautiful and "biddable" dog, is the modern representative of the boarhound. On the Continent, where its Danish origin is repudiated, it is called the German mastiff, and under this head all its varieties are classed at shows; while in this country we call it the Great Dane, and catalogue under that name all the varieties of German mastiff, so that, taking the one with the other, the dog comes by its rights.

It is a beautiful creature this Great Dane, and gives the impression at once of both power and activity, and its temper—look at its small keen eyes—is exactly what one might expect from a dog of war and of the chase, veneered with the elegancies of civilisation, for it is equable and (*de haut en bas*) good-tempered, but woe to the object that irritates it. The conciliatory stranger who goes to pat one as if it were a lapdog finds a great blunt nozzle thrust forcibly and roughly into his hand, or perhaps into his ribs, as who should say, "All right, old fellow, I'm not going to hurt you; you needn't pat me and call me good dog." He never awaits your permission to make your acquaintance, but introduces himself without formality if he wishes to know you. Going through a narrow passage, a Great Dane will take up more than half the room. He does not drop behind like the elegant-mannered St. Bernard with a polite "man before dogs" sort of air, but hustles you robustly for equal space. Not that he is a dangerous dog. He is simply a boarhound, a creature of immense strength and infinite courage, and courteous only out of condescension.

The ordinary colours of the Great Dane are shades of slate or red without markings except the darker "trace" along the spine, but a very beautiful variety is the mottled "Harlequin" Dane, which on a white or pale skin has marblings or cloudings of red, black, or slate. Were it a wild beast, the skin, as a trophy of the chase, would be highly valued, for it is singularly attractive. A variant of it is the German "tiger-mastiff," which has smaller and more regular spots (more like the Dalmatian or "plum-pudding" dog), the word "tiger" of course not meaning in German "tigrine," nor as with us, suggesting striped; although, as a matter of fact, our tiger-cats, tiger-lilies and tiger-moths are all spotted, and not striped. The eyes of the Harlequin Dane or tiger-dogge should, like those of the merle or marbled collies, be what are called china eyes, of that queer white and blue, that suggests the opalescence of blindness, but which, oddly enough, are very becoming to dogs of the colours to which they belong.

Although a type of prodigious antiquity, the Greeks having engraved them, cropped ears and all, upon their coins two thousand years ago, and known through all the twenty centuries that have elapsed since then as dogs of war and of the chase, it is only within the memory of the present generation that the Great Dane has taken its place among the ranks of dogs fit for ladies' companionship and the freedom of the nursery. They are faithful, intelligent and docile, and as such are now as popular among women as any other of the larger breeds. For years Mr. Hagenbach has exhibited them as members of his famous "happy family" wherein they lived at peace with leopards, tigers, and bears, and in more than one recent show of performing dogs Great Danes have been among the best disciplined and the most intelligent of the troupe.

It is only natural that the Germans should wish to claim the Great Dane as a German mastiff, but that is no reason why the claim should be allowed, for the types (to which each breeds true) are sufficiently distinct to constitute two varieties, and if one is German the other is as certainly Dane. And they differ also in this, that whereas in Vienna, for instance, and at St. Petersburg, and now in London, the lighter-built and more graceful dog has long been and is now becoming a general favourite, the heavier German, under whatever name he might be known, whether Ulmer Dogge, Deutsche Dogge, or

German mastiff, has never been and is not popular.

That the progenitors of the German mastiff were the dogs that fought against Rome when her legions first invaded the Teutones and the Cimbri there need be little doubt, for they were then as now the most powerful of known breeds, and as late at any rate as Agincourt the mastiff had its place in the first fighting line. But though the use of the dog in war is again being revived, it is as a scout and spy, a despatch-carrier and sentry, that it is now trained, and not for actual combat. So the smaller breeds, as being less liable to be seen by the enemy, are preferred to the Molossians whose size was formerly their recommendation. Where the boar is still hunted the great dog is still probably very much now what it was in the days of the Cæsars, but in this country, where the boar has ceased from troubling, the elegant development of the German Dogge, known as the Great Dane, has established its claim to be treated as a member of the peaceful household and an ornament of civilised life.

ST. BERNARD.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S CONGRESS

BY JESSIE MARGARET KING

THE first International Women's Congress took place in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair. The second was held last autumn at Berlin, and the third is to be in London in 1898. There is nothing remarkable about a Woman's Congress in America, or in England; but it interferes with one's preconceived ideas of things that there should be one in Berlin. Most of us, I daresay, hold the conventional opinion about German women. We think of them as model housewives, and nothing more; immersed in domestic details, with not a thought to spare for culture, or the wider world of intellectual endeavour. It is good for us now and then to have fallacies disproved. The Berlin Congress, if it had no other function, exhibited in a strong light the great awakening which has passed over German womanhood, as notable in its way as another Renaissance, or a Reformation.

It is but fair to ourselves, and our preconceived ideas, however, to say that this change is of comparatively recent growth, and that it has not leavened the great mass of the people. Says an observer who has had the opportunity of knowing the German woman both in the past and in the present, and of contrasting them:

"I admit frankly, that nothing I have known of German women in the past, nothing, even, that I have read about their present doings in the newspapers, has enabled me to surmise the great change that is taking place. A German woman described it to me the other day as 'a tropical efflorescence,' and I have heard several others speak of it in the same tone: as of a transformation which they themselves even could barely understand. Courage has suddenly been breathed into them; they have resolved to take their lives and their powers into their own hands. The German woman finds herself in the position of a minor who has just attained majority. Hitherto the guardian, be it parent, husband, or simply that abstract entity which we term convention, has doled out to her a tiny fraction of her fortune, but kept the large sums idle and uninvested. The German woman has acquiesced for a time, spending only the petty cash of her endowment; but to-day she claims her full inheritance, and is amazed—as much amazed as I, a stranger, am—at its amount."

THE CONGRESS AND ITS CONSTITUENTS

The International Women's Congress at Berlin had 1300 members, and these represented fourteen different nationalities without counting the different provinces of the Fatherland that sent representatives. Up to that time I had never taken any particular interest in the proposal to establish a

universal language for purposes of mutual convenience, but now any attempt to retrieve the disastrous consequences of the Tower of Babel has my hearty support! It was a picturesque as well as a polyglot assembly. America sent a contingent of bright, alert women. The Frenchwomen shone like birds of Paradise amid sober Teutonic sparrows, by reason of their toilettes. Scandinavia and Denmark, Holland and Russia, had delegates, and there were many women with olive complexions and gipsy-like hair and eyes who came from Bulgaria, Roumania, Hungary, Poland, and Bosnia, and those border states which seem to us to savour more of Asia than of Europe. Italy had a brilliant and charming delegate, and even poor oppressed Armenia was represented by a lady doctor, who wore the picturesque head-dress and flowing white veil of her country, and who told us how medical women were welcomed and looked up to in that land, which, alas! will soon, it would appear, cease to be a nation.

The credit of the idea of an international gathering belongs to Frau Lina Morgenstern, an extremely able woman, distinguished as a social pioneer. German women have been accustomed to have small congresses in various towns for some years back, but this was the first attempt to bring all the leading women together, and to give the gathering an international aspect. Frau Morgenstern well deserves her name. She is indeed the "Morning Star" of the movement, the Luther of a later Reformation. She is now sixty-six years of age, having been born at Breslau in 1830. She is a blonde Jewess—many of the committee ladies were Jewesses, by the way, which accounts for religious subjects being tabooed—and the ability with which she conducted the Congress proves the intellectual force of that remarkable race to which she belongs. Few women have a record of work as varied as hers. She is a philanthropist, social reformer, authoress, poetess, editor, and adviser-in-general to all who seek her aid. Her altruistic activities began early, and some of her ideas strike us as curiously modern and before their time. For instance, when she was a girl of eighteen she started a scheme for supplying books and clothing to poor school children, and it is still in operation in her native place. She married young, and came to Berlin, and for the past forty years she has been associated with every leading movement in the city. She started the first seminary for ladies, in which science, hygiene, and mathematics were taught; the earliest attempt at introducing girls to the higher education. She helped to establish Kindergarten in Berlin. She was the author of a scheme to teach Kindergarten to nursery-maids, an idea which seems to point to the modern development of the lady nurse. She originated a system of rewards and pensions for servants who remain long in service, for the servant question is as much a burning one in Germany as with ourselves. She founded the Volk's Küchen, or People's Kitchens, where the poorest of the Berlin working-classes are fed at the lowest possible figure; and she wears the Iron Cross, granted her for her services in the war of 1870–71, she having, with a staff of devoted ladies, splendidly organised the commissariat department on the lines which her Volk's Küchen had taught her. She was a friend of the late Empress Augusta, and wrote her biography, and she wears the Augusta medal, and has other jewels which she received from that empress, who, herself a child of Weimar, a pupil of Goethe, could appreciate the work which her subject-woman was doing for her sisters. In 1874 Frau Morgenstern started the *Hausfrauen Zeitung*, a journal for housewives, dealing with all that women ought to know, which she still edits. Perhaps her best known work is the "Famous Women of the Nineteenth Century." Last year she brought out her "Recollections of the War in 1870." Frau Lina Morgenstern, then, was the leading spirit of the Congress; small, alert, vigorous, in spite of being so "little-bookit," as they say in Scotland, an effective speaker, with a genius for affairs. The keynote of her opening speech was in three words: woman's rights, woman's duties, and woman's dignity, and she seemed to me a unique embodiment of all three.

Associated with Frau Morgenstern in the conduct of the Congress was Frau Minna Cauer, also in her way, a most remarkable woman. She is the daughter of a German pastor, has been twice widowed, has lived in Paris as a teacher, and with her head draped in a lace mantilla, and a voice whose wailing cadence suggested intense earnestness—hers

was a personality not soon to be forgotten. Frau Cauer is president of the Frauen-wohl, literally, "Women's Good or Benefit," a society which exists for the propagation of ultra-Liberal ideas among women of the upper and middle classes. Woman's suffrage is one of the planks in its platform, and it has extended, thanks to Frau Cauer's influence, to other German towns. Then she is a leading spirit in the "Beneficent Society for Women Employées," an organisation which has 9000 members among the young women in shops and warehouses in Berlin. The Society offers to these a remarkable list of benefits—a free registry bureau, free medical attendance—by lady doctors as well as men—and holiday homes during the summer, also gratuitous. There are evening entertainments, too, during the winter, such as debates and lectures; and, what sounds rather strange to our ears, but is quite a matter of course in theatre-loving Germany, there are special representations of good plays arranged by the Society at low prices, theatres being hired expressly for the purpose. After all this, it is satisfactory to know that the Society is not only beneficent but solvent, and that it manages to pay its way. Frau Cauer is not only busied with social work for other women, but she finds time to edit a paper, *Die Frauenbewegung—The Women's Movement*—in which what women are doing in other lands besides Germany is duly recorded. And when Berlin opened its first club for ladies, Frau Cauer was chosen as president of the emancipated undertaking.

Frau Cauer's greatest claim to distinction is the prominent part she has taken in the agitation against the new German Civil Code, that retrograde piece of legislation, which substitutes paternal for parental rights over children, and assigns to married women the position of legal nonentities. The Code does not become law until 1900, and meantime it is hoped that by strenuous agitation, and the force of public opinion, some of its most obnoxious clauses may be modified or repealed. Frau Cauer is supposed to have Socialist leanings—a fact which we can scarcely wonder at when we remember that it was only the Socialists in the Reichstag who supported the women's protests against the Bill. It was Frau Cauer who pronounced the "Schlüsswort," or valedictory address, speaking alternately in English, French, and German.

Frau Marie Stritt, of Dresden, who delivered the opening address on the position of women in the Fatherland, was another notable member of the Committee. She had been an actress once, and the evidence of her training abode with her in her graceful gestures, harmonious diction, and oratorical style. Young, refined, and beautiful, she represented the new culture of Germany in a very attractive light. Frau Stritt has also been a leader in the agitation which has been going on in Germany against the new Civil Code, and she has spoken in many cities to get the women to unite and protest against its injurious clauses. In her opening address she had much to say about the disabilities which women labour under even in education. It seems that 97¾ per cent. of state funds are spent on the education of the German boys, and only the remaining 2¼ per cent. on the education of girls, a fact which made Frau Stritt say with a smile that the Government was paternal, but not maternal, in its operations. Not only so, but girls' studies are absurdly hedged in by precedent and other considerations. In one town which she mentioned where there was only one High School, the girls were not allowed to be taught shorthand. Why? Because it was no fit subject to teach girls. They might even go and become newspaper reporters! Whereas their proper business was to mind the house. It sounds very absurd no doubt, but a paternal government must see that its sons suffer no unfair competition at the hands of its daughters! It is interesting to know that Frau Stritt is English by descent, however remotely, her great-grandfather having been an English soldier named Bacon. Her mother was a friend of and co-worker with Louise Otto Peters and Frau Augusta Goldsmidt, the pioneer women of Germany, so that Frau Stritt is a reformer by heredity.

Perhaps the young Italian Dotoressa, Maria Montessori, was the most picturesque figure present. She looked very young to be a full-fledged doctor, but she had already been an assistant surgeon in one of the Roman hospitals. She was in the bloom of her southern beauty, dark, glowing, poetical, and whoever looked on her face so full of *esprit*, or listened to the caressing cadence of her

voice, straightway loved her. When she began to speak the first day—in Italian—there was that uneasy stir perceptible throughout the hall that meant that her audience were not following her. With a sudden dramatic gesture she threw up her hand and exclaimed, "Il saluta di Roma!" The touch told. Instantly there was comprehension, smiles, applause. She bore us the greeting of Rome. Who could not but listen to this daughter of a classic race! The Dotoressa represented the Associazione Feminile of Rome, and she had something important to say about the industrial position of her countrywomen. It appears that in Italy there are a larger number of women employed in proportion to the population than anywhere else, excepting in Japan. They take part in nearly every industry but mining, and often work as long as eighteen hours a day. In Italy, as in England, there is a serious disproportion between the wages paid to men and women for the same work, and the women are adopting trades union methods to try to rectify matters.

Another figure which will always be associated in my mind with the Congress was the Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg, the delegate from the women's societies of Finland. When she got up to speak I resigned myself, I remember, to being bored. She was short and stout, with hair cropped close to her head, and a broad, amiable countenance, and she was dressed in a black silk sacque of antiquated design. When she sat down I was her devoted admirer, so beautifully had she expounded the gospel of sisterly help and loving kindness. She spoke in English, for one thing, and her words pronounced with an excellent accent, and in a very winning voice, fell like music on the ears stunned by the storm of gutturals around. She described herself as coming from a little country, far away in the North of Europe, which had been the battle-ground of two great nations—Sweden and Russia—and which had had to fight hard to keep its nationality from being obliterated altogether. Out of its suffering and starving—for famines are frequent—has sprung a healthy social awakening, in which women are taking a leading part. The Women's Association, founded in 1884, has eleven branches, the central one being at Helsingfors, the capital. It is a union, not only of the classes, but of the masses, and the annual subscription of 80 pf., less than a shilling a year, shows on what democratic lines it runs. The Association has done valuable work in helping the poor working women to help themselves. Lectures are given under its auspices on all sorts of subjects, sanitary drill, dairying, laundry work, weaving and cookery, nor are literary subjects omitted. To these the women of toil will not grudge to tramp six miles through the snow, for the winter lasts six months in Finland, and then is the only leisure for study. Home industries are specially fostered by the Association.

"We do not want to make our country a factory country," said the Baroness; and to this end new patterns for weaving, lace-work, &c., are distributed by the Women's Association, as well as information as to the best methods of work. Often in the famine years have the brave Finnish women kept their country from bankruptcy through the export of cloth, linen, lace, knitted goods, basket work, and other articles made at home in the long Arctic forenights. The Baroness had much that was cheering to tell us of the social and industrial condition of her countrywomen. The women can get almost anything they want by asking the Government for it. But of course, womanlike, they are not quite content with this privilege, but would like the matter put on a proper footing, so that what they receive as a favour, they should get as a right. They have already the municipal suffrage, but aspire to office as well. The legal age for marriage is fifteen, but they are petitioning to have it raised. Women can get permission to attend the Universities by applying for it. Women can sit on School Boards, can be principals of workhouses, and there are 130 of them guardians of the poor. It gives one almost a shock to learn that girls can be chemists in Finland, that they can be employed as telephonists and telegraphists, and that they are admitted to the Civil Service as with ourselves. Just imagine what that little country, away at the back of the North wind, is doing! The Baroness Gripenberg is herself a Swede, but she has closely identified herself with her adopted country. It took her two years, she told me, to learn Finnish. The Finns are most anxious to preserve their individuality, and to that end keep alive the national tongue.

The Baroness is a women of cosmopolitan sympathies and interests. She visited England last autumn in order to gain information on social and industrial questions, and, being known to Lady Aberdeen, she spent a delightful holiday at the Aberdeen seat of the family, Haddo House. She was full of the grand Scottish scenery she had seen, having returned South by way of the Spittal of Glenshee, Blairgowrie, and Dunkeld. As she told me this sitting in a train which was bearing us out of Berlin, I could not help thinking what a small place the world is after all, and how the hands of energetic and earnest women can soon girdle it with bands of love and service.

Any notice of the representative women of the Congress would be incomplete that did not include the American visitors, of whom perhaps the most characteristic and striking figure was Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the American lady lawyer, who was the first woman to qualify to practise before the Supreme Courts in America, and the only woman who has ever been "run" for the office of President. That is an old story now. It occurred in 1884, but some of my readers may have noticed the fact at the time. Mrs. Lockwood received 60,000 votes. Mrs. Lockwood is a typical American women, obviously able, and just as obviously "slick," to use a term which the "Biglow Papers" have made familiar to us. She represented a federation of 1750 women's clubs. These institutions are something peculiarly American. We have nothing quite like them. They have both their educational and their social aspect; they are literary and philanthropic and political too. All the best women belong to them. I don't mean best in the sense of the upper classes, but of the nicest people. Mrs. Lockwood gave us a lively picture of the influence of woman in American public life. They do not universally possess the suffrage, but they are a potent force all round. If a candidate does not please the women of a place, or a member does something of which they disapprove, he may as well pack his bag and go, said Mrs. Lockwood with significant emphasis. He knows they will have him out at the next election. There is a certain American town which has a Lady Mayor and Corporation, and the men have to walk very circumspectly in that place, said Mrs. Lockwood, with a twinkle in her eye. The American women, in fact, with their whisky crusades and white-ribbon pledges, make the men "sit-up," and they are quite aware of their importance. Mrs. Lockwood seemed to be specially proud of one achievement of her life. She had drafted a Bill to secure for women equal property rights with men, and equal control over their children; and not only drafted it, but got it passed, which was quite another thing. It involved an immense amount of work. Every senator had been called on twice, for it was rejected at the first reading, but Mrs. Lockwood gained her point, and the measure became law. No wonder that she seemed to revel in the recollection of her triumph. Mrs. Lockwood was in Europe as a delegate to three Congresses, that for the Protection of Children at Geneva, the Peace Congress at Buda-Pest, and the Women's International at Berlin, which were all held within a week or two of each other. She is the editor of the *Peacemaker*, an American journal, now in its twenty-ninth year, in which the principle of arbitration is advocated—a fact which has additional interest in the present state of relations between Britain and the United States.

Far and away the best speaker among the English visitors was Mrs. Ormiston Chant. She spoke in English, but her personality was so strong, and her eloquence so real, that in a few minutes she had the full command of her audience, and she kept it throughout the course of a somewhat lengthy speech. I am not sure that her auditors were specially interested in the account of the "Empire" crusade which she gave them, nor that they were familiar with what had led up to it, but they were profoundly interested in the woman herself. She was *sympathique*, and she created a genuine sensation.

There is something in eloquence which overleaps the bounds of language, and creates, as it were, a special sense for itself. When she had concluded her peroration in which she said that no one need hope to reach the shores of the golden country who is sensible of any distinction of class or colour, creed or sex, her audience "rose" at her. An Englishwoman at the press table, not given to emotion, got up and threw her arms round the speaker's neck, and kissed her, tears were in unaccustomed eyes, and

when she left the hall, ladies crowded to shake hands with her.

Such were some of the women who made the International Congress so cosmopolitan in character, and so catholic in thought. Should any of the strangers, as is most likely, come to London in 1898, I trust that we shall greet them as comrades and friends, for assuredly "good and noble women are the best helpers of humanity."

GIFTS

You gave me once a sprig of early may;
Another time you brought a little ring;
And I must needs keep every trifling thing
Half sacredly, in foolish woman's way;
You gave me once a little love—to-day,
I give you heartfelt thanks, remembering
That through God's mercy it was yours to bring
More than the idle toys with which we play.
Because I loved you I have been more swift
To choose the path of duty, I have striven
To attain to higher beauty, and to lift
My life habitually nearer heaven.
Behold, oh friend! behold how great the gift
Which you, all unaware, to me have given.

E. A. Little.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR SEPTEMBER

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM

By the Editor

FIRST SUNDAY

ACCUSATIONS AGAINST THE CHURCH

THE relationship of Christianity to social questions has been brought into marked evidence in recent years. There are some who are already becoming weary of the discussion. Those to whom religious profession is a form rather than the expression of a life; those who regard church-going and the maintenance of some kind of faith and hope reaching into the unseen as a necessary element for the comfortable enjoyment of the present, as well as a sign and seal of social respectability; and those, too, who regret the passing away of the former characteristics of the pulpit when it dealt chiefly with personal salvation in the sense of awakening such feelings as might afford assurance of security after death; these resent the growing tendency to press duties arising from the neglect and injustice of society, and the consequent inequalities and miseries which affect certain classes, as being an essential part of the religion of Christ. The very term "Christian Socialism" is a provocation to them. They say, "We do not go to church to hear about such matters. Speak to us about our own souls, or about what may be done for the souls of others, but leave socialism to politicians."

And yet it is the name of Christ which is

usually invoked on the other side, even by the most extreme representatives of the extremest socialism. The humanitarianism, sometimes healthy, sometimes exaggerated and morbid, which is so characteristic of our time, claims Christ as its great authority. There are those among even the wildest revolutionaries and anarchists who quote Him as their Master. These accuse the Church of having betrayed the trust He really committed to it. They say that the clergy are the hirelings of the wealthy and prosperous; that they preach about the next world and neglect the present; that they are "dumb dogs" who give no warning voice; that they are occupied with abstract dogmas, busy about rites and ceremonies, zealous for the aggrandisement of their various sects and parties, and seem to be deaf to the cries that are going up to heaven from suffering millions. The question, in short, is being pressed in various forms, why the Church, in the widest sense, is so little in touch with the various movements that are actually affecting the lives of the men and women around us. The assertion is continually repeated that it is the civil government, and not the Church; the municipalities and county councils, and not the clergy, which are ameliorating the condition of the people.

No one can deny that there is a large measure of truth in these accusations. It is quite true that the Church has for centuries been too exclusively occupied with systems of theology and "the other worldliness," as George Eliot termed this tendency, to the neglect of the interests of the Kingdom of God as a beneficent power on the earth now. The wrongs of society have not always been exposed with the unflinching faithfulness with which the old prophets and John the Baptist and Jesus Christ exposed them. A selfish salvation has too much absorbed the interests of the so-called religious world to the neglect of the saving of society from the secular miseries and sufferings that have been its curse.

But a good deal may be said on the other side.

It may be truly asserted that the works of charity which cover the land, and the ministry of mercy in a thousand forms which is at this hour carrying help and kindness to the poor and wretched, are chiefly, if not altogether, fulfilled by men and women sent forth by the Churches of Christ in the name of the Lord.

And it may also be said that if the Churches and clergy have failed in doing directly many of the great works now achieved by the civil government, whether by the State or the municipality, yet the new sense of public duty in regard to such things is the result of the spirit which the Church of Christ has inspired. And it may also be added that it is perhaps better it should be so; better that sanitation, housing of the poor, recreation, brightening of life by art and such like matters—all closely related to social well-being—should be the result of a nobler public life having been awakened in the community and expressed through its civil government, than that they should be the work of Churches and ecclesiastics, who would probably accomplish them much less efficiently. We therefore deny the justice of the accusation urged against the Church in the bare and exaggerated form which it frequently assumes.

SECOND SUNDAY

INDIVIDUALISM AND COLLECTIVISM

THERE are at least two schools of belief as to the best method for securing progress, and these are in acute antagonism, and our object will be to show how Christianity stands related to both.

On the one hand, Socialism, of the more pronounced type, is urging a new departure under the rather clumsy name of "Collectivism." On the other, the older and more familiar doctrine of non-interference with individual liberty, or "Individualism" as it is called, in opposition to "Collectivism," is being firmly held.

Let the State, as the extremer socialist says, become the possessor of all property in the name of the people and hold all for their benefit; let it transact all business, give each man his place, his work, his maintenance; let the nation be as a huge beehive with its common store, a joint-stock company, in which every citizen is a partner. Having abolished property, it is hoped to abolish at once selfishness and inequality, the miseries of the poor, the temptations of the criminal, and the separation of man from man. The world would then become, according to these theories, a true Utopia.

On the other hand, it is asserted that, as long as human nature is constituted as it is, such changes would lead to worse tyranny than any we now see, and ultimately perhaps to chronic civil war, bringing back Europe to the chaos which followed the breaking up of the Roman Empire.

It is not for us in our Sunday Readings to discuss the merits of these opposing views, but it may be helpful at the present time to consider what may appear to be the teaching of God's Word respecting the questions thus raised, or its attitude both towards "Individualism" and "Collectivism." Does Christianity promulgate Socialism in the modern and extremer sense of the term? Does it assert "Individualism" in the bare and irresponsible manner of the political economist? Or does it safeguard individual liberty and at the same time introduce such a new life into society as should anticipate the moral and social benefits aimed at by the "Collectivist"?

The teaching of Scripture seems fairly expressed in two brief but pregnant counsels of the Apostle Paul when he says, "Every man must bear his own burden;" and again, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Let us look at these in reference to the general question we are discussing.

In the first we have individualism set forth in clear terms, "Every man must bear his own burden."

There is nothing more wonderful than the inalienable independence of each human being. How strange it is! You bring up your child, and at first it seems as if it were wholly yours; the sweet reliance it places on your guidance, treating father and mother as if they were all in all, makes the parents dream that their child is a part of their own being, and that they can always maintain the complete sympathy they now enjoy. But there comes a time when they learn that this child has an individual will, and an independent force meets them with characteristics which must be recognised. A being possessed of likings and dislikings and with power to choose for itself becomes gradually revealed. The wise parent soon recognises this fact; he must perforce recognise it. The experience may come in the shape of the bitterest sorrow when he finds the assertion of the wrong, and is met by a power he cannot control, in a being who bears the awful prerogative of being able to say, "I will," or "I will not," even to God Himself.

On the other hand, the possibility of such sorrow implies the possibility of a proportionate joy when the parent marks the free choice of what is noblest and best; when it is no longer the blind obedience of the little child, but the intelligent preference of the good over the evil, of love over selfishness, of God over the devil and all his works.

But the value of such a choice arises from the fact that it is a free choice. Compulsion in any shape would rob it of its moral character. The object of all education, therefore, is to maintain freedom, but so to form the noblest principles that freedom shall be used in the best way. When the highest motives are brought into play then the dangers of individual liberty vanish, and we gain the grandest of all results in a man or woman who has been brought to prefer goodness and to live after the noblest ideals.

THIRD SUNDAY

HOW CHRISTIANITY SATISFIES BOTH

EVERY man and woman stands necessarily alone, bearing each their own burden; each the possessor of gifts and talents that are peculiarly theirs and can belong to no one else. It also belongs to the individual to contribute influences to the sum of life around.

If this be so, then it is evident that it can only be through the free choice of each member, rather than by police regulation, that the true and healthy unity of society can be secured. Safety must lie in giving the fullest possible play to the individual while creating an atmosphere of motive which constrains assent to what is most dutiful. As the healthiest family life is that in which there is the least compulsion and the greatest unity of spirit, so must it be in a community we call the State. Freedom lends moral value to action in the State as in the family. Without freedom there is no morality. There is no moral value in paying a tax, but there is in the cup of cold water given in love. Man is deprived of all human dignity when he is compelled to be as a cog or pivot in a machine. He must take his place by choice rather than enactment, and

in that place be free to develop all that is in him, as long as he does not interfere with the right of others to do the same. That "every one must bear his own burden" is in this sense a divine law.

But there is another law, equally divine, called by St. Paul the law of Christ. Personality and freedom belong to all, but the function of Christianity is to inspire the right love, thereby binding individuals in sympathy and producing the highest type of social well-being. The law of Christ, being the law of love, is a law of liberty, yet of all constraining power; and thus, while it is asserted "Every man must bear his own burden," the law of brotherhood is as imperatively made the rule of life. We are to "bear each other's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

But it is here that the great defect, the crying sin of Christendom, becomes manifest. It is because of the long failure of prevalent Christianity to reach that ideal—nay, rather its failure through many a century to make even a worthy attempt to reach it, that we have now these cries for a compulsory brotherhood and the reconstruction of society on a new basis.

For what is the law that actually reigns supreme in Christendom and at our own doors, in a land thickly strewn with churches? Is it the law of love or the law of selfishness? Is it the freedom of the individual controlled by the spirit of brotherhood, or is it not rather the individual using freedom to struggle for himself in the wild war of competition, to get and keep all he can, cost what it may to others? On every side we behold what resembles a battlefield more than a brotherhood; the reign of Mammon more than the reign of God; the survival of the fittest, often the most unscrupulous, and the throwing aside of the weak into the refuse-heap of society, where the unsuccessful are left to social decay. And there are those who glory in this, and who regard populations of men and women for whom Christ died as the naturalist regards the evolution of animal life. These complacently affirm that it is better that those who cannot get to the front should go to the wall; that those who cannot keep up with the march should fall out and perish, or be trampled under foot by the great army of Modern Progress.

Yet, whatever may be said of this barbarous doctrine from the side of sheer naturalism or from the point of view of the political economist, who pays regard chiefly to material and pecuniary results, there can be no doubt that it is in antithesis to the spirit and teaching of Christ. He certainly vindicates the freedom of the individual as essential to morality and human dignity, but he calls for love to redress the evils of freedom. The extremes of Socialism and Individualism are absolutely met by His assertion of personal responsibility on one side, and on the other by that neglected law of His kingdom, the bearing of each other's burdens through the love which His own love is intended to kindle. It is sinful in those who profess Christianity to oppose Socialism on the ground of its interference with the rights of property and the liberty of the individual unless they carry out the full programme of duty which the Master laid down. If they claim at once the right to hold property, and freedom to do with it as they may, they must also acknowledge that these rights can become Christian only when all is dominated by the love of the brother like the love of Him who, though rich, for our sakes became poor; who came under the weight of every sorrow and suffering of man, and the law of whose kingdom is that we should likewise bear each other's burdens. It is through the assertion of both principles—freedom and the law of love—that Christianity stands most effectively related to the social questions expressed by "Collectivism" and "Individualism." It thus vindicates the truths which belong to each, and at the same time meets their errors.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS

HAD Christianity been true to the rule of the Great Master we should not behold the spectacles which have been, and are still, the shame of our civilisation. For have we not permitted social conditions and environments to grow under our daily observation, out of which we dare not expect a true humanity to be developed? There are, side by side with our comfortable homes, rookeries and dens where children are born in thousands and educated in an atmosphere which almost secures their moral degradation; while there

are in our centres of industry tens of thousands whose lives are embittered by failure and friendlessness, and by what appears to them the injustice of a society which leaves scarcely a door of hope open to their endeavours. If you doubt this, you have only to learn more accurately the horrors connected with underpaid women workers, the despairing monotony of a toil lasting from ten to sixteen hours daily, and yielding but from five to seven shillings a week; a humanity starved in body and soul; an imprisonment for life under conditions which leave scarcely a gleam of possible emancipation on this side the grave; and all done to furnish cheapness to an age of wealth, luxury and greed! "Bear ye one another's burdens!" Where do such as these experience the fulfilment of that law of Christ at the hands of those who call themselves His servants? Here and there, it may be, where some good man or woman may come to impart charity or drop some words of kindness, or at least some words about the kindness of God; here and there, where some society reaches them with its benevolence, there is a hint given of what Christ intended. But what these masses require, although they may sometimes by their attitudes make it difficult, almost impossible, to show it, yet what they do need is true, hearty brotherhood; they need *love*, the bearing of their burden of trial in the spirit and after the example of Christ. And they surely require this more than ever at the hands of the Christian community. They deserve that the causes of those conditions of labour which grind souls into hopelessness should be considered, and some practical endeavour made to put right that which is manifestly wrong. However Utopian it may appear, it is only by the full working out of Christ's will in the directions we have indicated that society can be regenerated and public life sweetened as by the breath of summer. And it is the refusal to obey the Master which is leading on to the cry for the enthronement of a compulsory equality and a compulsory, and therefore an unreal, brotherhood.

For the socialists' dream is in some respects a noble one, and if it came to be realised through the free action of the spirit of love it would veritably lead to the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. But, as it is usually propounded, it is a travesty of that kingdom and a reversal of its principles. Christ says "give," but they say "take." Christ founded His kingdom on the freedom of the spirit; they found theirs on State compulsion. Christ would first create the spirit of brotherhood, and through its power enforce the duties of property; but they first confiscate the property and then compel brotherhood by regulation of police, or, as the French epigram puts it, "Be my brother, or I will shoot you!"

And the blame of it all rests on the Christianity which preserves the form of godliness while it denies its power. For how little has the Church been veritably as the Body of Christ in the world, the perpetual incarnation of His spirit and the visible continuation of His mission for the redemption of men from sin and suffering, a lifter up of the fallen and the seeker out of the lost!

The Church has much yet to learn of the deeper meaning of the life of Christ in relation to society and to carrying His helpful ministry into many regions of practical utility besides those which hitherto have been deemed the special sphere of its labour. It is true that much has been already done in leavening society with a humaner tone, but it has been a terribly slow process. The awakening of recent years has been marked and full of promise. Even the avowal by the Church of its responsibility in relation to matters it has long neglected is a great gain. And it ought to be ours, instead of resenting the calls so frequently addressed to us under the name of "Christian Socialism," to weigh well what the words mean, and to be heartily on the side of every movement which wisely seeks the amelioration of the wretchedness which forms so dark a blot on our civilisation.

I believe that Christianity is the only solution of the social problems which now press upon us, and that in its conservation of individual liberty and by its inspiration of brotherly love it is the one power which makes for the peaceful and secure reform of the evils we deplore. The hope of the future is the fuller manifestation of the spirit and work of Him who came "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

HUNDREDS of readers who had obtained from reviews some glimpses of the educational importance and of the delightful freshness and piquancy of Professor Sully's "Studies of Childhood" must have regretted that the price of the work placed it quite out of their reach; for it was a book not merely to be borrowed and read through, but one to be owned and taken up again and again as the mood prompted or as leisure allowed. In "Children's Ways" * the author has selected and re-arranged much of the most attractive and suggestive material of the "Studies," and has added a number of new stories illustrating the strange and delightful workings of the childish brain in its efforts to grasp and understand the world in which it finds itself. Though the new volume possesses the charm of its predecessor, it does not supersede it. The more thoughtful reader who perceives the serious intention running through these pleasant and instructive pages will feel stimulated to look into the psychological excursions and the excised "abstruse discussions" which gave the "Studies" their special value as a work of original research. Without going beyond the book, however, he will find sufficient to absorb his attention—to open his eyes, if they have not already been opened, to the beauty and wonder of the mysterious little creatures who at one moment seem so near to us and who at the next are "whole worlds away."

In glancing at haphazard through the volume I come upon one of those strangely wise and beautiful sayings which seem to justify the thought that

> "The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar."

It is that of the little boy who remarked to his mother that if he could say what he liked to God, it would be, "Love me when I am naughty." Professor Sully notes "the feeling of bodily insecurity which appears very early when a child is awkwardly carried;" it seems probable that it is this feeling, or rather a feeling of greater security, which makes babies more willing to go to men than to women. Frequently, too, at bedtime when the infant is fretful and "cannot get to sleep," a transference to strong steady arms and the rude paternal breast brings content and a smiling collapse into slumber. The "deep mysterious sympathy" between a little girl and her doll is one of the enigmas of child-life. "I am an anxious-minded doll-mother," observed a small woman of my acquaintance, as on a windy night she gave up her eider-down to her doll and "tucked her in" with tender solicitude. Another day, promenading round the garden, she said to her doll, "Look baby, there's pappa!"—then, in a hurried aside, "Wave your hand, father!" Most of the kindly lessons of life are learned in—shall I give the word a wholly sunny and azure significance and say, the doldrums? "Children wish their dolls to share in their things," observes the professor, "to be kissed when they are kissed, and so to come close to them in experience and feeling." And it seems to me one of the happy chances of language that the very name "dolly" carries us back to St. Dorothea (God's-gift) and her beautiful rose-legend. "Dorothy," writes Miss Yonge in her "History of Christian Names," "was once one of the most usual

* "Children's Ways: Being Selections from the Author's 'Studies of Childhood,' with some additional matter." By James Sully, M.A., LL.D., Grote Professor of Philosophy of Mind and Logic, University College, London. Longmans, Green & Co. 4s. 6d.

of English names, and 'Dolly' was so constantly heard in every household that it finally became the generic term for the wooden children that at least as late as the infancy of Elizabeth Stuart were called babies or puppets." Dr. Sully writes that "the perfect child's faith in dolldom passes away early, in most cases it would appear, about the age of thirteen or fourteen. It is then that the young people begin clearly to realise the shocking fact that dolls have no 'inner life.' Occasionally girls will go on playing with dolls much later than this, but not surely with the old sincerity." I should have imagined that the sincerity of simple faith died out long before the age of fourteen. Judging from a conversation with a little matron of seven (dolly in arms) the "perfect faith" sometimes does not outlast half that age. "Does your little girl talk?" "Oh, no." "How is that?" "Why, she's only a little baby—three months." "I see. And when will she talk?" "I should think when she's five years old; perhaps when she's four." "Are you fond of her?" She cuddles the doll and smiles radiantly. "Do you think she is fond of you? Is she as fond of you as Guy-boy is of *his* mother?" "Guy is a *real* baby—a *live* doll," with a laugh; "this one isn't—I pretend she is. She will never be able to really talk, you know." "What is the good of pretending?" "You *have* to pretend—unless you have one of those dolls that speak when you pull a string." "But what pleasure have you in pretending?" "It is nearly as nice to pretend—when you can't have a real live baby."

I may be mistaken but I do not think that either in the "Studies" or in "Children's Ways" is there any reference to what may be called the first flash of self-consciousness—the first distinct experience a child has that *he* is *he*, something quite apart from the rest of creation. As might be expected such experiences are not easily collected, but in connection with what is to follow they are of unusual interest. Here are two cases of what I mean. In his "Letters" James Smetham writes: "My first awakening to consciousness, as far as I can remember, was in a valley in Yorkshire, outside the garden gate of my father's house, when at the age of two. I have a distinct remembrance of the ecstacy with which I regarded the distant blueness of the hills, and saw the laurels shake in the wind, and felt it lift my hair." Mary Howitt, in her autobiography, makes a similar statement, but unfortunately she leaves the reader to conjecture her age as between three and four years: "Then I recollect a curious little epoch in my life, as we were returning one evening from a forest ramble with my father. It was the first evidence to my mind that I could think. I remember very well the new light, the gladness, the wealth of which I seemed suddenly possessed. It has curiously connected itself in my mind with passing a pinfold. That particular spot seemed like the line between rational and irrational existence; and so childish was I in intellectual life, that it seemed to me as if before I passed the pinfold I could only say and think 'Bungam'—such was the expression in my mind—but that after passing it I had the full use of all intelligible speech." At what age do children generally become conscious of their own self-contained existence? Is it a rare exception that a child remembers the flash of revelation? Of another, and it may be regarded as a related, experience in this obscure region of the child-soul—the way in which the unreality of dreams affects one's confidence in the reality of one's waking vision—Dr. Sully furnishes some curious evidence. "A little boy five years old asked his teacher, 'Wouldn't it be funny if we were dreaming?' and being satisfied by the reply elicited that it would be funny, he continued more explicitly, 'Supposing every one in the whole world were dreaming, wouldn't *that* be funny? They might be, mightn't they?' Receiving a slightly encouraging, 'Perhaps they might,' he wound up his argument in this fashion, 'Yes, but I don't think we are—I'm sure we are not. Perhaps we should wake up and find *every one* gone away." So too a little girl about six and half years old, being instructed by her father as to the making of the world, remarked: "Perhaps the world's a fancy." The little man's certitude that we are not dreamers all was shared by no less notable a person than Novalis, who wrote: "This world is not a dream, but it ought to become one, and perhaps it will."

That this obscure, attractive phase of

child-consciousness does not cease with childhood is curiously illustrated in the concluding volume (just published) of Professor Knight's edition of Wordsworth.* The notes on the ode, "Intimations of Immortality," include an interesting letter from Professor Bonamy Price, who enjoyed the opportunity of interrogating the poet on those

> "Obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,"

for which he raised "the song of thanks and praise." In reply to his visitor, we are told, "the venerable man raised his aged form erect; he was walking in the middle, and passed across me to a five-barred gate in the wall which bounded the road on the side of the lake. He clenched the top bar firmly with his right hand, pushed strongly against it, and then uttered those ever memorable words: 'There was a time in my life when I had to push against something that resisted, to be sure that there was anything outside of me. I was sure of my own mind; everything else fell away, and vanished into thought.' Thought he was sure of; matter for him, at the moment, was an unreality—nothing but a thought. Such natural spontaneous idealism has probably never been felt by any other man." Though Professor Knight is inaccurate in saying that Wordsworth regarded this experience as "one to which every one, if he would look back, could bear testimony," Professor Price's supposition that it was unique is considerably wide of the mark. Who does not remember the "weird seizures" in "The Princess," when the solid world is desubstantialised, and to the Prince "all things are and are not" in a breath, and he feels himself moving among a world of ghosts, "the shadow of a dream"? And the experience of Arthur in "The Idylls," when illusion prevails

> "Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
> This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
> This air that smites his forehead is not air
> But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—
> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,
> Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
> Who rose again."

These fallings away and vanishings, which we have been assured came within the late Laureate's own experience, are admirably described in Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Tennyson: his Art and Relation to Modern Life;" but though he refers to Wordsworth, I do not recollect that he notices the coincidence between "In moments when he feels he cannot die," and Wordsworth's interesting biographical comment; "I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven." Still more striking in the way of coincidence are the confessions in Newman's "Apologia:" "I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world;" and again, referring to the doctrine of "final perseverance": "I believe that it had some influence on my opinions, in the direction of those childish imaginations which I have already mentioned, viz., in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator; for while I considered myself predestined to salvation, I thought others simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death. I only thought of the mercy to myself."

Is there by chance any one who has not read the legend of St. Dorothy to which I referred a little while ago? Time was when the story was known throughout western Christendom. The most elaborate and most modern version with which I am acquainted is that of Mr. Swinburne, who transfers the scene from Cæsarea to Rome, and otherwise considerably modifies the motives and incidents of the legend. The version of the western martyrologies, however, may be read in the second volume of Mr. Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints," the handsome reissue of which with numerous illustrations I have previously mentioned in these notes.*

* "The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth." Edited by William Knight. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Vol. VIII. 5s.

* "The Lives of the Saints." By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. New edition in sixteen volumes. Revised, with Introduction and addi-

Replying in the midst of her torments to the question of the savage Governor, "Where is this Christ?" Dorothy replied: "In His omnipotence He is everywhere; in His humanity He is in heaven, the Paradise to which He invites us—where the woods are ever adorned with fruit, and roses ever flower." Then scoffingly cried an unbelieving lawyer named Theophilus, "Send me some of those apples and roses, Dorothy." And the martyr replied, "I will." She was led away to execution, and as she knelt and the executioner made ready to strike, a beautiful boy appeared beside her with three apples and three red roses, "the like of which earthly garden had never produced." "I pray thee take these to Theophilus," she said, "and tell him that they are what I promised him." Then the sword of the deathsman fell, and the martyr "entered into the joy of her Lord." But Theophilus the advocate was at home with his comrades, to whom he was telling his jest with Dorothy; and as he was speaking, the boy stood before him, holding out the wondrous apples and roses; "Dorothy sends thee these as she promised." Then indeed Theophilus believed, and testified to Christ, and won the palm of martyrdom.

Of the vast labour of research which has gone to the making of this small library, of the discretion, sane judgment, and impartiality which mark the telling of the various lives, there is no need to speak now; but one may doubt whether such a work is estimated at its true value by the public at large, and whether its place in the history of Christian thought is duly and generally recognised. It is questionable whether without these curious documents it is possible to come to any real and intimate knowledge of the religious life of the past. Certainly with their aid much is illuminated which would otherwise be unintelligible, for even in the cases in which the so-called lives are absolutely mythical, they still bear truthful testimony as to the character of the time, to the mode of life, the intellectual, spiritual, and social condition of the people, for whom and by whom they were written. When they are historically trustworthy they are often excellent reading, merely as history. Take, for instance, the career of Athanasius the Great and the mighty Arian conflict in vol. V. Could one but tell that story with the colour and movement and vital passion with which it was acted in the fourth century, the narrative would take its place among the masterpieces at once of fiction and of history. To get at the real significance and intention and spirit of the Athanasian Creed, a very clear knowledge of that story is a prerequisite. But indeed it is not easy to enumerate all the ways in which these "Lives" are of value to the right reader, especially under the guidance of so accomplished and clear-headed a scholar as Mr. Baring-Gould.

So far as I have examined these five volumes, I have only one complaint to make—and considering the large number of saints and the absolute necessity for rigorous condensation the complaint is perhaps a little unreasonable—that in the life of St. Kellach of Killala, the details of the treachery of the saint's companions and his murder in the wood were not taken from the marvellously poetic version translated in the "Silva Gadelica." Full of a strange magic, at once natural and supernatural, is this account of the holy bishop's end,—when in the early dawn the raven and the hoodie-crow called his betrayers, and the red wolf, the deceiver, stole through the brackens, and even then the saint might have escaped, but instead, putting his trust in God, he went to his death singing a song to the Morning. Dr. Sigerson has given the lyric in his "Bards of the Gael and Gall," but admirable as is his elaborately rhymed rendering, let us here quote from the simple prose: "Hail to the Morning fair, that as a flame falls on the ground. Hail to Him too that sends her, the Morning many-virtued, ever new! O Morning fair, so full of pride; O sister of the brilliant Sun! hail to thee, beauteous Morning, that lightest my little book for me." In every house she sees the guest; on every tribe of men she shines—she, the white-necked, the beautiful, the wonderful! And she lights the page in his little book of prayers.

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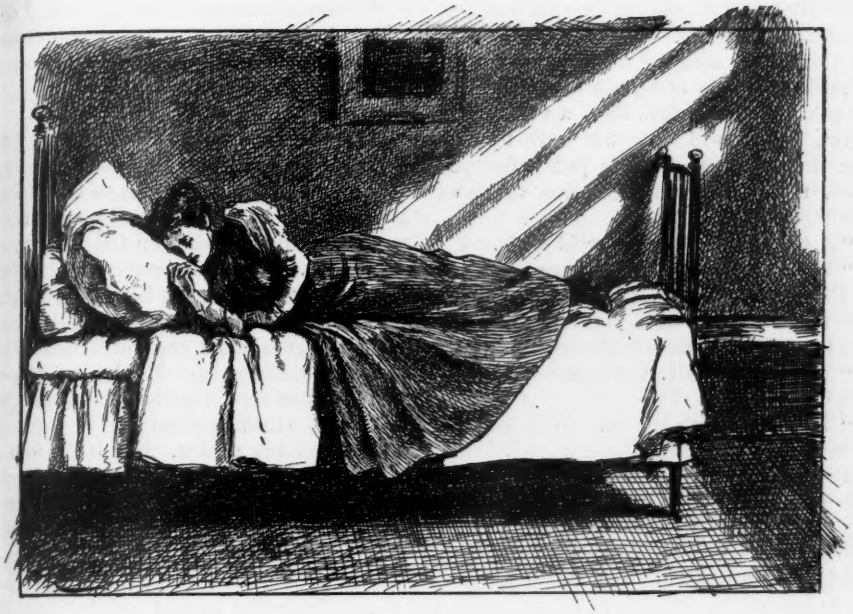
"THE INNOCENT SLEEP"

By Artz



"Tired out

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"Thou goest thine, and I go mine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days, and many ways,
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song;
Many a road, and many an inn:
Room to roam, but only one home
For all the world to win."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XXXII

"Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O heart, are you great enough for love?
I have heard of thorns and briers."

TENNYSON.

ON Easter Monday Ralph and Evereld joined the company at Liverpool. It was not without misgivings that the little bride found herself suddenly launched into a life of which she knew so little; and as they drove through the busy streets from the station she had time to conjure up many fears. They were all, however, fears lest she should fall short in some way, prove an indifferent housekeeper, be unable to make friends with Ralph's friends, or find herself in other people's way. But all anxiety was lost sight of when they reached the little house in Seymour Street and found Macneillie with his genial voice and fatherly manner waiting to receive them. He was a man who, from his kindly considerateness, and from a certain quiet friendliness of tone, quickly made newcomers feel at home with him.

Perhaps he intuitively guessed that Evereld's position would not be without its difficulties, and he did his very utmost to smooth the way for her. He at once allowed her to feel that she could be of use.

"I am glad you caught the morning train

from Stratford," he said, as they sat down to a two-o'clock dinner. "No, you must take the head of the table for the future. I shall claim the privilege of an old man and sit at the side. As for Ralph, he is a very decent carver, and we will leave the work to him. The Brintons were in here just before you came, talking over the reception which we give this afternoon."

"A reception?" said Evereld shyly.

"Yes, in the Foyer. You have just come in the nick of time. I was wanting help. Let me see; you were introduced to the Brintons, I think, at Southbourne."

"Yes, and to Mr. Carington and Miss Eva Carton."

"They have both left us. Well, you will soon get to know us all."

Evereld hoped she might do so, but she was utterly bewildered by the end of the reception, where she had been introduced to most of the company, and to a number of residents and people of the neighbourhood. As to recognising Ralph's fellow-artists when she met them again in the evening behind the scenes it was impossible. However, they good-naturedly told her they were quite used to being cut, and she found Ivy Grant a very pleasant companion, and had a good deal of talk with her between whiles.

Ivy had greatly improved since the days of the Scotch tour; trouble had developed her in an extraordinary way; she had grown more gentle and refined, and she still retained her old winsomeness, and was a general favourite. Thanks to Ralph's straightforwardness that morning at Forres, she had quickly awakened from her first dream of love, and was none the worse for it. In fact, it had perhaps done her good; she would not lightly lose her heart again, and her standard was certain to remain high. Moreover, she knew that Ralph would always be her friend, and she felt curiously drawn to Evereld, who was quite ready to respond to her advances.

There was something very fascinating to Evereld in the novelty and variety of this new life; before many days had passed she began to feel quite as if she belonged to the company. She sympathised keenly with the desire to have good houses, listened with interest to all the discussions and arrangements, and soon found herself on friendly terms with almost every one.

"There is one man, though, that I can't make out at all," she remarked one evening. "He always seems to disappear in such an odd way; I mean Mr. Rawnleigh."

Macneillie and Ralph both laughed.

"You would be very clever indeed if you contrived to know anything about him," said the manager. "He chooses to keep himself wrapped in a mystery. There's not a creature among us who can tell you anything about him. He's the cleverest low comedian I have ever had, but his habits are peculiar. To my certain knowledge his whole personal wardrobe goes about the world tied up in a spotted handkerchief. He has no make-up box, but just carries a stick of red rouge and powdered chalk screwed up in paper like tobacco in his pocket, puts it on with his finger and rubs it in with a bit of brown paper. Nobody knows in any town where he lodges, but he is always punctual at rehearsal, and if in an emergency he happens to be needed, you can generally find him smoking peacefully in the nearest public-house. He has never been heard to speak an unnecessary word, but, no doubt, like the celebrated parrot, though he says nothing he thinks the more."

Evereld laughed at this curious description.

"He is the sort of man Charles Lamb might have written an essay about," she said. "Now let me see if I have grasped the rest of them. The retired naval captain, Mr. Grantham, is the heavy man, isn't he? Then there are those two young Oxonians, and Ralph's friend Mr. Mowbray, the briefless barrister, what are they?"

"They are 'utilities,'" said Ralph.

"Mr. Brinton, I know, is the old man, and his wife is the leading lady, and Miss Helen Orme is the soubrette, and Ivy Grant—what is she?"

"A utility lady," said Macneillie. "Come, you would stand a pretty good examination, I think. Ralph must have coached you well."

Those spring days were very happy both to Ralph and Evereld, while Macneillie, who had been anxious as to the little bride's comfort and well-being, began to feel entirely at rest on that score.

It cheered him not a little to have her bright face and thoughtful housewifely ways making a home out of each temporary

resting-place. Her great charm was her ready sympathy, and a certain restfulness and quietness of temperament very soothing to highly strung artistic natures. When the two men returned from the theatre it was delightful to find her comfortably ensconced with her needlework, ready to take keen interest in hearing about everything; and she was wonderfully quick in understanding the different moods in which they came back, knowing at a glance when they were fairly content with their work, and when they were disheartened by having failed to touch their audience.

There was nothing fussy about Evereld; she was the ideal wife for a man of Ralph's eager, nervous temperament.

At midsummer the company dispersed, and Ralph and Evereld went to stay with the Magnays in London. It was not until the reassembling at the beginning of August that the discomforts of the new life began to become a little more apparent. Perhaps it was the intense heat of the weather, perhaps the contrast between the lodgings in a particularly dirty manufacturing town and the Magnays' ideal home with all its art treasures, and its dainty, half-foreign arrangement. Certainly Evereld's heart sank a little when she began to unpack.

Their bedroom faced the west, and the burning sunshine seemed to steep the little room in drowzy, almost tropical heat. She felt sick and miserable. Opening the dressing-table drawer she found that her predecessor had left behind some most uninviting hair-curlers and some grease-paint. Of course, to throw these away and re-line the drawer was easy enough; but by the time she had done it and had arranged all their worldly goods and chattels she felt tired out and was glad to lie down, though she did not dare to scrutinise the blankets, and could only try to find consolation in the remembrance that the sheets at least were quite immaculate and the pillow her own.

She was roused from a doze by Ralph's entrance.

"Come and get a little air, darling," he suggested. "This room is like an oven. Oh! we have got such a fellow in Thornton's place! the most conceited puppy I ever met. What induced Macneillie to give him a trial I can't think. He is quite a novice, and though rolling in gold, he has never thought of offering a premium. I never saw a fellow with so much side on! He ought to be kicked!"

"Who is he?" said Evereld, laughing, as she put on her hat and prepared to go out.

"He's the younger son of an earl, I believe, and rejoices in the name of Bertie Vane-ffoulkes. He patronises the manager as if he were doing him a great favour by joining his company, and he is already plaguing poor Ivy with attentions that she would far rather be without."

They went to the public garden, hoping to find a seat in the shade, where they could watch the tennis, and here they came across Ivy and Miss Helen Orme, who usually shared lodgings. In attendance on them walked a rather handsome young man with a pink and white complexion and an air of complacent self-esteem. Ivy, catching sight of them, hastened forward with joyful alacrity, though her *cavaliere servente* was in the middle of one of his most telling anecdotes.

"How delightful to meet you again!" she exclaimed, taking both Evereld's hands in hers. "I have been longing to see you. Now, if that obnoxious Mr. Vane-ffoulkes will but take himself off, there are so many things I want to say to you."

The Honourable Bertie, however, never thought himself in the way. He begged Ralph to introduce him to Mrs. Denmead, and kindly patronised them all for the next hour, chatting in what he flattered himself was a very pleasant and genial manner about himself, the new costumes he had specially ordered from Abiram's for his first appearance on the stage, the great success of the private theatricals at his father's place in Southshire, when he had acted with dear Lady Dunlop Tyars, and various anecdotes of high life which he felt sure would interest "these theatrical people."

At last, to their relief, he sauntered back to his hotel.

"I wonder whether he really acts well?" said Evereld musingly. "He seems to have a very high opinion of his own powers. I thought all the men's costumes were provided by the management."

"So they are," said Ralph with a smile; "but nothing worn by just a common actor would do for him, I suppose. He must have the very best of everything, specially

made for him by Abiram, and strike envy into the hearts of all the rest of us."

"We were so comfortable and friendly before he came," said Ivy; "and now I am sure everything will be different. He's an odious, conceited, empty-headed amateur, not in the least fit to be an actor. I wish he would go back to his private theatricals in the country and his duchesses, and leave us in peace."

"Poor fellow! perhaps he really means to work hard and improve," said Evereld.

"You are always charitable," said Ivy. "As for me, I believe we shall never have a moment's peace till Mr. Vane-ffoulkes has gone."

Her prophecy was curiously fulfilled, for it was wonderful how much trouble and annoyance the wealthy amateur contrived to cause.

Macneillie bore with him with considerable patience, being determined that, in spite of his many peccadilloes, he should have a fair chance. He taught him as much as it is possible to teach a very conceited mortal, gave him many hints by which it is to be feared he profited little, and quietly ignored his rudeness, sometimes enjoying a good laugh over it afterwards when he described to Evereld what had taken place.

Evereld was one of those people who are always receiving confidences. It was partly her very quietness which made people open their hearts to her. They knew she would never talk and betray them, and there was something in her face which inspired those who knew her to come and pour out their troubles, certain of meeting sympathy and that sort of womanly wisdom which is better than any amount of mere cleverness.

Even Mr. Vane-ffoulkes himself was driven at last, by the growing consciousness of his unpopularity, to tell her of his difficulties.

It was on a bright September afternoon, and they were watching a cricket match between the Macneillie Company and a local eleven. Cricket was not in Mr. Vane-ffoulkes' line; he was too long and lazy; but he now and then condescended to look on, and to criticise the play. Reluctantly he admitted to himself that Ralph Denmead, in flannels and Winchester cap, with his healthy, sunburnt face, and his hearty enjoyment of the game, was a rival not wholly to be despised. It galled him, too, that all his little shafts of satire and ill-natured wit fell flat, for Ralph thought only of the cricket, and was not to be drawn by the waspish amateur.

"I don't know how it is, Mrs. Denmead," he said, when Ralph's turn to go in came and he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Evereld, "I am not gaining ground here. These stage people are very hard to get on with."

"But they are your fellow-artists," said Evereld, lifting her clear eyes to his. "Why do you call them 'these stage people' as though they were a different sort of race?"

"Well, you know," said the Honourable Bertie, "of course you know it's not quite—not exactly the same thing. Your husband is of a good old family, I am quite aware of that; but many of the others, why, you know, they are just nobodies."

Evereld's mouth twitched as she thought how Macneillie would have taken off this snobbish little speech.

"But art knows nothing of rank," she said gently. "Who cares about the parentage of Raphael, or Dante, or David Garrick, or Paganini?"

The earl's son looked somewhat blank.

"That's all very well theoretically," he said, "but in practice it's abominable. I believe there's a conspiracy against me. They are jealous of me and don't mean to let me have a fair chance."

"Oh, Mr. Macneillie is so just and fair to all, that could never be," said Evereld warmly.

"The manager is the worst of them all," said the Honourable Bertie, deep gloom settling on his brow. "I hate his way at rehearsal of making a fool of one before all the rest of the company."

"But you can't have a rehearsal all to yourself," said Evereld, laughing. "You should hear what they say of some other managers at rehearsal, who swear and rave and storm at the actors."

"I shouldn't mind that half as much," said Mr. Vane-ffoulkes. "It's just that cool persistent patience, and that insufferable air of dignity he puts on, that I can't stand. What right has Macneillie to authority and dignity and all that sort of thing? Why, I believe he's only the son of a highland crofter!"

"I don't think you'll find aristocratic ancestors any good in art life," said Evereld.

"It is what you can do as an actor that matters, and as long as you feel yourself a different sort of flesh and blood how can you expect them to like you?"

The Honourable Bertie was not used to such straight talking, but, to do him justice, he took it in very good part, and always spoke of Mrs. Ralph Denmead with respect, though he still cordially hated her husband.

Ralph, unfortunately, occupied the exact position which the young aristocrat desired; he always coveted the juvenile lead, and Macneillie cruelly refused to give him anything but the smalles tand most insignificant parts until he improved.

"How can I make anything out of such a character as this?" he grumbled. "Why, I have only a dozen sentences in the whole play."

"You can make it precisely what the author intended it to be," said the manager. "It is the greatest mistake in the world to judge a part by its length. You might make much of that character if only you would take the trouble. But it's always the way, no heart is put into the work unless the part is a showy one; you go through it each night like a stick."

There was yet another reason why Mr. Vane-ffoulkes disliked Ralph. In the dulness and disappointment of his theatrical tour he solaced himself by falling in love with Ivy Grant; and Ivy would have nothing to say to him, refused his presents, and took refuge as much as possible with Ralph and Evereld, who, quite understanding the state of the case, did all they could for her.

The more she avoided him, however, the more irrepressible he became, until at last she quite dreaded meeting him, and had it not been for the friendship of the Denmeads and Helen Orme she would have fared ill.

It was naturally impossible for the Honourable Bertie to confide to Evereld how cordially he detested her husband; he turned instead to Myra Brinton, who, being at that time in a somewhat uncomfortable frame of mind, was far from proving a wise counsellor. Though in the main a really good woman, Myra had a somewhat curious code of honour, and she was not without a considerable share of that worst of failings, jealousy. If any one had told her in Scotland that she should ever live to become jealous of little Ivy Grant, she would not have believed it possible. But latterly Ivy had several times crossed her path. She was making rapid strides in the profession, and was invariably popular with her audience. This, however, was less trying to Myra than the perception that a real friendship was springing up between Ivy and young Mrs. Denmead, who, it might have been expected, would have more naturally turned to her. She did not realise that to the young bride there seemed a vast chasm of years between them; that a woman of seven-and-twenty seemed far removed from her ways of looking at everything, and that Evereld, dreading criticism, turned to Ivy as the more companionable of the two.

Deep down in her heart poor Myra could not help contrasting her own lot with that of Ralph Denmead's wife. The little bride was so unfeignedly happy and had such good cause for perfect trust and confidence in her husband, that Myra sometimes felt bitterly towards her. Not that Tom Brinton was a bad fellow; there was much about him that was likeable; but the lover of her dreams had ceased to exist, she had settled down into married life that was perhaps as happy as the average, but that nevertheless left much to be desired. Her husband would never have dreamt of ill-treating her; indeed, in his way, he was fond of her still. But it has been well said that unless we are deliberately kind to every one, we shall often be unconsciously cruel; and it was for lack of this kindly tenderness that Myra's life was becoming more and more difficult. She used to watch Ralph's unfailing care and thoughtful considerateness for Evereld with an envy that ate into her very heart. She was jealous, moreover, with a jealousy that only a woman can understand, of the hope of motherhood which began to dawn for Evereld. It seemed to her that everything a woman covets was given to this young wife, who had known so little of the hardness of life, the fierce struggle for success, which had made her own lot so different. And as time went on a sort of morbid sentimentality crept into her admiration for Ralph, and she found herself beginning to hate the sight of Evereld in a way which would have horrified her had she made time to think out the whole state of things. It was at this time that Mr. Vane-ffoulkes turned to her for advice. He could

not by any possibility have chosen a worse confidante.

"Why is little Miss Grant always running after the Denmeads?" he complained. "I can never get two words with her. If it's not the wife she is with, then it's the husband. I can't think what she sees in that fellow, but whenever he's in the theatre she's always talking to him."

"Yes, she is very unguarded," said Myra with a sigh. "Of course, he has known her since she was a child, and he was very good in helping her on when we were in Theophilus Skoot's company. But she ought to be more careful, for there is no doubt that she was very much in love with him in the old days. You would be doing a good deed if you separated them a little."

She had not in the least intended to say anything of this sort, the words seemed put into her mouth, and somehow, when once they were said, she vehemently assured herself that she fully believed them. Not only so, but she determined to act up to her belief.

"I never saw any one so fascinating," said the Honourable Bertie, who was very badly hit indeed. "She's a regular little witch. I assure you, Mrs. Brinton, I would marry her to-morrow if I were only lucky enough to have the chance. But she hasn't a word to throw at me, and if she is not with the Denmeads, why she will stick like a leech to Miss Orme; and how is a man to make love to a girl when that's the way she treats him? I wonder whether she still cares for that fellow Denmead? If so, couldn't you give his wife a hint? then, perhaps, she would not have so much to do with her, and I might possibly stand a chance of getting a hearing."

"Well," said Myra, rather startled by this suggestion, "I could do that if you like; but, of course, it would lead to a quarrel between them."

"Oh, never mind what it leads to," said Mr. Vane-ffoulkes. "It will at least give me a fair chance with her. Isn't it hard, Mrs. Brinton, that when a fellow doesn't care a straw the girls are all dying for love of him, and when at last he does care, why the fates ordain that he shall fall in love with a girl who, well—who doesn't care a straw for him?"

Myra could have found it in her heart to laugh at this lame ending, and at the sudden reversal of fortune which had so greatly depressed the earl's son, but, after all, there was something genuine about the poor fellow that touched her. For the time, Mr. Vane-ffoulkes really was very much in love with Ivy. It was the sort of passion that might possibly exist for about six months, it might even prove to be a "hardy annual," but it was certainly not a passion of the perennial sort.

She promised that she would do her best for him.

"If he is an empty-headed fellow," she reflected, "he is at least rich and well connected. It would be a remarkably good marriage for Ivy Grant, and I will do what I can to further it."

CHAPTER XXXIII

"When ye sit by the fire yourselves to warm,
Take care that your tongues do your neighbours no harm."

Old Chimney-piece Motto.

CHRISTMAS had passed and they were engaged for a fortnight at Marden town, one of the large manufacturing places. It was on a frosty clear morning, early in the new year, that Myra set out from her rather comfortless lodgings to call on Evereld. There was no rehearsal that day, and she happened to know that both Macneillie and Ralph were out, so that the coast would be clear for her operations.

"I shall be doing a kindness to her as well as to Ivy and Mr. Vane-ffoulkes," she reflected. "She is so very young and innocent, it is high time she understood a little more of the ways of the world."

Evereld was sitting by the fire in a cheerful-looking room, into which the wintry sun shone brightly; flowers were on the table, Christmas cards daintily arranged were on the mantelpiece, there was a homelike air about the place which Myra at once noted, and she looked with a pang at the little garment at which the young wife was working when she entered.

"My husband told me Mr. Macneillie was at the theatre, so I came in to have a chat with you," she said, kissing her affectionately. "You are looking pale this morning, dear; this wandering life is getting too hard for you."

"Oh, I am very well," said Evereld brightly; "and as to the travelling, I shall not have much more of that, for at the beginning of February I have promised to go and stay with Mrs. Hereford in London. They all say it is right, so I mustn't grumble; but I do so hate leaving Ralph."

"He can come to you for the Sundays," said Myra. "Where has he gone to this morning?"

"He and Mr. Mowbray have hired bicycles and have gone over to Brookfield Castle. They will have a beautiful ride, for it is so still and the roads will be nice and dry. Ivy wanted to go too, but she couldn't manage to get a bicycle, they were all engaged."

"Well, it sounds unkind," said Myra, "but I am not sorry that she was forced to stay behind. Ivy is getting too careless of appearances."

"Do you really disapprove of bicycling for women?" asked Evereld in surprise. "One has hardly had time yet to get used to it, but it seems such capital exercise, and no one could look more graceful on a bicycle than Ivy does."

"Oh, I don't mean that, dear," said Myra, colouring a little. "I really hardly know how to explain things to you, for you seem so young and confiding, and so ready to trust every one. But, you see, Ivy rather runs after your husband. Of course she always was a born flirt, I don't think she can help it. But people are beginning to notice it and to talk; they are, indeed."

"I wonder any one can be so foolish as to think such things," said Evereld with a little air of matronly dignity which became her very well. "Every one belonging to the company, I should have thought, understood that Ivy is so much with us because she is being actually persecuted by that provoking Mr. Vane-ffoulkes."

"Mr. Vane-ffoulkes is not so bad as people make out. He may be conceited, I quite admit, but he really is in love with Ivy, and she is very foolish to run away from him on every possible occasion. It would be a capital marriage for her. Why, if the present heir were to die, Mr. Vane-ffoulkes would come into the title. Ivy forgets that."

"She positively dislikes him," said Evereld. "You surely wouldn't wish her to marry such a man as that just for his position?"

"No; but I think she might be a little more civil to him, and at least give him a hearing. And, quite apart from that, I really think, dear, you are ill-advised in having her so much here."

Evereld's clear blue eyes looked questioningly and in a puzzled fashion at her visitor.

"But we like her and she likes us. Why shouldn't she come?"

"Because it would be much wiser for her not to come," said Myra. "I know her past and you do not. If you are wise, you will not have Ivy for your intimate friend."

A troubled look began to steal over Evereld's face; she was not well, and was very ill-fitted just then to take a calm, dispassionate view of anything. Myra's words and hints agitated her all the more because she only half understood them. Vaguely she felt that a shadow was creeping over her cloudless sky. She shivered a little and drew closer to the fire.

"Please tell me just what you mean," she said, rather piteously. "I know of nothing against Ivy, and she has been Ralph's friend for a long time, so, naturally, I like her."

"Naturally!" exclaimed Myra, whose jealous nature found it hard to credit such a statement. "That only shows how innocent you are, how little you understand the world. Why, to my certain knowledge, that girl is in love with your husband."

Evereld's eyes dilated; she stared at the speaker for a moment in mute consternation. Then suddenly she began to laugh, but not quite naturally; her tears were at no great distance.

"How ridiculous!" she said. "I wonder you can say such a thing to me. Ivy, who has been quite foolishly fond of me! Oh, indeed, you are mistaken."

"The mistake is yours," said Myra. "Ivy is a very coaxing little thing, and would, of course, find it most convenient to have your friendship. She is clever and managing and always contrives to get her own way; and then, of course, she is a born actress. I have no doubt she was delighted to vow an eternal friendship with you. It's just what would suit her best."

Evereld's heart sank; she seemed to be suddenly plunged into an entirely new region, where doubt and suspicion and

"Myra's words and hints"

jealousy and evil intention made the whole atmosphere dark and oppressive. Not since her difficulties at Glion had she felt so miserable and so utterly perplexed.

"You see, dear," said Myra, "I knew them both in the days of the Scotch tour, and from the first understood how things were. I daresay your husband hasn't told you about it; men forget these things; but there is no doubt whatever that Ivy was in love with him. I saw it then clearly enough, and I see it now. Be persuaded by me, and for your own sake and for her good don't have her much with you. I am older than you, and I know the harm that a fascinating little witch like Ivy can work. Of course, I say all this to you in confidence, but I thought it was only kind to give you a hint. You have not been to the theatre lately?"

"No, I am rather tired of this play," said Evereld. "I am glad we are to have a Shaksperean week at Bath."

"Yes, 'legitimate' is rather refreshing, isn't it?" said Myra. "But the dresses are a bother. I have to devise something new for Portia in the Casket scene, for the old one was ruined the last time I wore it. There were six of us dressing in one room, and a whole bottle of hand make-up was spilt over it. The men are lucky in having their costumes provided by the management. Well, good-bye, dear; take care of yourself; and be sure to let me know if there is anything I can do for you."

Evereld thanked her rather faintly, and was not sorry to find herself alone once more. She felt giddy as she tried to recall exactly what Myra had said and hinted. Could it possibly be true? And, if so, what was she to do? That there was a vein of silliness in Ivy she had long ago discovered; now and then she said things which jarred a little on her, but the more she had seen of her the more she had learnt to like her, and her perfectly open and rational friendship for Ralph had always seemed to her most natural. Was it true that all the time Ivy had been acting? Myra's arguments returned to her with a force which she vainly tried to struggle against. Had she been able to go out in the sunshine for a brisk walk, probably she would have taken a more quiet view of the state of affairs; but she was not well enough for that, and the more she brooded over it all the more miserable she became.

Just when her visions were at the darkest the bell rang, and the little servant ushered in Ivy herself.

"What luck to find you alone," said the girl brightly. "I was afraid Mr. Macneillie would perhaps be in. I'm in the worst of tempers, for on this perfect day there wasn't a lady's bicycle to be had, and there are Granfer and Denny enjoying themselves while I am left in this smoky town."

"I was sorry to hear you had been disappointed," said Evereld, going on with her work. But somehow, as she said the words, she knew that she was not so sorry as she had at first been. Things had changed since Myra's visit. She even fancied a difference in Ivy. Was there something more than cleverness in that winsome face? Was there a certain craftiness in those ever-changing eyes? She began to think there was, and, being a bad hand at concealing her thoughts, her manner became constrained, and she was extremely unresponsive to the flood of bright talk which Ivy poured out.

"Something is worrying you," said the girl, at last growing conscious of the curious difference in her friend's manner. "Don't worry; try sunlight! as the soap advertisement tells you. Come out with me for a turn before dinner. Walking is the sovereign remedy for all ills. We used to try it in Scotland when we were half-starving."

Evereld hated herself for it, but she was so overwrought and miserable that even the use of that word "we" grated upon her. She declined the invitation, and her manner grew more and more cold and repellent.

Ivy was puzzled and hurt.

"Have you been alone all the morning?" she said, wondering if, perhaps, that accounted for her friend's manner.

"No; I have had a call from Mrs. Brinton," said Evereld, colouring a little.

"Of all perplexing people she is the most perplexing," said Ivy. "One day I like her, the next she is perfectly detestable. What did she talk about?"

Evereld faltered a little.

"Oh, of various things," she said, blushing. "She is getting ready a new dress for the Casket scene."

"By-the-bye," said Ivy, springing up, "that reminds me that I must ask her for

"How I hate you! how I hate you!"

the pattern of a sleeve I want for Jessica. I know she has it."

And with friendly farewells, which Evereld could not find it in her heart to respond to at all cordially, she took her departure.

No sooner was she out of the house than Evereld's conscience began to prick her. She had felt very unkindly towards Ivy, and the wistful look of surprise and bewilderment which she had seen on the girl's face as she uttered her cold farewells kept returning to her. What if Ivy went now to see Myra, and learnt that they had been talking her over? What if, after all, this story of Myra's was quite mistaken, or possibly one of those half-truths that are almost worse and more damaging than utter falsehoods?

Shame and regret and self-reproach began to struggle with the wretched suspicions that had been sown in her heart by Myra's words, and her long repressed tears broke forth at last; she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"How miserably I have failed," she thought to herself, "How ready I was to think evil, and to jump to the very worst conclusions. It would be likely enough that she should have cared for Ralph, who was so kind to her when she was a child; I should only love her all the more if she had loved him. Why must I fancy at the first hint that there is sin in her friendship for him now? I won't believe it—I won't—I won't."

She took up her work again and tried to sew, but her tears blinded her, for she remembered how much harm might already have been done by her angry resentment and her ready suspicions. Ever since the hope of motherhood had come to her she had tried her very utmost to rule her thoughts, to dwell only on what was beautiful and of good report, to read only what was healthy and ennobling, to see beautiful scenery whenever there was an opportunity, and in every way to try harder than usual to live up to her ideal; she knew that in this way the character of the next generation might be sensibly affected.

Well, she had failed just when failure was most bitter to her, and being now thoroughly upset she had to struggle with all sorts of nervous terrors and anxieties and forebodings, in which her only resource was to repeat to herself the words of the Ewart motto, "Avaunt, Fear!" which had stood her in good stead during her flight from Sir Matthew.

It was only the sound of the servant's step on the stairs and the ominous rattle of the dinner things which finally checked her tears; she was not going to be caught crying, and hastily beat a retreat into her bedroom.

"If they see me like this they will imagine Ralph is unkind to me!" she thought, shocked at her own reflection in the looking-glass. "Oh dear, how I wish he were at home! And yet I don't, for if he were here just now I know I couldn't resist telling him everything, and that would worry him, and he shall not be worried just now, when he is so specially busy studying Hamlet."

Macneillie, returning from the theatre soon after, could not but observe at their *tête-à-tête* dinner that his companion had been crying, but, like the sensible man he was, he affected utter blindness, and did the lion's share of the talking.

"Can you spare me a little time this afternoon?" he said as he rose from the table. "I want to drive over to a village about three miles from here; the day is so bright, I don't think you would take cold."

Evereld gladly assented, and Macneillie, who, as an old traveller, was an adept at making people comfortable with rugs and cushions, tucked her cosily into the best open carriage he had been able to secure, and was glad to see that the fresh air soon brought back the colour to her face and the light to her eyes.

"You and I have both had a dull morning," he observed. "I have been bored to death with people incessantly wanting to speak to me; and you, I suppose, have been bored by being too much alone."

"No," she said, "I have not been much alone; Mrs. Brinton came to me first, and after she had gone Ivy came. They both of them vexed me somehow, but I think it was my own fault."

Macneillie meditated for a few minutes. He had not studied character all these years for nothing, and Evereld's transparent honesty and straightforwardness made her easy reading. Myra he had known for a long time, both before her engagement and since her marriage; she was a much more

complex character, but he understood her thoroughly, and had noted, though she little guessed it, that she was jealous both of Evereld's happiness and of Ivy's success in her profession; moreover, he was not without a shrewd suspicion that she was just a little bit in love with Ralph herself.

"Life is never altogether easy when a great number of people are going about the world together," he said. "There are sure to be little rubs. If you have ever seen anything of military life you will understand that. The officers' wives and families are pretty sure to have their quarrels and little differences now and then, but in the main there is a certain loyalty that binds them together. It is just the same with us. I have known people not on speaking terms for weeks, but they generally have a good-natured reconciliation before the end of the tour."

"Yes," said Evereld, "I can quite fancy that. And I know, if I hadn't been horrid and suspicious, things would have been different this morning. Please don't say anything about it to Ralph; I don't want him to know that I had been crying."

Macneillie couldn't resist teasing her a little.

"What! I thought you were a model husband and wife, and had no secrets from each other! And here you are pledging me to silence!"

She laughed at his comical expression, and felt much better for laughing.

"We do tell each other everything as a rule, but this could only vex him and make things uncomfortable all round, and just now he is studying so very hard for his first attempt at Hamlet. I really believe he is more Hamlet than himself; he seems to think of him all day long, and even in his sleep he has taken to muttering bits of his part. It's quite uncanny to hear him in the dead of night!"

She was quite her cheerful self again, and nothing more was said as to what had passed that morning. Macneillie, however, turned things over in his mind, and that evening at the theatre he reaped the harvest of a quiet eye, and began to understand the precise state of affairs.

CHAPTER XXXIV

"O for a heart from self set free
And doubt and fret and care,
Light as a bird, instinct with glee
That fans the breezy air.

"O for a mind whose virtue moulds
All sensuous fair display,
And, like a strong commander, holds
A world of thoughts in sway!"

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

"WHAT has happened to Evereld?" said Ivy that morning, as Myra graciously cut out for her a second pattern of the sleeve which she wanted. "I have been to see her, and it was like hurling words at a stone wall. I couldn't have imagined that she would ever be like that."

"Oh, you have just been in there," said Myra reflectively. "I am sorry you went to-day."

"What has come over her?" said Ivy. "She seemed almost to dislike me."

"I think she was a little upset by something she had heard," said Myra, handing the pattern to her visitor.

"What can she have heard that should make her different to me?" said Ivy hotly.

"Well, dear," said Myra, with a swift glance at her, "you know people are beginning to say that you run after Mr. Denmead, and I daresay she knows that you cared for him when we were in Scotland. Though very innocent, she can hardly help putting two and two together, and it is but natural that she should resent your making friends with her for the sake of being able to go about constantly with her husband. You made a mistake in professing such a very violent friendship for her."

"It is all a horrible lie!" cried Ivy, crimson with anger and distress. "No wonder she hates me if she believes me to be such a hypocrite as that! I was her friend—but, never will be again; no, nor Ralph's either. Oh! they will discuss it all, and talk me over! And I believe it's your doing. You told her this lie. How I hate you! how I hate you!"

Like a little fury she flung into the fire the pattern which Myra had just cut for her, and was gone before her companion could get in a single word.

Down the street she sped, looking prettier than ever, because her eyes were still bright

with indignation and her cheeks aglow at the recollection of what had passed. As ill-luck would have it, just as she reached the quiet road in which she was lodging with Helen Orme, she came suddenly face to face with Mr. Vane-ffoulkes.

"I had just been to inquire if you were in, and to try and persuade you to come and skate this afternoon," he said eagerly. "The ice in the park will bear, they say. Do come."

"But I never skated in my life," said Ivy.

"I will teach you. I am sure you would learn in a very little while, and it is just the sort of thing you would do to perfection."

As he spoke a sudden thought darted into Ivy's mind. Here was a man who for some time had seriously annoyed her by persistent attentions which she did not want. She would now change her tactics, would carry on a desperate flirtation with him, and show these detestable gossips that they were quite in the wrong. As for the Denmeads, she would avoid them as much as possible, and to Myra she would not vouchsafe a single word, no—not though they shared dressing-rooms!

All this passed through her mind while Mr. Vane-ffoulkes was assuring her that she would skate like one to the manner born.

"I don't think I can go," she said hesitatingly. "For one thing, I have no skates; and then——"

"I will manage the skates if only you will just come and try," he said persuasively, and after a little more discussion Ivy consented, and the Honourable Bertie, in the seventh heaven of happiness, hurried away into the High Street, there to procure the most dainty little pair of skates that the place could supply, while Ivy, forgetting her anger in the satisfaction of her new scheme, ran in to make a hasty meal and to put on the prettiest walking-dress and hat she possessed.

Late in the afternoon, Ralph and George Mowbray, bicycling back from Brookfield Castle, dismounted for a few minutes to watch the skaters in the park, and to speculate as to the chances of the ice for the next day.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Ralph, suddenly perceiving a graceful little figure skimming past under the guidance of a tall fair-haired man. "Why, there's Ivy Grant pioneered by the Honourable Bertie! Wonders will never cease!"

"So she has caved in at last," said George Mowbray with a laugh. "Having snubbed him all these months, I thought she would have contrived to send him about his business. How cock-a-hoop he does look!"

It was quite patent to every one after this that Ivy's objections to Mr. Vane-ffoulkes were a thing of the past. She accepted every votive offering he brought her, skated with him at every available opportunity, and listened in the most flattering way to his extremely vapid talk. For each inch she granted he was ready enough to seize an ell, and Macneillie, who had no confidence at all in the character of his wealthy amateur, soon saw that things must be promptly checked.

"My dear," he said one day to Evereld, when their stay at Marden town was drawing to a close, "I wish you would somehow contrive to give Ivy Grant a hint; she is going on very foolishly with Mr. Vane-ffoulkes, and it is quite impossible that she can really have any regard for him."

"I can't manage to get hold of her," said Evereld, sighing. "She won't come here and see me, but always makes some excuse."

"Well, I shall get rid of Mr. Vane-ffoulkes then," said Macneillie. "He has been an insufferable nuisance ever since he came. Would you believe it, he actually had the presumption to grumble because Ralph was to play Hamlet! I believe he seriously thinks he would do it much better himself! The conceit of that fellow beats everything I ever knew. You should have seen his face when he found that he was cast for Rosencrantz! It was a picture!"

"I never can understand why you yourself don't play Hamlet," said Evereld. "You would do it splendidly."

"Ralph understands," said Macneillie, a shade crossing his face. "He will tell you why it is."

There was silence for some minutes. Then, as though shaking himself free from thoughts he did not wish to dwell upon, Macneillie began to pace the room and to consider how best to rid the company of the undesirable presence of the Honourable Bertie.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, suddenly bursting into a fit of laughter. "Great Scott! that will be the very thing!" He rubbed his hands with keen satisfaction, chuckling to himself in high glee over the

thought of the fun he anticipated. "Come to the theatre to-night, my dear, and I will treat you to a new transformation scene which, if I'm not mistaken, will bring down the house. But, mind, not a word of it to any one beforehand."

It was not only his fellow-actors who objected to the Honourable Bertie; he was detested by the stage-carpenters and scene-shifters, not so much because of his conceit as because he had an objectionable habit of being always in the way. For the past week they had been giving a play in which he took the part of a dragoon guard, and though the insignificance of the character chafed him sorely, he found some consolation in the knowledge that in uniform he presented a really splendid appearance.

Now it chanced that there was a property chair used in this play of remarkably comfortable proportions, and the Honourable Bertie, being long and lazy, invariably lounged at his ease in this chair between the acts, having no change of dress and no opportunity of amusing himself with Ivy just in the intervals because she happened to have rather elaborate changes.

Macneillie, who was his own stage-manager, had for some time observed the cool disregard shown by the amateur of the peremptory call of "Clear!" on the part of his assistant stage-manager. Deaf to the order, Mr. Vane-ffoulkes invariably took his ease in the big chair, lazily watching the busy workers with an air of irritating superiority.

"I think I shall cure him of this little habit," reflected Macneillie with a smile, and seizing a moment when his victim was the only person visible on the stage he suddenly rang up the curtain.

A roar of laughter rose from the audience, for there in full view sat the Honourable Bertie with his legs dangling in unconventional comfort over the arm of the chair.

He sprang to his feet in horror, dashed to the practicable door at the back of the stage, deeming it his nearest escape, forgot that he still wore his guard's helmet, crashed it violently against the lintel, and by the time he had staggered back and with lowered crest disappeared behind the scenes, left the house in convulsions of merriment.

The curtain descended again, and the Honourable Bertie, choking with rage, contemplated his battered helmet with a fiery face, and vowed vengeance on Macneillie, but had not the sense to join in the laughter which even Ivy could not suppress, do what she would. The sight of her mirth put the last touch to his wrath, and at the close of the performance he had an angry interview with the manager, who, as he furiously declared, had made him ridiculous before the whole house.

"The curtain was rung up too early," admitted Macneillie, "but the order had been given to clear the stage; you persistently disregard that order every night, and must take the consequences."

"I will not stay another day in your d——d company," said the Honourable Bertie, fuming.

Macneillie bowed in acquiescence, gravely assured the earl's son that a cheque for the amount of his weekly salary should be sent the next day to his hotel, and bade him good-evening. Perhaps Mr. Vane-ffoulkes did not quite like to be so promptly taken at his own word, perhaps the quiet dignity of Macneillie's manner was too much for him, the threats and denunciations he longed to pour forth somehow stuck in his throat, and with a muttered oath he took his departure, leaving Macneillie well satisfied with the result of his stratagem.

Three days after the company moved on to Gloucester. Ivy, however, had made the business manager put her in a different railway carriage from the Denmeads, with whom she usually travelled, and Evereld could only contrive to exchange a few words with her at the station.

The following week, when they went to Bath, matters seemed rather more favourable. Ralph, who had a great liking for the old theatre there with its many memories, declared that it was the most interesting place of its kind in England; and Evereld, partly for the sake of seeing it, partly with the hope of patching up the quarrel, went with him on the Monday morning to rehearsal.

The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and fortune favoured her, for Ivy had not a great deal to do, and quickly yielded to her gentle, kindly manner. Together they laughed over Mr. Vane-ffoulkes' discomfiture, and agreed that it was a great relief to be well quit of him; then, as the rehearsal bid fair to be a lengthy one, Ivy ran out to

buy Bath buns at Fort's and handed them impartially to all present, including Myra, and Evereld began to think that things would soon come straight once more.

"Do come in to tea with me at five," she begged. "I shall be alone for hours, for they mean to go through some of 'Hamlet' this afternoon for Ralph's sake, and I shall be going to London next week, you know."

It was difficult to resist the friendly look in her eyes, and Ivy consented to come, arriving soon after four at the rooms in Kingsmead Terrace in a somewhat silent mood. However, tea and a good laugh over the vagaries of Mr. Vane-ffoulkes soon thawed her.

"I only wish I had never flirted with him," she said regretfully. "All the time I hated and despised him."

"What made you do it then?" said Evereld.

Ivy crimsoned.

"It was Myra's fault. I believe she was in league with him. When I found that she had told you such a lie about me, I thought I would show every one how false it was."

"But I knew it to be false almost directly," said Evereld. "It was only for an hour or so, before there had been time to think things over, that I believed it, dear. Indeed, if I had been well and strong, I don't think I should have believed it for a moment."

To her surprise, Ivy suddenly broke down and began to sob.

"Oh," she said, "I am so dreadfully alone in the world! I don't think I can do without you two."

"Why should you do without us?" said Evereld. "I hope you are not going to punish me any more for having been cold and repellent the other day? Ralph and I shall always want you to be our friend."

"But how can I be your friend when all these days you have been discussing me?"

"We haven't discussed you. Ralph has never heard one word of what Myra said. The only thing he did say was that he thought you did not realise the sort of man Mr. Vane-ffoulkes really was, or you would be more careful. Of course he can't help knowing, too, that you have quarrelled with Myra, because you don't speak to her."

"I am going to tell you just the whole truth," said Ivy, drying her eyes and looking straight up at Evereld with an air of resolute courage that made her winsome little face actually beautiful. "I did love Ralph once. At first he was just a sort of hero to me, but in Scotland, when we were all so miserable and he was always trying to help me, then I began to love him; and when the Skoots disappeared and left us stranded at Forres, I couldn't bear to be parted from him and let him see that I cared. I know he understood; for he showed me that it would not do for us to stay together when the company dispersed, and he told me how he cared for you, not, of course, saying your name, but I knew he meant you. At first it made me angry and miserable, but I liked him so for being true, and for speaking straightforwardly, as very few men do to women; and always he made me feel that he respected me and liked and trusted me. When, later on, the Brintons told me he was engaged to you, I was able to be glad of it—I was indeed; and when Myra told me the other day that you believed such a lie about me, and I guessed at once it was all her doing, why, it seemed as if she had trodden under foot the very best part of me, and afterwards I didn't much care what I did. I think I could almost have married Mr. Vane-ffoulkes."

"That would have been an awful fate," said Evereld with a shudder, as she realised how much harm her ready suspicions had done. "Ivy dear, you must promise me never to let any one come between us again. Ralph and I are always your friends; do believe that once for all, or I shall never feel at rest about you."

They kissed each other warmly, and the misunderstanding was quite at an end, leaving them much closer friends than they had been before.

To set things straight with Myra Brinton would probably not prove so easy, but Evereld was very anxious to effect a reconciliation before she went to London.

Partly with a view to this, she got Ralph to take her that night behind the scenes.

Unlike so many of the modern theatres, the old theatre at Bath, in which Mrs. Siddons had often acted in former days, could boast a comfortable green-room, and here Evereld and Ralph and Helen Orme did their best to draw Ivy and Myra Brinton into more pleasant relations.

Ivy might have been persuaded to relent, but Myra withdrew into a shell of cold reserve, which made Ralph think of the days when he had first known her at Dumfries. She looked on with chilling surprise and disapproval while Evereld chatted in a friendly fashion with Ivy, and quite refused to join in the general conversation. While all the rest were pinning each other's draperies she stood by the fireplace busily occupied with her powder-puff, apparently quite self-engrossed, but in reality noting with jealous pangs the easy good fellowship of her fellow-artists and the expression of Ralph's face as he talked with Evereld and Ivy. She made up her mind to hold entirely aloof and show how she despised them all, and it proved quite impossible to make any way with her.

Evereld made one last effort in the interval after the third act, when Myra, looking extremely handsome in her lawyer's cap and gown, came into the green-room ready for the Trial scene; and Ivy, in good spirits after receiving much applause for her sprightly rendering of Jessica's part, was quite disposed to break the silence which had now lasted so long between them. But, as it takes two to make a quarrel, it also takes two to make an atonement, and Mrs. Brinton calmly turned her back upon the girl and sailed across the room to the inevitable powder-box.

"I don't care," said Ivy under her breath, as she shrugged her shoulders and left the room. "If it pleases her to go about with a black dog on her back, let her! Now you are going to stand at the wings, Evereld, and enjoy the Trial scene; you will have a capital view of it just from here. As for me, I shall run up and change for my moonlight scene. *Au revoir!*"

She felt in a mischievous mood, resenting Myra's absurd behaviour, and yet too much pleased by her good reception and by the satisfaction of being on comfortable terms with Ralph and Evereld again, to be exactly angry. In hot haste she threw off her dress, and broke the rules by removing the iron gas shield that she might heat her curling tongs more rapidly.

"I will dress quickly and run down before Myra comes up for her next change," she reflected. "It is just hateful sharing a dressing-room with any one when you are not on speaking terms. I wish Mr. Macneillie would have let her have the 'Star' room, but he always will keep the one nearest the stage for himself, whether it is good or bad. If I had only thought of it I would have been in the long room with the others."

Jessica's dress required a great deal of pinning and draping. It was by no means easy to dispose of the long trailing folds of light Liberty silk, and Ivy was in an impatient mood. Suddenly, as she tossed the end of a bit of light gauze drapery over her shoulder it caught by some mischance in the unprotected gas jet. In an instant it was flaring all about her, and wild with fright she found it impossible to free herself from its serpent-like coils.

Presence of mind had never been one of her characteristics, and now the awful sense of her danger and her horrible loneliness drove her to distraction. She cried for help, but it seemed to her that she might burn to death before any one heard her in that remote place.

Meanwhile, Evereld, standing at the wing, was watching with keen interest Macneillie's masterly representation of Shylock, and thinking how handsome Ralph looked as Bassanio, when she was startled by a distant cry.

"You take my house when you do take the prop that doth sustain my house," pleaded Shylock, and at that instant another much more distinct sound from behind—unquestionably a scream—made Evereld's heart stand still. Sure it was Ivy's voice!

Without a moment's hesitation she ran to the door leading to the ladies' dressing-rooms, hurried up the stairs, and had just gained the passage above, when, to her horror, she saw Ivy rushing forward, her pale green dress all ablaze.

Snatching off the warm cloak she had been wearing as she stood at the wings, Evereld flung it about the terrified girl, and exerting all her strength, almost hurled Ivy to the ground, dismayed to see how the flames were rising towards her face.

"Don't try to get up," she cried, as Ivy, mad with fear and pain, would have leaped to her feet again. "Roll over, and we shall crush out the fire."

It could have been only two minutes, yet it seemed to them hours before others, hearing the screams, came to the rescue, and by that time Evereld had succeeded in stifling the flames.

Macneillie, learning directly he came off the stage that something was amiss, hurried up to them, and was dismayed to find what had happened.

"Go at once and get hold of Dr. Grey," he said, turning to the business manager, who had been the first to come up. "He is in the front row of the dress circle. Granfer," he added, turning to George Mowbray, who was the next to appear, "you will help me to lift her into her dressing-room."

"It is so small and crowded," said Evereld. "Would not the green-room be better? she must be carried down the stairs sooner or later."

"Yes, quite true. Give me your cloak, Granfer; we will throw it over her; and do you go first, Evereld, and see that no one is in the way. We shall get her safely to the green-room before the end of the act."

Ivy's moans, as they carried her, were drowned in the applause which followed the end of the Trial scene.

And Evereld, not pausing to realise that she was trembling from head to foot, went on before to make ready a place where they could lay her down, and, thanks to the promptitude of the business manager, the doctor was on the spot almost as soon as they were.

Ralph, strolling up the stage a few minutes later, having heard nothing that had passed, was rudely recalled to the present as he approached the little group of people round the green-room door.

"The doctor has just gone in," he heard someone say, and the words sent a sudden panic of terror through him.

"Let me get by," he said; "what's the matter, Granfer?"

"You can't go in," said several voices. "Ivy Grant has been awfully burnt; they say Mrs. Denmead managed to get the fire out."

"Where is my wife?" said Ralph distractedly.

"She is in the green-room helping," said George Mowbray. "It's no good, Denny. I tell you no one can go in."

Ralph, sick with anxiety for Evereld, and only longing to get her out of the room, seemed on the point of taking his friend by the collar and thrusting him aside, when to his relief the door opened and Macneillie came out. They all made way for him, and heard him giving orders for a messenger to be sent at once for the ambulance; then, before a single question could be put to him by Ralph, the assistant stage-manager came up to suggest that the last act should be omitted. Macneillie, however, so strongly disapproved of ending the play, as is sometimes done, with the Trial scene, that even in this emergency he would not give his consent. Fortunately, Ivy's understudy was present, as she had taken part in the dance introduced early in the play, so that no very great delay was to be feared, and when this matter had been disposed of, Helen Orme, who had good-naturedly hurried up to dress in order that she might be free to offer her help, came hastening back, and begged leave to go in and do what she could for Ivy.

"Send Evereld to me," was Ralph's parting injunction, and Helen Orme, feeling very sorry for him, went in, and finding that the preliminary dressing of Ivy's burns was nearly over, took it upon her to admit him on her own authority.

It was a kindly meant act, but under the circumstances a little risky, for at the first sight of him Evereld's composure began to give way. The doctor noticed it at once.

"Now, Mrs. Denmead," he said cheerfully, "let this lady take your place for a minute, and you go and sit down. I shall be ready to dress that hand of yours directly."

"Oh!" moaned Ivy, who had spoken very little since they had carried her down. "Is Evereld hurt?"

"Just a little," said the doctor. "But she won't grudge that, for she has saved your life."

"Do you think you could just manage to get me home?" whispered Evereld, suddenly realising that her strength would hold out no longer, and that she could only agitate and harm Ivy by staying.

"Yes, darling," said Ralph; "of course I can."

But the cheery doctor had overheard, and was beside them in a minute.

"Where are you staying?" he said, crossing the room to them. "In Kingsmead Terrace? I will drive you there at once in my carriage. Wait for a minute, and I will bring it round to the stage-door. My little patient here will do well enough now, and before long they will carry her to the hospital

in the ambulance. Just one word with you, Mr. Denmead."

Ralph followed him out of the room.

"Now kindly pilot me through these passages," said the doctor, having put a kindly question or two as to Evereld. "Your part is not quite finished, is it? Another scene yet, if I remember right. You must leave me to see your wife safely home; and don't be over-anxious. Of course, it's an unfortunate thing that she has had this fearful shock, but there is no reason why she should not get on well enough. Have you a decent sort of landlady with a head on her shoulders?"

"She is a capable sort of woman," said Ralph, "but——"

"All right. That will do very well for the present. Here's my carriage."

He gave directions to the coachman, and in a few minutes' time Ralph had put his wife into the brougham, and with a heavy heart had turned back into the theatre to get through the rest of his work as best he could.

"Just one word with you, Mr. Denmead"

THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH

By A. HOLDEN BYLES, B.A.

ON arriving in New York in February 1895, I was invited to preach in what was described as an Institutional Church. The name was new to me, and somewhat of a puzzle. I could not understand why any particular church, which must be an institution whatever its creed or complexion, should be singled out for this designation. A few days later I called on Dr. Strong, the secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, a man who may be fairly described as the Apostle of Applied Christianity. With the prospect of my visit to this mysterious church before me, I asked him if he could explain its name. I found that he was the father of the phrase, and therefore he had no difficulty in describing the features of his child. He told me that the reason for the name was based on the fact that the two great saving institutions of society are the home and the church, and that when one of these institutions does not exist the other must supply its place. Accordingly, the Institutional Church is that which supplies the place of the home to those who are practically homeless.

The plant is of American growth, and has been called into existence by conditions which, if not peculiar to, are strongly accentuated in that country. In all great cities

the number of those who, though not houseless, are practically homeless is considerable; but in American cities, and especially in New York, that number is enormous. In that city, according to the census for 1890, only 6·33 per cent. live in their own homes. Of course it is possible to find the saving influences of the home in the tenement dwelling, but it is less likely, and it is practically impossible, where several families are crowded into one room. It was, therefore, in New York that the need for the Institutional Church was first felt. That need raised a cry that must be answered, and churches hitherto the most conservative began to recognise that the true note of the Apostolic Church is to be found in deeds rather than in creeds.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Institutional Church is entirely engaged in what we call "slum work." It will have its rescue missions and similar redemptive agencies, but these are only branches of a much wider work among an entirely different class. Many of them are in districts occupied by what an Englishman, with his peculiar instinct for such fine distinctions, would call "the lower middle-class," small tradesmen, clerks, artisans, &c., the larger proportion of whom live in flats or apartments which, not unfrequently, are merely used as sleeping-places. Many of them are married people with families, but while they have a "local habitation and a name," they have no real home. The Institutional Church supplies the lack, and by its new methods has succeeded where churches working on the old lines have failed. Many a stranded city church has been floated on the tide of these activities and made once more to "walk the waters as a thing of life." "The Institutional Church succeeds" (writes Dr. Strong) "because it adapts itself to changed conditions. The people living around it have in their homes no opportunity to take a bath; the church furnishes bathing facilities. The people have little or no helpful social life; the church opens attractive social rooms, and organises clubs for men, women, boys and girls. The people know little of legitimate amusement; the church provides it. The people know little of household economy; the church establishes its cooking schools, its sewing classes and the like. In their homes the people have few books and papers; in the church they find a free reading-room and library. The people have no opportunities for intellectual cultivation; the church opens evening schools and provides lecture courses. In short, this church undertakes to create, within certain limits, a new environment."

But while this definition gives a reason for the name "Institutional," it does not indicate in what way the Institutional Church is differentiated from other Churches which, in our own and in other countries, are doing a work more or less similar. It is not easy to state, in so many words, wherein the difference lies. In the platform of the "Open and Institutional Church League" we find it stated that "the Institutional Church depends upon the development of a certain spirit, rather than upon the aggregation of special appliances and methods. It is an organism evolved from a germinal principle rather than an organisation." It is, therefore, by the discovery of that "spirit" that we shall best understand it.

It is not a separate denomination, and, though denominational, it is not—and by its very nature it cannot be—sectarian. It aims to make men "of the measure and stature of the fulness of Christ," not to make Baptists or Congregationalists, Methodists or Episcopalians. To quote again from its platform, "it aims to save all men, and all the man, by all means, abolishing, as far as possible, the distinction between the religious and the secular, and sanctifying all days and all means to the great end of saving the world for Christ."

This last sentence expresses what is the most distinctive feature in its methods. It aims to abolish, "as far as possible, the distinction between the religious and the secular." Dr. Dickinson (one of the ablest exponents of the movement) explains and defends this position as follows: "to ask whether religion is secularised by a Church which employs secular methods is as absurd as to ask whether it is secularised by the Christian who engages every day of the week in ordinary business duties. When we speak of a religious family, we do not mean a family which spends all its time at family prayers, or in reading the Bible, or studying the Sunday School lessons. We do not think that the religious family secularises its religion because the boys engage in an

occasional game of baseball or croquet, or because the girls take lessons in music and painting. That which makes this family religious is the spirit which pervades it at all times and in all places. Now the ideal church is this religious family on a larger scale."

To realise this ideal the Institutional Church is open, not only every day, but all the day through. But it is open for actual service, and not merely for that which has been called "service" in that strange misapplication of the word which has crept into ecclesiastical usage, and which Ruskin so finely satirises. He speaks of the "cant" of thinking that "praying and psalm-singing are 'service,'" and of the "impudence" of saying that "Divine Service will be performed at 11 o'clock." The Institutional Church does not perform, it renders service, and that of the most varied and practical kind, every day and all the day through.

For the rendering of such service it will be evident that what is called "the one man system" would be quite inadequate. There must be a plurality of pastors, indeed a multiplication of workers both of official and non-official status. But the forms of service are so varied and many-sided that the difficulty of finding the workers is greatly reduced. All are not "prophets," all are not "teachers," all have not "the gift of healing," but in the Institutional Church there are such "diversities of workings" and of "ministrations" that the gifts and graces of each member can readily find some scope. Every member is pressed into the service by a constraint of love almost as effectual as the military conscription of the German empire.

In order fully to understand the spirit of the Institutional Church one must see it at work; it is only possible here to give some account of its machinery. Its rescue and reformatory agencies are somewhat similar to those of the social scheme of the Salvation Army, but, as already stated, these are only a small part of its activities. It seeks to save the lost, but still more to save from being lost; its work is preventive rather than curative. It provides for all ranks and conditions, and touches all the many sides of human life.

Dr. Rainsford, the minister of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, was the first to enter upon strictly institutional work. He is a fine, stalwart, "breezy" Englishman with broad forehead and deep-set eyes, and with large views about the functions of the Church. He holds that the "supremely important work of the Christian Church to-day is to make man acquainted with man,' for "in studying man we most learn to know God. In serving man we serve our Father. In saving man we are in abiding relationship with our Saviour." His principal efforts are on behalf of the children and young people. One large building is devoted to a kindergarten, another to boys' and girls' clubs. A cottage in the country is provided as a convalescent home, and last year 12,000 persons were carried from the pestiferous air of the city to enjoy an outing at the seaside. For the older boys (15 to 18) there is a battalion club, with military and athletic exercise, and for the girls, sewing, cooking and physical culture classes.

The most successful, and perhaps the most interesting, of the agencies of this Church, is the Industrial School in East 11th Street. It has been started nearly five years, and has been steadily growing in numbers and influence. It has now 250 members, and as many more waiting until there is room to receive them. If we enter it any night in the week, we shall find its various rooms filled with boys, many of whom have been at work during the day, eager to acquire skill in some industrial occupation. Competent experts are employed to teach carpentry, plumbing, printing, drawing and telegraphy, and the industry and regular attendance of the pupils testify to their appreciation of the teaching that is given.

A similar work is being carried on by Dr. Greer, in the neighbouring parish of St. Bartholomew, with some special features deserving attention. The Employment Bureau is a well-recognised form of all social work of this kind, whether carried on by the Church or the University Settlement, but few have been so successful as that of St. Bartholomew. Last year there were 2071 applications from employers, 2233 from workers, and 1213 situations were filled. The Bureau is self-supporting, its services are not offered as a charity; a regular registration fee is charged, and reimbursement required after work is found. The whole time of five persons is employed in managing it. No distinctions are made among the

applicants for work, and they embrace men and women of almost every nationality and belief. In the Hospitals (another branch of this work) 7549 medical and surgical cases were treated last year, in addition to 3145 in the night clinic for diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Other branches are an Oriental mission for the education of members of the Asiatic races; a kitchen, where wholesome and well-cooked meals are supplied to the poor at actual cost; a rescue mission for the reclamation of fallen men and women; and a lodging-house carried on by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew which admits men as lodgers for $1 a week, but discourages the nomadic habits of its patrons by requiring that applicants shall remain for at least that time. An interesting and successful experiment has been tried in the establishment of a loan bureau, somewhat on the lines of the municipal pawnshops in Paris. Its object is to supplant the pawnbrokers, who, like vampires, suck the blood of the necessitous. This bureau was incorporated in June 1895, and I am told that it has become an inestimable blessing to hundreds of worthy families who, by its timely aid, have been lifted over the difficult places. Its report shows that out of 1466 loans made during the year, 855 were paid in full or cancelled, and that while $60,000 were loaned during the same period, $43,600 were repaid.

It is impossible to enumerate the many kinds of what is called "institutional work" in New York City. It is confined to no one denomination, but finds its home among the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists as readily as among the Episcopalians. Nor is it by any means confined to New York. Just across the water is Jersey City, where we find one of the best of these Institutional Churches under the splendid leadership of Dr. Scudder, the senior pastor of the first Congregational church. He is a man in every way fitted for his work, the ideal pastor of an Institutional Church, and I mention him to show the kind of man this work requires. The pastor of such a church must be a many-sided man; he must combine the culture of the scholar with the fervour and even the fanaticism of the revivalist; he must be a man of broad sympathies, tender feeling, and indomitable energy; and in addition to this he must be what the Americans call "breezy." There is no place in the Institutional Church for those, whom Cowper has described, with "skulls that cannot teach and will not learn; prepared, by ignorance and sloth, to make God's work a sinecure"; the work is one which calls pre-eminently for the zeal and self-consecration of the apostle who could "spend and be spent" in the Master's service. I have known several of them, but one of the best is Dr. Scudder. Though born in New England and reared among the straitest sect of the Congregationalists, he has had the grace to recognise that the dull and dignified respectability of former days is not suited to the present age. Experience has taught him that people do not now believe in the authority of the Church as they did, and that they have very little regard for the clergyman's office. But he has learnt also that, if the clergyman has "the love of the Lord in him and is filled with love to his fellow-men, he will be respected and listened to, never mind his cloth." His idea of the Sunday "services" (for so we must call them for want of a better word), if they are to draw to themselves the present unreached masses, is that they should be as free and unconventional as a concert. Those who come to them should feel that the church is a grand brotherhood. There should be plenty of music and all of it good; the sermons should be short, but above all practical, and of such variety that they take Christianity into every part of human life. He would have the preacher not only as original as he can be, but also as "spicy," for, as he says, "there is no reason why a child of God should be stupid."

But with all this freedom in dealing with so-called secular subjects, and in leading his Church to engage in what many would consider secular work, he is keenly alive to the importance of bringing the spiritual element well to the fore. His great battle is with sin; his supreme object is to win souls for Christ. In this he has been successful beyond most, especially with young men. A stranger once asked him how it was that there were more men than women in his church. He took him through the various rooms and showed him the gymnasium, the bowling and tenpin alleys, the billiard and pool tables, and he told him, "The saloon charges forty cents for a game of billiards,

we charge twenty; they charge ten cents for a game of tenpins, we charge five." He then gave him the following story: "A young man—a sad profligate, who had been addicted to drink—came to me last New Year's day and told me he was so happy he did not know what to do with himself; he had given his heart to God. I asked him how it came about, and he told me it was all through the bowling-alley. He had come in there because it was cheaper than the saloon, but by that means he had become acquainted with the Christian young men about the place and had 'touched elbows with them.' By their influence he had been drawn into the church, and by the grace of God he had been converted. There," said Dr. Scudder, "that young man was brought to Christ through the tenpin alley, and that's what does it. It isn't the preaching only, nor the singing; it is touching elbows with them every day in the week."

He told another story to the same point. A deputation waited upon him from the W. C. T. U. and said: "Don't you think it would be a good thing to start a prayer meeting in Central Avenue?" "No, sister," he said, "start an amusement hall, and charge one-half what the saloon does." They went out of the house as if they thought he was possessed by a devil, but shortly after, Frances Willard wrote him, saying: "I have thought over what you said, and I am sure you are right."

Dr. Dickinson of Boston is another prominent and typical pastor of our Institutional Church, and there is no one to whom this movement is more deeply indebted. With pen and speech he is one of its ablest advocates and exponents, and the noble work accomplished under his leadership at the Berkeley Temple bears splendid witness to its spiritual power It was my pleasure to meet Dr. Dickinson shortly after arriving in the States, and my privilege to occupy his pulpit. The congregation was most inspiring; the large church was crowded in every part, and with just the kind of people one likes to see. There were as many men as women, most of them (as far as I could judge) between the ages of twenty-five to thirty-five; married couples, many of them, or those about to become such. On the following day I went over the building—or rather buildings. They are huge hives of Christian activity. Their doors are open all day and every day, and in the busy season of the year thousands of people pass through them every week. Sunday is the busiest day. Its meetings begin with a prayer meeting at 9 A.M., and continue, with only a three hours' break in the afternoon, till 9.30 P.M.

During the week the church office is open every day from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

The Dorcastry, under a lady superintendent, provides a home for about 300 young women, giving instruction in French, German, shorthand, painting, &c., and enlisting their aid as "King's Daughters" in the benevolent work of clothing the destitute.

The Young Men's Institute bands together the young men not only for amusement and self-improvement, but also for service, not the least important part of which is in connection with their fine temperance organisation, through the agency of which hundreds have been saved or kept from falling.

These are but a few of the many Institutional Churches that are now scattered through different cities in many parts of America, each of which is doing something to bring nearer the kingdom of God. The mind of the Master is in them all; the Spirit of the Lord is upon them "because He has anointed them to preach the Gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

RECOGNITION

By ANNIE ELIZA BRAND

THE editor's wife—the title was so new she was still secretly proud of it—lifted her spreading skirts with an expression of disgust on her pretty face. Those stairs were abominably dirty, and, of course, the elevator must take this particular day to get out of order!

As she paused for breath on the landing, a door opened above, sending down a burst of masculine laughter and the sonorous tones of a big voice to mingle with the rattle of street noises already in possession of her ears. The door shut again forcibly; a young man hurried past her, absorbed in the enjoyment of some joke. Evidently, the tremendous press of work Harry talked about included something not unlike other people's idea of a good time.

Just inside the bare, dusty office sat a man, with his hat pushed back, writing furiously. At the far end of the room two or three more were grouped, in carelessly comfortable attitudes, about a big fellow, whose mock-heroic declamation appeared to afford them exquisite amusement in connection with a rough caricature which another was fixing upon the wall.

The orator stopped at Mrs. Sherrard's entrance, and the rest of the party composed themselves into more decorous positions. The office, in general, approved of Harry Sherrard's wife, who was understood to be of the elect in fashionable circles, and was undoubtedly good to look at.

The door of Harry's private sanctum was opened for her with marked politeness. Harry looked up from his littered desk with a little surprise. Mabel was usually too immersed in social business to get so far down town.

She explained her errand, and he was attempting to emphasize the impossibility of quitting work earlier than usual, when another burst of laughter penetrated intrusively to discount the effect of his plea of overwork.

"I declare you're dreadfully tiresome, Harry! They *must* be busy. Driven to death. Is that what men call being overworked?" as more evidences of merriment made themselves audible.

"My dear Mabel, don't be unreasonable. You can see I'm not loafing. As for those fellows out there, their busy time and mine don't necessarily coincide. Something came in this afternoon and set Carrington off. Jenkins made a perfectly killing sketch, too." Mr. Sherrard laughed at the thought of it.

"I should rather like to share a piece of fun that seems to have diverted the whole establishment."

"All right, my dear." Harry instantly embraced the opportunity to go on with his work. He rang, and gave a message. A boy quickly returned with a bundle of untidy manuscript, and a rough drawing in chalk.

"There, if that doesn't strike your sense of humour, I'll begin to believe the critics who swear it's left out of the feminine make-up."

Mrs. Sherrard took up the first sheet of the series. It was not attractive. The paper soiled and cheap, the writing crabbed and illiterate. She began to read with knit brows and a disdainful curve to her lips. Apparently it was the beginning of a poem, nebulous in meaning, an impossible farrago of words, rambling, extravagant in diction, full of curious idiom, written with naïve disregard of the most ordinary rules of poetic composition, pathetically absurd. Yet, here and there could be traced a vague shadow of the real thought, buried under a clumsy ignorance that travestied expression in such ridiculously inadequate words.

How could they think it amusing, this revelation of a human soul, beating itself in fatal ignorance against the barrier of language with futile, miserable weapons? It was tragic, pitiable!

Mabel's eyes grew warm with tears of pity. In those scrawled lines was the secret of a fellow creature's being; and men could laugh at them. She laid the manuscript down gently, and took up the cartoon, a ludicrously truthful realisation of a forlorn, countrified old maid, atrophied by narrowing circumstances, poverty and loneliness, into a human caricature.

"If it's the sense of humour makes you men laugh at that, you're welcome to a monopoly of it," she said, indignantly.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked her husband, surprised.

Mrs. Sherrard rose with dignity. "Men are—— The more I know of them, the more I'm convinced——"

"Spare me, my dear, I'll give you up mankind in general as a bad lot. May I ask the particular variety of wickedness you're down on, just now?"

"You call that a joke?"—she pointed to the poem before her. "A joke! And let it be pilloried for the idle amusement of that crowd?"

"Well, I suppose it's serious enough to her." He turned over the sheets gingerly, and read the signature. "Irene Lucretia Biggs. Poor thing! It is rather cruel to laugh at her."

"Irene Biggs! Where did it come from, Harry?" Mrs. Sherrard forgot her righteous anger in curiosity.

"Why, Millville, sure enough!" It was at Millville they had spent part of their honeymoon.

"Then it's Miss Biggs, at Marcy's, the pasture farm, Harry! That woman makes the best butter I ever tasted."

"Then why on earth does she waste her time writing bad poetry? Since you're interested in her, write and tell her there's a better market for butter than for *good* poetry. As for that stuff——" He turned the heap over with his pencil, disdainfully.

"You don't see the pathos of it? Don't you remember her?"

Mr. Sherrard did. It was hard to repress a smile. Indeed, he had a dim remembrance that it was not he, but Mabel, who had once made fun of the lady's curiously skimpy garments and odd ways. However, drawing logical parallels in argument with a woman was sheer waste of breath.

"Imagine what that means to her, Harry! It's ghastly to think of it made the laughing-stock of a room full of men. If the truth were known, not one of them is fit to tie her shoes."

"My dear little woman, I'm sorry, since you feel so about it."

"Oh, it isn't what I feel. It's—it's her, poor thing."

"Well, I'll return it, with an extra polite note."

"That isn't enough, Harry. You'll just print it."

"Mabel! that's beyond a joke. Print it! It would kill the magazine."

"I've seen things as unintelligible that were called fine. But I didn't quite mean that. Have a few copies done, and send them to her with a note to say that you can't use poetry in that style as a regular thing, but beg to enclose, etc."

"Oh, of course. Read aloud, it'll do as well as rennet, and afterwards come in handy to wrap her butter in."

"I hate a person who turns everything to ridicule. I thought you had some honest feeling."

"I hope so."

"If you have, you'll be just, and pay for your miserable joke."

Mr. Sherrard protested, but, as usual, Mabel gained her point.

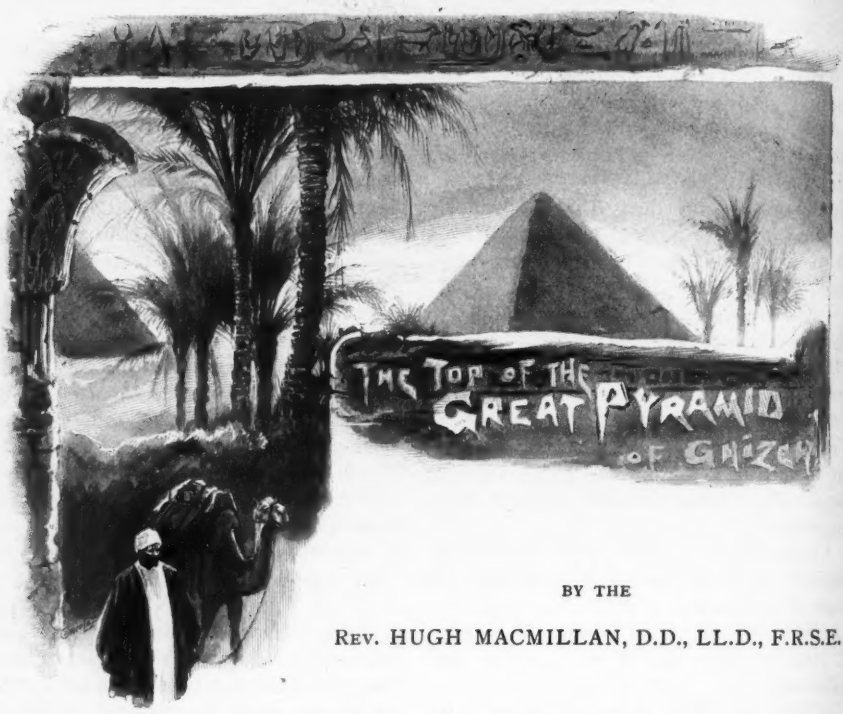
In a tremor of excitement, that brought the colour to her faded cheek, Miss Irene Biggs washed the buttermilk off her hands, to receive from the postman a thick package. She looked with respect at the New York address printed on the corner of the envelope, and opened it with unsteady hands.

Mabel had infused something of her own sympathy into Mr. Sherrard's business-like communication. Such a rejection was almost as flattering as acceptance. One person, at least, recognised the divine flame in her heart; her spirit was no longer imprisoned. Dimly it had broken the bonds of silence, and given its message to a kindred soul.

The printed sheets, virgin white, fell crisply from the wrapper. Miss Biggs took them up with the awe of a devotee, privileged to unfold sacred mysteries. A strange joy pervaded her as she saw the verses, her own creation, given the material life of the printed word.

It was the triumphant moment of Irene Biggs's prosaic life, glorious enough to cast a reflected glow over years of sordid duties patiently toiled through.

Blushing, trembling like a girl with her first love to confess, she went to confide this hidden joy to Mary Jane, the invalid sister who shared her home.



BY THE

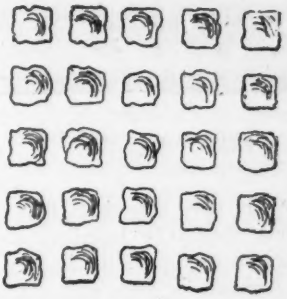
REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

I REMEMBER well the feeling of jubilation with which I surmounted the final step of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh. I was astonished to find that the platform on the summit was so large. This wide space was gained by the removal of thirty feet of the apex, the materials of which, along with the casing stones that covered the outside of the whole pyramid, had been used in building the beautiful old mosque of Sultan Hassan in Cairo. There was a slight breeze, such as always seems to haunt similar heights, which was very refreshing. The view, when I recovered sufficiently from my exhaustion to look around and enjoy it, was most extensive. I could see about fifty miles of the shining course of the Nile southwards. The banks of the river, a short way from the water's edge, were covered with luxuriant grass and occasional palm groves; and beyond this margin of verdure was a wide waste of grey barren sand extending up to the pale limestone cliffs on both sides. The line of green and grey kept quite distinct, and, by contrast, how deliciously vivid was that green! The desert and the river, the destroyer and the restorer, seemed to meet along that boundary in mortal strife; and you could not but feel the unique grandeur of the Nile, which for more than a thousand miles, alone, without a single tributary or a drop of rain to swell its waters, bravely overcame the absorption of the thirsty sand and the evaporation of the burning atmosphere, and spread all along its margin a veil of rich vegetable life over what seemed the whitened ashes of a fire-destroyed world.

That mysterious south had a strange fascination for me. I gazed with all my soul in my eyes, as if to penetrate the haze of the far horizon, and behold the hoary wrinkled "brow of Egypt" in which the world's earliest wisdom was conceived. How delightful, I thought, it would be, to sail up those majestic waters, which have left upon all the fields of human knowledge the rich deposits of their overflow for so many ages, and trace upon this most venerable of rivers the stream of time itself to the sources of human life, past temples that have outlasted the gods to whom they were dedicated! But I turned away my eyes from the too alluring prospect and gazed northwards, where the landscape was like a panther's skin, dotted

with tawny elevated sandbanks, portions of the old sea-bottom projecting above the alluvial deposits of the river, and occupied by the mud villages of the people, and by the shapeless ruins of the distant past, which of late have yielded up so many precious secrets to the explorer. Rising out of the desert in front were the spectrelike pyramids of Dashour and Sakkarah, the gigantic gravestones of the vast cemetery of the vanished city of Memphis. To the left, on the opposite side of the river, Cairo, with its brown and pink houses and slender white minarets, spread itself out at the base of the Mokattam hills, which, like prisms, took out of the sky its hidden hues of pale gold and purple. Between the desert and the river, at the foot of the pyramid, was the famous battlefield which received its name from its situation. And over all the wide view, so hoary in its antiquity, so full of changes and revolutions, brooded the eternal youthfulness of the blue sky. For one brief moment I seemed to forget the howling Arabs around me, and to lose myself in a golden dream of the past.

But the platform itself upon which I stood at last attracted my attention. It had an interest of its own. Many visitors seem to regard monuments, to whose antiquity the duration of an empire is but a few years, as existing solely for the purpose of enabling them to chip and carve their ignoble names upon them. I never saw such a vast number of names anywhere, done with every kind of lettering and every kind of instrument. There was not a blank space the size of an inch left anywhere. It was a palimpsest of stone, for one name often superseded and obliterated another. Every block was marked with the initials or the full names of persons belonging to almost every nation and language under heaven. British names

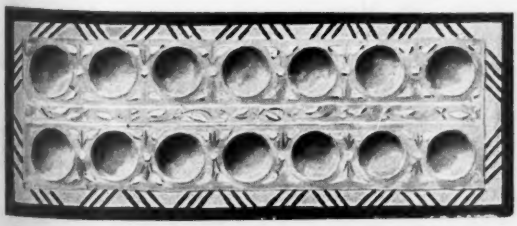


SEEGA HOLES FROM TOP OF PYRAMID

were conspicuous, and some of them names which we should not have expected to see there. But imitation is infectious in such a place, and one who would not for the world desecrate a tree growing in some famous shrine of pilgrimage in his own country by carving his name upon it, and would call it a vulgar ambition to associate his own individuality in this manner with some public monument at home, is tempted by the exhilaration of the spot, and by the example of so many others worthy of respect, to make the hoary pyramid a mere visitors' book.

This common practice would not matter so much in the case of a tree, for the living structure, by its own growth, obliterates in a few summers the name carved upon its bark. But the stone of the monument unfortunately retains the record in such a climate, and hands down the name of Smith and Brown cut on the marble on which a Greek chisel has carved its immortal conception, with patient impartiality. And yet there is something touching in this instinct that induces so many to associate their names with great and enduring structures. It is closely connected with the universal desire for immortality. For none of us would willingly resign this pleasing anxious being of ours a prey to dumb forgetfulness.

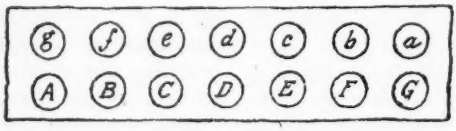
A certain Lord Brook, an obscure nobleman, wished to transmit his memory to future ages. The only way in which he could do this was to have his name asso ciated with some great man whom the generations would remember.



MANCALA BOARD FROM BEYROUT, SYRIA

BOARD FOR WA-WE—ISLAND OF ST. LUCIA

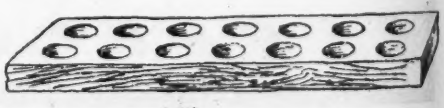
He therefore gave directions that upon his tombstone should be inscribed the words, "The friend of Sir Philip Sydney." In a similar manner, by associating their names with a monument that has commanded the reverence of ages, and that will outlast almost all the other works of man, the persons who inscribed them desired to share in a similar remembrance by their fellow creatures. It was this same instinct that led the builder of the pyramid to construct it; and the crowd of names on its summit have only followed his example. I do not know how far back some of these names may go. Four or five hundred years have elapsed since the platform was made by the removal of the apex stones; and since then it is pathetic to think that generation after generation of visitors have inscribed their fleeting records on this gigantic tombstone, which does not even contain the name of him for whom it was erected. It bears aloft to heaven for a transient immortality the signatures of those who have only climbed its sides, while he who erected the mighty pile left it anonymous. The very effort to secure immortality by such unexampled means has defeated its own object, and only led to a more complete forgetfulness.



ARRANGEMENT OF HOLES IN PLAY

But, besides the names of visitors, I noticed some other marks on the summit platform which greatly excited my curiosity. In one corner a large limestone block was raised above the general level; and on this stone there were three rows, side by side, of small, round, cup-shaped cavities, numbering nine in each row. They suggested to me at first sight the curious cup-marks excavated on rocks and boulders all over the world, and very numerous on our own moors and lonely prehistoric sites, which were in all likelihood used for libations of blood or water in connection with the ancient worship of the sun. Such cup-marks have been discovered on old sacrificial altars, dolmens and cromlechs on the east side of the Jordan by Major Conder in great abundance. Some of them occur on the rock-surface of the Haram area in Jerusalem, near the present Turkish barracks; and they are in different stages of completion, from the initial appearance of two or three parallel gashes cut in the rock to perfectly smooth and rounded hollows. I wondered if such cup-marks had been equally prevalent in ancient Egypt, and whether those which I saw on the summit of the Great Pyramid were specimens of the same primitive symbolism. But a little reflection convinced me of the untenableness of this theory. The area of the platform at the summit of the pyramid giving it a truncated appearance, as I have said, is of comparatively recent date, and therefore any marks inscribed upon it cannot be any older. Indeed the cup-marks in question showed obvious signs of having been recently made. The cavities were fresh and regular and sharply cut, and their general appearance was unlike that of any specimens of the genuine ancient type with which I had been familiar.

Pointing to the holes beside me on the platform, I asked one of the most intelligent of the Arabs who had constituted themselves my guides what they meant. He said that they had been made by their friends for the purpose of playing the favourite game of Mancala, with which to beguile the tedious time of waiting on the top of the pyramid while the visitors they had brought



MANCALA BOARD FROM JERUSALEM

up with them were resting themselves or admiring the view. The game is exceedingly popular with the peasants of Egypt. There are either five rows of five holes in each row, or seven rows of seven holes, or nine rows of nine holes. The specimens I saw on the pyramid were of the last-mentioned pattern. The game is played with small cowrie shells or with pebbles which are called "kelbs" or dogs. All the holes are occupied with kelbs with the exception of the central one. The players move their respective kelbs nearer to this vacant centre, by taking their opponents' ones, as in a game of draughts or chess. The game requires considerable skill and patience, and is admirably adapted to the habits of the Arabs. A large amount of the baksheesh received by the guides changes hands during the play. When my attention was thus drawn to the significance of the holes, I found several other specimens in different parts of the pyramid. While engrossed in the game the Arabs maintain a deep silence; and many a visitor has reason to be thankful for this opportune intervention, for he is left in peace to absorb into his soul all the sublime associations of the place and to enjoy the glorious view.

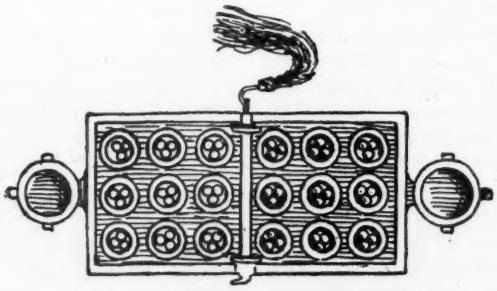
A most interesting illustrated monograph on this subject has recently been published among the "Proceedings of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington" by Stewart Culin, the Director of the Museum of Archæology in Pennsylvania, from which I have gleaned most of the following facts, as well as the illustrations. The game of Mancala may be said to be the national game of Africa. It is most closely associated with that continent. It is found among all the tribes, and is an evidence of the essential unity that underlies all the African races. Among the Abyssinians it is played by all classes from the king to the peasant. It is the favourite amusement of the negroes at Benin on the West Coast. It is well known among the natives of Bombay, in Java, in Ceylon, in the Maldive Islands, and in the Malay Peninsula. In Syria and Palestine cup-marked stones used in this game are not infrequently found in old ruins. It is played by the Druses with holes made in a plank of wood; and this is the common form of the instrument in Jerusalem and throughout Syria, where it may be seen continually played in the *cafés* by the visitors. The children in Egypt, Nubia, and Syria play it in holes excavated in the ground; and when two travellers meet on the way they frequently rest and extemporise a board of holes dug in the hard path, and proceed to play with the pebbles they gather on the spot. In Palestine and Egypt shells are used in the game that are brought from the shores of the Red Sea; while in Damascus pebbles are employed which pilgrims collect in a certain valley on the way home from Mecca. Games of hazard are prohibited by the Mahometan religion. But Mancala is considered a game of fate or skill, and is therefore tolerated; and in all likelihood it is diffused by the pilgrimages from Mecca throughout the Mahometan world to the utmost limits of Arab culture. It has even reached the New World. The negroes carried it to America from their old African abodes; and at this day it is a common amusement among the negroes of St. Domingo. There is a little Syrian colony in Washington Street, New York, among whom this game may be frequently seen played on a board with two rows of holes, with a handful of shells or pebbles, as a link with their distant homes. There is indeed no game so popular or so ancient as this. It extends over half the inhabited area of the globe; and in the Museum of Cairo there is an alabaster slab with holes excavated in it exactly like those on the top of the Pyramid of Ghizeh. This slab dates from the second or third dynasty, and is therefore a great deal older than this pyramid. The game has been played for 6000 years, and is still as much esteemed as ever. It is as lasting and unchanged as the pyramid itself.

It seems strange to think that the mighty Pyramid of Ghizeh should thus be converted into a gigantic Mancala board, for the amusement of Arab guides. Many occult reasons have been given for the construction of the pyramid; the ostensible use of it being to form a sepulchre for the monarch of the time. It has been supposed to be an observatory, or an astronomic sign built to record an arc of the meridian, the earth's diameter, the revealed unit of measure, the rising of the old polar star, and other points of cosmic or mathematical knowledge. But it has been left to modern ingenuity to find a novel use for it, whatever object it may have served in primitive times. And this

use of the Great Pyramid as a table for one of the commonest games of the Fellaheen reminds us how some of the grandest of the ancient Roman monuments were similarly used. On the exposed pavement of the Basilica Julia in the Roman Forum, built by Cæsar and finished by Augustus on the site of the great Sempronian Basilica, we see a large number of circles and holes incised on the surface of the marble slabs, indicating the positions of the *tabulæ lusoræ*—the gaming-tables, where the old Romans used to play their games of chance. Inscriptions cut over them allude to their being used in the openest manner. Here, where the greatest court of justice of the realm was held, where Cicero pleaded and Pliny practised as an advocate, and the Emperor presided, the dice-players of the Forum carried on their games heedless of the solemn issues that were being decided in their near neighbourhood.

Among the marvellous ruins of the Palatine Hill, I found one day on the tufa blocks forming the pavement of one of the outer courts of Domitian's Palace, roughly scored, a series of straight and cross lines, marking the place where the Roman children used to play a game somewhat like hop-scotch, which our own little girls play on the dry pavements of our streets, with chalk lines and a flat round stone or peevor, when the summer begins each year. Untrodden by human feet for centuries, these rough lines on the stones told how the very lair of the cruel tyrant and persecutor had been converted into the site of one of the most innocent of children's games. The site of the old court of justice in Jerusalem, called the Pavement or Gabbatha, where our Lord was brought before Pilate, has been recently discovered; and on one of the stones may be seen the figure of a game which is still played by the Arabs called *dris*, from the Greek word signifying three. The Roman attendants played this game to relieve the tedium of waiting, or to add zest to the hearing of the trials that were going on.

There is a deep significance in this curious association of games with ancient and historical monuments. It reminds us impressively of the perpetual rejuvenescence of the world. One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but human nature is always the same; and the earth which abideth for ever is but a great sepulchral pyramid on which successive generations play their fleeting games. Our thoughts are in this way led upward to the New Jerusalem which is being formed amid the passing away of earthly dynasties and generations, where the two extremes of life shall be perpetuated and harmonised, and old men and women, every man with his staff in his hand for very age shall dwell, and the streets shall be full of boys and girls innocently playing in the freshness and simplicity of childhood.



BOARD FOR SABATTA, ABYSSINIA

WELLS CATHEDRAL CHURCH

By the Rev. Canon CHURCH, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON

FIRST PAPER

The Saxon Church

"Central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."—Wordsworth.

THIS might be a motto descriptive of the Church of Wells, enfolded in a green and sheltered valley, under the Mendip Hills, where the springs which run through the limestone rock burst out in the "bottomless wells" of living water, reflecting gable and pinnacle and tower, in still evening hours.

It has had a singularly uneventful and almost peaceful history.

At the beginning of the eighth century, A.D. 709, Aldhelm, first bishop of the new See of Sherborne, died at the little wooden church of Doulting on the crest of the Mendip, which looks down through green combes over the western plain of Somerset to the Severn Sea. In his missionary work through this half Celtic district he had moved the convert King Ina to repair the waste places of Glastonbury. About the same time a frontier settlement of secular priests was planted at the foot of the hill country, and a wooden church of St. Andrew rose by the head of the springing wells.

There is little to be told of its earlier history, while the heathen Dane was harrying England, until at last Alfred had sallied from the moor fastness of Athelney, and the treaty of Wedmore gave peace to Wessex.

Then, when the land had rest under Edward son of Alfred, Somerset received a bishop of its own, and his seat was planted by the water side at "the great fountain of St. Andrew," A.D. 909. During the tenth century Glastonbury reached its height as the chief monastic house in England, rich in its possessions, in its claims to a saintly ancestry, and in the influence and fame of its second founder, Dunstan, the chief man of his time, Primate, and Minister of Edmund, and of Edgar, the overlord of Britain.

During the same period the See of the Sumersetas at Wells was growing from obscurity to alliance and rivalry with the abbey.

Glastonbury was the school which then trained bishops for many of the Sees in England. Three brethren of the house passed to the bishop's seat at Wells, and thence to the chair of Augustine and Theodore at Canterbury.

Athelm, first bishop, was Dunstan's kinsman, and succeeded Plegmund, Alfred's archbishop. Wulfhelm succeeded him, both

at Wells and Canterbury, was Primate at Athelstan's coronation at Kingston, in 925, and outlived the battle of Brunanburgh and Athelstan's death in 940.

For a short time during Edwy's reign and Dunstan's banishment, Brithelm, Bishop of Wells, was Edwy's minister, and was appointed by him to Canterbury; but Edgar's triumph brought Dunstan back, and Brithelm retired to his See at Wells. At his death in 973, Glastonbury again supplied to Wells, though a secular church, the next two bishops—Kyneward "the good," whose death the Saxon chronicle records in the monody on King Edgar, and Sigar, abbot and bishop, 975 to 997.

Ethelwold, the moving spirit in the struggle between monks and seculars, yet tolerated the secular rule at Wells, as he retained the secular canons whom he found at York living under the stricter rule of Metz, which Bishop Giso soon afterwards introduced at Wells. One more Bishop of Wells, Living, is described by the chronicler as "sagacious before God and before the world," in very difficult times. Appointed Primate by Ethelred in the time of disaster at Canterbury, after the murder of Archbishop Elphege by the Danes, 1011, he was taken into Normandy by Ethelred, after the submission of the Western Thanes to Cnut at Bath, and it was his lot after Ethelred's death, 1016, to crown in St. Paul's Minster, in the same year, his successor Edmund Ironside, and, in the next year, Cnut the Dane, 1017.

In Edward the Confessor's time came to Wells the foreign bishops from Lorraine, Dudoc and Giso, the two last bishops buried in the Saxon Church at Wells, each in his niche on either side of the high altar. Giso was present when Edward wore his crown for the last time, on Christmas Day, 1065; he was at the dedication of St. Peter's in Westminster on Holy Innocents' Day, 1066; and on the following Christmas he assisted at the coronation of William the Norman. He introduced into Wells—as Leofric, his countryman, had introduced into Exeter—the semi-monastic rule for secular canons, which had been established by Chrodegang of Metz. Here, at Wells, on the ground south of the present church, he built a dormitory, refectory, and cloister for his canons, increased in number to fifty, whom he brought under stricter discipline as a celibate brotherhood employed in parochial as well as in canonical offices.

Late excavations on this site in 1894 have revealed the foundations of a chapel, the same perhaps which he endowed with land at Wootton, and which survived on this spot under changed architecture as the "Lady Chapel near the cloister," into the fifteenth century; and also a channelled watercourse from St. Andrew's spring, of ancient date, which may have brought the water to the Saxon buildings on this site. During his time, and chiefly by his diplomatic skill in troublous days of change, the lands and possessions of the See had so increased that at the Domesday survey of 1086, two years before his death, the bishop held more than one-twelfth of the shire, and his estate, *terra Gisonis episcopi*, was the second to Glastonbury in value and extent among the ecclesiastical estates.

Giso lived over the Norman Conquest; he also lived over the Council at St. Paul's in 1075, according to which the seat of the bishop was to be transferred from the country

village of Wells to the more populous and historic city of Bath.

But he did not live to see his building destroyed, his brotherhood broken up and his canons scattered, by his successor John of Tours in 1088. Wells then lost its pre-eminence of 200 years as the seat of the bishop, the church was left to decay, the estate of the canons, tenants of the bishop, was farmed out by the provost as steward to his brother Bishop John, who grievously afflicted them—while the palace and Norman church were rising at Bath.

It was a mark of pious respect to the memory of his Saxon predecessors in the See, as well as a politic act to denote the priority of Wells, and the continuity of his own episcopate with Saxon times, that Jocelin in the thirteenth century constructed the effigies of these bishops of earlier days, and laid them in honour on the bench table on each side of the presbytery of his church—Dudoc and Giso, and five others.

The Makers of Wells.

The bishops of the next hundred years—Robert of Lewes, 1131–1166; Reginald de Bohun, 1174–1191; Jocelin of Wells, 1206–1242—were the makers of Wells.

The history of the present church begins with Robert, the monk of the great Cluniac priory of St. Pancras at Lewes.

He brought the seat of the bishop back again to Wells, and laid the foundations of its present fabric and constitution.

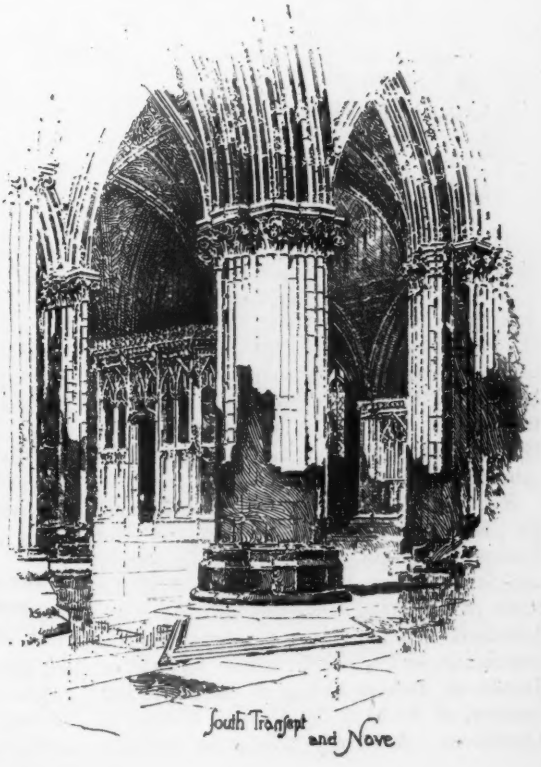
Amidst the endless agitation and anarchy of Stephen's reign, "when barons and many bishops took arms, fought in battle, divided the spoil, built castles, oppressed the people," Robert was quietly working out the constitution and fabric of his church at Wells, which, like a house built upon the rock, has stood the storms around it more than 700 years.

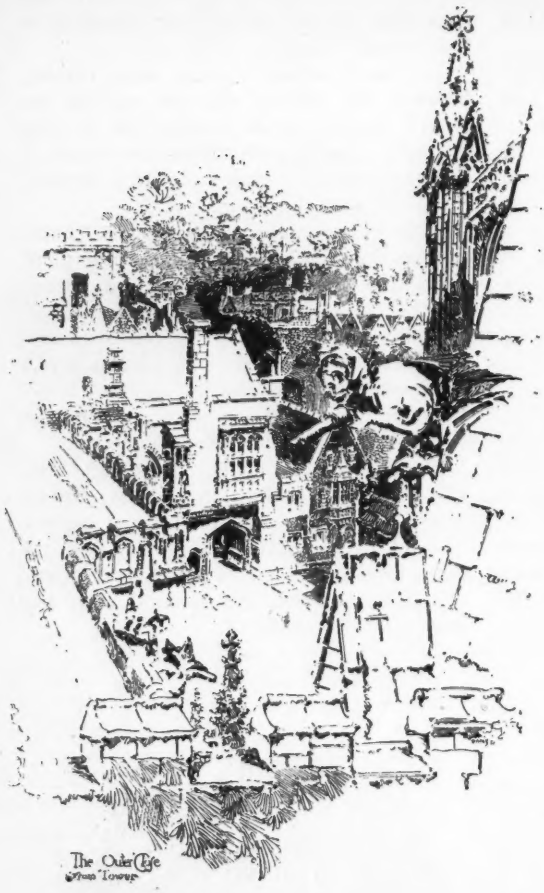
He had before him in other cathedral churches, as at York, the form of government which the Norman bishops had brought with them into England from their churches of Rouen and Bayeux.

The lands of the bishop were divided between the bishop and his canons, no longer tenants of the bishop, but a body having a separate and independent estate in common, and each endowed with a separate freehold called a prebend.

The bishop's position was monarchical. He was the head of the body in church and council, he appointed the canons and officers, but the executive government was vested in the officers and dignitaries appointed by him with definite offices, and the canons were a representative body from the diocese, under their head the dean, who was elected by themselves from the common body.

To the old Saxon church, neglected for fifty years and falling into decay, Robert brought with him the architectural associations of Clugny and of Burgundy, and the more advanced style of the later Norman churches in which the pointed arch had been already introduced.





He consecrated his new work on the old church, its altar and eastern end, in 1148.

The stem of the font in the south transept may be the solitary relic of the Saxon church now remaining. The peculiar position of the font in the south transept may be due to that part having been the more frequented entrance of the church when Giso's buildings clustered round that southern ground.

Reginald de Bohun, whose name bespeaks his Norman birth—two villages in the Norman Cotentin, "St. André de Bohun and St. George de Bohun," still preserve the name of the family, while his surname "the Lombard" or "the Italian" marks his early association with southern lands—was son of Jocelin de Bohun, Bishop of Salisbury, and nephew of Richard de Bohun, Bishop of Coutances. A courtly cavalier in younger days, when attached to the suite of the chancellor and archbishop; then the king's prudent and conciliatory diplomatist, in his quarrel with Becket at Rome, at the court of the Count of Savoy, and at the Grande Chartreuse, whence he brought St. Hugh of Burgundy to the priory at Witham, Reginald was through life a man often chosen as negotiator and arbitrator in State affairs, and as such he was called to the Primacy in the last year of his life.

Undoubtedly he was one of the builders of the church. Evidences are contained in the Chapter documents. Years spent in his diocese, in which he made Wells the chief centre; his expressed care and solicitude for the building and restoration of the church of Wells; his grant of the revenues of all vacant benefices to form a permanent fabric fund; the notices of gifts to the fabric and of work going on at Wells during his episcopate—all testify that Reginald was a chief builder of the cathedral. Reginald was the consecrator in 1186 of one of the latest known Norman buildings, the Lady Chapel at the western end of the church of Glastonbury, which had been destroyed by fire. His semi-Norman building at Wells is to be traced in the north porch and eastern parts of the nave in which the heavy roll-moulding of the arcading of the triforium, the rude and fantastic imagery in the capitals of the columns with square abaci, and externally the flat buttresses and corbel table, are marks of a transitional style passing from Norman to Early English, lighter than the Norman, more massive than Early English.

Savaric, the wild adventurer following the steps of his master Richard abroad:

> "Through the world travelling, all the world's guest,
> His last day of life his first day of rest"—

left little mark on the fabric or the constitution of his diocese, except in his forcible attempt at curbing the independence of the monastic houses under his sway. He left

the title of Bath and Glastonbury for a few years to his successor.

Jocelin of Wells was the remodeller and finisher of the work of his predecessors, rebuilding and adding new and original work. He and his brother Hugh, Archdeacon of Wells and afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, were "men of the soil." After years of exile and of political trouble in the days of John, Jocelin stood by Stephen Langton at Runnymede, and then in his diocese he devoted himself to the work of building up Wells, his native city, to be the centre of the diocese—increasing the prebends, remodelling the offices, providing houses for the canons, a school for the choristers, a grammar school of higher education, a hospital for the wayfarers; building his palace, enclosing and stocking his park, building and repairing a manor house and chapel at Wookey.

Above all he raised up the west front, probably extended beyond the lines of the original Saxon church, in the style in which his friend Bishop Poore was building at Salisbury, and proceeded eastward to meet the arcading of his predecessor's work. Then when he had sufficiently built, furnished, and endowed, he consecrated the finished work shortly before his death in October 1242. Tradition has assigned the whole work to Jocelin—but *vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*. Reginald and Robert were builders before him—and these three are "the first three master-builders of our holy and beautiful house of St. Andrews in Wells."

According to our view the church of the thirteenth century then included the three western arches of the present choir—the transepts, and central tower to the height of the vaulting, the nave, north porch and west front. We must suppose the three arches of the present choir, and the triforium now closed, to have been exactly similar to the arches and triforium of the nave. The present choir was then the presbytery. The choir was under the tower and in the transepts. A screen with roodloft above, resting against the columns of the first bay of the arcade westward of the piers of the tower arch, separated nave and aisles from choir. At the entrance of the choir, on each side of the central door in the screen, stood two altars, one in honour of the Blessed Virgin and the other of St. Andrew. The statutes of Dean Haselshaw's time, 1298, show that there was reason for separating off for greater privacy the eastern parts of the church. There the ministers of the church were continually on duty in the daily offices, and were guardians of the sanctuary and of the treasures of the church. The nave was a place of public resort, of traffic, often of tumult. But here also were the public prayers, the processions and litanies for the people, and the reading of the lections.

In this review of the thirteenth-century church it is necessary to suppose at the same time a good deal of subsequent renewal and recasting of the interior of the church in the later years of the thirteenth century, especially in the north and south transepts where, as is well known, damage was caused by an earthquake in 1248, which shook down a spire, or portion of the tower.

Reconstruction in the Fourteenth Century

The church of Jocelin was yet to undergo a great development in the course of the next century; but building was delayed for many years by the conflict with Bath which ensued at Jocelin's death.

The favour which Jocelin had shown to Wells during his lifetime was consummated by the legacy of his body at death to the church. His burial before the high altar consecrated Wells as the first church of the diocese, and made a great breach in the traditionary honour of the church of Bath, which for the last hundred and fifty years had been the burial-place of the bishops of Bath. It provoked the jealousy of Bath, and the monks made an attempt to carry the election of his successor without the participation of the Chapter of Wells. Costly appeals and embassies to the king and the Roman Curia followed, which involved both Chapters in heavy debts; finally the arbitration of Innocent IV. in 1244 determined the equal rights of both Chapters in the election of the bishop, who from henceforth should always bear the title of "Bath and Wells."

Nearly forty years after Jocelin's death, about 1280, building was taken up again, chiefly by Dean Thomas Bitton, who afterwards, as Bishop of Exeter for fifteen years 1292–1307, reconstructed the choir of Exeter. He began on the lines of Jocelin's work in the octagonal building which now forms the undercroft of the chapter-house. The massive style of that building, and the similarity of its columns and vaulting to the undercroft of the palace, give reason for thinking that it had been begun by Jocelin to serve the purposes of a sacristy, treasury, and meeting-place of the canons. Upon it was now erected, within the next thirty years, the noble chapter-house, unique among chapter-houses for the approach outside by the stately ascent of stairs, flanked by two richly moulded windows of Early Decorated style, glowing with quarries of dark amber glass. The stairs swept round into the lofty double arches of the portal, and through it opened out the octagonal upper chamber, with a slender palm-like central pillar, from which spread the branching roof with manifold radiating arms enclosing the tent-like canopy of stone. This beautiful chapter-house was not as now a bare and empty hall for most days of the year, but it was the daily home and centre of the life of the community, where each and all held communion and fellowship one with another, and with their brethren departed, "dead, dispersed, or changed and changing." Every morning, when the office of prime was over at 9 A.M., and before the Chapter mass in the church, the choir and Chapter passed in orderly procession up this ascent into the "house of the Chapter."

The business of the day was preceded by an office, the "Martyrology" or commemoration of the faithful departed; psalms were said, lections read. The obits, or anniversaries of benefactors, were announced from the *pulpitum* in front of the bishop's stall, and the appointed services for day or week were read out. There followed the business transactions—hearing of complaints, making of inquiries, passing of sentences, correcting of faults before the whole body—then, when the vicars and choristers had left, the private conference and acts of Dean and Chapter.

This meeting day by day in the chapter-house formed part of the common life of the cathedral body.

Buildings followed in quick succession under the rule of Dean Godley and his master workman, William Joy—the elevation of the central tower above the level of the roof, 1315–1321; and then the graceful Lady Chapel, finished in 1326 as a detached building. Two recumbent figures on tombs, so similar in design and sculpture that they appear to be the work of the same time and hands, rest at the entrance to the Lady Chapel. One is the tomb of Bishop Drokensford, the other we may believe to be that of Dean Godley, the two contemporaries in office and work upon this building. Bishop Ralph of Shrewsbury, 1329–1363, carried on the works which Dean Godley had begun, and which resulted in the present arrangement of the eastern limb of the church. The presbytery was prolonged eastward, the side walls were built up, supporting the clerestory and the vault; the delicate triple arches supported the eastern wall where once, undoubtedly, was a high reredos of sculptured figures and tabernacle work behind the high altar now moved eastward. Above, the eye looked up to the great window of the choir, one of the most remarkable windows in

England for simplicity and harmony and richness of colouring, for the force of character in the faces, and the stately figures in flowing mantles of green and ruby and gold, like Arab chiefs; figures such as some artist in the last crusading host under Edward might have seen and designed, and so different from the conventional portraiture of Bible characters. Then followed the junction of the church with the Lady Chapel and its transepts, by the arcading under which passed the processional path behind the high altar.

Vicars Close

So in the reconstructed church the presbytery of the thirteenth century became the new choir, and the sanctuary was prolonged eastward under the newly constructed vaulting. New stalls were now erected in the new choir —for it had been decreed in Chapter, on the day of the Circumcision 1325, "because the old seats were decayed and out of fashion, *ruinosi et deformes*, that each and all of the canons should make their stalls at their own cost, and that each should pay for the making of his stall 30 shillings." The lofty canopied throne of the bishop in stone must have been erected about this time.

A remarkable characteristic of the church under these changes and reconstructions is the gradual and almost imperceptible transition of one style into another. Professor Willis describes the architecture of the church of the thirteenth century as a "transitional Norman," and as "bearing a character unlike any Early English building"—so gradually the semi-Norman passes into Early English.

So, again, the Early English style flows on easily into the Decorated in the chapter-house and in the Lady Chapel.

In this later reconstruction of the east end, there is for the most part the like transition from the Decorated into the Perpendicular. But in the transformation of the earlier presbytery into the new choir some changes were made which rather rudely destroyed the identity of style between the arches of choir and nave. The arches are shorn of their hoods, the triforium arches are closed and built up, and a shallow panelling of tabernacle work is superimposed, as if to assimilate the new choir with the later work of the eastern end of the church.

Finally, the screen was advanced eastward under the eastern arch of the central tower, and now closed in the reconstructed choir, and separated it from the nave in proportions corresponding with the increased length of the church.

The completion of the "new work" and the reconstruction of the church during Bishop Ralph's episcopate entitled him to the honour of burial before the new high altar as second founder, or rather as finisher of the church, in 1363, and his beautiful alabaster tomb, which now lies in the northern aisle of the choir, at first was placed in the presbytery in front of the seat of the bishop, and before the high altar. Other great works have made memorable his episcopate; (*a*) the incorporation of the vicars choral, their endowment and settlement in the "Nova Clausa," "the new closter," "the Vicars' Close," which was begun in 1348, and gradually comprised a hall, a chapel, and houses in cloister-like row between, for a body of upwards of fifty vicars. But the new close was not completed for another century. The chapel was finished

by Bishop Bubwith, and the wooden ceiling and chamber above were added by Bishop Beckyngton, and it was not finished or consecrated finally till 1497; still year by year the vicars now commemorate Bishop Ralph on their founder's day, November 8th.

(*b*) While the eastern gable of the church was rising above the head of St. Andrew's spring, lower down by the side of the stream walls embattled and bulwarked, with towers and portcullised gateway, were girdling the palace; and the stream, cut into rectangular channels, enclosed within an islet the princely hall and buildings of the bishop. This somewhat ostentatious display of feudal lordship may have given some occasion to the outbreak of popular revolt which for a time disturbed the peace of Wells. The palace had been the scene of a royal visit in the early years of Bishop Ralph's episcopate. The young King Edward III kept his court there (but without his bride Philippa, who remained at Clarendon) from Christmas to Epiphany, 1332. Shortly afterwards by a royal licence, forced upon him probably rather than sought, he was empowered to "embattle" the precincts of the church, and also of his own houses. The townspeople of Wells, with the growing spirit of independence of the times, had been seeking, and had obtained, a new charter, giving them more local freedom, and their own mayor and bailives, for which they had actually paid to the Crown £40 and more. But the charter was no sooner purchased than it was revoked, after a long inquisition in the King's Court lasting from January 1342 to Michaelmas 1343, on the ground that it was to the prejudice of the king, and had been unadvisedly granted. Their disappointment was aggravated by this licence to their mesne lord, their bishop, which had been given shortly before (dated 14 Edw., 1341), to "embattle" his palace, the more so as by a clause in their charter they had hoped to be free of all services upon castles, walls, and all other works for the king throughout the realm.

In January 1342, a conspiracy was formed in the town to resist payment of the ordinary dues to the bishop's bailiff. The bishop levied distresses, the conspirators effected a rescue, and disturbances of some kind went on. In May 1343 a commission was issued to try the case, and in August 1343 the judges gave judgment for the bishop, with costs of £3000 to the rebellious burghers. It does not appear whether the bishop received the fine. The quarrel broke out again in after years, and the citizens obtained their charter in Henry IV.'s time, and finally and more fully in Queen Elizabeth's reign.*

The second decade in Bishop Ralph's episcopate was darkened by the cloud of the Great Pestilence, "the Black Death," which fell over the land in 1348 and 1349. This part of the country suffered less than some others; but the register of the bishop, who was then at his manor house at Wiveliscombe, shows by the very large number of institutions at that time, how great was the mortality among the clergy of the diocese.

One notable feature in the interior construction of the church must be dated to this time, though there is no documentary evidence to fix the years within which the work was going on, namely, the supporting of the central tower, by the insertion of inverted arches within the tower arches on three sides, by strengthening the piers, and by building arches within the arcades west of the tower, and in the transepts. Every one is struck by this characteristic feature of the Church of Wells; the eye becomes reconciled to its bold and almost grotesque simplicity; but the effect of the lofty arches of the tower, not "condemned for ever to rest upon its ungainly props," would have been far more pleasing.

Little now remained to complete the fabric of the church, except the completion of the western towers. Though fifty years passed between the building of the two towers, there is little difference in their style.

Bishop Bubwith, in his will dated October 1424, demised a sum of money for the construction of the "bell tower, or northern tower, at the west end of the church," to be perfected in a resemblance, as far as possible, to the southern tower, called Harewell Tower, and to be called and named "Bubbewith's Tower."

That north-west tower was built shortly after the bishop's death in the year 1424. In its western front are two canopied niches, in one of which is the figure of the bishop in prayer, holding his pastoral staff, and underneath is a shield charged with his arms.

* Year Book of 16 Edward III. (R.S.), where the whole case is legally set out by the Editor, L. O. Pike, Esq. (Introduction, p. xxxiv.).

"BLEEDING BREAD"

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.

IN the Middle Ages, when science was dead and superstition was rife, the "Blood-Portent" was one of those things most feared and dreaded. At certain rare times the milk or the bread of a household would be found covered with moist blood-red spots, and the popular mind at once saw in the phenomenon either a presage of some terrible calamity, or a revelation of a deed of blood already secretly consummated. Or perhaps the holy wafers in a church were found stained as with blood, and then the awe-struck community held that some act of awful guilt had caused the wounds of Christ to bleed anew, and they would search in righteous indignation for the offender, and humble themselves in penitence and prayer; and in those days of lawlessness and bloodshed, it was seldom indeed that they could not find something to justify their suspicions.

To the miracle-monger the blood-portent was a perennial source of the marvellous; bleeding "Hosts" in various parts of the country served as a pretext for long and expensive pilgrimages, and the doctrine of transubstantiation received new proofs of confirmation among the credulous, since the wafers were thus visibly and actually changed into flesh and blood. It is remarkable, too, how frequently this terrible sign is reported as associated with acts of desecration committed by Jews; in nearly every century do we read of instances, and the unhappy Jews were tortured until they confessed their guilt, and then burned. At the end of the fifteenth century twenty suffered in this way at Judenberg, and twenty years later twenty-eight Jews were executed and burned for the same offence. One notable occasion is still kept in remembrance at the Annual Festival of the Miracles on July 13, at St. Guduli's Church at Brussels. The tale is this.

In the middle of the fourteenth century a certain Jew, to show his hatred to Christianity, resolved to steal and desecrate some holy wafers. He therefore took sixteen from St. Catherine's in Brussels, but did not live to complete his plan, for retribution swiftly followed in the form of his secret assassination. His widow, however, gave the pyx containing them to certain other Jews, and these, undeterred by the terrible fate of their friend, met on Good Friday, opened the pyx, laid out the sixteen wafers on a table, and proceeded, with "horrid imprecations," to stab each with a poniard. As each wafer broke it bled, says the legend. The Jews, horrified, fled in dismay, and the wafers were afterwards collected and restored to the clergy of St. Guduli, since which time many other miracles, notably the assuaging of serious epidemics, have been performed in some inexplicable way through their agency.

But however much one may be inclined to doubt the causal relations implied in these stories, there is yet no doubt that there were phenomena such as have been described. "Bleeding Bread" and "Bloody Sweat" (another not too euphonious term applied by our forefathers) are well-established facts, but it has been left to the nineteenth century to discover their real nature, and to divest them of that miraculous odour which has clung to them for so many hundreds of years.

A certain bacterium—*bacterium prodigiosus*—is responsible for the apparition, its blood-red colour and its comparatively rare occurrence giving rise to its "portent" aspect. This bacterium appears at times suddenly and without apparent reason or cause on substances rich in starch, such as white bread, dressed potatoes, or any rice-stuffs; or the characteristic red patches may one morning be found floating on the surface of milk. And though it is not a common phenomenon, yet like others of the bacterium class, it is most persistent when it has once put in an appearance. It can stand a long period of desiccation and great changes of temperature without its vitality being at all impaired. Under the microscope, the moist red patches resolve themselves into a great assemblage of infinitesimally small round, or egg-shaped, cells, sometimes isolated, sometimes connected in chain-like groups; but whether isolated or connected in chains, each is a distinct organism providing its own

nutriment and living its own life. At times, if the growth of the bacterium is slower, the elliptical shape becomes intensified, and we have a rod or thread-like form presented.

Still closer investigation shows that each tiny cell is composed of an inner gelatinous mass of protoplasm varying in density at different points, and an outer limiting membrane—a skin or sheath which encloses and protects it. In certain stages of their life-history a soft jelly-like matrix surrounds the organisms, and binds them together after the manner of frog-spawn, and thus we have a number of single bacteria all lying closely together in a mucilaginous bed. This is known as the Zooglæa stage; it is the cause of the moistness of the patches, and is usually associated with the reproduction of the species.

The crimson colouring matter of such notoriety is worthy of note in several points. In the first place, it does not permeate the whole individual, but is located only in the sheath, though the minuteness of the bacterium prevents this being seen except under the highest powers of the microscope. The inner living protoplasm is really a colourless grey mass, and the bright red pigment is merely a product of its activity resulting from the decomposition of the dead organic substance from which it draws its power of living. This process is better understood if we remember that the bacteria are very elementary forms of the great class of the fungi—many of them being only on the borderline of visibility—but all agreeing with the highest fungal types in being utterly devoid of green colouring matter—chlorophyll—and therefore requiring a complex form of nutriment. They cannot build up food for themselves from the air and soil, nor extract the energy of life from the sunlight, as green plants can through the agency of their chlorophyll, but instead they must prey upon organic matter, and act upon it in such a way as to decompose it into various constituents. The decomposition involves a setting free of energy of which the bacterium avails itself, and the formation of various new products, some of which serve as food, others are simply waste products, while some again are pigments, for decomposition is almost invariably associated with change of colour; witness the beautiful tints of autumn leaves. One of the results of the decomposition effected by this special bacterium is the formation of lactic acid, and this is produced in sufficient quantity to curdle the milk on which it grows. But—and this is a second curious fact concerning the crimson colouring—if the temperature is raised from that of a coolish room to blood-heat, the scarlet patches fade away. Apparently heat alters the powers of the bacterium, and chemical analysis shows that the energy formerly expended on producing colouring matter is now directed into another channel, namely, in an increased production of lactic acid. Why this happens is not at all easily explained, but the fact remains; the bacterium is still present, but it has lost its most striking characteristic. And in the mysterious and sudden appearance of this bacterium, and in its sudden disappearance under certain conditions, lies the material for much sensation to those ignorant of the scientific aspect of the case. Thus it is easy to imagine how a housewife might be struck with consternation on finding on a loaf of her bread a sprinkling of, as she thought, blood-stains; their rapid increase would augment her awe, and then, should by any accident the bread be moved into a warmer corner by the fire, the equally rapid and unaccountable disappearance of the awful apparition would, not unnaturally, lead her to see in the whole cycle of events a sign of terrible import.

Their rapid increase is, of course, due to their reproduction, a comparatively simple matter, for as their name, Fission Fungi, or its German equivalent, Schitzomycetes, implies, it is accomplished by ordinary division. Each tiny organism elongates slightly, becomes constricted in the middle at right angles to its greatest diameter, and divides into two. Each of these parts again elongates, and divides, and so on. When the new divisions fail to completely separate at first from one another, chains or links are formed which may break up at any time. And the rapidity with which this reproduction can go on is simply marvellous. Cöhn, the eminent bacteriologist, worked out a few figures concerning it which help us to comprehend it. Under perfect conditions, namely, a suitable temperature and unlimited nutriment, a bacterium can divide once every hour. Each division can again divide during the second hour, and each again into two

during the third. Thus at the end of six hours there are sixty-four bacteria, where there was originally only one. In a day, at the same rate of increase, this mounts up to something like four millions, and in three days there would be the incomprehensible number of 4772 billions. Or, looked at in the light of the mass produced, we should have in the same number of days, from a germ so infinitesimally small as to possess no appreciable weight, an aggregation of individuals weighing 7500 tons. But though in theory this incredible statement is accurate enough, yet, happily it is not practically so. The food supply invariably gives out, and the bacteria choke one another, so the production is soon checked with the death of a great number.

The oft-repeated assertion that epidemics have been heralded by a profuse occurrence of the blood portent—for instance, before the great epidemic of cholera at Oxford in the middle of this century, the ground and many household substances are said, on good authority, to have been sprinkled abundantly with the scarlet patches—is also probably founded on a scientific basis, and is not merely a coincidence, as some sceptics have affirmed. The germs of disease and the tiny organism we have been considering both belong to the same category, and the conditions favourable to the spread of one are also, to a large extent, favourable to the increase of the other. A certain condition of the atmosphere, an undue proportion of drought or rain, tend to awaken the dormant germs and stimulate them to a life of activity; the "blood portent" springs into being even while the disease germs are slowly but more subtly taking hold of their victims, and men remarking first the striking "portent" and then the disease, say that the one foretold the other.

So, no doubt, can many of the apparently extraordinary traditions handed down by earlier generations be perfectly well-explained. They are not to be put aside as mere fictions, or treated as the pure imagination of ignorant minds. For the most part they are founded in truth and the description of the facts is accurate. What was lacking was a clear elucidation of the scientific reasons underlying the facts.

NEITHER SULKY NOR SAD

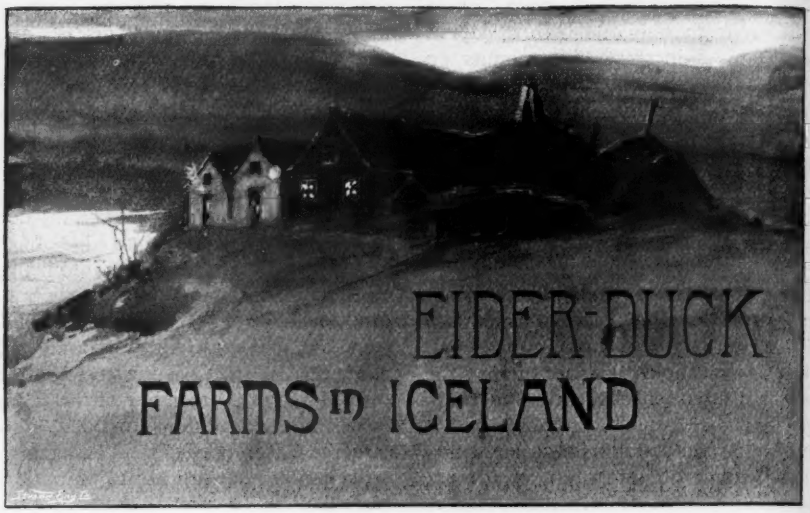
MERRY and gay,
That's me!—that's May!
Happy and free,
That's May!—that's me!
D'you see?
That's me
As I'm known to my dad.
But I'm "sulky and sad,"
He will say,
On a day
That I'm silently thoughtful.

Sulky!—oh, nay,
Not me; not May!
And sad!—can't be,
Not May!—Not me!
But why
Should I
Not be thoughtful sometimes,
And reflect on my crimes?
And refuse,
If I choose,
Now and then to be sportful?

Does the sun shine always as strong?
Do the seasons never change?
Is life ever right—never wrong?
Can *we* these matters arrange?

Contrasts are welcome and pleasant,
To peer, to poet, or peasant;
And our moods, as they pass,
Like the sand through the glass,
If they're left to run out,
Very soon turn about;
And the thought in the face
Then to laughter gives place,
And gravity changes to mirth.
So then, my dear dad,
It's not *very* bad,
Nor sulky, nor sad am I ever,
Though just a wee bit
Of a *thoughtful* fit
Will possess me 'spite my endeavour.

A. S. HOMEWOOD.



EIDER-DUCK FARMS IN ICELAND

By ELIZABETH TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

It was near Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, that I first made the acquaintance of eider-ducks. Fru Zöega, my kind hostess at the little inn, arranged for me a trip to one of the eider-duck farms on an island in the harbour, and sent her pretty daughter, Valla, to keep me company. The day was fine, and far in the distance we could see the snow-capped ranges that line the rugged western coast. Our steamer, the *Laura*, lay anchored in the fjord, and boats were briskly plying to and fro, unloading the cargo she had brought from Denmark and Scotland. After a stormy six days' voyage from Edinburgh, we had arrived the night before in company with a Danish man-of-war and a French despatch-boat sent to look after the interests of the Breton codfish fleet. Three steamers at once was quite an event for the quiet little town, but not a single salute was fired from shore or on board, and those tourists on the *Laura* who wished to shoot sea-birds were sternly suppressed. Eider-ducks, it seems, are birds of importance in Iceland, and as they dislike noise, the firing of guns within a mile of their nests is forbidden, and every means is taken to induce them to frequent the farm lands along the shore.

A half-hour's brisk row brought us to Engey, one of the eider-farm islands. Valla led the way, and we went first to the farm-house to ask permission to visit the nesting-grounds. In front of the turf-roofed little buildings, on the stony ground, a quantity of down was drying—fluffy masses of brownish-grey, looking as if the first puff of wind would blow them out to sea. But Valla told me that the down was so interwoven with blades of dried grass that an ordinary wind would not stir it.

The farmer's wife readily gave her consent, adding that we should find her daughter Gudrun collecting down from the deserted nests. Following a rough trail we soon reached the low pastures near the sea. By the action of frost and damp the surface had been upheaved into hillocks about eighteen inches high, and between these the ducks were nesting. I was toiling over the uneven ground, when suddenly a large greyish-brown duck burst like a bomb from almost under my feet, and I balanced to and fro on my hillock, fearing to advance a step lest I crushed the eggs. Looking carefully about me I soon found them; seven great eggs, as

large as those of a goose, peeping out from the down which swelled up around them in a thick roll. A little farther on, I was surrounded by excited, perturbed mothers, some still brooding, and others with ducklings hardly out of the shell. The mottled and low-toned plumage so harmonised with the grey rocks and dead grasses around me that I could hardly distinguish the ducks at a distance of a few paces.

Just then I saw Gudrun coming with her apron packed full of down. Gudrun was on terms of pleasant intimacy with her ducks, and they stayed tranquilly on their eggs at her approach, and even allowed her to stroke their heads and see if the eggs were hatching. Of Valla, too, they seemed to have little fear, though she was a stranger to them.

"Why is it, Gudrun," I asked, "that the ducks are so afraid of me?"

Gudrun smiled shyly, and replied: "I think, Fröken, that they do not like your hat!"

That was the trouble! Accustomed as they were to the simple kerchief, or the small black "hufa" worn by Icelandic women, with its heavy silk tassel hanging down on one side, they had taken umbrage at my straw travelling hat with its "perky" ribbon bows. However, the ducks were not unreasonable. When they saw that Valla and Gudrun talked amicably with me, they waived their objections to my headgear, and finally permitted me to caress their sleek heads and wings.

Only one drake did I see on the nesting-grounds. He was a splendid fellow, weighing fully seven pounds, and quite different in plumage from his soberly-dressed spouse. His back, sides of his head and neck, and upper part of the breast were white, the latter tinged with a little brownish-yellow; the bill was yellow, changing to dull green at the tip; the crown, forehead, wings and lower part of the body were a rich velvety black, and on the sides of the head was a streak of light green. The drakes, it seems, help the ducks to make the nests, and then, when incubation has fairly begun, they go off in little bands of four or five, and lead a care-free existence out at sea. You can see them rising and falling on the great swells just beyond the breakers, their soft "ah-oo! ah-oo!" sounding like the cooing of wood-pigeons.

All the accounts I have read about eider-ducks say that nests are robbed of their down twice, the duck supplying it each time from her own body; the third time the drake gives his white down, and this is allowed to remain. But I was told by farmers in Iceland that now they never take

EIDER-DOWN DUCK'S NEST

the down until the little ones are hatched. It has been found that the birds thrive better and increase faster when they are allowed to live as Nature meant them to do. So now the poor mothers are no longer obliged to strip themselves of all their down to refurnish their despoiled nests. Sometimes, if the quantity is very great, a little may be taken, but enough must be left to cover the eggs when the duck leaves her nest for food.

Eider-ducks are found along the sea coast of Arctic America and Siberia, Greenland, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, Iceland, the Faröe Islands, Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. On some of the northern coasts of Great Britain also they are still found in small numbers, but the down is of inferior quality in these more southern districts. Lieutenant Greeley saw them as far north as eighty-three degrees. They are true ocean birds, living during the winter out at sea, and diving for their food, which consists of small fish, shell-fish and crabs. In April they begin to gather in little groups near the shores. Often one bird will visit the nesting-grounds, and if his report is favourable, his companions soon return to their old haunts, and nest-building begins. Both ducks and drakes work together, laying a foundation of seaweed or coarse grasses, and upon this the bed of down is arranged, and heaped up around the margin. About May 20 the ducks begin to lay, six or seven eggs being the usual clutch, although ten are sometimes seen. A few of these are taken by the farmer for his own use, but the sale of eggs is forbidden. Often two ducks will lay side by side in one nest, each furnishing her own quota of down, and doing her part in the hatching and rearing of the double family.

GATHERING EIDER-DOWN

Eider-ducks, though often very tame, can hardly be classed with domestic birds. They live in a wild state in every part of Iceland where they can find suitable breeding-places. Often a prosperous "varpet," as the nesting-grounds are called, can be formed by the farmers whose land possesses the proper attractions. A small island that slopes to the sea is the best place, but a cape, or neck of land, is often chosen. If the land has many hillocks there is no need of making artificial nests, otherwise the turf must be cut in blocks and set up on end to form small oblong compartments. These are often roofed over with pieces of turf or wood. Sometimes the nests are made of stones, but in this case, as the stones are cold, the bottom must be well covered with plenty of crumbled turf or coarse grass. Eider-ducks have their fancies about the situation of their nest, some preferring one that overlooks the neighbourhood and others choosing a sheltered nook in a hollow. Everything must be in readiness before it is time for the

CLEANING EIDER-DOWN

birds to come from the sea. The ducks seem to like to have some life or movement on the neighbouring farm lands, as they probably feel more secure from their natural enemies, foxes and ravens; but on the varpet itself all must be peace and serenity.

If the new varpet must be visited, it is best to go when the weather is fine and the sea at high tide. The approach should be made always from the same direction, and the farmer should not look about him too curiously or the birds will become troubled and suspicious. Any object that shines or has colour and certain sounds are very attractive to the birds. So the would-be owner of a varpet often sets up at intervals small sticks to which coloured rags are tied, or he puts, on pieces of wire, mussel-shells, which rattle in the wind. A little bell rung by the wind also seems to please them, and the crowing of cocks.

Another way of inducing the wild birds to build is to employ "lukke-fugl," or decoy ducks of rubber or plaster. Some are placed on the slopes of land in a sitting position, and others are moored in the water by strings long enough to allow them to move to and fro as if swimming.

The growth of a varpet is necessarily slow at first, but once fairly established it yields a good profit. Engey, the island that I visited, and Videy, not far away, produce about three hundred pounds annually, and great quantities are taken in Isafjord in Northern Iceland. A writer upon Iceland, in speaking of a visit to one of the Isafjord farms, wrote: "On the coast was a wall built of large stones, just above high-water level, about three feet high and of considerable thickness at the bottom. On both sides of it alternate stones had been left out so as to form a series of square compartments for the ducks to make their nests in. Almost every compartment was occupied, and as we walked along the shore a long line of ducks flew out, one after another. The house was a marvel; the earthern walls that surround it and the window embrasures were occupied with ducks. On the ground the house was fringed with ducks. On the turf slopes of the roof we could see ducks, and a duck sat on the scraper."

About ten thousand pounds of eider-down are collected annually in Iceland, seven thousand being exported to foreign countries. Formerly the peasants used to receive over twenty-one shillings a pound, but the price has now fallen to half that amount. The

peasants seldom receive money, and are obliged to barter their down for merchandise furnished by the Danish merchants at the little settlements on the fjords.

An old Icelandic proverb illustrates the strange elasticity of the down: "What is it that is higher when the head is off?" "An eider-down pillow," is the answer. A pound of down can be compressed into a ball the size of a pint bowl, but, once released, it swells and mounts like something alive until it would fill a bushel basket. A pound and a half is enough to fill an ordinary bed-puff. These very comfortable articles are found in the guest-room of every Icelandic farm, however poor and small it may be. After a long, hard day in the saddle the traveller longs for warmth and shelter. But these little guest-rooms have never had a fire in them, and built as they are on the ground-floor there is in them a dreadful chill. Once tucked away in bed, however, and well covered with the down-puff, a delightful sense of comfort follows, and tired bones lose their pains and stiffness.

The last days of my ten weeks' visit in Iceland were spent at Laxamyri, one of the finest farms in Iceland. Many sheep grazed on the neighbouring hills; the river teemed with river-trout, sea-trout and salmon; the sea furnished codfish and seals, and large numbers of eider-ducks rested on the little islands where the river broadened to the sea. On one side of the comfortable modern farmhouse picturesque old outhouses formed a kind of square. In one the farm tools and the salmon nets and cages were kept; one served as sleeping quarters for the farm labourers, another for the supply of peat, and in another was an open fireplace with a high raised hearth of stone. Here, during the winter, the eider-down is cleansed. It is first placed in a large open cauldron over a hot fire in order to have the dried grasses and other refuse burned away. A flat plate of iron fits in the bottom, raising the down from the too intense heat of the fire. As it is stirred and turned quickly the foreign matter is destroyed before the down suffers. But this process only partially cleanses it. The dust, ashes and harder bits of grass stalks must now be removed. This is done by rubbing the down over stout thongs of sealskins, which are stretched from side to side on an oblong wooden frame about three feet long. The worker, sitting a short distance from the wall, tilts one end of the frame against it while the other rests in her lap. Then, taking a bunch of down in each hand, she scrubs it up and down across the thongs with an alternate motion. After this the down is looked over carefully, and every remaining bit of grass or dirt is removed by hand.

Many other species besides the eider-duck nest around the streams and lakes of the interior. When I left Iceland, mallards and pintails, grebes, harlequins, and scaup-ducks were preparing to migrate to warmer southern quarters. But the eider had no fears of the Polar winter. From the steamer we could see them well out at sea, tossing serenely on the waves. They were the last sight of Icelandic life that met our eyes as the shining glaciers of the Vatna Jokull, our last view of the island, sank slowly below the northern horizon.

MARINA DI CAMPO

A MONTH IN ELBA

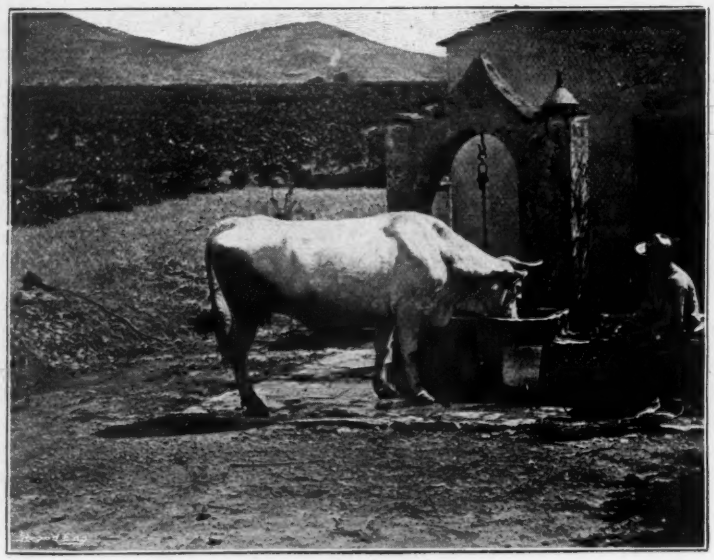
By ISABELLA M. ANDERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. ARTHUR ROUSE AND HANSLIP FLETCHER

SECOND PAPER

SURELY no city in the world queens it over the waves so completely as does Portoferraio. She rides them imperiously, lifting high the turrets that are her crown and defence; she decks herself in the brightest colours, conscious of her beauty; and sets herself boldly on the very head and front of the dark blue waters that wash her feet or leap up in wrath at her pride, yet never injure her. Genoa is called the Superb, but the epithet rises more spontaneously to the mind on view of the capital of the Island of Elba.

Portoferraio was originally one of those headlands, so characteristic of Elba, that grow out from the mainland on a narrow stalk, and then widen and heighten into rocky peninsulas. It is now, however, an island, for Cosimo I., Duke of Tuscany, cut a moat through the stalk, and severed the peninsula from the mainland. The peninsula consists of two heights, on one of which is the fort known as the Falcone, on the other, that of the Stella; and these are bound together by a lofty wall within the castellations of which sentinels could walk without descending into the town. Immediately below each fort, a bank of concrete, kept in former times very clean and free from growth, formed a water-shed for the rain which streamed down it into a cistern below. At present the concrete, though still railed in, is quite overgrown, for the city boasts a water-supply brought down from the neighbouring hills. Round the forts are spacious granite-paved squares on which considerable bodies of men could manœuvre; and below cluster the red-roofed, green-shuttered houses, whose inhabitants sleep, in Oriental fashion, through the heat of the day, coming out in the evening to walk among the oleanders of *Le*



AFTER THE DAY'S WORK

Ghiaie—a tiny park above a beach of the whitest gravel (*ghiaia*)—or to dance with the officers in the new bathing establishment, of which they are so proud. Down again, at the foot of the houses, lies the port, a semi-circle pointed at the southern end by the pink-washed tumble-down offices of the sanitary inspector, at the northern end by the octagonal tower of the convict prison. Soldiers, convicts, "society," trade, all hive on those two little hills, and the only opening through which workers and drones can pass in and out on the landside is a low-browed gateway, bearing the Medici arms, and overlooking a plank bridge spanning the moat of sea-water. Within the gateway is a wide, open space, through which one passes up the first ramparts of the Falcone, to a wonderful winding tunnel, hewn in the solid rock. This brings one out through another gate, into the flaunting little city. The tunnel is known as *La Tromba* (the trumpet-shaped), and was the work, as usual, of Cosimo's engineer.

Portoferraio, Ferraio, the iron city, as it was originally called, dates, at any rate, from Roman times. The name would suggest this, and the fact is abundantly proved by Roman walls, pavements of brick and marble, tombs with inscriptions, skeletons, lamps, &c., coins of consuls and emperors, workmen's tools, that were unearthed from time to time during the seventeenth century, when excavations were being made for the subterranean cisterns, guard-houses, powder-magazines, halls of every kind that honeycomb the ground.

Towards the end of April 1548, there arrived in the bay below Portoferraio a fleet bearing 1000 soldiers, 300 sappers and miners, and the architect John-Baptist Camerini. Ferraio was at that time a heap of ancient ruins, but Cosimo I., the merchant Duke of Tuscany, whose coasts lay open to the invasion of the Turks, and whose galleys were continually assailed by pirates, concluded that the best possible points of defence against these redoubtable enemies were Ferraio and Plombino. With a large sum of money, and a very great deal of diplomacy, he persuaded Charles V. (who thought that the same points of defence would be as irritating to the French as to the Turks) to grant him the places. The agreement was hardly concluded when the Duke's men landed on the little peninsula, quarried the blocks, ready squared to their hands from the Roman villas and walls, made a brick kiln on the coast near by where there was suitable clay, obtained excellent mortar from the stones of the neighbouring hills, and in a fortnight had raised the walls breast high. Cosimo made two visits to the island to inspect the works, living not in Ferraio itself, but in a house on the hillside opposite, that is still known as the Casa del Duca (Duke's house), and bears on its garden wall a defaced, weather-stained marble bust of Duke Cosimo. The Turks, the French, the Genoese, and the

rest of Cosimo's many enemies were beside themselves with rage. Elba was wasted throughout its length and breadth, the new town—no longer Ferraio, but Cosmopolis—was besieged by mighty fleets, intrigues were obstinately kept up to induce the Emperor to revoke his grant, but the Duke (now Grand Duke) made head against force and intrigue; the town remained in his hands, and still, as witness to his might, bears over its gateways the proud inscription:

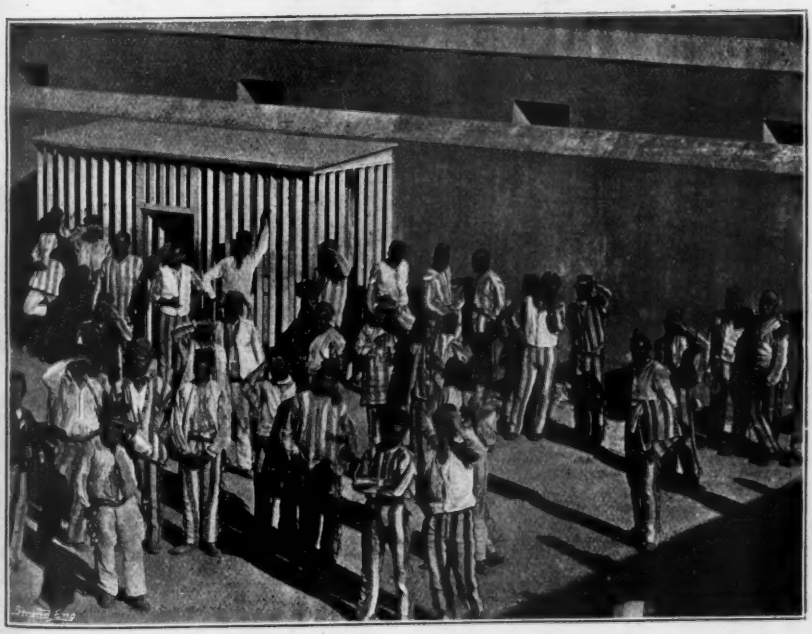
templa, moenia, domos, arces, portum,
cosmus florentinorum dux II. a fundamentis
erexit an. MDXVIII

The port, as made by Cosimo, still remains, but the defences and engineering works completed by him and his successors are now deserted, or have been turned into the convict prison, the three white columns of whose water-gate form a striking feature in a view of the port. The convicts are here allowed to work at various trades. Workshops are provided within the prison walls, and a show-room for the sale of their goods. The government exacts a small royalty on objects sold.

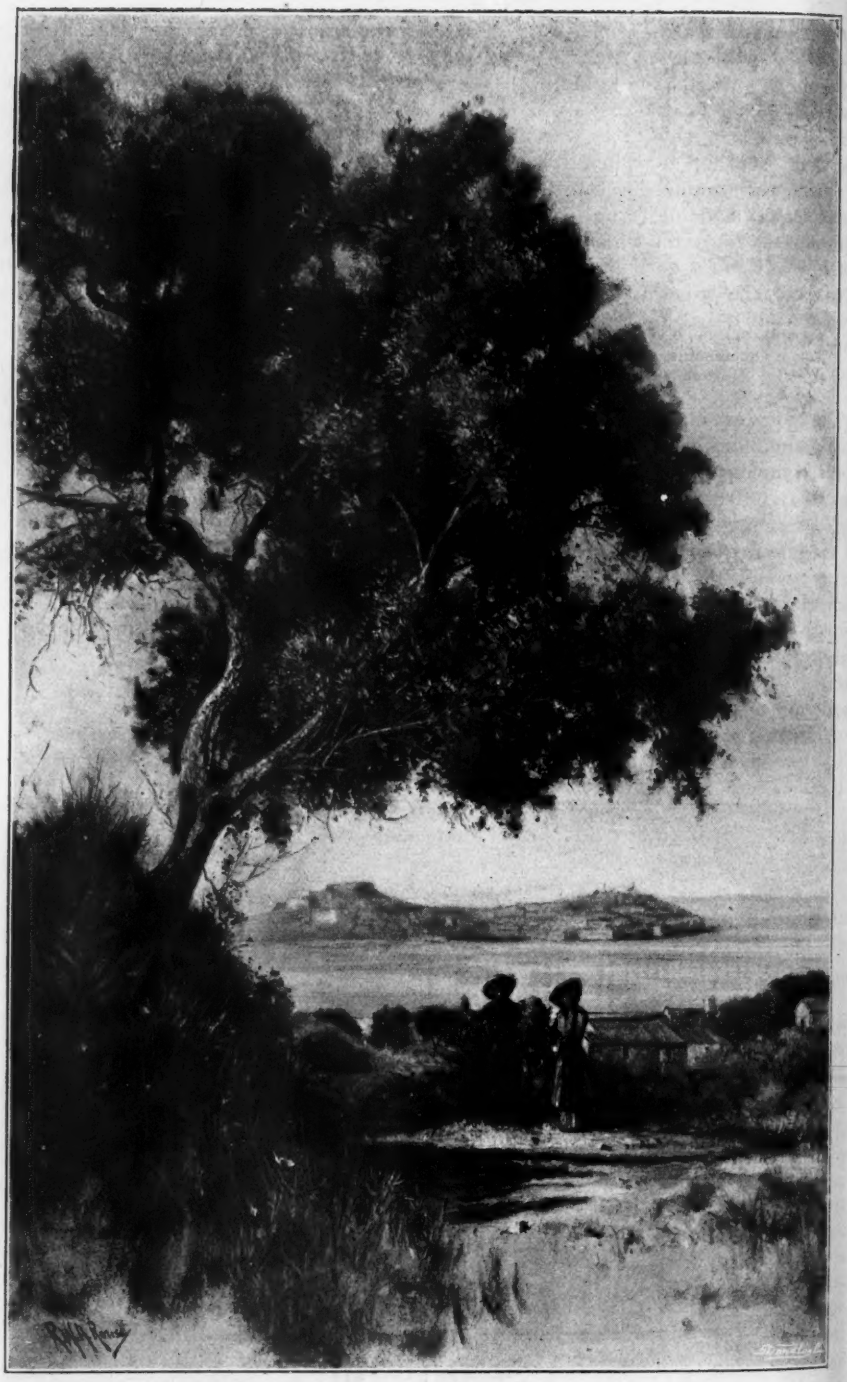
A sentimental interest attaches itself to Portoferraio, as being the place which preserved to mankind a sickly puling infant of the name of Victor Hugo. An epigraph by Mario Foresi, on the walls of the town-hall, commemorates the fact.*

Along the shore of that part of the gulf, which lies outside the port, the sea looks as though some eccentric gardener had been laying out garden beds in it, with grassy walks between, and white pyramids at irregular intervals. These are the *saline*, where the government makes salt (not very good salt either) for its subjects. It produces about 1152 tons a year, which it sells at the rate of 3*d.* per pound. Truly a

* qui in portoferraio
nel MDCCCII fu recato pargoletto
vittore hugo
qui nacque la sua parola
che piu tardi lava di fuoco sacro
dovea correre le vene dei popoli
e forse tre anni
vissuti in quest'aura
cui danno atomi il ferro ed il mare
afforzando il corpo infermiccio di lui
serbavano
l'orgoglio dei suoi natali alla francia
la gloria del suo nome al secolo
all'umanita
un apostolo e un genio immortale.



CONVICTS—PORTOFERRAIO



OVERLOOKING THE GULF OF PORTOFERRAIO

government salt monopoly is not a pleasant thing for peasants, who can get salt alone as a condiment for their soup of cabbages and beans, or their mess of maize flour.

Ferraio, then, takes its name from the principal product of the island, but the mines are not near the town; they are on the eastern coast, at Rio and at Cape Calamita (Loadstone Cape).

Rio, like all other villages in this part of the world, consists of two parts: Rio Alto, whose streets are merely a succession of stairs; and Rio Marina, a modern town, where the mines are. The prevailing colour in Rio Marina is red: red are the hills that shut out the fresh north breezes from the town, red is the sea where the steamers lie off to be loaded, red are the four piers where the trucks go up and down, red the houses, with their curtains, stairs, and furniture. This red ochrous ore is associated as one ascends the mountain, with the massive and micaceous varieties of hæmatite; so that while one sees red cliffs towering on one side, and solid knobs and blocks of iron, almost native, on the other, one walks over roads that glitter and sparkle like running water, and are almost as slippery as ice.

> "And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
> Sicken in Ilva's mines,"

writes Lord Macaulay; thereby showing that he had never been to Rio. For there is no mining properly so-called here; there is no tunneling, no blasting on a large scale. The men work in the open air, digging away the red earth, blowing away the harder masses with small charges of powder or getting them out with picks. The earth is washed in a large cistern, with a revolving paddle-wheel, that keeps the water in continual motion; and the iron thus separated from the clay is loaded on to the ships without further refining.

At present the mines are farmed out by the Government, and produce about 176,516 tons yearly. The men are paid by piece work, and earn from two francs to four francs a day. Only one set of men is kept. When they are not lading foreign vessels, they dig ore, and make great heaps of it; when they are not digging, they lade. It is evident the place wants development.

At the iron quarries of Cape Calamita, where magnetic iron is obtained, we watched the process of lading. A large English-built steamer had come in, under a Genoese captain, for iron, which it was to exchange for coal at Cardiff. She stood in as near to the shore as was safe, and then anchoring, opened three mouths on each side to receive her food. Come out to her six willing slaves, small boats called *laconi*, with the most audacious masts and yard-arms one can imagine. They look as though they would rend the clouds and pierce the sky; but it is all bluster; the boats are such helpless creatures that if they are to cross the bay, they must have a steam-tug to pull them. The men in the *laconi* rest planks on the open lips of the monster that towers above them, and proceed to pour down its six gaping throats an infinite number of small baskets of the red, earthy ore. For four consecutive days they feed her, if the weather be fine, and then she goes off to the northern seas, where *laconi* are unknown, where the water is rarely motionless, and where steam cranes and puffing engines tell of work done in a hurry. It must be confessed, however, that the Elban method is adorably picturesque. Sea, sky, and hills are glowing in the great calm. The big black ship lies motionless; her crew lounge, her jovial, white-suited captain, so proud of his mahogany-fitted passenger ship that used to go to India, stands watching the ore slide in; the Elbans cluster up the sides of the planks to pass the baskets from one to the other; they talk and laugh, showing glittering white teeth; and they wear hanging red fishermen's caps, patchwork shirts and bright sashes.

Onward along the coasts from Rio, we come to the ancient town of Portolongone, built along the curve of a fine, natural harbour. Sheer above the town, where the Portolongone women flaunt it along their sea front after mass, in the brightest of dresses, and the most artistic of black or white lace head-veils, rises one of the strongest fortresses of the island. It was built in 1603, to the infinite dismay and disturbance of such small fry as the Florentines, Genoese, and the Pope, by Philip III. of Spain. The approach to it is broad but very steep; the outer ring of fortifications are a city in themselves; and within, across the inner moat and drawbridge, there are spacious squares, clusters of houses, an interesting church, and the large prisons in which are kept

criminals condemned to solitary confinement. The prisons we cannot enter, but let us sit for a while in the chaplain's cool, brick-paved room, sipping the country wine and breaking the long, curled strips of pastry which his hospitable women-folk have heaped on the table, and listen to what he has to tell us of his charges.

"No," he says, "they none of them live long, once they come in here; they go mad or fall into consumption, and so die if they have not succeeded in committing suicide first. We have to look out sharply to prevent that. A man managed to do it, though, about a month ago. He tore his shirt into strips and made a slip-knot for his neck, climbed, no one knows how, to the grate in the middle of the deep window-hole, and tied the end of the noose there, bound his own hands together somehow or other, and then kicked away the stool he had been standing on. When he felt himself strangling, he struggled to get free, but his hands were fast, and he only succeeded in pulling the noose tighter and tighter. He was quite dead when they took him down. Outside the prison are a number of cells open to the air, closed by iron gates. You can see them down there." We were walking about outside by this time, where the convicts not in solitary confinement are building the new prisons. "Every prisoner has an hour's turn in one of those open-air cells once a day, guards pacing outside the gates the whole time.

"Their food? Well, yes, as you say, it is clean, savoury, and well-cooked"—we had been peeping into the kitchens as we came along—"but they have a very small allowance; a plate of soup given half at mid-day and half in the evening (vegetable soup, with *pasta* in it) and two loaves, not much bigger than rolls, of white bread. It is piteous to see how a stout, well-built man dwindles away on this *régime*. The men who are at work buy extras with their wages. Those who wear chains from ankle to wrist were sentenced under the old penal code. When they go to bed they are chained to the wall. Chains are abolished by the new code.

"The prison consists of two storeys of cells, running down each side of a central corridor that extends up to the roof. Communication with the cells of the upper storey is obtained by an iron balcony which runs the length of the building at the height of the first storey. All the cell doors open towards the inner end of the prison, where an altar has been set up.

"When I say mass, they are all set ajar (there is in every case an iron gate, kept locked, inside the wooden door), and so the prisoners can look at the altar without seeing each other. I go round to them at regular intervals, unless some one calls for me specially, and talk to them from outside the iron gates. No, I am not afraid, but it is the custom. They generally like to have me go, and appear really to appreciate the comforts of religion. Read! Ah, you saw Library printed up near the gate, did you? But there are very few books in it. What can we give them? They must not read novels, and they must not read politics. I give them a religious paper about the miraculous Madonna at Pompeii, and some of them read that. Otherwise they do nothing. All the work of the place, washing, nursing, cooking, building, cleaning, is done by convicts. Even the barbers are convicts, and as they have nearly served their time, and besides get better paid than the others, they are careful of their behaviour; there is no need to be afraid of them. That house down there, with its back against the rock, is the lowest depth of all. The cells are dark, and none but the most refractory prisoners ever go there. It has been empty for some time past.

"Born criminals? No, I don't much believe in that doctrine; I think that in most cases one whom Lombroso would call a born criminal, may be saved by careful training. Before I came here I knew a man who brutally killed his wife while his little boy looked on. The man was condemned; we looked after the bringing up of the boy. At first but little could be done with him. He would bully his fellows, and then, crossing his arms over his breast, would throw back his head defiantly and say: 'Do you know who I am? My father was the terror of the village.' He did not seem to know what pain was. I have seen him undergo an operation in his finger which had been caught in a machine, without a sign of suffering. One day the lads were working at a machine, and one of them grew tired. 'Who'll take my place?' he called out. No answer. 'Will no one help me?'

Another pause. Then the criminal's son called out, 'I will.' He went to the machine and worked there till he was nearly dropping with fatigue. But from that day he was completely changed, and he has grown up into a quiet, trustworthy, hard-working man."

By this time our courteous host had accompanied us back to the inner gateway; and so, taking leave of him, we left that terrible artificial world, over which, with a hush still greater than that of sea and sky and mountain, broods the awful presence of unknown crime terribly expiated.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN HOUSE AT ROME

By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

CONCLUDING PAPER

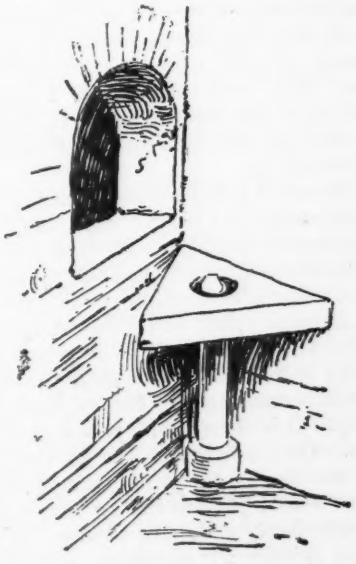
IN the "Acts of John and Paul" it is said that the centurion, after having decapitated the martyrs, thrust their bodies into the furnace of the baths, and burnt them before burying them under the floor.

The baths have been excavated, and in them has been discovered a large, white marble, circular bath, much like one of those so generally in use now of enamelled metal, but, of course, too heavy to be moved. It is one in which, undoubtedly, over 1534 years ago, these two Christian brothers, who shed their blood for Christ, took a "tubbing." Moreover, the place has been found in which they were buried, that is, where Pammachius assembled their burnt bones in 410. This was, as already said, a square alabaster chest. When the relics were translated to the upper church this chest was left behind, broken.

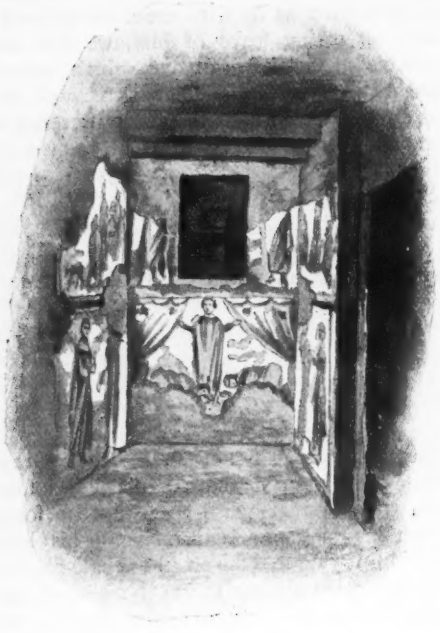
Above it the old cellar vault had been pierced so that from the "confession" above light could descend upon it, and pilgrims could, through a window, let down ribbons to touch the tomb. Hard by was a small triangular slab of white marble, supported on a pillar, and with a cup-hollow scooped out in it. This was in a corner, and it was the lamp of the "confession," kept continually burning by the tomb of the martyrs so long as their bodies remained in the cellar.

There is an interesting fact relative to this lamp that deserves notice.

At the bottom of the Cœlian hill, at the fork of the way whence leads the narrow lane to the Church of SS. John and Paul, stood the family mansion of Gregory the Great, now turned into a church, and it was from the steps of that house that he sent forth, with his blessing, Augustine and his little band, in 597, to convert the Anglo-Saxons. Gregory, living close to the house and basilica of the two chamberlain martyrs, was interested in them, and when he sent a present to Queen Theodelinda, the Bavarian princess who married Agilulf the Lombard, he sent, among other things, some of the oil of the lamp that burnt before the



LAMP OF THE CONFESSION



THE WINDOW OF THE "CONFESSION"

tomb of these martyrs. One cannot but look with a sense of emotion on the very slab of marble on which the hand rested, maybe, of him to whom we owe the conversion of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, as he dipped up the oil to send to the Lombard queen. This same oil is still, I believe, preserved among the treasures at Monza, along with the little gold hens and chickens of Theodelinda.

If we ascend a flight of steps, constructed by Pammachius, we reach a little chapel, at the extremity of which is a small window, the *fenestella confessionis*, through which one can look down, as through a well, into the cellar, upon the place where the tomb of the martyrs formerly was. This chapel is very narrow; it is actually a passage of the earlier house, accommodated by Pammachius as an oratory. It is covered with paintings in two stages. On the right and left on the lower stage are figures, apparently intended to represent devout persons visiting the shrine; but immediately under the window is a very curious painting: it represents one of the martyrs "within the veil" with hands extended in prayer, and grovelling—no other word will express it—grovelling before him lie Pammachius and his wife. I should have been disposed to consider the central figure as Christ, the great High Priest, appearing from behind the veil, but I do not think that this explanation will hold. The attitude of the figure is that of an orante so common in the Catacombs. It is an instructive picture, as exhibiting the early growth of superstitious worship accorded to the saints.

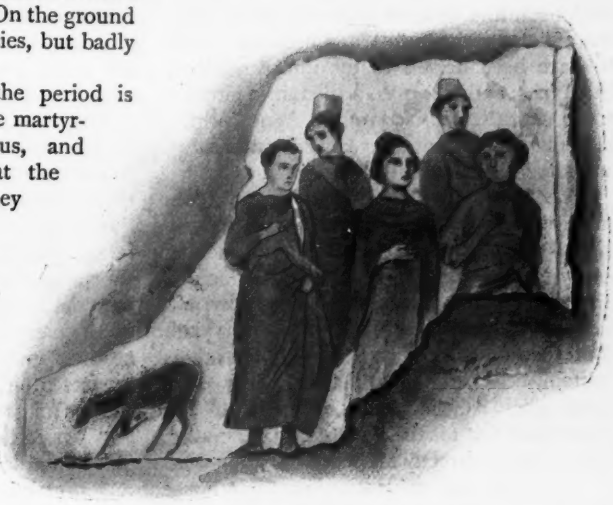
The veil is a common feature, and symbolical of death. With this painting may be compared the engraved slab from a catacomb in the Vatican Museum. There the deceased is represented in the same attitude; in the background is the screen between the sanctuary and the body of the church, and the curtain and two candles (?) may be traced. Above is the lamp, and over all the arched vault of the basilica with its frescoes of foliage.

On each side of the window is a representation of a standing figure; unhappily, the upper portion of each has been destroyed. These figures represent John and Paul. On the left wall is a large painting, partly destroyed. It seems intended to represent the Princess Constantia between her two cham-

A SLAB FROM THE CATACOMBS

berlains, the martyrs, and behind her are two attendant female slaves. On the ground is a dog of the greyhound species, but badly drawn.

Opposite this is what for the period is unique, a representation of the martyrdom of Crispus, Crispinianus, and Benedetta, who were killed at the grave of the martyrs, because they insisted on praying there, contrary to the orders of the emperor. Their eyes are blindfolded and their hands are bound behind their backs. Two executioners are represented as about to decapitate them. This very interesting painting has been reproduced in colours in the Römische Quartal-Schrift, in its second volume.



CONSTANTIA AND THE CHAMBERLAINS

The use of the little window is described by Gregory of Tours, in the Sixth Century. In his book on the "Glories of the Martyrs," he says: "He who desires to pray . . . . let him go above the sepulchre, and there is a little open window, through which he can thrust his head, and ask whatever his necessity urges him to request." And he says further that it was customary through this little window to let down little cloaks or hoods by ropes to touch the sarcophagus, and then draw them up and carry them away as tokens, no doubt supposed to be invested with miraculous efficacy; just as in Acts (xix. 12) we read that "from his (St. Paul's) body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."

It is interesting that what is apparently the original altar of the basilica has been found in fragments. It is a small table of white marble 4 feet long, with the sacred monogram on it in front, the cross and the Alpha and Omega. The top slab has the edge adorned with vine twigs and tendrils and grapes incised.

I was present at the reconsecration of the old altar, reconstructed in one of the chambers of the house below the floor of the church. Not a ray of the light of day could enter, and the chamber was illumined by the candles set in sconces on the walls. The scene was much like one of the gatherings of early Christians in the Catacombs.

A few words must now be said relative to the Acts of the Saints John and Paul. As we have them, they purport to have been written by one who pretended to have been a contemporary. He says of Constantia, whom he makes out to have been a daughter of Constantine the Great, but who was more probaby his niece, "We heard Constantia herself relate this, and indeed have seen it in her own writing, how Attica and Artemia (the daughters of Gallicanus, Consul in 330) were converted."

However, the story is a tissue of anachronisms.

The author makes Constantius to be a nephew, not son, of Constantine the Great, and he brings Julian to Rome and makes him preside at the trial of the chamberlains, whereas, as Emperor, he was not in Rome at all. Gallicanus is made Consul in 362 whereas he was Consul in 330. Constantine, indeed, had a daughter named Constantia, married first to Hannibalianus, and secondly to Gallus. She was a very profligate woman. In the Acts of John and Paul, Constantia is promised in marriage to Gallicanus, and converts his daughters. Gallicanus is also converted and does not marry Constantia.

It is possible that the Constantia whom

John and Paul served was another daughter of Constantine, or more probably a niece, who was afflicted with scrofula, and believed herself to have been healed by the intervention of St. Agnes, and who was buried in a circular tomb near the cemetery of St. Agnes, which is still standing and is a very interesting monument of the art of the period.

The Acts of the Saints are, in fact, a late and apocryphal production, a sort of religious romance in bad style, and lacking every element of verisimilitude, so much so that, if we had them only to go by, we should reject the entire story as apocryphal. But that there is a substratum of truth is certain, because we have a singularly complete chain of evidence relative to the veneration felt for these martyrs, a veneration which began directly after their death.

And now, the excavation of their house under the pavement of the church built above it, and made in part out of that house, together with the evidences of early cult, it contains, go a long way to show that the fabulous Acts are an amplification of a few very simple facts.

We have here a house once belonging to pagans, then to Christians; we have evidence that the Christian masters of this house were put to death and buried in it; and that not many years later, by contemporaries, a church was raised over their tomb.

That they were in attendance on a Constantia, kinswoman of Constantine the Great is also probable; the painting representing them, one on each side of a lady, and that this service was in the household of the reigning family, and in an imperial palace is shown by the fact that they were required as imperial servants to do homage to the image of the emperor. That three others suffered at their grave is also rendered certain from the fresco on the right hand of the window of the "confession." That they were executed and buried in their own house is also certain. But more than this cannot be established with any probability. The discovery of this buried Christian house shows us that there may be a basis of truth under the most preposterously fabulous acts of martyrdom. As the gorgeous Church of Saint Giovanni e Paoli rose above the humble tomb, so have these fantastic legends reared themselves over very simple facts.

ON SOME CARICATURE-PORTRAITS OF THACKERAY BY PEN AND PENCIL

By GEORGE SOMES LAYARD

IT is always a pious thing to rescue from oblivion the unconsidered trifles which teach us in any way to gauge the character of a great man passed away, or which give us an idea of the figure which he made before the contemporary and not too serious onlooker.

Inadequate biographies and big bow-wow articles on the genius of William Makepeace Thackeray we have in abundance, in which, as often as not, we learn more of the littleness of the little men who are his critics than of the greatness of the king of men of whom the writing is done.

It is here my purpose to put on permanent record some of those fugacious rarities which are threatened with the extinction due most largely to the butterman of the callow nineteenth century. The few examples that have escaped are mainly hidden away in the selfish portfolios or bookcases of the collector, and are not obtainable by those who would perhaps appreciate them most.

In the first place, we must hark back more than sixty years to January 1835, when Fraser published the great cartoon of the collected Fraserians by Maclise, which, as the *Graphic* rightly said, "rendered priceless" that number of the famous magazine.*

* This plate has been reproduced in the "Reliques of Father Prout" and in the "Maclise Portrait Gallery," to which latter I would refer any reader who wishes further particulars of the glorious band of Fraserians. It will be obvious that I am indebted for several allusions to that invaluable work.

THE FRASERIANS

Here we have an assembly grouped round a "Mahogany Tree," not unworthy to rank with that other (made of deal by the way) at which Thackeray also sat as of right and of which he sang:

> "Here let us sport,
> Boys, as we sit;
> Laughter and wit
> Flashing so free;
> Life is but short—
> When we are gone,
> Let them sing on,
> Round the old tree."

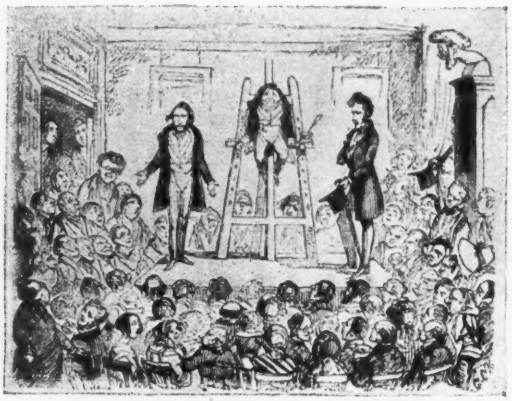
And, round the Punch Table, still they do sing on, and long may they continue so to do, but of its Fraserian prototype *actum est.* *ὦ θάνατε, θάνατε, νυν μ'ἐπισκέψαι μολὼν.*

And what a muster of wit and learning that marvellous document which we reproduce here presents to us.

On his legs stands the brilliant Maginn, who would write a leader for the *Standard* one evening, answer it in the *True Sun* the following day, and abuse both in the *John Bull* on the ensuing Sunday. Next to him sits Edward Irving, the dauntless, the pure, perhaps the misguided (when now the Fog of Babylon obscured his brain), who had died true and brave e'er the cartoon could see the light. Next, the Reverend Francis Mahoney, "Father Prout," the "lone incumbent of Watergrass Hill," who should surely ever be remembered had he written naught else but "Shandon Bells," which cry always,

> "Sabbata pango,
> Funera plango,
> Solemnia clango."

Next, the Reverend George Robert Gleig, first "militant" and then of "the Church," author of the "Subaltern" and the "Narrative of the War in North America." Next, Sir Egerton Brydges, the author of "Mary de Clifford," who described himself "*per legem terræ* Baron Chandos of Sudely." Parliament, however, refused to take a like view, and declared that *per legem Britanniæ* he was not. Next, a trio too well known even sixty years afterwards (a not insignificant immortality) to need more than naming —Allan Cunningham, Count D'Orsay, and Thomas Carlyle. Next, Doctor Moir, whose "Mansie Waugh, Tailor in Dalkeith," has sunk into undeserved oblivion. Next, Sir David Brewster, amongst other things the deviser of the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," which, says James Hogg, "tells me everything I want to know and a cursed deal



CRUIKSHANK'S ADVERTISEMENT SHEET CARTOON

more—but that's not his fault." Next, Theodore Hook,

"Lord of the squib and primate of the pun."

Next, and leaning forward to touch glasses with Jerdan, the diminutive Crofton Croker,

"That dull inveterate would-be joker,"

who managed to get credit for a great deal of work that he didn't do. Next, John Gibson Lockhart, "so well versed in the mechanism of his profession as to be able to write on any subject, from poetry to dry-rot." And then, immediately opposite Maginn, Fraser himself, whose chiefest glory it was to be name-parent to such a brotherhood of letters. To his left, Dr. William Dunlop, the author of the "Backwoodsman." Then William Jerdan ("the Nestor, if not the Aristarchus of journalistic critics") Then James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd." Then Coleridge, Galt, and Ainsworth. Half hidden by the latter, Robert Macnish, "the Modern Pythagorean," and to his left Sergeant Murphy and Churchill, between whom and Percival Banks we at length find the subject of our article, William Makepeace Thackeray, with his double eyeglass screwed in one eye, looking young, almost boyish, and anything but the "lion that came up out of Judah" of the later portraits. Completing the circle, Southey and Barry Cornwall support the speaker.

Fortunate indeed for us is it that Thackeray had become a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* just in time to be included in this delightful document, of which D. G. Rossetti wrote: "No happier instance could be well found of the unity for literary purposes of what may be justly termed 'style,' with an incisive and relishing realism."

But twenty-three years of age, Thackeray was many years the junior of even such young men as Ainsworth and Macnish, and it was no small earnest of the place that he was destined to take in the world of letters, that he should have been included in the circle of those most potent, (some of them anything but) grave, but (certainly) reverend seniors. It would be interesting, though out of place here, to record the various circumstances under which the young man, just starting on what was to prove the greatest literary career of the century, was brought into close relationship with his fellows of the round table. It is sufficiently suggestive to remember that when the whirligig of fortune, assisted by the recklessness of the individual, was destined to land the "brilliant, versatile and universal scholar" William Maginn in the Fleet prison, it was this, the latest recruit to the "Fraserians," who was to put his hand into his pocket and come to the assistance of his former editor to the tune of £500.

But we must not linger too long over what, though in its first published form of some rarity,

CARTOON FROM THE "PUPPET SHOWMAN'S ALBUM"

has been republished once or twice. Suffice it to say a word of wisdom. If you have a copy of *Fraser* for January 1835, unpillaged of its plate, cleave fast thereto, and, with it before you, read the "Fragment," never, I think, reprinted, that ushers in volume xi. of that glorious number. Then you will see how wit sparkled in the thirties, and will fondly regret that "Oliver Yorke" and his like are gone, and have not left their peers.

The next item to which I shall draw your attention is one of those very rare little advertisement sheets which are so dear (in more senses than one) to all collectors. It contains a small woodcut after a drawing by George Cruikshank, and without its presence no copy of the well-known "Table-Book" can boast completeness (p. 704).

CARTOON FROM THE "MONTH"

This little sheet appeared towards the end of 1844, announcing the publication of the first part of the new magazine on January 1, 1845. By the woodcut here reproduced, it will be seen that the artist, accompanied by à Beckett, is represented addressing a meeting held in his drawing-room. The president has mounted an easel in lieu of a chair, and the platform is appropriately extemporised out of a table. In my lately published volume, "Cruikshank's Portraits of Himself," I have transcribed the little brochure, so rare and humorous, for the sake of those who have not the "Table Book," or, having it, yet lack the (to the bibliomaniac) far more valuable advertisement sheet.

I may mention that the only likely place to find it is on the inside of the last sheet of the wrapper of the first number. A mutilated copy of the block and the letterpress is also to be found amongst the advertisements on the inside sheet of the "Punch Almanack" for 1845.

Its value to us consists in the fact that just inside the door of the room in which the meeting takes place Thackeray is to be seen, towering head and shoulders above his neighbours, and supporting by his presence the new venture of the great artist to whom he had paid such a noble tribute in the *Westminster Review* for June 1840.

The next rarity to which I shall direct your attention is one of those little paper-covered volumes in which Albert Smith, Angus B. Reach, Henning, Gavarni, and the like public caterers, pot-boiled conjointly for the harvest of shillings that were burning holes in the pockets of our fathers and grandfathers.

The particular little yellow-backed pamphlet before me is called, "The Puppet Showman's Album, with contributions by the most eminent light and heavy writers of the day." It is undated, but from internal evidence would seem to have appeared late in the forties.

"T. Babblington Macsqually" contributes a poem, "Sir Pelham Little Bulwer," a romance, "Walter Savage Gander," an imaginary conversation, while "Thomas Snarlyle," "Juggle-us Jerrold," "Gilbert Abbot à Beefless," "John Wilson Choker," and "Coventry

CARTOON FROM THE "MASK"

Flatmore," are each represented by characteristic productions.

That, however, with which we are here concerned is "Mrs. Tippiken's Yellow Velvet Cape, by W. M. Thwackaway (with an illustration by the Author)."

Both drawing and letterpress are really clever parodies of Thackeray's style with pen and pencil. Gavarni, the illustrator of the whole, has capitally caught the Titmarshian manner, and has given us, as Thackeray was himself so fond of doing, a sort of caricature portrait of the novelist, with his height reduced from something over six feet to something nearer five. Even the tell-tale signature of the pair of spectacles is placed at the bottom right-hand corner of the woodcut to complete the *vraisemblance* (p. 704).

I give the opening paragraphs of the clever little brochure:

"Standing the other day in the bow window of our club—the Cockulorum—that handsome house with the podgy pillars next the Proscenium, and beguiling the time by chatting agreeably with the youthful Blethers, an intelligent and highly moral young man, who tells me in confidence to whom the black-looking broughams belong which go crawling up and down the Lady's Mile, with the silk blinds three parts down the windows, and curly lap-dogs looking out—conversing, I say, with this gay fellow, whom should we see on the other side of the way but Tippikens, with Mrs. Tippikens—(I used to meet her once at the Boffles, in Baker Street—heigho!)—upon his arm, Mrs. T. being attired in a very handsome cape of yellow velvet, which I could not but admire.

"'Gad,' says young Blethers, 'I thought it would come to something of that sort. Me and old Tippikens' (Blethers took high honours at Oxford, which may account for the dilapidated state of his grammar) 'Me and old Tippikens,' said this young chap, 'with Tomboy, of the Yellows, and Poppifer of the Greens—you know Poppifer, good-looking man, with a finely chiselled nose, and grog-blossoms on it. Well, sir, as I was saying, Mr. Titmarsh, we dined at——'

"Now, where it was that young Blethers

and Tippikens, and Tomboy of the Yellows, and Poppifer of the Greens—all of them really very respectable gents, for whom I entertain much esteem—dined, I am not quite positive; for, while Blethers was telling me, I could not help looking over the shoulder of Hoppy, who was perusing the leading article in the *Slanderer*, with his lips moving. I asked him to read a passage out one day, and he would not, so I have my own suspicions. I say, however, I could not help observing, beyond Mr. Hoppy, how that ass Jawster was dozing over a page of *P*——, in which I knew was inserted a remarkably nice article of mine, about my friends Bobbums and Dobbums." And so on and so on for a page or two, the whole winding up with the announcement that the tale is "to be completed in twenty numbers."

So much for "The Puppet Showman's Album" which should be eagerly annexed if discovered in the bookseller's threepenny box. It will soon be more easily obtainable bound by Rivière or Zaehnsdorf in crushed morocco, and prouder of its clothes than of itself.

The next caricature portrait to which I shall draw your attention is one for the rescuing of which from oblivion I fancy all Thackeray lovers will be thankful (p. 705). It is to be found in the first number of that very fascinating little periodical *The Month*, a view of passing subjects and manners, &c., started in 1851 by Albert Smith and John Leech. Thackeray was at that time giving his first series of public lectures at Willis's Rooms. We remember Fanny Kemble's account of his condition on the afternoon when his first lecture was to be delivered.

"I found him standing," she wrote, "like a forlorn disconsolate giant in the middle of the room, gazing about him. 'Oh, Lord!' he exclaimed, as he shook hands with me, 'I'm sick at my stomach with fright!' I spoke some words of encouragement to him, and was going away, but he held my hand like a scared child, crying 'Oh, don't leave me!' 'But,' said I, 'Thackeray, you mustn't stand here. Your audience are beginning to come in'; and I drew him from the middle of his chairs and benches, which were beginning to be occupied, into the retiring room adjoining the lecture-room. . . . . Here he began pacing up and down, literally wringing his hands in nervous distress. 'Now,' said I, 'what shall I do? Shall I stay with you till you begin, or shall I go and leave you alone to collect yourself?' 'Oh,' he said, 'if I could only get at that confounded thing (the lecture) to have a last look at it!' 'Where is it?' said I. 'Oh! in the next room on the reading-desk.'"

She went in to fetch the manuscript, and in so doing, to her great dismay, tumbled it down and disarranged it hopelessly. "My dear soul," said the lecturer, with much kindness and patience, "you couldn't have done better for me. I have just a quarter of an hour to wait here, and it will take me about that to page this again, and it's the best thing in the world that could have happened."

Nevertheless the lectures were a great success and were followed by others, which, even in print, and without the nervous personal element, have taken their place amongst the masterpieces of criticism.

Amongst the audience which here faces "Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh as he appeared at Willis's Rooms in his celebrated character of Mr. Thackeray" we may imagine we see Charlotte Brontë, Caroline Fox, Harriet Martineau, Carlyle and his wife, Macaulay, Hallam, Dickens, Leslie, Monckton Milnes, Lord Carlisle, all of whom we know were amongst the distinguished persons who flocked to hear him. What memories it conjures up! But space forbids a longer lingering over it.

The last unconsidered trifle to which I shall direct your attention is dated 1868.

It is to be found in the tenth number of that brilliant little sixpenny monthly *The Mask* which was edited and illustrated by the ex-cavalry officer, Alfred Thompson, who is but lately dead.

Thackeray had died in 1863 and yet we find our old friend Charles Yellowplush, of *Fraser's Magazine*, *redivivus* and criticising Lord Lytton's play of "The Rightful Heir" in his own peculiar orthography in 1868. The imitation is fairly well done, probably by Thompson himself, who combined literary with artistic powers, as was seen during his short connection with *Punch*.

The cartoon is too large for these pages, but we reproduce the top right hand corner where Thackeray's face looks out from the

sky, with a Jovian calmness which contrasts strangely with the grotesqueness of the rest of the elaborate design (p. 706).

The reasonableness of putting this criticism of "The Rightful Heir" into the mouth of Charles Yellowplush might easily escape the casual observer. The fact was that just thirty years before, Lord Lytton's play, in five acts, "The Sea Captain," had been produced at the Haymarket Theatre, and on that occasion Thackeray had, in the words of this later criticism, "rote a litter" (probably for *Fraser*) dated the 30th November, 1839, at midnight immediately after seeing it performed:

"The noise in the littery wurld," Yellowplush *redivivus* goes on to say, "that hepistle made has not yet died out. I was sevear upon your ludship. I brought to bare upon you all my powers of sarchasm and irony, and I cut up your play in sich a pourful manner, that I thot, and so did every won else, that no one wold ever hear anythink more of the 'Sea Capting.'"

He then proceeds to give his opinion of the resuscitated play in nine or ten more columns, and ends up with a paragraph which gives point and propriety to the reappearance of Charles Yellowplush upon the scenes.

"And now, my dear lud, I hope you will not conseder that this letter will cheque your inspiration or damp your ardour. Don't let it, I beg of you. Only I very much wish you had burnt the old 'Sea Capting,' instead of vamping it up into the 'Rightful Hair,' and that you had given us suffin fresh from your branes and pen, which should have done honour to your name and reputation, and at the same time have silenced those obstinat critics who persist in asserting that the English stage requires elevation, and that we hav no English horthers who can do it." From which it would seem that Alfred Thompson had the long memory so useful to the journalist and more particularly to the humoristic member of the fourth estate.

My excuse for bringing together these unconsidered trifles is not hard to find. "Smallest of mortals," says Carlyle, "when mounted aloft by circumstances, come to seem great, smallest of phenomena connected with them are treated as important, and must be sedulously scanned, and commented on with loud emphasis." And, if this is true of *the smallest* of mortals, surely the collecting of the smallest of phenomena connected with *the greatest* cannot need any very humble apology.

There are, of course, also many caricature portraits of Thackeray to be found in *Punch*, *e.g.*, those by Leech on p. 17 of volume xii. and p. 1 of volume xxvii. and that in Linley Sambourne's splendid cartoon, p. 311 of volume xcii.; but, as every well-regulated household has a file of *The London Charivari* to refer to, it is sufficient to give the references. The same applies to that wonderful series of portraits of the master by Charles Keene in the "Standard" edition of the "Roundabout Papers." But these are not caricatures in the true Italian sense.

A DAKOTA HERO

By EDWARD S. BOND

"WELL Jim, I don't know what you intend to do in the matter, but I guess it's time to strike."

"Strike what?" returned his companion rather surlily.

"Look here," replied Eric, getting up from the table where he had been eating a scanty meal of bread and green tea, "you know well enough what I mean. That fellow has cumbered this claim of Peters's long enough. Many's the talk you and I have had about it, and we agreed that if Peters didn't come back from Ontario mighty quick and make his title good, we wouldn't be put off any longer. Peters is simply a speculator; he doesn't intend to settle, and he has put this old man Jacobs on his place to hoodwink the Government. Besides, what good is Jacobs on it anyway? Peters is doing far too well at his trade ever to come back. Moreover you may bet your bottom dollar

on this, if we don't grab it some one else will. But what's the use of talking to you? Whenever there's anything to be done, you've no more go in you than an old mule."

At this outburst Jim exclaimed, somewhat angrily, "Well, I suppose it's got to be done. It's a disagreeable job any way and I never relished it. Peters is a fool or he might know that sooner or later some one would be sure to jump his claim, and as for Jacobs, I don't care a candle end for him. He's a silent, surly dog, nothing neighbourlike about him, and everlastingly prowling round the prairie searching for claim corner posts which don't exist. But if you're for acting, we'd better get the thing over this very afternoon and have done with it."

This conversation took place in a small shanty in the State of Dakota. Both speakers were strong, heavily built, and endowed with that endurance which comes to those inured to one of the coldest climates in the world. It was January, and the prairie was covered with snow three feet deep, save where the cutting wind had swept it into deeper hillocks, frozen hard enough to bear a horse and rider's weight. The prospect from the small window of the shack was not inviting, the monotonous level of the plain being broken here and there only by a few stunted willows and young poplars. Not a house nor sign of life was visible, except that now and then the still sharp air was disturbed by a whirring circlet of snow birds, sure forerunners in that region of a storm. Above, the afternoon sun shone brilliantly without imparting the slightest heat, and as its rays fell through the window they lighted up the small miserable room where Jim Wade and Eric Edsen sat, the only contents of which were a large poplar wood bedstead, No. 8 cooking stove with lids badly cracked, three chairs, an iron pot and a badly battered tea-kettle.

Having delivered himself of the above speech, Jim knocked the ashes out of his pipe and as he passed out of the door to saw more wood, said:

"I guess you'd better hurry up, Eric, and saddle the mules. It will be as much as we can manage to get there and back before dark."

Thus enjoined, Eric, chuckling to think he had at last screwed up Jim to the sticking point, hurried out to the log stable behind the shanty and hastily saddling the mules, the two men rode off. They had about a mile and a half to ride along a track rendered smooth and beaten by the daily tramp of their mules to water. A quarter of a mile from where they left this trail they would come to another shanty similar to their own, roughly built of two layers of slabs with tar paper between, where lived, or rather existed, the man Jacobs. He had been there some six months now, was old and feeble and apparently without money. He raised some potatoes for his own use and kept a few hens in an underground hen-house, which after infinite toil he had dug out. Peters, who owned the place, was working at his trade of blacksmith down in Ontario, and it was generally supposed that he kept Jacobs supplied in groceries on condition he would live on the place and keep off grabbers.

Edsen had long coveted this 160 acres which comprised Peters's homestead. But there was a certain unwritten code of honour in the district which opposed, on principle, the jumping of others' claims, and this had made Wade hesitate about seizing it. Edsen, however, had no such scruples; he reflected that if he waited till the disappearance of the snow and the Spring immigration, he would lose his chance. He accordingly resolved to turn the old man out neck and crop at once, whose existence he had already burdened with continual threats.

No word was spoken between the two men as they rode on in Indian file. The air, which had been intensely cold and still all day, began to grow warmer, at the same time an occasional gust of wind threw a cloud of fine snow against the mules' feet and then died away as quickly as it had come. It was getting dark, and increasing their pace, they soon arrived at Jacobs's shanty. But the old man, who was standing outside splitting firewood, had seen them coming a long way off, their mounted figures standing boldly outlined against an ominous bank of clouds which the setting sun was now staining to a lurid red. Eric, making Jim a sign to hold his tongue, hailed the old man thus:

"How long before Peters comes back, Jacobs?"

"That I cannot just say for certain."

"I suppose you know that he has already been off his place more than six months right along?"

"Aye, I guess maybe he has."

"I suppose then you know that Peters

has forfeited his place under the Homestead Act?"

"Well, as to that I can't say. I'm here to hold it for him, being, you see, a kind of chum, and I guess he's as good a right to it as any one, seein' he's done improvements on it."

"That doesn't count for nothing unless he lives on it," retorted Edsen; "and besides, my pal here" (pointing to Jim, who, with sheepish face, was beating his mitts together to keep the blood circulating) "wants this place and he's going to have it, so you'd better turn out inside of twenty-four hours, or we'll make the place too hot to hold you. Do you hear?"

"Aye, I hear you, Eric Edsen," replied the old man, his eyes kindling, and grasping his axe a trifle more firmly; "you've threatened before now, but I'm here still, and if you want the claim, you'll have to take it by force over my dead body, for I swore to my chum that I'd hold it, and I'll keep my oath if I die for it."

"We'll see about that," hissed Edsen through his teeth; "we'll burn you out, shack and all, bundle of useless bones that you are, if you're not out of here by this time to-morrow."

Then he called to Jim: "Come on. It's waste of time talking. Looks as if we were in for a baddish night and our flour all but out. I hope Serge will get back from Grand Forks to-morrow or we'll be in a tight fix."

Wheeling his mule, and turning in the Mexican saddle to shake his fist at the old man, he shouted back: "I've warned you square enough; this time to-morrow," and both putting their mules into a gallop, they rapidly disappeared in the fast-falling darkness.

The old man slowly gathered up his wood in little bundles and carried them in, shut his door tight, replenished the stove and sat down. So this was the end of it all, he sadly thought, the end of all the lonely life he had led. To-morrow he would have to fight for his home, perhaps his life, or abandon everything. He rapidly considered. From the look of the sky, one of Dakota's terrible blizzards was threatening. If he decided to leave, he would have to tramp five miles to reach the nearest shelter; his clothing was poor, quite inadequate for such a journey even in calm weather, much less in a storm. There was no trail; the temperature was twenty-five degrees below zero; but then, if he dare not venture out, neither dare they; the coming storm would keep them at home too. This slight gleam of hope encouraged him. He rose and opened the door, but a furious gust drove him in again. The sun had now sunk and the bank of clouds had rapidly spread eastwards. Mechanically he looked at his wood pile. Thank God, he had enough at any rate, and lots of flour too; *he* couldn't freeze or starve as long as he stayed where he was. He quickly shut the door, threw on some red willow to raise a hot fire, and made himself a strong brew of tea. Outside, the wind was steadily rising. It ceased to come in gusts now, but howled ominously round the old shack, now and again lifting and rattling the ragged edges of loose tar-paper on the roof. The old man, sitting and musing by the stove, suddenly started, and muttered to himself excitedly: "Aye, aye, that's what he said, you bet your life, and he'll never get through in time."

The strong tea seemed to invigorate him. His eyes flashed, he could see the solution of his trouble, and there would be no need to move a step either. Just let things alone. Why not? It would be absurd to do anything else. What else? He laughed aloud. There was nothing else, he repeated to himself, as if he found comfort in it.

Taking his blankets, he spread them on his camp bed and cramming the fire-box of the stove, lay down. But he did not sleep. Long practice had enabled him to do no more than doze; he knew he must keep the stove alight if he was to keep himself alive, lying still in that wretched shack. All night the wind increased in violence, and when morning broke the landscape was literally blotted out. The blizzard had come. During all that day the old man kept close, never even going outside to saw wood; he had enough cut for twenty-four hours; perhaps the weather would moderate then. He shuddered at the thought of what moderate weather might bring for him and drew closer still to the small, miserable stove. The clock on the wall seemed to him to tick monotonously on: "What then? What then? What then?" He closed his ears to shut it out, but still he could hear its diabolical insinuation eating into his very soul.

Towards night the storm reached its height. It had already raged thirty-six hours,

and the old man smiled to himself as he reflected that more than twenty-four hours had already gone since the threat had been made. He passed another restless night, and with break of dawn looked out. The storm was evidently moderating, but the cold was becoming more intense. Through that morning he walked up and down incessantly, as if irresolute from some great and terrible inward struggle. At last, seizing a bag, he hastily threw into it a lot of flour and a hunch of pork, tied it round his body with rope, then wrapping his blankets round him he strapped them firmly on, encased his hands in his well-worn buckskin mitts, and as though not daring to weaken his resolve by waiting, swiftly opened, closed his door and vanished in the gradually abating storm.

It was one in the afternoon. During all this time, Edsen and Wade had waited in vain for Serge's return from Grand Forks. Either he had not started, fearing the storm, or if he had started he was by this time assuredly lost. Their flour had been out now two days, they had not even a pinch of tobacco, and the cold, from insufficent banking outside, penetrated the unevenly laid floor. Selfish as Edsen's nature was, his one redeeming trait was his affection for Jim, and when he saw him now lying on the bed, abandoning all hope with the *burning* cold and want of food, his distress was great. Stealing quietly to a shelf, he took down a large crust, his own share of their final meal, which he had kept as a last resource, stinting himself, if haply he might save his friend. He moistened this now in snow-water and held it to Jim's lips, trying to force him to take it, and encouraging him in every way to keep up his pluck, as the storm was clearing off and help would come.

Glancing at the clock he saw it was close on two. As he turned to support Jim who was becoming unconscious, he thought he heard a crunching sound outside the door as of a heavy body on the snow. He listened. The same sound again and this time a low moan. Eric tore open the door, only to see not five yards off a huddled form crawling on hands and feet. It was not ten seconds and Eric had that form inside and the door closed. He shook the powdered snow from the blanketed figure, which lay silent and quite still; he looked into the face and an awful cry broke from his lips which brought Jim to his feet. Gently now Eric loosened the sack from the body and chafed the helpless hands with snow. They were frozen hard as stones. The figure muttered something, and Eric, stooping down, heard these words: "Not—far—now—warmer—warmer." The words died on the trembling lips, the true brown eyes opened wide in a vacant stare, the head fell back. He was dead, and nothing was now heard but the vain sobbing of the two landgrabbers in the shack and over it the wail of the dying blizzard chanting the hero's dirge.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR OCTOBER

By the Editor

FIRST SUNDAY

"NOT THAT WE WOULD BE UNCLOTHED"

ST. PAUL usually writes triumphantly of his confidence in view of death, but this does not imply that he failed to realise the mystery and fear which rests on the passage from the known to the unknown. He was too honest a man not to recognise the darkness as well as the light. And he seems to give expression to the shrinking from death, as death, which is so common an experience, in the words "not that we would be unclothed"—nay, there is possibly a hint that it was the thought of the unclothing which formed the burden under which he groaned, for the passage (2 Cor. v. 4) as given in the margin of the Revised Version thus runs: "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened, in that we would not be unclothed, but would be clothed upon."

If so we may be glad that the apostle meets us on a ground so common. There are moments when we, like him, may be raised above every shrinking fear. There

are moods of exalted and assured hope when the prospect of a sinless world, into which neither death nor sorrow shall enter, and where the sad separations of earth shall cease, may lift us above the present. There may be also moods of feeling when such visions are vouchsafed of the preciousness of Christ and of the beauty of divine goodness that we can sincerely say "to depart and be with Him is far better." And these hopes appear brighter when we are under the pressure of suffering; when cares and disappointments, or pain and grief are darkening our hearts; when life has lost its charm, and the spring of energy is broken; when we are depressed, almost defeated—then we long for the eternal rest.

But these moods are not the most usual with ordinary mortals. Healthy men and women, even the best Christians on whom no special burden may be weighing, are not so conscious of the greatness of the coming glory as to lose all fear of the mystery of death. We are glad, therefore, that St. Paul seems to have had a similar experience. His words help us, because they show that there is nothing wrong in such feelings, and that they may be quite consistent with unswerving faith and a humble assurance.

But why should there arise this shrinking from a change which, to a good man who loves Christ, ought to form the brightest of all his hopes? It is not difficult to indicate some of these causes.

(1) We are met by the fact of our ignorance of the precise conditions of the life beyond the grave—an ignorance which appears the more appalling as we reflect on it.

Let it be granted that we have childlike faith in Christ, and in the face of the unknown enjoy the surest of all confidences, because believing that everything is in the Father's hand, that Christ has Himself passed through death and is its conqueror, and that whatever the conditions of the future existence may be, all must be well if we are to be with Him. Yet who has not craved for further light, or felt the oppressiveness of the mystery which shrouds that world of which all that has been told us has been spoken in parables only? To such questions as these: Where is that world to which we are to go? What is the change we shall experience when this fleshly tabernacle is laid aside, and of what nature is that spiritual body, that "building of God," which we are to receive? When the eye is closed for ever to the familiar present, what shall the vision be which shall flash upon the intelligence? What shall we meet, and whom shall we behold; how shall we meet them, and how behold them or recognise them? To these and a thousand similar questions no voice has given any reply. The line of demarcation is sharp and narrow. Like a sharp sword death divides with fearful precision all that is here from all that is there. The arrestment of positive knowledge is tragic. At the portal which closes on human life it is as if a great portcullis had been dropped, barring the way of investigation. As in thoughtful moments we measure the extent of this ignorance, we can understand what St. Paul felt "not that I would be unclothed." He cowers back from the plunge into the unknown.

It may be said that we exaggerate this ignorance. Reference may be made to the number of writers who have discussed the problem of the future, and to the light they have thrown upon what is beyond, founded upon the statements of Scripture itself. Nay, some may quote as facts notions which owe their wide acceptance to nothing more authoritative than Milton's great poem or Bunyan's great allegory. It is true that Scripture does teach us much about the world to come, but it is necessarily in the language of earth and usually incapable of a literal interpretation. There are general principles laid down full of comfort, and analogy often affords a legitimate ground for belief. But whenever we take the parabolic terms in which Scripture speaks and attempt to set forth in detail the actual condition of the future—the scenes, occupations, interests, and methods of the life there—we are sure to blunder. If God has left us in ignorance of these literal details, it is best to accept our ignorance. It may be that it is impossible to convey any clearer conceptions to us, circumstanced as we are here below. Were the unborn child sufficiently intelligent to reflect and speculate on the conditions of the existence on which it may in an hour be ushered by its birth, which is a kind of death as regards all that has been—how impossible would it be to convey to such any conception of the interests soon to be his as a man! Or imagine

children who know of no world beyond the nursery, who had been shut out even from seeing the occupations of grown-up men and women, being asked to picture the life they would be engaged in thirty years afterwards—how ridiculous would be the reply! This one creating a paradise of dolls, another insisting on the continuance of childish games, or the preservation of the literature and art of the nursery story-book! And yet such foolish speculations into the unknown sphere of manhood would not perhaps be a bit more absurd than the fanciful projections of our present every-day conditions of life into the great unknown, which forms the staple of a literature often greedily devoured by thousands craving for light. Our ignorance may be necessary. It may be as impossible to convey through our present human experiences just conceptions of the glory of the life that is in God's presence, as it would be to convey in the terms of childhood a just conception of the interests of the philosopher or politician. It would not only be impossible for the child to construct himself a true vision of what mature life means, but he is incapable of being taught its conditions. And so may it be with even the most advanced on earth. We may have been told all that it is possible for us to receive. Even St. John had to confess his ignorance. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

SECOND SUNDAY

NOT UNCLOTHED BUT CLOTHED UPON

ANOTHER cause, besides our ignorance of the future, why we shrink from "the unclothing" is to be found in our love of the present life, which to most of us is so familiar and dear. There are moments when we are tempted to reverse the desire of the ancient who said, "I would not live alway." There are hours when the scenes of earth appear so fair, its mountain grandeur and the splendour of its seas so magnificent, that we would gladly live on for ever amidst this entrancing beauty. "Where," we ask, "can there be, except for sin, a world more lovely?" We cling in like manner to the world of human interest and love to mark the unfolding roll of its history. We do not wish to be cut off from the march, but would gladly live on and take some part in the mighty advance. In contrast also to the world beyond with its mystery we naturally hold by the ways we are accustomed to, the habits that have grown with us, the home with its dear inmates, the very house with its well-known furniture, our common pursuits, nay even our bodies that have been so much ourselves. That all this should be laid aside, and that at one stroke we should be unclothed of what is familiar and be launched into the mysterious world of immortality, is a thought which to many minds suggests fear rather than joy. As they think of it they can heartily adopt St. Paul's words, "Not that I would be unclothed."

It is well to give expression to these feelings, and to look fairly at them. And when we have done so we are at once met by the encouraging statement wherewith St. Paul, if he does not wholly remove them, lifts us into a position from which we gain new light regarding them. For as soon as he acknowledges his own shrinking from the unclothing, he tells us that we have been dealing with a half-truth and convinces us that there will in reality be no unclothing, but "a clothing upon"—the pouring down of a fuller, richer life, which will not destroy but raise into an enlarged, brighter and glorified form all those very elements of joy to which we now cling so fondly. He would have us know that there can be no perishing of any of the principles which constitute the satisfaction of our lives here. If the temporary tent, which has so long been the home of our spirits during their earthly sojourn, is taken down, it is only that we may receive the grander "building" which God, who gave us this mortal frame, has prepared and fitted for our new and enlarged spiritual existence. Whatever the spiritual body may be, it will not rise on total ruin but will only give to that which has been new scope and power—even as the butterfly is the transformation, not the annihilation of the former lower grade of being. All that is mortal and corruptible shall pass away, but only as the faint light of dawn passes because lost in the fulness of the perfect day. How, or under what conscious experiences on our part, this may take place we cannot tell, but the cry for the larger life and fuller which St. Paul here utters, silencing his former groans under the burden of natural fear, is the healthier and braver language for

us to adopt. Christ, who has given us all that makes life precious to us in this mansion of the one house of the Father, will prepare a place for us in that other and grander mansion where He Himself has gone.

THIRD SUNDAY

ABIDING PRINCIPLES

"NOT unclothed but clothed upon" describes God's method, for there is no perishing in Nature. "The stream of tendency" is in the line of progress, however slow; it is towards an ideal in the form of some higher type. What may appear destruction is usually a step towards some fresh construction. The types of life which have fallen aside are always replaced by those which attain richer aptitudes. It is so in human experience also. The embryo life passes out of darkness, and as by a kind of death is born into that of sweet infancy. If childhood, with its lovely innocence fades away, it is that manhood may come in its fulness. "Not unclothed but clothed upon" may be taken as the moral of all history, and affords encouragement when contemplating the unknown future.

We have spoken of the incapacity of the child to understand the interests of the full-grown man, the philosopher or scholar. And yet there is a marked connection between the child and the man. However different the objects may be which engage their sympathies, they both derive their happiness from the exercise of the same principles. Faith, hope, and love form the glorious harmony in which man and boy find life worth living. The principles which constitute their happiness are the same, so that it is with a new and suggestive meaning we can understand St. Paul's famous saying, "now abideth faith, hope, love." They are eternal in their operation. When the child becomes the man he may put away childish things, in respect to those objects he once cared wholly for, but he does not put away faith, hope, and love; they abide.

For childhood has its faith, hope, and love as well as manhood. None of us indeed can recall the years of childhood without wistful recollection of the unclouded confidence, the brightness of the hope, and the purity of the love which characterised these years. Our trust was implicit. Father and mother were to us almost in the place of God; their word supreme, their authority undoubted. The hopes of childhood were as spotless as the trust. Every dawn was radiant with some new expectation, every season was rich in promise. The love of childhood was equally spontaneous. Free as the healthy life among the breezes and sunshine did love then go forth to the very rocks and streams and sweet recesses of the woods around our home. Faith, hope, and love were then pure as that of the angels of God, and according to our capacity we found the things which satisfied us at our very doors.

The change of childhood to manhood altered all that, and what we once cared for ceased to suffice us. Our faith, hope, and love continued as principles, but they went forth towards other objects according as we became statesmen or merchants, soldiers or physicians. The change which revolutionised our earlier selves arose from the difference of the things which engaged our hopes and affections; the principles remained.

Of a similar nature is the change which follows the quickening of the new spiritual life in men, for Christ does not supplant the principles which constitute our moral natures, but only affords new objects on which they may be occupied. He lifts our trust from the unsatisfying and temporary to the fulness of the eternal. The horizon which may hitherto have girdled our hopes is widened into a new and glorious range of expectation. He raises our affections from the transitory, or it may be the sinful, and fixes them on God. The old principles of childhood or of manhood remain, but they are now engaged on the things in the possession of which stands our life eternal. We put away the carnal, even as we once put away the childish. We no longer think and speak and understand as those who are under the domination of things worldly think and speak and understand, but as under the power of new and absorbing attractions.

The tracing of our experiences from childhood up to spiritual manhood, and the lesson we have learned as to the permanence throughout of the principles of faith, hope, and love, may afford some helpful suggestions as to the character of the life to come, for

St. Paul tells us that these abide for ever. The familiar lines

> "Hope shall to full fruition rise,
> And faith be sight above,"

is a perversion of what he taught, for he says that hope and faith "abide." Even when many a hope shall have been realised, and things which are now objects of faith only shall have become objects of sight, yet faith and hope must remain, and there will be eternally room for their exercise and enjoyment.

We shall consider in our next Reading what this implies.

FOURTH SUNDAY

WHAT THESE ABIDING PRINCIPLES IMPLY

THE conceptions which many hold regarding the nature of the life to come, stand in marked contradiction to what we must believe if there is to be an endless field there for the exercise of faith, hope, and love. A heaven which puts us at once in possession of all possible knowledge, and leaves a future which has no new truths to unfold; a state of unbroken rest which has no occupation beyond the enjoyment of the beatific vision and perpetual worship; a future which is to have no growth, no history, and which creates no anxious expectation; a love that is to have no field for self-sacrificing exertion; a hope that has nothing to look forward to, and a confidence which has lost the interest of trial; such a stagnant condition as this, which many have dared to picture as the possible heaven of the redeemed, is the very opposite of that heaven which St. Paul indicates when he says, "Now abideth faith, hope, love." For if these principles are to continue in full exercise in the world to come, then that life cannot be a scene of lack-lustre sanctity, or of an enjoyment which has lost the stimulus of difficulty and its accompanying eagerness of expectation. If there is to be room for faith, then must there be for ever objects that call for our trust, things which we, like the angels, will "desire to look into," mysterious cycles of history at every stage of which we shall be called to exercise childlike trust in God, and in the ultimate clearing up of what at the time appears dark. The fact that faith is to abide suggests a condition in which, while many of the things which now perplex us shall become as plain as the problems of childhood appear to the full-grown man, yet new questions will continually arise, and vast movements in the great drama of creation will occupy the attention in regard to which simple faith in the living God is called forth at every step.

That hope shall abide shows in like manner that there will be ample field for the desires and expectations. So far from being taught that every desire shall be satisfied, and the soul at once replenished by complete spiritual attainment, we are rather to believe that the invigorated and sanctified spirits of the redeemed shall have objects to which they will look ever forwards, heights of attainment rising higher and higher as they advance, noble purposes which they will long to see achieved. In Christ the continuance of hope indicates that the heaven into which the just shall enter shall be limited by no fixed horizon, but shall open for them, as they go on, into new spheres of interest, and lead into new worlds of wonder and glory.

And if love is to abide for ever, it is inconceivable that there shall be no blessed work for love to do, as long as there is one dark spot in the universe which that love can by any possibility brighten, or as long as there is one being which love can bless. Love can never be less than itself, nor can it become narrower as it becomes purer and more perfect. If Christian love even in this life is instinctively diffusive and missionary, not in the technical but beneficent sense of the term, so the love that abideth for ever shall surely have some grand ministry of goodness to fulfil. Love is indeed the very life of heaven, it is the atmosphere which all graces breathe and by which they grow. It is through love that the redeemed become possessors of God and Christ, and of the sympathies and joys of every saint and angel before the throne. But so long as the love of God reigns, and so long as He has glorious purposes to fulfil in the universe, so long may we believe that love shall not only abide in the spirits of the just made perfect, but that it shall discover fields for the exercise of that ministry of mercy which was the glory of the Incarnate love on earth and the mighty work of God Himself, who sent His dear Son to seek and save that which was lost.

FIFTH SUNDAY

OUR TRUE HOPE

And yet, after we have laid a certain foundation in the indications given us in Scripture as to principles which will abide in the world to come as they abide here and constitute our life, we require some more direct and personal ground for hope. This is given us in Christ Jesus. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews represents Christ as the object of our "sure and steadfast" hope. He speaks of Him as "the anchor of the soul" and of hope as stretching from us and going into the unseen, "behind the veil," into God's presence where He has entered. It is somewhat of a mixed metaphor, but none the less instructive. One part of the image suggests the anchor lying far down in impenetrable depths, with the cable reaching up to the ship and keeping her steady amid winds and waves. The other part sets before us Christ, as the great High Priest passing into the unseen, even as the Jewish Priest passed out of the sight of the people, behind the veil into the Holy of Holies. Having thus departed and being no longer personally visible, yet hope follows and is fixed upon Him—even as the cable to the anchor—so that all who hold that hope are kept firm amid the doubts and perplexities of the present.

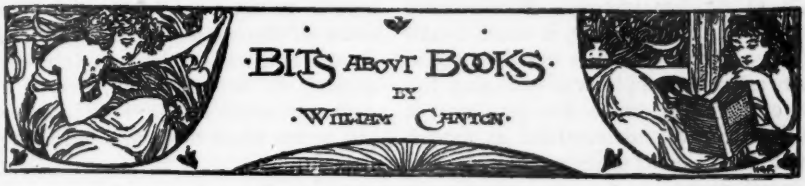
This counsel was primarily given to Hebrews at a time when the old religion they had passionately cherished appeared to be threatened with ruin, although it was in reality about to take a more glorious shape and attain its true fulfilment. But it was an hour of terrible difficulty and dismay to many accustomed to the old ways; and to give them comfort they were told to fix their hopes on the immutable promise, given before Moses or the Law; and as they had been used to kneel before the sanctuary and to wait, listening to the tinkle of the golden bells while the Priest was representing them before God, so must they wait now with their hopes fixed on Him who had gone into God's presence, their forerunner and the pledge that they also would enter into the true inheritance of which the earthly had been the shadow. Hope was thus to stretch from the seen, with its anxieties and fears, into the unseen, and fix itself on Christ.

A similar counsel is required in reference to our natural questionings regarding the life to come. When we realise the greatness of our ignorance, and find that our reasoning respecting the condition of the future world rests on the interpretation we give to the imagery alone of Scripture, or upon analogy rather than on actual information, then the heart craves for what is more direct and personal. If we are necessarily unable, out of the elements which constitute our earthly experience, to construct an adequate picture of the heavenly state, we can at all events gain true strength and comfort when we lift our thoughts to Christ, who is passed into the heavens and know that He is our forerunner, our guide, and the pledge that all is well. There may be much we cannot know, but when we know Him we can be at peace. "Because He lives we shall live also." When the terror of the darkness is greatest, and when our humanity shrinks at the thought of the unknown or under the awe of the glory that shall be revealed, then let us catch the voice that speaks from the ineffable Presence. "Fear not; I am the First and the Last and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades." He who has thus all power over the mysterious world beyond, is He who was Messiah, who Himself died, and who is alive for evermore. Our hope becomes sure and steadfast when it reaches from the seen to the unseen and is fixed on "the Living One." It is surely best to think much on the Personal Lord who reigns, rather than to enter upon arguments which can yield little friut.

When perplexities weigh upon us and questionings before which

> "Our mortal nature
> Doth tremble, like a guilty thing surprised,"

we can find "a strong consolation" most truly when we take refuge in the thought of the personal and exalted Saviour and lay hold upon Him as the hope set before us. Fears may arise which almost madden us regarding our own destiny or that of some we love; let it be ours to leave all such in His hands, remembering how patient He was when he was on earth and loving and anxious to help the very worst, and that it is the same Jesus who is now enthroned in glory and whose are the keys of Death and of Hades.



WHO has not at some time or other been set a-daydreaming by the legend of the Wandering Jew? The story belongs to a very ancient class of myths, but as to its actual form it has not been traced, so far as European annals record, further back than the first quarter of the thirteenth century. Since those days of mental darkness it has exercised a singular fascination on the imagination of the Western world. From time to time it received a new and startling impetus from strange and mysterious figures which sprang up in France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and even in England, impersonating the unhappy outcast who had seen with his own eyes the Saviour hanging on the cross on Golgotha, had beheld Nero triumphing in the conflagration of Rome, had witnessed the valour of Godfrey de Bouillon in the Holy Land, and who in his ceaseless wanderings had washed in the Ganges and in the head-springs of Nilus, that ancient river. Poets sang of the exile in their folk-rhymes; story-tellers recorded the wonderful incidents of his age-long pilgrimage. At the beginning of the present century the legend seems to have appealed with a curious persistency for literary and artistic treatment. Goethe himself lingered over it. It is questionable, however, whether the Wandering Jew would even in his hands have been more than a picturesque personality, affording scope for a survey of the vicissitudes and splendour of nineteen centuries and bringing into focus the Roman and the Barbarian of the Northern Forests, the Crusader and the seafarer, the hermit of the Thebaid and the Pope of Christendom. It was reserved for our own day to read below the surface and to recognise in the wild tale the personification of an ancient people, exiled, branded and decimated, scourged from city to city, but preserved in marvellous isolation and racial vigour from century to century. In his thoughtful and suggestive work on the legend, Mr. Moncure Conway has condensed the true essence of the eerie folk-tale into a few dramatic sentences. "This Wandering Jew knocked at the doors of law-courts, 'Who art thou?' said the judges. 'I am Antichrist.' 'Come in and be burnt,' said they. He came in and was burnt. But ever rising from his ashes, the Wanderer marched on. Again, after some centuries, he knocked at the door marked Justice. 'Who art thou?' asked the judges. 'I am Antichrist,' he said. 'Stay out and be mobbed,' said they. And so he wandered until he reached the century when England opened the door and said, 'Enter and receive thy right.' Even Judge Jeffrey, in the time of George I., would not accept the old law which disabled a Jew from prosecuting a Christian. 'Pay him his money,' he cried to the defendant. 'His action is not against a Christian; you are more a Jew than he is!' At many doors this unconquerable Antichrist had to knock in this land: slowly, against frantic attempts to bar them, they swung open, one after another; and it was proved that English justice, confronting what Christendom called a devil, was ultimately equal to giving that devil his due—in society, in the law court, in the parliament."

In the history of the world is there any section more extraordinary, more intensely interesting, more perplexing in its protracted continuity than that which records the rise, the fall and the dispersion of the Chosen People? Every now and again attention is drawn to the subject by some public event—the crowing of the "red cock" over a dozen burning ghettos in Russia, an outburst of fanatical hatred in Germany, or, it may be, an attempt to find a home and build an abiding city where at last the Wanderer may rest the soles of his feet; and in this respect the recent congress at Basle to discuss the possible return of Israel to the

Land of Promise after eighteen centuries of exile is of peculiar interest. Whether the scheme be visionary or not, it must awake an intense yearning and a deeply pathetic memory among a people who still sing the songs of Zion, by whom the incidents of prechristian history are regarded as though they were the incidents of yesterday, who every year commemorate under green boughs the wanderings of the Exodus and the harvests of the later days of plenty in a land of milk and honey. Doubtless there are many exceptions—men who are contented with the flesh-pots of the gentiles and who have no desire to leave the countries where they have laboured and prospered; but to the Jewish people at large the restoration of the beloved earthly Jerusalem would be the realisation of the dream and desire of ages, and assuredly in itself it would be one of the most memorable and touching events in the story of a nation.

In thinking of the Jews one must have been often struck by the somewhat curious circumstance that, though they have lived so long and in such large numbers amongst us, we know practically nothing about them. To open such a book as Mr. Abrahams's "Jewish Life in the Middle Ages"* is to cross the border of a new and unimagined region, and I fancy that in regard to Jewish life at the present day most of us are almost equally ignorant. The task of reconstituting trait by trait the mediæval Jewish character must have been one of vast erudition and indefatigable research, but it was well worth the labour, and the book is one which, for the light it casts on an obscure period, can scarcely be less welcome to the Christian than to the Jew. There is a rare idyllic charm about much of the picture which Mr. Abrahams draws; there is much, too, that is unexpected and deeply significant. I have marked many passages I should like to quote as evidence of the beauty and gentleness of the Jewish spirit, but I must be content with a few indicative traits. There was an exquisite sense of courtesy. "The servant was not to be put to shame, and was not to be asked to perform her ordinary duties while at table." "When I was a child," says one old writer, "and I asked the servant who was sitting at table with us to give me some water, my mother rebuked me." On the joyous festivals of the 15th of Ab and the Day of Atonement, the maidens of Jerusalem used to pass out in procession, arrayed in white garments, *which all borrowed* in order not to put to the blush those who were too poor to have fitting attire of their own. So, too, the poor Jewish traveller was to be considered at the table of his host. The passage in the grace after meals, "Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread," was spoken in an undertone lest it should give pain to the poor guest seated at the table. Consider the poetic and suggestive custom of planting a cedar when a boy was born, and an acacia at the birth of a girl. The trees were felled before their wedding to provide the wood for the bridal canopy and litter. It is a beautiful foreshadowing of the happy domestic life, with its honour to woman and its love of children, which must have been the customary experience of the Jew—that home life which, in the midst of the degradations and sufferings of the Middle Ages, enabled him "to look with pitiful rather than vindictive eyes on his persecutors." There are, it is true, virulently misogynist folk-tales among the Jews, but they were of Indian origin and were told merely for their wit and ingenuity; it was not till the thirteenth century that a Spanish Jew composed a diatribe against the fair sex, and he provoked a reply from the author of "the most popular ethical prose-poem written in Hebrew during the whole Middle Ages." With regard to the child, if his early training was severe and his "spanks" abundant, he was taught to love his home and his faith. "On the Passover eve he was the hero of that most ancient of domestic rites extant, a rite in which the departure from Egypt was retold with weeping and with laughter, to the accompaniment of song and good cheer." Fancy the little fellow, dressed as a pilgrim, staff in hand and a wallet containing bread on his shoulder. He enters, and the master of the house asks, "Whence comest thou, O pilgrim?" "From Egypt." "Art thou delivered from bondage?" "Yes; I am free." "Whither goest thou?" "To Jerusalem." "Nay, tarry with us to read the recital of the Passover," and the story of the Exodus follows the pretty prelude.

* "Jewish Life in the Middle Ages." By Israel Abrahams, M.A. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. *7s. 6d.*

I cannot follow Mr. Abrahams in his extensive survey of the various phases of the domestic, religious, social, and commercial life of the Jews in the Middle Ages. I can only touch on the relations between the Jew and the Christian, and the important fact that the estrangement between them was the work of external pressure. "Popular prejudice against the Jews was an artificial creation." There is abundant evidence that in the early centuries their intercourse was on the whole of a very friendly character. "Christians made gifts to the synagogues and Christian workmen built them; Christians were present at religious ceremonies, and—even as late as the eighth and ninth centuries—observed the Sabbath in common with the Jews." The Church Councils in 791 and 855 intervened, however, to put an end to this state of things. Jews often supplied the wine for Christian ceremonies, and in the ninth century they made the vestments for the Roman bishops. Jews sent their Christian friends gifts on the Feast of Esther, and, more remarkable still, on festivals of the Church; and a Jew on a Jewish feast-day would petition a judge to accept bail for the release of a Christian. During the first Crusade the masses in the Rhinelands protected the Jews against the soldiers of the Cross; in the second Crusade the gentle pleading of St. Bernard was overwhelmed by the fiery zeal of the monk Rudolph. Even after the anti-social policy of the Church and the superstition and greed of the civil ruler had poisoned the wells, friendly relations had not wholly ceased. A Frankfort Christian, in the year 1377, would apply to a deceased Jew the kindly epithet *selig;* Rabbis in the fifteenth century freely invited Christians to their houses; and it is told of a German knight, in the same century, who frequently received Jewish visitors, that he "removed the crucifix from his mantel on these occasions, so that the Jew might feel no hesitation in greeting him with a bow—a fine piece of courtesy." In England the turning-point was the accession of Richard I.; in Northern France the death of Louis VII.; but the great change took place in the thirteenth century—a date which, it is worthy of notice, synchronises with the first reference to the legend of the everlasting Wanderer. "With the exception of Italy and Spain," says Mr. Abrahams, "the thirteenth-century heresies and monastic developments, the baneful influence of Pope Innocent III., the Black Death in 1349, the religious turmoils resulting in the Protestant Reformation, the Ghetto legislation in the sixteenth century—these are landmarks in the history of Jewish repression all over Europe. For Spain, the critical moment came at the troubled year 1391, but its full consequences were delayed till the advent of Torquemada, at the close of the fifteenth century." The cry of the Church was "Expel the crucifiers"; that of the Kings, "No, let them remain, but they shall pay for the privilege." Christ's own prayer for forgiveness was forgotten, and the essential spirit of the divine teaching was outraged. The most horrible accusations and calumnies were spread broadcast by the poets and the mendicant friars till it was believed that even the blood of a Jew was black and putrid, and that his lineage was betrayed by a loathsome odour which only baptism could remove. Doubtless there must have often been a wild and mistaken enthusiasm for the salvation of the souls of these poor outcasts, but too frequently good men must have been deluded by the thought that they were avenging the death of the Saviour of the world and executing the decrees of divine justice. The spirit of persecution is not yet extinguished in Europe. How far the antipathy of race is stimulated by religious conviction it is hard to say, but in any case Mr. Abrahams has done good service to civilisation in showing that, whatever may be urged against the Jew, his character and ideal of conduct in the Middle Ages were in many respects admirable, and that if they are less so to-day it may be that the deterioration is in no small measure due to the tender mercies of Christendom.

Professor Windle's little book, "Life in Early Britain,"* is an admirable example of the manner in which a large subject may be not only adequately but delightfully treated in an exceedingly limited space. For many readers the story of our remote predecessors in this island can hardly be described as one

* "Life in Early Britain: Being an Account of the Early Inhabitants of this Island and the Memorials which they have left behind them." By Bertram C. A. Windle. With maps, plans, and illustrations. David Nutt. 3s. 6d.

of living interest, yet I venture to think that no one can dip into this volume without being constrained to read it from cover to cover. The results of a manifestly extensive scholarship are handled with a lightness and freshness of manner and method which are as exhilarating as they are rare. Accuracy is never sacrificed to picturesqueness, and yet the easy skill with which, in the midst of severe condensation, the author has contrived to throw in touches of colour, is one of the attractions of his work. Take for example the account of the "Cry over the abyss" in the chapter on "Tribal and Village Communities," or, in the same chapter, the reference to a passage in King Alfred's "Blossom Gatherings from St. Augustine," in which we get a glimpse of the process by which a wattled hut in a clearing of the forest became in the course of time a manor with its charter and privileges. As any light which throws Alfred's figure into clearer relief is welcome, I venture to transcribe this passage:

"The King describes how the forest provides every requisite for building, shafts and handles for tools, timbers for house-building, fair rods with many a house may be constructed and many a fair tun timbered, wherein men may dwell permanently in peace and quiet, summer and winter, which, he adds parenthetically, is more than I have done yet. There is, he says, an eternal 'ham' above, but He that has promised it through the holy Fathers might in the meantime make him, so long as he was in this world, to dwell softly in a log-hut on laen-land (land granted as a benefice to a thane for life), waiting patiently for his eternal inheritance. So we wonder not, he proceeds, that men should work in timber felling and in carrying and in building, for a man hopes that if he has built a cottage on laen-land of his lord's, with his lord's help he may be allowed to lie there awhile, and hunt and fowl and fish, and occupy the laen as he likes on sea or land, until through his lord's grace he may perhaps some day obtain boc-land (land of inheritance permanently made over by charter or deed) and a permanent inheritance."

Compare this laen-land hut and boc-land manor with St. Paul's "earthly house of tabernacle" and the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I see it is suggested that in using the expression "earthly tabernacle" St. Paul was thinking of the days when he abode in Corinth and worked with the tentmakers. But is it not more likely that he was thinking of the green *succah*, or of the tents of the Wilderness which the *succah* commemorated—the house of a day in a life of wandering?

The volume is copiously and discriminatively illustrated, and in the appendices will be found a useful list of larger works and an equally useful list of places where specimens of earthworks, barrows, stone circles, caves, and Roman and Saxon remains may be practically studied. The time covered ranges from the indefinitely remote past of Palæolithic man down to the descent of the Danes in 866. Taking it as an historical summary or handbook, at once scholarly and popular, the volume may be described without extravagance as an ideal piece of work.

The issue of the new and cheap edition of "Modern Painters," * in five volumes, with a supplemental volume containing an index, collation and bibliography of the different editions of the work, will be completed in the course of next month. More than half a century has elapsed since what was intended to be "a short pamphlet" reprobating the shallow and false criticisms of the day on the works of Turner began to take the shape of a magnificent literary work; it is seven and thirty years since the work was completed. During the long interval thousands of readers have desired to number "Modern Painters" among their literary treasures, and have had to content themselves with begging, borrowing, and resisting the temptation to petty larceny. Even now the price can scarcely be called popular—in a work burthened with the cost of so many woodcuts and engravings that could hardly be expected—but it brings within the reach of thousands of Mr. Ruskin's admirers one of the greatest and most beautiful productions of the Victorian age. I hope to have the opportunity of coming back to "Modern Painters" in a future number. Meanwhile let it be noted that this new edition will be ready in good time for people who like to give handsome Christmas-boxes.

* "Modern Painters." By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. Six vols. With the 225 Woodcuts, the one Lithograph, and the 89 full-page Engravings, reproduced in Photogravure and Half-tone. George Allen. Vols. I. and II. 11s. net the two vols.

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THE EMPTY CHAIR

By Briton Riviere, R.A.

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"Thou goest thine, and I go mine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days, and many ways,
Ending in one end.

Many a wrong, and its curing song:
Many a road, and many an inn:
Room to roam, but only one home
For all the world to win."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XXXV

"God! do not let my loved one die;
But rather wait until the time
That I am grown in purity
Enough to enter Thy pure clime."

LOWELL.

WHEN Ivy from time to time opened her eyes in that dreadful interval of waiting for the ambulance which seemed to her almost ages long, she saw a curious succession of faces. First there had been the cheerful doctor, and Evereld with her brave blue eyes and firm little mouth. Then those two faces had mysteriously disappeared, and the wrinkled and careworn features of the wardrobe mistress had greeted her instead, and Helen Orme, dressed as Nerissa, bent over her and asked her if she suffered much.

After that, Myra Brinton had stooped and kissed her to her great astonishment, and all the foolish little quarrels of the past died out under the influence of that great uniter of human beings—pain. Ralph came too with kindly inquiries, and she roused herself to ask again after Evereld.

"You are sure the doctor told the truth?" she asked doubtfully. "Was she really not badly burnt?"

"No, not badly," said Ralph; "only one hand blistered and her wrist scorched."

The summons came just at that minute for Myra and Helen Orme, and he seized the opportunity to escape, fearful lest she should ask further questions. He stood at the wings with his friend, George Mowbray, watching in a dreamy way the ill-arranged dress which had been hastily contrived for Ivy's understudy. He would have missed the cue for his entrance had not "Granfer" pushed him forward, and it seemed to him that it was not his own voice but the voice of somebody else that uttered Bassanio's speeches, while all the time he himself was away with Evereld, though his body mechanically went through the business of his part.

Macneillie watched him with some anxiety, but before the play ended the arrival of the ambulance and the necessity of seeing Ivy safely transferred to it drove all else from the manager's mind. He refused to allow any one but himself to take her to the hospital, feeling that she was under his charge, and troubled to remember that the

"Oh, is it you?" she exclaimed. "I hoped it was the nurse"

poor child had not a relation in the world who could now befriend her.

"Do your best to get well quickly, my dear," he said in his kindly voice when he took leave of her, "and don't fret as to the future. You shall come back to the company whenever you like."

Returning to the theatre, he found the scene struck and all the house in darkness save for the light by the stage-door.

"Is Mr. Denmead still in his dressing-room?" he inquired.

"No, sir," said the doorkeeper; "he has been gone some time, and Mr. and Mrs. Brinton with him."

Macneillie ran upstairs to speak a word to Ivy's understudy as to the dresses needed later in the week, then he walked slowly back to Kingsmead Terrace, but although he rang repeatedly no one came to answer the door.

He was just meditating a burglarious entrance by the window when at last he heard footsteps approaching and the latch was raised.

Myra Brinton softly opened to him; her face was pale and anxious.

"Oh, is it you?" she exclaimed. "I hoped it was the nurse. Tom has gone to try and get hold of one. Evereld's child is born and the doctor seems terribly anxious about her."

Macneillie was a true Scotsman, and seldom said much when he was moved. He stalked on into the sitting-room and began to pace to and fro in silence.

Evereld had grown almost like a daughter to him, and the thought of her peril and of Ralph's frightful anxiety brought a choking sensation to his throat.

"What of the child?" he asked presently.

"It is a little boy," said Myra. "Of course very, very small; they gave him to me in the next room and I have done what I could for him; the maid-servant is seeing to him now, and the others are in with Evereld. Hark! there is some one coming downstairs."

Macneillie went out into the passage and encountered Ralph, who looked as if years had passed over his head since they last met.

"They want another doctor," he said, snatching his hat from the stand.

"Give me the name and address and I will go," said Macneillie.

"You have not had your supper," objected Ralph. "And, as it is, we are turning the whole house upside down for you."

"What matter?" said Macneillie. "Go back to Evereld, my boy; I will see to this for you."

Ralph protested no further—indeed, his one desire was to return to his wife—but, catching sight of Myra, he paused to inquire after the child.

"Evereld keeps asking if it is all right," he said; "and the doctor, who would say anything to quiet her, assures her it is all it ought to be. Do you think there is really a hope that it will live?"

"I know so little about such things," said Myra, with a sick remembrance of the jealous feelings that had stirred within her on first learning of Evereld's hopes. "He is the tiniest little fellow I ever saw, but there seems nothing amiss with him. Hark! there is a ring at the door-bell. It must be the nurse at last. We will see what she says to him."

Ralph, who had vaguely expected a sort of Mrs. Gamp, was relieved to see a comely middle-aged woman with a refined and sensible face, and that wonderful air of composure and capable quietness which makes a trained nurse so unlike an amateur.

She praised all that Myra had done, and declared that with care the child would do well enough; and Ralph, looking for the first time at the little doll-like face of his son, felt a sudden sense of hope and joy and relief which carried him through the dark hours of that night of anxiety and suspense. For all night long Evereld lay between life and death. The younger doctor who had been called in despaired of saving her, and Ralph knew it, though no one actually put the thought into words. He knew it by the man's face, and by the sound of effort in the voice of his first friend, cheery Dr. Grey. Evereld was dying from exhaustion and from the terrible shock she had undergone.

Still, like a true Denmead, he clung to hope, and held his fear at arm's length; every word of encouragement that fell from Dr. Grey's lips helping him to keep up.

Her age was in her favour; her patience, her great firmness and courage, all would stand her in good stead; so said the old doctor; and Ralph hoped against hope until at last about sunrise a change set in. Even

the younger doctor grew sanguine. Evereld's hold upon life was evidently growing firmer. She looked up at Ralph and smiled.

"What day is it?" she asked, for pain knows no time limits, and she had no notion whether hours or days had gone by.

"It is Tuesday morning," he said, stooping down to kiss her, a rapturous sense of relief filling his heart.

She seemed to meditate for a few minutes, and obediently took the gruel the nurse brought her.

"Why," she exclaimed presently, "it is your first night in *Hamlet*, and you will be tired out! Go and rest, darling."

"The best rest is to see you growing better," he said tenderly.

After another interval she asked about the child.

"Do you want to see him?" asked the younger doctor, hailing as a good sign her return of interest.

"Not now; later on," she said quietly. "I will try to sleep first. I'm sure I could sleep if you would go and rest, Ralph."

"Quite right; you are a wise little woman, Mrs. Denmead," said Dr. Grey.

And Ralph allowed himself to be taken off by the younger doctor, seeing that they thought it best he should go.

They paused on the way down to visit the next room, where the good-natured landlady sat in a rocking-chair by the fire nursing the latest descendant of Sir Ralph Denmead, the Crusader, who, instead of being born in a stately castle, had first seen the light in Kingsmead Terrace, at a lodging-house specially reserved for what the landlady termed "Theat'icals."

Ralph could only thank her for all her help, but he was blessed with the power of expression, and the good soul felt fully rewarded for what she had gone through.

"Don't you mention it, sir; it's nothing but a pleasure," she said. "Mrs. Brinton she was here till one o'clock, and a very pleasant-spoken lady she is, and handy with the child. And says I to her, 'The finest grown man I ever see in my life, six foot two in his stocking feet, was not a morsel bigger than this baby to start with.' A fine set-up man he was as you could wish till he lost his leg along of frost-bites and under-feeding in the Crimea."

Ralph looked at the funny little bundle swathed in flannel and almost laughed at the thought of his possible development into a military hero of six feet two, losing a leg for his country's glory. But the mention of military life made him think of Bridget, and he determined to telegraph to her at once.

Down in the sitting-room they found Macneillie solacing himself with Shakspere and a pipe, and delighted to hear the more favourable report.

"You have been up all night, governor?" said Ralph regretfully, when the doctor had gone.

"Well, yes, I was afraid you might need me," said Macneillie. "I had hardly dared to hope for this good news. Come, sit down and eat, boy; you are nearly played out. I brewed some coffee for you, but I don't know whether it is fit to drink now."

Ralph obeyed, eating like a hungry schoolboy, and his face gradually assumed a less ghastly hue.

"What time is rehearsal?" he asked, glancing at his watch. "Hullo! I forgot to wind it up, and it has run down."

"It's now eight," said Macneillie. "Rehearsal is at eleven, but you won't be needed. I am going to play Hamlet."

"No, governor," said Ralph emphatically. "I shall be all right after a little sleep, and it was almost the first thing Evereld thought of. Isn't she a model actor's wife?"

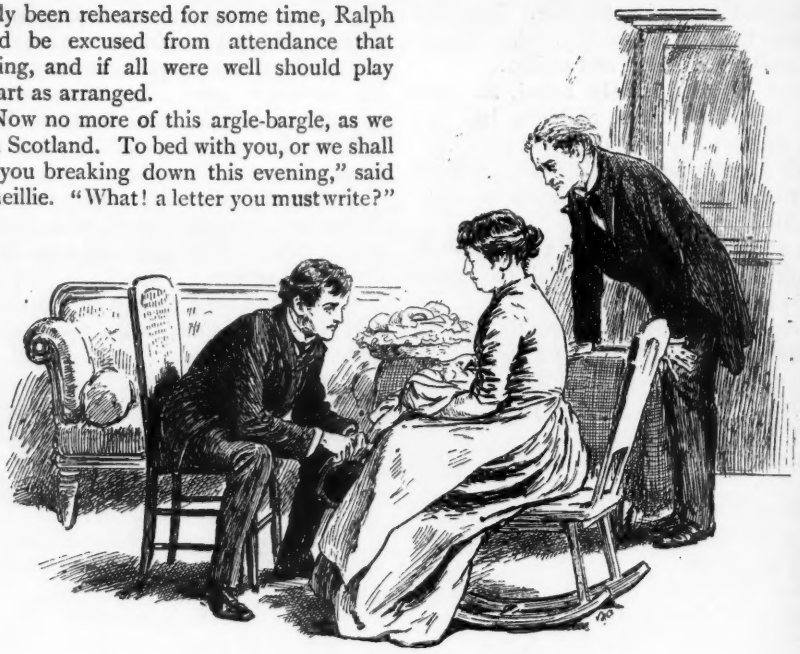
He knew well that to play Hamlet was almost more than Macneillie could endure, for long ago the manager had told him that he had acted it every night before Christine Greville's wedding, and that it had become so bound up with all the mental misery he had gone through at that time that he had never dared to attempt it again.

"Ah, she remembered it," said Macneillie with a smile. "That was very like Evereld. I would put off the performance if possible, but it is promised for three nights, and it will be very difficult to manage anything else, especially as Ivy Grant is *hors de combat* too, and her understudy such a novice. No, we will give the play; I have spent most of the night in company with the Danish prince, and this evening he and I will patch up our ancient quarrel."

But Ralph was not to be borne down by these arguments, and at last Macneillie agreed to a compromise. The play had

already been rehearsed for some time, Ralph should be excused from attendance that morning, and if all were well should play the part as arranged.

"Now no more of this argle-bargle, as we say in Scotland. To bed with you, or we shall have you breaking down this evening," said Macneillie. "What! a letter you must write?"



"The latest descendant of Sir Ralph Denmead"

"Only to Mrs. Hereford, who, you know, had promised to house Evereld during her illness."

"I will see to that," said Macneillie. "And you want this telegram to go to that nice old Irish body, the soldier's widow? Well, leave them to me, and get along with you, do. Follow the excellent example of that son of yours and spend your time in sleeping."

Ralph took the advice very literally, and for the next eight hours slept profoundly. He was roused at last to a consciousness that some one was standing beside his bed, and looking up sleepily was vaguely astonished to see Bridget's well-known face. Was he a boy again in Sir Matthew's house? And was Bridget, as usual, coming in to rouse him that he might not incur his guardian's wrath by being late for breakfast?

His heavy eyelids drooped again, when he was suddenly startled back to full recollection by the sound of a wailing baby in the room below.

"Why, that must be the boy," he reflected. "And I am a family man, and Sir Matthew has gone to Jericho! What news, Bridget?" he exclaimed anxiously. "How is my wife?"

"She is doing nicely, sir; God bless her sweet soul! Your dinner is ready, Mr. Ralph, and after that why you can be coming in to see mistress. She has had two good sleeps, thank God."

Bridget was in her element with the sole care of the little doll-like baby.

"It's exactly like you, sir, bless it!" she remarked, when Ralph paused on his way to the theatre to take another look at his small son.

"Well, really, Bridget, you can't expect me to take that for a compliment," he said, laughing. "He has no eyes to speak of—just a couple of slits; and as for his face, it seems to be all nose, with just a little margin of pink puckers."

"Ah, it's always the outsiders that can see the likeness," said Bridget.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this," quoted Ralph merrily. "You will send me off to play Hamlet in a very humble and chastened mood, Bridget. I never thought I was quite so ugly."

As a matter of fact, the great strain he had

passed through, and the present relief, quite blunted the feeling of intense nervousness which usually overwhelmed him when for the first time he played an important character.

All his fellow-actors, too, were in sympathy with him, and it did his heart good to hear what they said as to Evereld's prompt courage and her plucky rescue of Ivy Grant. The news from the hospital was also cheering. Ivy was going on as well as could be expected, and although her burns were severe, she was likely to be able to resume her work in two or three months' time, and, thanks to Evereld, she was not at all disfigured.

Ralph's long and patient study of his part bore excellent fruit. He gave a really striking representation of Hamlet's lovable and strangely complex character; and Macneillie watched his pupil with satisfaction, feeling to-night more than he had ever done before that Ralph had in him the makings of a really great actor.

"If only that brave little wife of his is spared," he thought to himself, "his future is assured. But he is the sort of man who might be altogether paralysed by a great sorrow. I should fancy it was the early loss of his wife which turned the Vicar of Whinhaven into a recluse, and, according to Ralph, it was certainly a great trouble and disappointment which finally killed the poor man. What develops one kind of nature ruins another."

In the course of the next few days there was a great deal of anxiety both on account of Evereld and of the child. In the midst of it there suddenly appeared upon the scenes the one person who was most capable of cheering and helping them all.

Mrs. Hereford, with her sweet, bright face, the youthfulness and vivacity of which contrasted so curiously with her prematurely grey hair, took them all by surprise, and was quietly announced one afternoon at the house in Kingsmead Terrace.

"How good of you to come!" cried Ralph, feeling as if the mere sight of her had lifted a load from his mind.

"And how is Evereld?" she asked. "They told me at the door she was better, but I wasn't sure how much the little servant knew."

"She is better to-day," said Ralph with a sigh. "But all last night we were terribly anxious again. I think it was worrying over the child's illness."

"He is very delicate, I am afraid," said Mrs. Hereford.

"Yes, but they are hopeful about him now. Yesterday they thought him dying, and I had to rush out for a clergyman to get him christened."

"And to go off to your work in the evening, I suppose, not knowing how things would be when you came back."

"Yes," said Ralph; "that was the worst part of all. It was my third appearance as Hamlet, and I all but broke down."

"I well remember what an agony it used to be to sing when Dermot or Mollie were dangerously ill," said Mrs. Hereford. "And talking of Dermot reminds me of what I came to propose this afternoon. He is much stronger, but the doctor doesn't care for him to be in London just yet. We mean to take a house here till the Easter recess, and when Evereld can be moved we think it would be a capital plan if she came to us here instead of in town. I am not going to be defrauded of my visitor by this provoking catastrophe. I have been looking this afternoon at a furnished house which is to let in Lansdowne Crescent, and if all goes well I don't see why in a fortnight or three weeks' time Evereld and her baby should not come to us there. I suppose you will have to move on elsewhere with the company?"

"Yes," said Ralph, "I must leave next Monday; but, luckily, we shall only be at Bristol, so I can run over pretty often."

"And we shall always be delighted to have you for your Sundays later on," said Mrs. Hereford. "Don't you think it would be better for Evereld to come to us? She will be rather lonely here."

"Oh, it would be the best thing in the world for her to be with you," said Ralph. "But it will be disarranging all your plans, I am afraid, and putting you to so much trouble."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Hereford brightly. "Evereld and I shall both be widowed during the week, that is the only drawback; but husbands must work, and in any case I should have had to take Dermot somewhere, for he is the last boy to take care of himself, and will do the most mad things if he hasn't a sister to look after him. I tell him it is

becoming such a tax that I shall really have to take to matchmaking and select him a nice capable wife who would see that he wore his great-coat in an east wind and didn't always sit in a direct draught. Ah, here is Mr. Macneillie; we must tell him of our plans."

Macneillie rang for tea, and then they discussed the future arrangements, of which he cordially approved.

"And how about the poor little thing who was burnt? Is she getting on well?" asked Mrs. Hereford.

"I have just been to see her," said Macneillie. "Miss Orme and I took her some flowers. She is suffering a great deal still, poor child, but they say she is wonderfully patient."

"I don't seem to remember her. Was she with you at Southbourne?"

"No, she has been with us about a year," said Macneillie, "and was getting on remarkably well. I hope she will be fit to act by Easter. She had a very narrow escape, and owed her life to Mrs. Denmead's presence of mind and courage. They will be greater friends than ever after this."

"I should like to go and see her," said Mrs. Hereford; "or is she hardly up to visitors yet?"

"Oh, she would like to see you," said Ralph; "for she has heard so much about you."

"I am not going to ask to see Evereld to-day, for I am quite sure she ought to be kept absolutely quiet," said Mrs. Hereford. "You must tell her how much I look forward to having her later on. Suppose we walk round to the hospital now. There will just be time before my return train."

Her cheery, sensible talk did more for Ralph than anything else could have done. He poured out all his anxieties to her, and found in her motherly wisdom and her hopeful words exactly what he needed to tide him over the difficulties which overwhelmed him.

"What is it about her?" he thought to himself as he paced up and down outside the hospital while she paid her visit to Ivy. "She seems to me just like a gleam of sunshine on a dark day, or a fresh breeze in the summer. I have met plenty of Irish women who were friendly and pleasant and delightful to talk to, but it isn't a mere matter of charm with her—she seems to have a heart wide enough to take in every one that is in trouble."

Doreen Hereford did not find it difficult to make room in her heart for one so helpless and forlorn as Ivy. The merest glance at the little wistful face in the hospital ward was sufficient. And Ivy responded to her at once, and felt all the comfort of her presence. For Doreen never patronised people, she mothered them; and between those two forms of helpfulness there lies a world of difference.

"Tell me a little more about that poor child," she said to Ralph as they walked to the station. "You have known her for a long time, have you not?"

"Yes, her grandfather used to give me elocution lessons. She has been on the stage since she was ten, and has had rather a hard apprenticeship. Evereld has taken a great fancy to her, and she needs friends, poor girl, for she is quite alone in the world. The old professor died just after our Scotch company broke up."

"I have been wondering what she will do when she leaves the hospital," said Mrs. Hereford. "Would Evereld like it if I asked her to stay with us too? Or wouldn't that work well?"

"I am sure she would like it," said Ralph. "But will you have room for them all?"

"Oh yes," she said, laughing, "it is a large house; and, besides, we Irish people know how to stow away large numbers. I want somehow to see more of little Miss Grant, there is something very winning about her. Talk it over by-and-by with Evereld and see what she thinks."

CHAPTER XXXVI

"The comfort which poor human beings want in such a world as this is not the comfort of ease, but the comfort of strength."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

EVERELD thought the whole plan a most delightful one, and if anything could have consoled her for the parting with Ralph on Monday, it would have been the prospect of spending the time of her convalescence with Bride O'Ryan and Mrs. Hereford, and of knowing that Ivy was not to be left out in the cold but was to enjoy just the same hospitality and care.

On the Sunday she was allowed to see Myra Brinton for the first time. Perhaps the events of the week had done more for Myra than for any one else; she had been so horrified to discover what mischief her sentimental fancy for Ralph, her jealousy of Evereld and her quarrel with Ivy had wrought, that she had taken herself thoroughly in hand, and had learnt a lesson she would never forget. As for the baby, it played no small part in her education, and Bridget was always delighted that she should come in and make much of it.

"I don't know how to thank you enough," said Evereld, looking up at her gratefully. "They have all told me how good and helpful you were last Monday, when no one had time to think much of Baby Dick."

"Is he to be called Dick?" said Myra, willing to turn the conversation from herself.

"Yes, after my brother, who died. Have you seen Ivy yet?"

"Oh, several times," said Myra. "I wanted just to tell you that everything is quite right between us again. I was very wrong, Evereld, to tell you what I did at Mardentown. It was all a mistake and I little thought what it would lead to. If poor Ivy had not been in a hurry to be out of my way before I came back to the dressing-room, I do believe the accident would never have happened. My horrible gossip might have been the death of both of you. I can never forget that."

"Don't let us ever talk of it again," said Evereld. "We shall all three be closer friends for the rest of our lives just because this has happened. That's the only thing that matters now. And, Myra, I wanted to ask you to be Dick's godmother. You had all the trouble of him at first, and so he seems rightly to belong to you. Mr. Macneillie has promised to be one of the godfathers."

This was the finishing touch to the reconciliation, and a very happy thought on the part of the little mother. Nothing could have pleased Myra more, and she left Bath a much happier and a much better woman.

Evereld made herself as happy as she could with her baby and with old Bridget as companions, but her convalescence was tedious, and she was very glad when at length the day arrived for her removal to the Herefords' house in Lansdowne Crescent.

She enjoyed the beautiful view of the Somersetshire hills and of the grey city in the valley below, which she gained from her window, was interested in the cheerful sense of family life going on all about her, found keen pleasure in the companionship of Bride O'Ryan, and unspeakable comfort in having Mrs. Hereford always at hand to advise her about Dick and to share her anxieties.

Her voice soon recovered its tone, her cheeks regained their fresh bright colour, and she seemed once more just a girl again, ready to enjoy life in her own quiet fashion.

"I could almost fancy we were back at school," said Bride cheerfully.

"When, as at present, I'm 'in the dusk with the light behind me,'" quoted Evereld merrily. "My hands are about the worst part of me now, they are so horribly white, otherwise you must own that I am quite presentable. How strange it seems to think of our school life! It was so happy while it lasted, but the thought of going back to it is dreadful."

"Instead, you spend half the day in playing with Dick," said Bride teasingly. "The amount of time you waste on that child is appalling."

"I'm not going to be one of those horrid modern mothers who never have time to see their own babies," said Evereld. "It would have been wrong to have had him at all if I didn't mean to be his best friend from the very beginning right through his life."

"Do you mean him to be an actor?" asked Bride, looking at the funny little face nestled close to Evereld, and wondering what it would develop into.

"I should like it, if he has all that is needed to make one," said Evereld. "But who can prophesy whether he has any special gift, or whether he has the patience necessary for all the drudgery it involves?"

"Tell me what you really think of the life, now that you have had some experience of it," said Bride. "Quite candidly, don't you find it very monotonous?"

"No, I have found it very interesting," said Evereld. "I can fancy, though, that it must be trying to do nothing but one play for many hundreds of nights. In a company like ours you see we get plenty of variety."

"And you don't mind the moving about week by week?"

"Oh, sometimes it is tiresome, but there

"There were long hours when she learnt more of the truth of things"

are many advantages. Mr. Macneillie knows a host of interesting people all over the country, and they are generally very hospitable to us; besides, I like getting to know fresh places, and, as a rule, the journeys are not very long or tiring. Sometimes I used to get a little bored by the incessant talk about things connected with the stage; but that would be just the same in any other profession. Don't you remember how at the chateau we used to get so weary of the talk between Mr. Magnay and his two artist friends? They say it is exactly the same among authors, when two or three of them are together they can't help talking shop. And as to clergymen, why they are proverbial! I suppose Kingsley was the only one who ever did entirely banish 'clerical shop' from his home talk."

"Well, I think you are very wonderful people to be able to travel about for so long without losing your tempers or quarrelling like the Kilkenny cats," said Bride. "There's nothing on earth so trying to the temper as going about with people. I suppose that's why they always make an unfortunate married couple travel on the Continent. They learn in that way what sort of life is in store for them."

Evereld laughed. "Well, you know we do now and then quarrel a little, but as a rule we are all very friendly. There is only one thing I cannot stand, and I hope we shall never have such an infliction again."

"What is that?" said Bride, smiling at her friend's vehemence.

"A wealthy amateur who thinks he can act but can't," said Evereld. "Oh, if you knew what we have endured all the autumn from an empty headed fellow who thought himself a genius."

"What did he do?" said Bride.

"What did he not do! He was insufferably rude to Mr. Macneillie, he hated Ralph because he wanted the Juvenile Lead himself, he treated all the other men as though they were beneath contempt, he persecuted all the ladies of the company with tiresome attentions, and he was always dragging into the conversation the names of titled people of his acquaintance, or dropping coroneted envelopes in a casual way. Somehow he contrived to set us all at sixes and sevens, and there was joy throughout the company when at last something offended him and he suddenly brought his engagement to an end."

Bride laughed heartily as she heard of the stratagem by which the manager had contrived to bring about this much desired event.

"Who would ever think that Mr. Macneillie had so much fun in him as you describe?" she said. "His face is grave almost to sternness."

"Yes, but when it does light up he hardly looks like the same man," said Evereld. "I don't think he would ever have stood the wear and tear of his life

if it hadn't been for his strong vein of humour."

And with that she fell to musing on the strange fact which most people discover sooner or later, that it is not the prosperous and happy people who as a rule are blessed with this divine gift of a sense of the humorous, but the people whose lives are clouded with care and anxiety, or those who have to go about the world with an aching heart, or to bear the consequences of another's sin. To such as these often enough, by some mysterious law of compensation, there comes a power, not only of feeling the pathos of life more acutely, but of perceiving in everything—even in matters connected with their own sorrows—the subtle touches of humour which keep life healthy and pure.

She noticed it very much in Dermot O'Ryan, who, young as he was, had passed through a hard apprenticeship of ill-health, misfortune, political imprisonment, and misunderstanding that to one of his temperament was excessively hard to bear. He was the only one of the O'Ryans who had any literary tastes, and now, being cut off by his recent illness from active political life, he was busy with a memoir of his father, a well-known man in the Fenian rising of '65, who had died from the effects of his subsequent imprisonment.

Dermot was a thorough Kelt, and Evereld thought his sweet-tempered, philosophic patience made him a most delightful companion. They had liked each other at Southbourne, and had become firm friends during Evereld's stay in Auvergne, so that they quickly fell into very easy terms of intimacy.

They were sitting together in the large sunny drawing-room and Bride was reading a page of the memoir upon which Dermot wanted a special criticism, when Mrs. Hereford returned from the hospital, bringing Ivy with her.

Dermot looked up rather curiously to see the girl of whom he had heard so much, but instead of a beautiful and striking face, which he could either have admired or criticised, he saw a little childish creature, with startled blue-grey eyes, and a wistful face which was not exactly pretty but was somehow more fascinating than if it had possessed more regular features.

At sight of Evereld, Ivy forgot everything and ran across the room to greet her; she was so small, and graceful, and light that it seemed almost as if, like the birds, she had special air-cells in her bones, for her movements had in them something altogether unusual, so that merely to watch her limbs was keen delight.

She had, too, an eager, quick way of talking, and by the time she had been introduced to Dermot he felt that the scrap of a hand put into his had carried away his heart.

"I have heard of you from Mrs. Denmead," she said. "You were one of the imprisoned patriots."

"Oh, most of us have a turn at that sort of thing," he said, smiling. "It's part of an Irishman's training."

Bride made some remark about the manuscript and the talk became general;

"Presented him with a magnificent red and blue clown"

Ivy entering this new world with a sense of keen interest, and quite in the humour to study Irish history with Dermot as schoolmaster.

During her illness she had had more leisure to think than had ever before been the case. For five weeks there had been nothing to do but to keep quiet and to recover as steadily as might be. At first she had suffered too much to make any use of the time, but later on, when she was convalescent, there were long hours when she learnt more of the real truth of things than she had hitherto grasped. The mere physical pain seemed afterwards to fit her to understand what had hitherto been a riddle to her, and the strong feeling for Evereld, which grew and deepened in her heart, did wonders for her. All her nature seemed to have become more tender and sweet, and whereas in time past she would have flirted violently with Dermot, and played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, she seemed now to have laid aside all her silly little affectations and coquetries, and to be capable of realising that love is not a game or a pastime, or a selfish "having," but rather the entrance to all that is most sacred, the mutual sacrifice of self, the nearest approach of humanity to the life divine.

Dermot made no secret of his admiration for the little actress, it was quite patent to all observers, but his devotion was so unlike anything she had hitherto come across in life that Ivy herself was never startled by it; she quietly drifted into love with him, waking into an altogether new world as she did so, a world far removed from the reach of men like Mr. Vane-ffoulkes, with their compliments and their presents, and their so-called love, which she knew all the time to be nothing but thinly veiled selfishness.

At last one day, when Ivy was out driving with Mrs. Hereford, Dermot seized the opportunity of a confidential talk with Evereld as she sat at work by the fire.

"I want you to give me your advice," he began, throwing down his pen and drawing a little nearer to her. "Do you think there is any hope at all for me with Miss Grant? I am sure you know without any telling that I fell in love with her the moment she came here. Do you think there is any hope for me?"

"That depends," said Evereld thoughtfully.

"Depends on what?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, you see, Ivy really cares for her profession, and is just beginning to succeed in it. I don't think she would consent to retire."

"I could never allow my wife to remain on the stage," said Dermot, his face clouding.

"Then I don't think you have any business to go to the theatre," said Evereld. "Every woman you see on the stage is somebody's wife or somebody's daughter."

"If one realised that, the disgusting things which amuse some audiences would fail for want of support," said Dermot musingly. "Not that I imagine for a moment that Miss Grant would ever accept an engagement of which she really disapproved. Doreen would agree with her as to sticking to her profession, and perhaps she is right."

"Having got on so well while she is young," said Evereld, "for she won't be eighteen till May, there seems every prospect of her soon getting to a really good position. And there is a sort of fascination about her; she is always popular."

"You mean that I shall have a host of rivals?"

"Possibly, but you are early in the field; and, indeed, I think you stand a very good chance."

"Do you think it would be wrong if I spoke to her now? Would it spoil the rest of this time for her?"

"Well, that would depend on the answer she gave you," said Evereld, laughing, "But, indeed, I think Ivy is just the sort of girl who would be happier if engaged while she is quite young. You see, she is much in the position I was in—quite alone in the world, with no relations and but few friends."

So Dermot, who detested waiting, and was never at a loss for words, seized an early opportunity of urging his suit, and Max Hereford, coming down from town on the following Saturday, was greeted by his wife with the news that the two were just engaged.

"I told you what the result would be

when you hospitably invited that little actress," he said, laughing. "There never was such a matchmaker as you are, mavourneen. I knew something had happened the moment I caught sight of your face."

"They are so happy!" she said, smiling. "And Ivy is so gentle and sweet; Dermot will be exactly the right sort of husband for her, I do believe. And she will make him just the capable, brisk, bright little wife that such a dreamy philosopher needs."

"But I do hope they are not going to marry upon Dermot's pen-work," said Max Hereford. "He is making a good income now, but of course one can't tell when he may be laid up, for I fear he will never be strong."

"Oh, they are quite content to wait for five or six years," said Mrs. Hereford. "And I am thankful to say Dermot's Eastern ideas as to wives are being overcome by Ivy's practical good sense. She won't hear of giving up her work, and in a talk I had with her the other day she spoke so sensibly of professional life, which she knows pretty thoroughly, that I am sure she is right about it. She has the makings of a very fine character in her, and I shall not be surprised if Dermot's marriage proves as great a success as Michael's has done."

"We shall now not be happy until Mollie and Bride are arranged for," said Max Hereford teasingly. "And then there are our own children coming on, so you have your work cut out for you, dear. By-and-by there will be match-making for the nieces and nephews, and after that no doubt a few grandchildren coming on. So you will be able to keep your hand in."

"And isn't it the least I can be doing, then, since my own married life has been so happy?" she said, laughing.

Ivy, who had not yet seen Mr. Hereford, stood rather in awe of him, and looked up apprehensively when her future brother-in-law came into the drawing-room, where she was helping Dermot with some proofs. However, his greeting was so kindly, and his congratulations to Dermot sounded so genuine, that her fears were soon set at rest; she felt that the family had fully adopted her, and that she was no longer one of the waifs of the world.

CHAPTER XXXVII

"He wins me late, but keeps me long,
Who, dowered with every gift of passion,
In that fierce flame can forge and fashion
Of sin and self the anchor strong,
Can thence compel the driving force
Of daily life's mechanic course,
Nor less the nobler energies
Of needful toil and culture wise;
Whose soul is worth the tempter's lure,
Who can renounce, and yet endure;
To him I come, not lightly wooed,
But won by silent fortitude."

On Tranquillity.—LOWELL.

PERHAPS no one so thoroughly rejoiced in the news of the engagement as Myra Brinton. It was Ivy herself who first told her when she and Evereld, with Bridget and Dick in attendance, rejoined the company at Worcester. Ralph had, of course, heard all about it the first Sunday he had visited them at Bath, but he had kept his own counsel, for Ivy preferred telling her news herself both to Macneillie and to her friends in the company.

Nothing could so completely have restored peace and harmony between Myra and Ivy; all the past mistakes and disagreements faded into oblivion, and the two became once more excellent friends.

As for little Dick, he soon became the darling of the whole company. Thanks to Bridget's good management, he throve wonderfully, spent most of his time in sleeping, seldom cried, and behaved with discretion on journeys, to the immense satisfaction of his mother, who proudly reflected that not even the most crabbed old bachelor in the company could ever complain that Dick was in the way.

Like a true Denmead, he was thoroughly well bred, and had a way of accommodating himself to all surroundings, but Evereld saw that he would run an excellent chance of being spoilt as soon as he grew a little older, for every one made much of him, and he received votive offerings in such profusion that it became difficult to pack them. Even the low comedian broke his rule of silence so far as to inquire occasionally after his health, and at Christmas presented him with a magnificent red and blue clown, who shook his head to solemn music.

As to Macneillie, though he had always professed total indifference to children, he

was completely subjugated by the wiles of his godson. There was a subtle flattery in the child's devotion; for, keenly appreciating the strong arms which held him so comfortably, Dick preferred the manager to any one else in the world; his father's small slender hands and taper fingers were not to be compared for a moment with the comfort of the Highlander's firm and trustworthy grasp. And Macneillie found it impossible to resist the fascination of this small worshipper, who was always ready to laugh and shout with glee at the mere sight of him. In his darkest hours the little elf would often cajole him into a temporary forgetfulness, seeming indeed to take a special delight in beguiling him into a romp whenever his clouded brow betokened that his own great trouble and the bitter thought of Christine's lonely and difficult life were weighing him down.

On the whole, the years which followed the birth of Ralph's child were as happy as any Macneillie had known since Christine's marriage, and as tranquil as his life was ever likely to be. Ralph and Evereld were like a son and daughter to him, and both were able to do much to help him in the busy and harassing days which fall to the lot of most managers.

Still there was no denying that his private troubles had more or less shattered his health. He worked on bravely, as had always been his custom, but now and then an intolerable sense of weariness crept over him, and he would wonder how much longer he could keep going.

At last, soon after Dick had celebrated his second birthday, the manager suddenly broke down.

There was nothing which could definitely account for his failure; he had indeed been very busy with preparations for the Shaksperean performances at Stratford-on-Avon, which were that year to be given by his company during the birthday week. But hard work seldom does people any harm. It was rather that he had for years been bearing a load which overtaxed his strength, and at length, from sheer exhaustion, nature gave way.

His old enemy, utter sleeplessness, returned to torment him, and there was nothing for it but to obey the doctor's orders and go to Scotland for rest and change.

"You are looking sorely fagged, Hugh," was his mother's comment when on the evening of his arrival at Callander they sat together by the fireside.

It was some months since she had seen him, and she was quick to note that he was hollow-cheeked, and that his face, as she expressed it, looked all eyes.

"Scottish air will soon cure me," he said with forced cheerfulness; "I shall sleep to-night."

"Ah, lad," she said with a sigh, "and what reason is there that you should not be always breathing your native air? If you had but chosen the calling I would have had you choose, how different all might have been."

"Yes, we might now have been sitting in the most comfortable manse," said Macneillie, a gleam of humour lighting up his grave face. "Instead of a lean and hard-worked actor, roaming from place to place, I might have been a portly minister, revered by half the neighbourhood."

"I believe you are tired of your wandering life, after all," she said, scrutinising his care-worn face with her keen eyes.

"Deadly tired," he admitted with a sigh. "But what has that to do with it? Are not half the manses in the land filled with weary men who would give anything for a change in the dull routine of the work they are called to do? It is the same with all of us, mother. However much we love our profession, there must be hard times now and again, and somehow we have got to live through them like men."

She did not reply, but silently knitted away at one of his socks, thinking to herself how different his life would have been had she had the ordering of it. He should have come to great honour, he should have been a noted preacher filling a high position in Edinburgh, he should have married well, and about her in her old age troops of grandchildren should have played. As it was, his life had, she felt, been wrecked by the luckless taste for dramatic art which had puzzled her so much from his childhood upwards. She laid all his misfortunes to that strange and unaccountable passion for acting which she was wholly unable to comprehend. It was this which had brought him into contact with Christine Greville, this which had debarred him from marriage, this which had

for years prevented him from settling down, and forced him to lead the life of a wanderer.

"Hugh," she said, "is it even now too late? Could you not give up acting, and do something more worthy of your powers?"

He started as though some one had struck him a blow.

"Give up my profession!" he said in amazement. "Why no, mother, I could never do that. I am tired out and in a grumbling mood, but you must not take me too literally. My vocation has saved me again and again from making utter shipwreck. Depend upon it, no other work is, as you would say, 'more worthy' of me."

She urged it no more; but the old sore feeling, that his mother could not understand his point of view, that she still in her heart desired him to take up work for which he was wholly unfitted, came back to mar the entire peace of Macneillie's holiday.

On the Saturday before Holy Week he could no longer resist the restless craving for change which took possession of him, as his strength gradually returned. And taking leave of his mother he left Callander and travelled down to Stratford, intending there to await the arrival of his company later on.

It was a mild, bright afternoon in early April when he reached the quiet little town. It seemed to sleep tranquilly in the golden sunshine, scarcely a breath of air stirred the trees, the beautiful spire of the stately old church rose into the bluest of skies, and the green fields, flecked with daisies, seemed to be just the right setting for a picture so fair and peaceful. The pastoral character of the scenery somehow suited Macneillie's mood better even than the rugged mountains of his own land. Surely in this quiet loveliness, rich in its associations with the great master, he could gain the rest and the ease he so grievously needed.

He would spend his days on the river, would not allow any business anxieties or arrangements for the birthday week to invade his repose. Shakspere, and Shakspere's country, should hearten him for the future, the quiet of Holy Week should lift him up out of the depression which sought to drag him back into its dreary torture chambers.

So he thought to himself on the evening of his arrival; forgetting that "through the shadow of an agony cometh redemption"; never dreaming that in this most tranquil place he was to be confronted with the worst ordeal of his whole life.

NOTABLE DOGS OF THE CHASE

THE BORZOI

By Sr. BERNARD

IT is an article of popular belief that the wolf is not to be caught by dogs, and

> "The wolf's slow gallop that will tire,
> The hound's fierce hate, the hunter's fire,"

has passed into a proverb. It is true that the Scotch deerhounds were used for taking wolves, and that the Irish wolfhound was, as its name implies, employed exclusively for the same quarry. But somehow ancient dog-history, especially Scotch and Irish, is considered too poetical to be taken as matter of fact, and Ossian and the ancient kings of Ireland do not altogether satisfy the student as being quite reliably authoritative. More than one writer, indeed, has expressed the opinion that, if these dogs really did catch and kill wolves, it was only done by force of numbers, or with the assistance of man, or both.

An Englishman visiting a Russian sportsman in 1889 saw a pack of English foxhounds hunt, run into and "break up" a wolf after a straight eight miles in the open, just as they might have done a fox at home—except that none of the hounds would eat the victim they had torn to pieces. If foxhounds can do this, there is no reason whatever why Scotch deerhounds and Irish wolfhounds should not, in a pack, have easily done the same.

But it is abundantly evident from all we know about the Borzoi that the uncatchableness of the wolf is a wild myth. As a matter of fact, the Borzoi can give Sir Isegrim two hundred yards start in half a mile and beat him. And as Russian sportsmen declare that their hounds are not so swift as "the English greyhound" (they utterly fail, for instance, in catching a hare), it follows that the latter could run round and round any wolf going at its top speed. But to overtake a wolf is one thing; to grip it and stop it is quite another, and though the aforesaid Russians unreservedly admit the superior pace of the greyhound, they are equally positive that when it has got up to the wolf it cannot hold it. Yet no less an authority than Prince Dmitry Obolensky, a sportsman "from his youth up," says: "*For wolf-hunting I personally prefer the English greyhound*, born in Russia from English parents." All of which tends to lower the prowess of wolf-catching to a level much below popular notions. For if our greyhound ("deerhound" perhaps may be really meant) is preferred to the Russian Borzoi for wolf-hunting by such a sportsman as the Prince, the European wolf, as a beast of surpassing ferocity and speed, climbs down many steps of the ladder of fame; and overhauled and tackled by greyhounds, and worried by foxhounds, it becomes only the equal of the American coyote. All of which is very puzzling.

Nor is the puzzle solved by the fact that in India the wolf (a less powerful animal than the Russian) can be overtaken only by the swiftest greyhounds, or by Rampore hounds, and tackled by few, as the dogs refuse to attack it, not altogether apparently from cowardice, but from some hitherto unexplained objection. "My experience has invariably been," says one authority, "that greyhounds will overhaul a wolf until they approach within a distance of ten to fifteen yards, when they instantly stop short and return to the rider. Whether at that distance they become cognisant of some peculiar unrecognised odour or are awestruck on seeing the disproportion in size, I cannot determine, but I have always met with the same disappointing result. . . . One day we surprised a pair of wolves, and six greyhounds were slipped. One wolf ran much faster than the other. The latter was rapidly overhauled by each dog in turn up to the fatal ten to twenty yards, when one and all stopped as if shot, and returned."

The Borzoi has no such compunctions, but once it is alongside the wolf it concentrates its mind upon its "seize," which it makes good with unerring aim and singular tenacity. When two are slipped together, they race up to their game and, one on each side of it, keep pace with the wolf, which is sure to be tempted within three or four strides to snap at one or the other. As soon as it does so, its fate is sealed. For advantage is taken on the instant of the head being turned, and its neck is gripped under the ear. Of course the wolf now jerks its head to the side of the assailant, when the other hound like lightning pins it in exactly the same spot behind the other ear, and the wolf is thus either brought up standing in its stride or else bowled over. But in either case the Borzois keep their grip until the huntsman comes up. He at once bestrides the wolf, and, taking its head by both hands helps the hounds to hold it till another attendant comes up and muzzles the captive, which is then dragged ignominiously off, evidently cowed, to the cage which is in waiting on a cart. Into this all the best of the captured wolves are put for future use, like bagged foxes, while the rest are killed on the spot by the huntsmen.

The wild wolf in the open makes, it will be seen, no fight; the chase is only for a few hundred yards, and the result inevitable. So that the whole of the "sport" lies in admiration of the address of the hound, which, though it is dealing with an animal far superior to itself in strength, and proverbial for its cunning, completely outwits the wolf, and by science turns the odds on the wolf to a certainty against it.

An English officer gives an excellent account of a wolf-hunt with Borzois. After describing the start and how the foxhounds, which always accompany the hunt for turning the wolves out of cover, have beaten the underbush, he takes his stand near Dimitri, the "crack" of the kennels. "With ears erect and nose in the air, this fine dog seemed to take as much interest in the sport as any of us. Though the barking and the baying hounds in the coverts came nearer every second, he never moved a muscle nor uttered a sound. Suddenly a big black wolf rushed

out of the scrub, gave one glance round, then started off for the next covert a mile away. All the dogs tugged at their leashes, but not till the wolf had a clear start of two hundred yards did the head chasseur's bugle ring out. It was Dimitri's call, and as he was loosed he gave one fierce howl and then bounded silently away. With such tremendous energy did he start that his feet hardly seemed to touch the ground. Every leap seemed longer than the last, and as he grew smaller in the distance he looked like a big indiarubber ball bouncing over the plain. In less than a minute he had overtaken the wolf and seized him by the neck under the right ear. A cloud of dust flew up as dog and wolf rolled over and over, but when it cleared away we saw that Dimitri had brought the beast to a standstill."

And then followed the muzzle, the cage, and the cart. Sixteen wolves broke cover that day, every one was caught, five were brought home alive, the rest were killed. So that the wolf, with all its "law," has no more chance, when the Borzoi is after it, than a rat in a pit with a terrier. Nor even when fighting head to head does the wolf, extraordinary to relate, seem to have any chance, for the same dog Dimitri tackled the largest of the captives in an enclosed yard. "The two animals met and closed, rolling over and over; but, when the struggles ceased, Dimitri had the wolf securely by the neck and had not received a scratch." And the chasseur offered to bring in other hounds to perform the same feat, just as if attacking a full-grown wolf and making a prisoner of it were a certainty on the Borzoi. Singular to state, not one of all the hounds that captured the sixteen wolves had a vestige of a wound, so that the immunity of the mongoose from the snake does not stand alone as a marvel of animal agility and coolness.

"The clever wolfhound," says another writer, "never gets hurt, no matter whether he or the wolf attack first. Recently a very big wolf that had been captured with much difficulty was matched against any two hounds in Russia. The challenge was accepted and the wolf placed in a huge box in an open space. The moment the trap was pulled the wolf stood and faced the spectators. On the hounds being slipped on him he attacked them, but they avoided his rush and pinned him so cleverly that the wolf was muzzled and carted off without the least difficulty; whereupon an enormous price was paid for one of the hounds.

Enough has now been said to convince my readers that the Borzoi is a very dashing dog, with a special talent for catching a wolf by the exact spot that renders the savage animal harmless. Of its courage and speed there can be no doubt. And yet there must be Borzois and Borzois. For at a recent coursing meeting in Russia the Borzois were repeatedly outpaced, even by the slow blue hares which were used all through. An eyewitness wrote: "The Borzois are very clumsy, but persevering, winding in and out with the hare, but never seeming to have the necessary turn of speed to dash in. Several dogs followed the hare for five minutes within a yard or so, without being able to kill. One pair hunted their hare down to the stable end of the field and created immense amusement by chasing him in and out of the crowd of helpers for more than a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time they were fairly beaten, and lay down, leaving this good hare to canter away. Other hares went straight away to the spinney end and reached shelter without being turned, and *it was the exception for one to be killed.*" No wonder that Russians allow the English greyhound to be superior to the Borzoi in pace! Yet if they are so slow after hares, how is it that they can run into a wolf that has two hundred yards start, before it can travel two hundred more? The pace of the European wolf has evidently been greatly overrated.

In an account of wolf-coursing in an enclosure now before me, the Borzois had great difficulty in tackling the wolf, and sometimes were severely bitten, the cunning quarry keeping close to the fence, and thus leaving only one side of his body open to attack. The wolves, too, were caged ones. "They looked," says the narrator, "supremely miserable, as they lay panting at the bottom of their cages, but as events showed they were not at all the worse for the fright in which they were shivering. They were in excellent coat and condition and contrasted strongly with the lean aristocratic-looking hounds, whose silky long coats and gentle manners would never lead one to choose them as antagonists for a wolf." Prince Galitzin, "a keen sportsman and one of the best gentlemen riders in Russia," was the

judge, and rode out to the centre of the field with an attendant, also mounted, "whose duty is no light one, requiring great pluck and skill. As soon as the dogs 'pin,' this attendant has to slip off his horse and join in the fray, gagging the wolf, holding him till others come up to tie up his jaws and legs; a job of no small difficulty, and calling for all the nerve, strength and quickness a man possesses."

The wolf was carried out in a cage which, on pulling a string, fell to pieces like a pigeon-trap, and he set off at a long gallop. The dogs soon came up with him, "pinned" him, and in less than thirty seconds the huntsman was also on to the wolf, and the three held him till other helpers came up and secured him. He was then put back into the cage and carted off, and neither the dogs nor the wolf were scratched!

This reads very much like a carefully rehearsed performance in which (as dramatic critics say) all doing so well it would be invidious to select any for special praise, though I must say that the forbearance of the wolf appears to me immensely creditable under the circumstances. Perhaps the wily creature knew from previous huntings round that enclosure that the less he did the sooner the trouble would be over, and that if he had been hunted by two sheep he would have gone through his part just the same. Like the often-caught criminal, seeing himself in the hands of the police, he said: "All right, guv'nor, you've got me. I'll go along quietly."

But there were some other wolves in the cages who evidently had not learnt anything by experience. One, when let out, went off so fast that, "though he seemed to be lolloping along quite comfortably, it took the Borzois almost as long to come up with him as with the hares. When they did they were both punished by the wolf, and though the man joined the dogs it kept up a running fight, lying down at intervals on his back,* in which position he appeared to be impregnable, and at last two more dogs were slipped at him, and the four, with the man, managed to corner and secure him." The next wolf was still more uneducated, for keeping to the rails he tempted the dogs to make a head attack, and in the scrimmage that followed bit them both. Neither of them would go near him, so another pair of dogs was sent to encourage them, and though thus reinforced (several men joining in the fray) they again attacked without success; and so a third pair of dogs was despatched, and after twenty minutes' fighting in the covert the wolf was driven into the open, and again keeping to the palings, challenged all six dogs to rush at him! One dog, a white one, accepted the challenge and "pinned" him, and the rest were soon on top of the wolf and held him down till the huntsman could come on the scene. Out of the six dogs five were more or less bitten, and the white dog was "smirched with mud and blood all over from his severe tussles and had three or four wounds on the head and forehead." He did not, however, says the sporting chronicler, "seem much the worse; nor, indeed, did the wolf, although he had had a bit of worrying at the finish and was thoroughly exhausted till revived by sprinkling with cold water!" The Borzoi, therefore, does not always have it all his own way, and though I have written of single hounds tackling old wolves face to face, here is a case of a two-year-old wolf holding his own against six Borzois and "several men" until absolutely exhausted.

But how strangely it reads to English ears of wolves being hunted down and, when overpowered and exhausted with fighting, being "revived with cold water" and taken home in a cart! With only our own insular notions to guide us, we would as soon have imagined Jack the Giant-killer stopping, when he found he was getting the best of a combat, to offer Blunderbore some sal-volatile; or St. George, having half killed the Dragon, sprinkling the reptile with cold water and wheeling it back to the city in a cart, with the intention, like Tweedledum, of having another battle to-

* This trick of lying down on the back is noticed by other writers as being practised by wolf, coyote, and jackal, and by the dog itself when hard pressed. For example, a large dog which, early in the century, became widely infamous for its havoc among the sheep in Westmoreland and Cumberland, was frequently hunted, in the hope of the pack killing it, but when they came up with it, the sheep-worrier used to lie down on its back, and none of the dogs would touch it. By the time the field came up it would be in fresh breath, and take the pack for another burst, and so on till it got safely into the rocky fastnesses where it had taken up its abode, and whence it could defy pursuit.

THE BORZOI

morrow! But perhaps, like tigers in certain Indian preserves, the wolf on some of the Russian nobles' estates is becoming "too scarce to be wasted!"

Looking on at their performances led the narrator to draw his conclusions from what he had seen and, he says, "no two Borzois are a match for a full-grown wild wolf. I do not believe that they could even hold him for more than a minute, if so long; indeed, they are not expected to do so. A well-known sportsman," he adds, "confirms this belief and goes even further, saying that no four dogs can hold an old wild wolf for more than a minute." And there, I think, I may fairly leave the Borzoi, as far as his merits as a wolf-hunter are concerned, and, making allowances for all discrepancies, the fact remains that he is a most picturesque beast, and well worthy to be called a notable Dog of the Chase.

The name Borzoi, which has passed into the language of the dog-world as that of a distinct variety, is not in Russia anything of the kind, for the word (*feminine* Borzaia) simply means, swift and hot-tempered, or high-spirited, and, to quote Prince Dmitry Obolensky again, "though poets sometimes apply the expression to a high-spirited steed, it is, with this exception, always applied to greyhounds only; for this reason the English greyhound is called the English Borzoi." The name, in fact, is generic, not specific, just as with us "bloodhound" used to be, and "terrier" is. The origin of the "national" Russian hound is undoubtedly as Eastern as that of the Russian cat and the Russian horse. In Persia and Afghanistan, and in the Khanates abutting on Russia, the greyhound is an item in the retinue of every Mirza, Emir, and Khan, and there is no mistaking the common ancestry of the Borzoi and of, say, the Barukzai. And what beautiful creatures they are, these high-bred, elegant conquerors of the hardy wolf!

The Princess of Wales to-day possesses one that is probably the very perfection of animal form, combining as it does the appearance of great power and speed with a singularly winning air of amiable modesty, a gentle

expression, beautiful contour of limb, and exquisite coat.

Alex, as her royal highness's splendid dog is called, is not the first of his breed that has graced the kennels at Sandringham, for in 1870 the Prince of Wales possessed a pair, Molodetz and Owdelzka, which were presents, like Alex, direct from the Imperial kennels of the Czar.

Unfortunately for its looks, the Borzoi carries its tail so low as to give it almost a craven mien, which, combined with its half-slouching gait when being led, shows the dog at its worst. But so it is with the deer-hound. Not excited by what is happening, they are both aristocratic "fainéants." But let a spark of interest light up their surroundings, and then see them! Could there be anything in the animal world more elegant, more commanding, than that fine uplift of the head, that calmly-expectant gaze? The proper colours of the Borzoi are white, grey, and lemon, or combinations of the three, and the height of the male ought not to be less than twenty-eight inches at the shoulder, of the female twenty-six. Although thirty inches is not uncommon, Russian sportsmen all prefer the smaller hounds.

Though the Borzoi is sometimes called the Russian "greyhound," it should not be mistaken for another Muscovite dog which has better claims to the name; a greyhound of very powerful build, with thick short neck, smooth coat and as tall at the shoulder as any Borzoi, which seems to have been better known in England fifty years ago than it is now. Thus, writing in 1845, Richardson tells us that the Czar "lately" presented "a leash of Russian greyhounds" to her Majesty the Queen, and that "in the public prints these dogs were stated to be *three feet high!* It appears, however," he continues, "that this was intended to apply to the height from the ground to the top of the head; the height at the shoulder being not much over thirty inches. This is the same dog that Dr. Clarke mentions as having been met with by him on the confines of Circassia."

Fortunately, a portrait of Swan, one of the Queen's Russian greyhounds (which died in 1856), is extant, and the picture represents a snow-white dog with a black nose, of heavy greyhound shape, very much resembling the powerful smooth-coated, pariah-greyhound hybrid that is met with in India, slouching about the residences of native noblemen, and used by them in antelope hunting. The progeny of such a dog as this crossed with a pure-bred Persian greyhound would probably be a strong, fleet-footed, long-coated hound like the Borzoi.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY PARSONAGE

By T. E. KEBBEL

AMONG the many changes which the Church of England has experienced during the last sixty years, Lord Halifax, speaking at the Church Mission on June 1, had only time to enumerate a few of the more salient ones, chiefly relating to her material and spiritual progress. Others there are, however, which, though they may be thought to affect rather the private life of the clergy than the public life of the Church, have not been without their influence on the latter, and have introduced through social channels an appreciably different element into the main stream of modern church history. A volume might easily be written on this subject, but I propose only to glance at a few phases of the great transition period which began with the Oxford Movement in 1833, and is not completed yet. I am drawing only on my own reminiscences, and shall record nothing but what I have witnessed myself. The social position of the country clergy has changed more in some parts of England than in others. But almost everywhere there is now a different conception of a country parson's duties, and a different type of man in the rector or vicar from what many of us can remember when the present century was approaching middle age.

The earliest village rejoicing of which I have any distinct recollection was on the occasion of the Queen's marriage. At that time my father was the vicar of a country parish in the Midland counties, to which he had been appointed in 1816, and in 1840 he was about sixty years of age. From the living, which was all in glebe, and some private fortune of my mother he enjoyed an income of from eight to nine hundred a year. He was not a sportsman, but he was very fond of gardening, and as his parsonage was surrounded by a good many fine trees, both young and old, he found a never ending pleasure in superintending their growth, and lopping, pruning, and thinning as occasion required. He was attached to country life in all its forms. He farmed from thirty to forty acres, and had a little farmyard, with barn, piggery, and cowsheds, among which I used to spend a great part of my Christmas holidays. These pursuits gave him a great deal in common with the hunting parsons round about him, and though he never hunted in his life, cared nothing for a gun, except to protect his fruit trees, and less, if possible, for port wine, he was a universal favourite in the neighbourhood, and a frequent guest at the tables of all the rectors, vicars, squires, and baronets within ten miles of his house.

His position did not differ materially from that of the majority of the beneficed clergy in the Midland Counties. Nor was he at all in advance of his brethren with regard to his clerical obligations. He led the same easygoing life as they all did, hearing afar off the first murmurs of the Oxford Movement, and knowing little more of what it meant than the dandy in "Coningsby" knew of young England, supposing it to be "a kind of unknown tongues." Perhaps he took more personal interest in his parish and his parishioners than some of the surrounding clergy, and he was never happier than when visiting the labourer's cottages, and having a cup of tea with the village matron. He was one of the first to let out part of his glebe in allotments, and as for Dissenters, they never gave him a moment's anxiety. He treated all alike, and the leading Methodist in the place was once heard to say that he was the only Christian in the parish. Yet he was a high churchman, too, of the old school: with no leaning whatever to the Evangelical party, whom we children regarded as well-meaning, but misguided enthusiasts, who undervalued the Ten Commandments, and relied chiefly on some mysterious process which they called conversion. But my father, though full of high spirits, and with a great sense of humour, never laughed at anything religious, however mistaken he might think it; so that no offence was ever given on that score.

I mention these things merely to show the atmosphere in which so many country clergymen's families were brought up fifty or sixty years ago. That has changed, but the actual life which they led has in many counties, I think, changed even more. It will be seen from the above that the rural parsonage of sixty years ago was usually the home of a clergyman corresponding in most essential particulars with the picture drawn by Mr. Froude of the clergymen whom he remembered in his own youth. "They were simply a superior class of small country gentlemen, with a higher moral standard than the laity round about them," and discharging all the duties of a small landed proprietor with equal efficiency. My father was a magistrate, and rustic offenders used to say they liked going up before the old gentleman that drove the old white pony.

Well, as the father was, the sons were. I went to a boarding-school at seven years old, and was at one school or another with brief intervals till I went to Oxford. But the life at home—the happiest place in the world to all of us—in my holidays and vacation, was much the same as the life of the squire's children, who were our only playfellows. In the summer time, after a not very early breakfast, I used to saunter about the garden and the adjoining fields, picking gooseberries or looking for birds'-nests. In the afternoon or the evening there was fishing in the brook, which contained plenty of good perch and pike. Or if we were not fishing, it was a great delight to help water the flower garden, an occupation in which my mother and sister participated. The sons of the neighbouring squire used often to join us in fishing; and as they had their ponies, we had ours, and often made up a party of five or six, boys and girls together, galloping through the adjoining villages at the top of our speed, and making noise

enough to be heard a mile off; the old groom who followed us being rather scandalised at our proceedings, and obliged every now and then to linger behind at a public-house to soothe his feelings. In June or July there were the delights of haymaking in the meadows, and in August, if the holidays lasted long enough, there was the joy of harvest and the tumbling about on the stacks and waggons. At other times we were asked out to cricket parties at some hall or parsonage a few miles distant, and there met only such companions as I have mentioned. As time went on, I would join my great crony, the squire's son and heir, in coursing and a little rabbit-shooting (by the time the University days arrived, our paths in life had become to diverge): and thus a community of pursuits was established which of course produced an equal community of tastes and habits, of which more hereafter.

In the days I am speaking of we used to dine at either four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and in the summer time my sister and myself used to delight in picking the strawberries for dessert. The evenings, both in winter and summer, after dark, were given to whist, as often as a rubber could be formed, but in this I did not take part till much later. In the winter time I was fond of joining the man threshing in the barn, and I had a small flail made on purpose for myself, with which I used to flatter myself I helped him. He always had a loaded gun at hand, and as often as the fieldfares came chattering up to the great thorn-bush that hung over the pond in the corner of the yard, he used to poke his gun through the hinge of the door and take a pot-shot at them. This was a most blissful moment, especially if he chanced to kill, which was not always the case. I need not add that in bees, poultry, rabbits, we took the keenest interest; and though the shooting on the glebe, as long as I was a juvenile, was given to the squire, we generally managed to have a little brood of tame partridges in the garden, who kept about the house all the winter, and used to come to the window to be fed.

Another feature of our life were the formal dinner parties. About three times a year my father and mother entertained the neighbouring clergy and squires in solemn state. A clergyman was not then expected to put any other wines on his table besides port and sherry; but if these were really good most of his guests would be perfectly well satisfied. The dinner was the same in almost every house, soup, fish, according to the season, *entrées* of cutlets, patties, &c., roast joint, usually the saddle, game and sweets. "Savouries" were unknown, and everything was set upon the table. At a clergyman's house the consumption of port wine would be kept within moderate limits; but there were one or two bachelor rectors with very good livings in our neighbourhood; one an old college Don with a college living of £1500 a year, who liked "their whack," as Mr. Foker calls it; and I remember as a child that when they came into the drawing-room about nine o'clock several of them often seemed in very good spirits. The dinner hour was six; for some of the company might have to drive eight or ten miles home by cross-roads with a great many gates, and it was thought necessary to make a start by ten. Perhaps if there was a rubber it was half-past. There would generally be some music and singing; but the whole party would be cleared off before eleven. When my father and mother went out in their turn they used to have post-horses to an old-fashioned chariot, for my father kept no carriage horses; and only three ponies, two to be ridden and one for my mother's pony-chaise, which was hardly fit to take them out to dinner any distance.

On Sunday we were all expected to go to church twice. There were two parishes about a mile apart, and each had morning and afternoon service by turns: evening service was rare in country villages in those days. We used to like the walk from one village to another across the fields very much, especially as it gave us another opportunity of seeing our young friends from the Hall. When the day's work was over, we generally had a rather better dinner than usual an hour later; and as cards couldn't be played in the evening we all went to sleep. In those days there was hardly any country village in which there was a regular day-school for the labourers' children. They learned all they knew at the Sunday school, to which my father paid great attention. But the modern school which now makes such large demands on the time of the country parson was then unknown. To

what extent the character of the peasantry has been affected by the education thus provided for them I am unable to say. Whether it has dried up their rustic humour, or stopped the flow of their mother wit, is to me unknown. But I know that both were a source of great amusement to us down to thirty years ago; and when my sister grew up and used to visit regularly in the parish, we always had a more than usually merry dinner-table after one of her rounds, as she retailed to us the various good things she had heard during the day. When the women had to spend their club money, the goods were always sent over from the county town to the parsonage, and the dining-room was turned into the shop where they came and chose what they wanted, and the scene was "as good as a play" any day in the week.

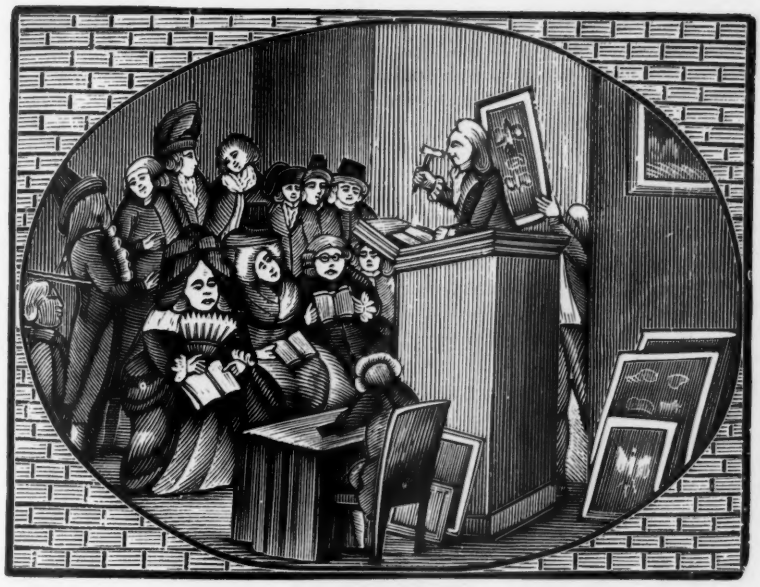
It will have been observed by this time that no mention has been made of any rural society but the clergy and the country gentry; and the reason is simple, there was none. The railways in this respect have effected a very far-reaching change. Down to the middle of the present century, at all events, hardly any of the better class of professional men or men of business lived in the villages. There were exceptions, of course, but such was the general rule. The doctors, lawyers, brewers, manufacturers, all lived in the towns, or in villages which might be called suburbs. It did not suit such men to have to drive eight or ten miles to their business every morning, and back again in the evening. The consequence was that, unless the families of the gentry and clergy made companions and playfellows of each other they had to go without any. The parsonage might be situated say perhaps a mile or two from the Hall, and it was natural if not inevitable that the children of the one should mingle on terms of perfect equality with the children of the other. Now this system had both its advantages and disadvantages; and though I look back on my own boyhood spent in such society and in such pursuits as I have here described with a yearning never to be suppressed, yet I am not sure that it was the best preparation for such as have to make their own way in life afterwards. When I was at Oxford it was a common saying that the majority of the men who came to grief, got into debt, and left in disgrace, were the sons of clergymen. It perhaps was not true; but if it was, it would not be difficult to explain. A lad going up to the university who had been brought up till he was eighteen pretty much as if he, too, was the son of a country gentleman with six or seven thousand a year, could not throw off the habits so acquired in a day. To exchange his horse, his fishing-rod, the gun with which he had already begun to knock over the snipe, and the free and happy country life, which had already become almost as necessary to him as the heather is to the Highlander, for a sober constitutional up Headington Hill, or along the Woodstock Road, and still worse for companions who had not a taste in common with him, was a severe trial. Yet this was practically what the parson's son often had to do if he was sent up to read for honours and try for a fellowship, or even if he wasn't, unless he was the son of exceptionly rich parents. For whether he was a reading man or not he could not afford to lived with the so-called "fast" set, the only men in college probably with whom he would have found himself in sympathy. He could take to the river of course, and this, in fact, was, I believe, the salvation of many such men. Otherwise, no wonder that he sometimes kicked over the traces, and broke loose from all restraint, in the gratification of what had now become a second nature to him.

But this particular danger no longer besets the youthful undergraduate fresh from a country parsonage, to the same extent as it used to do, if indeed to any at all. The serpent has crept into his Eden. The Saturnian age is at an end. Changes, some for good, others for evil, have destroyed the easy circumstances, which, in more senses than one, the country parson formerly enjoyed; have diminished his income, banished his leisure, and have deprived him in many cases, of all resemblance to the "smaller country gentleman." The question has been asked by no incompetent hand, whether any of these changes have been really beneficial, or have made him a more efficient instrument for the maintenance of religion, morality and good order, than he was before. Some go so far as to say that his influence with his parishioners has been rather weakened than strengthened even by such

changes as might at first sight appear to be indisputable benefits. Here, however, I must confess that I am *unus multorum*, and can hardly bring myself to doubt that more frequent services, better schools, evening lectures, however much they may have encroached on the old Arcadian character of rural clerical life, have worked for good. If the clergyman's influence is less than it used to be it is not these things which have injured it; rather we would ask, where would it have been without them? But I cannot plunge into any argument on this subject at the present moment. It is enough that I agree with Lord Halifax in all that he said of Church progress. But the social and personal position, the prescriptive immemorial authority, the official dignity of the country vicar as recognised head of the parish, all these have certainly been lowered by recent legislation, which has at the same time struck a similar blow at the prestige of the country gentlemen round about him. The little hierarchy has been broken up and with it much of that old life which made the lot of boys and girls in a well-to-do clergyman's family such a happy one while it lasted; which it was so bitter to leave when the inevitable parting came, and the good old rector slept among his people; and which perhaps after all, it might have been better for some of his children never to have tasted.

It may be, however, that if other things had remained the same, the country parson's children, though the atmosphere of home might have been different, and they would no longer have enjoyed the consciousness of belonging to a governing class, invested with patriarchal authority in their little communities, might in other respects have lived as before; ridden their ponies, shot their rabbits and gone hand in hand with the children of Sir John or Squire Hipshaw as they did in the days of old prosperity, *πρίν ἐλθεῖν δίας Αχαίων*. But two changes have occurred since then, which, though they have operated with very unequal effect in different parts of the country, have produced a marked effect in the character and habits of the clergy at large. One of course is the fall in rents, the other is the division of the wealthier livings. Both causes alike have produced twofold effects. They have compelled the country clergy to alter their mode of living, and they have made the Church less attractive as a profession to the class from which the old-fashioned clergy were chiefly taken. Wide and deep cutting changes like these are not completed in a day. And there may be readers of this periodical who have scarcely witnessed the beginning of it. But that it will run its course and work itself out we may be sure: and the writer for one has little doubt that the ancient *régime* to which he looks back with the fondness of one who saw only the good side of it, is passing away never to return; that the rectors and vicars whom he remembers in his childhood and early youth, are gradually dying out before the higher standard of work, self-devotion, and self-denial to which every clergyman nowadays is expected to conform, combined with the diminished incomes which leaves him little margin for such rural pleasures as he formerly indulged in: that the old system which united them with the other landed proprietors as magistrates and upholders of law and order in their respective stations is fast becoming obsolete; and that the life in a Parsonage House as it was at the beginning of the Queen's reign will be almost extinct before the end of it.

Of course such a life as I have described was not universal among clergymen's families fifty years ago. There were many richer men who kept hunters and carriages, and many poorer ones who had no society at all. But those whom I have had in my eye formed a very large middle-class between these two extremes, and I should think constituted the majority.



A PICTURE SALE, CIRCA 1770

THE HOUSE OF CHRISTIE

By L. W. LILLINGSTON

THE tradition still lingers that as a nation we have no love of the fine arts. Our neighbours profess that we buy without taste or feeling, from the necessity of dissipating the wealth of a nation of shop-keepers. It is in vain that we purchase old masters at famine prices, and plant art schools and picture galleries all over the country; the slander dies hard. Yet, in the early days of the French Revolution, London was recognised as the first art market in the world. The famous Calonne and Orléans collections crossed the Channel to find purchasers; Desenfans, the "Agnew" of the period, made his home here, whilst buyers could be found for Claudes at two thousand five hundred guineas. Mr. Roberts, in his two bulky volumes on the house of Christie,* assures us that a quarter of a century earlier virtuosity flourished amongst us. Even in the artifices of the sale by auction our great-grandfathers had little to learn from this generation. People bid then, as now, for things they did not want, and had no intention of buying, "running them up," in sale-room slang, for the benefit of the vendor and the auctioneer.

Christie's sales were by no means so exclusive as they are to-day. In the catalogues of the first of the name we find such things as pigs and poultry, dripping pans and razors, coffins and barrel organs, whilst as late as 1795 he is selling "92 loads of excellent meadow hay" for the Duke of Queensberry—the notorious "old Q." whose vagaries the gossips of the period refer to so often. What would "Christie's" of to-day say to such a consignment?

The records of china sales not long before this must make the collector's mouth water. The works of Sévres, Dresden, Chelsea, and Derby were then in the height of their fame. Their masterpieces, however, had yet to acquire, by effusion of time, their present enormous value. Halcyon days, when you could buy "twenty-six crimson and gold

* "Memorials of Christie's: a Record of Art Sales from 1766 to 1896." By W. Roberts. Two vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1897.

Chelsea plates, enamelled with birds" for fifty shillings, whilst a tea and coffee equipage of Dresden, the property of the celebrated Captain O'Kelly—the owner of the race-horse Eclipse—went begging at a poor seventeen guineas! Imagine, too, the ecstasy of that bibliophile who bought ten books from the press of the immortal Caxton for £46 13*s.* 6*d.*, precious volumes, a leaf of which the modern book hunter would be glad to possess.

Christie the First has left his mark upon his time. The intimate friend of Garrick, of Reynolds, and of Gainsborough, he came to know more about art than its mere market value. Gainsborough painted his portrait and presented him with it; the *quid pro quo*, it is maliciously said, was that the picture should be hung in the auction room. In a coloured print of him by Dighton, of which a fair reproduction appears as frontispiece to Mr. Roberts's book, he is styled "The Specious Orator." Specimens of his descriptive style in the rostrum indicate a rich fund of florid persuasiveness. As an auctioneer there is no doubt that he was really great. On one occasion he invited the Earl of Chesterfield to inspect a collection of pictures he had for disposal. "Mr. Christie," says a contemporary writer, "told his lordship how anxious he was that these pictures should excite the attention that they deserved, and he requested that his lordship would condescend to look at them. His lordship promised to attend the public view, and gave Mr. Christie leave to announce his intention among his friends, or wherever he thought proper, and in order to give *éclat* to the occasion, he promised to come in state." He came, the company hung upon his words. It can well be believed that when the pictures came to be sold the vendor did not lose anything by this ingenious advertisement.

A PEEP AT CHRISTIE'S

(*By Gillray*)

In the latter part of the last century "Christie's" had become a place of fashionable resort. A savage caricature by Gillray has for title "A Peep at Christie's," the sub-title "Tally-ho and his Nimeney Pimeney Taking their Morning Lounge." Tally-ho, a squat little figure in the foreground carrying a hunting crop, and wearing "tops," stands appraising a sporting picture, whilst Nimeney Pimeney, a mincing young lady of the period, by his side, is closely examining another work of art. In the background three more *dilettantes* stand in critical attitudes. The belle in the centre of the group carries such a feather in her head-dress as should make the cavillers at the modern theatre hat wonder at their temerity. This

CHRISTIE'S AUCTION ROOMS

(*By T. Rowlandson*)

Gillray cartoon was a cowardly attack on the Earl of Derby and Miss Farren, the actress, who subsequently became his second wife. She had shortly before taken the town by storm as "Nimeney Pimeney" in General Burgoyne's "Heiress," whilst the Earl was well known in the hunting field.

Christie the Second was educated at Eton, and intended for the Church. He was destined, however, to fill his father's rostrum instead. He combined authorship with auctioneering, and wrote treatises on such abstruse subjects as the Athenian Shiophoria, and the probable bearing of the Etruscan Vase on the Shows at Eleusis. The personality of the firm, however, soon ceases to have more than a secondary interest. Christie's has become a national institution, its catalogues a short history of art, of unique value to the student. We are but faintly interested to learn that the last Christie severed his connection with the business in 1889, and that the present head is Mr. Thomas H. Woods.

Mr. Roberts has fully recognised that it was his mission to write, not a book of interesting gossip about the Christie sales, but a work of reference, to complement, if possible, that invaluable authority the "Art Sales" of the late Mr. Redford. After a chapter or two of necessary introduction he settles down seriously to work. He may be excused for stopping to re-tell the story of the lost Gainsborough. "All the world went to Christie's to see the beautiful Duchess created by Gainsborough." When the portrait was placed before the audience a burst of applause followed. The bidding commenced at one thousand guineas, and rapidly advanced to ten thousand guineas. The picture finally fell to Mr. Agnew at ten thousand one hundred guineas. It was hung in his gallery, Old Bond Street, and one morning was missing! The canvas had been ripped from its stretcher with a sharp knife. Who the thief was, and what became of the picture is still as much as ever a matter of conjecture.

DRESDEN CANDELABRUM

(Bernal sale. Sold for 220 guineas the pair)

The list of celebrated people whose goods have passed under Christie's ivory hammer —the same hammer which is used at the King Street Rooms to-day—is a long one. The furniture, trinkets, swords, and general effects of that strange character, the Chevalier D'Eon, who was a friend of the first Christie, were sold there. Mr. James Christie has in his possession some curious relics of the attire worn by the Chevalier when masquerading in the garb of a woman.

The property of an equally celebrated person, the Countess Dubarry, was sold about the same time. Sir Joshua Reynolds's collection of the old masters had been distributed the year before. Edmund Burke, one of his executors, says that Reynolds had expended more than twenty thousand pounds in acquiring them. They sold for less than fifteen thousand pounds. In 1797, three years later, Hogarth's famous series, "Marriage à la Mode," was knocked down at a thousand guineas. Forty years earlier they had been sold by Hogarth himself for one hundred and twenty guineas—the frames had cost him twenty-four guineas.

We get vivid glimpses from time to time of what the world is doing outside the auction room. In 1802, for example, a collection of exotic birds is put up for sale, a consignment to the French National Museum, with presents to the great Talleyrand and others, "taken by a ship of war on their passage to Europe." In 1807 a vast assemblage of curious and singularly fine hyacinths and other bulbous roots is advertised for sale, probably the first auction of the kind held in this country. In June of the same year is offered for sale, amongst a miscellaneous collection of property, the cap in which King Charles the First was beheaded. Though "well authenticated" it only fetched two pounds fifteen shillings. Some curious information is forthcoming about another lot, catalogued as the armour of a crusader, "near seven hundred years old." It went to swell the collection at the Tower of London, and for years delighted thousands of visitors as having withstood the dints and blows of the Saracens, perhaps of Saladin himself. Alas! it was discovered subsequently to be sixteenth-century work at the earliest. There was a sensational sale in August 1853, when the pictures collected by Louis Philippe, who died two years before, came to the hammer. He was clearly a man of taste; his pictures, chiefly of the Spanish school, sold for twenty-seven thousand pounds odd. The memorable Bernal sale took place in 1855. The national collections profited largely. It is not too much to say that there are articles at South Kensington worth ten times the price then paid for them. Probably no man had a finer taste than Ralph Bernal. It is said that of the four thousand two hundred and ninety-four objects of art offered there was not one that was not good, genuine, and it might almost be added in intact condition. They took thirty-two days in selling and fetched not far short of eighty thousand pounds. In 1862 the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite school becomes noticeable at Christie's. Prices given for the works of such men as Hunt, Millais, Ford Madox Brown, and Henry Wallis are relatively low.

The Dickens sale was the event of 1870. The great novelist had died with painful suddenness the month before. Mementoes of his life and work found eager purchasers. Two pictures by W. P. Frith, "Dolly

Varden" and "Kate Nickleby at Madame Mantalini's," realised one thousand guineas and two hundred guineas respectively; they had cost Dickens twenty pounds apiece. His favourite raven, in a glass case, was knocked down at one hundred and twenty guineas.

The Gillot sale was a remarkable one. Joseph Gillot, of steel pen fame, began life as a Sheffield operative, when steel pens were sold at three and sixpence each. By an ingenious adaptation of the press used in button-making he succeeded in manufacturing them, so that they could be sold at a shilling a gross and yield a handsome profit. He was an indefatigable art collector and a man of the most fastidious taste. Turner, Etty, Linnell, Muller, William Hunt, and David Cox were numbered among his friends. The works he had brought together fetched no less than one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds. Sensational prices were now realised at Christie's from time to time. Sixteen pictures at the Clewer Manor dispersal sold for thirty-four thousand pounds, about two thousand guineas each.

PILGRIM-SHAPED GRÈS BOTTLE

(Bernal sale. Sold for £18)

Perhaps the most important art sale ever held in this country was that of the Hamilton collection in 1882. It was formed by the tenth Duke of Hamilton, British Minister at the court of Peter the Great and the Empress Catherine. Pictures, sculpture, furniture, bronzes, porcelain, pottery, lacquer work, marbles, metal work, tapestry, and coins, unique specimens of everything that was beautiful or rare, or both, went to the making of this magnificent art museum. Two thousand two hundred and thirteen lots went to the hammer. A pair of the famous mandarin vases of Chinese porcelain, fifty-three inches high, sold for one thousand one hundred and eighty guineas; two bottles of pale green Indian jade, inlaid with lapis lazuli, rubies, and other precious materials, for one thousand one hundred and fifty guineas. A millionaire who had thoughts of starting housekeeping might have rid himself of some of his superfluous wealth at the Hamilton sale. A Louis Quatorze cabinet, by Buhl, found

RAFFAELLE AND FORNARINA PLATE

(Stowe and Bernal sales. Sold at the Stowe sale for £4; at the Bernal sale for £120)

a buyer at two thousand two hundred guineas; a Louis Seize secretaire, made for Marie Antoinette, fifty-seven inches high by forty-two inches wide, went at four thousand four hundred guineas, and an oblong writing table *en suite*, at six thousand pounds. But the catalogue of beautiful and costly decorative objects seems endless. A jug carved out of a solid mass of avanturine jasper sold for two thousand three hundred and eighty guineas; an agate vase for two thousand three hundred and fifty guineas; a vase of old Sèvres for one thousand five hundred and ten guineas, and a piece of Limoges enamel for two thousand guineas. Botticelli's "Assumption of the Virgin" became the property of the nation at a cost of four thousand five hundred and fifty guineas. This is the picture which, according to Vasari, so aroused the envy of the painter's contemporaries that they charged him, and his patron, Matteo Palmieri, who commissioned the work, with heresy. A triptych by Nardon Penicaud, bought not many years before at the Fothergill sale for forty guineas, makes an astonishing leap forward to one thousand six hundred and eighty guineas.

Mr. Roberts brings his record down to 1896, but we must part company with him here. He has achieved a task which at times must have been a sore trial upon his patience. The collation of dates and names, however necessary, grows very wearisome. To analyse the beauties of some marvellous piece of ancient or modern craftsmanship is a labour of love; to ascertain and set down to whom it belonged, into whose hands it passed and the price it fetched, is a tiresome detail of art history, valuable only in its suggestiveness. In that relation it becomes of the highest importance, for it is only by the fluctuations in the price of an object of art that we are able to trace the rise or fall of national taste. The effect which fashion has upon price is fortunately transient, and may be set on one side. To the collector this work will be one of supreme interest, and even the general reader will find much to pique his curiosity. The illustrations are as excellent as it is possible to make them, but unhappily only a very imperfect idea of a masterpiece in pottery or porcelain can be conveyed without printing in colours.

HOW LINOLEUM IS MADE

By G. R. FLEMING

LINOLEUM derives its name from the linseed oil which forms a most important element in its composition, and which, in combination with ground cork, makes it so distinctive from floor-cloth or oil-cloth. In appearance they are the same, although the housewife knows from experience that the linoleum has more lasting qualities which compensate for its greater cost. Few bother themselves as to the cause, and still fewer can gratify their legitimate curiosity in this matter, for the manufacturer guards his works from prying eyes as jealously as did the alchemists of old. Floor-cloth, which has been in use now for upwards of fifty years, is simply flax, or more frequently jute cloth, coated many times over with paint composition and finally block-printed with some attractive design. Linoleum has the same foundation of jute cloth, and is decorated ultimately in the same way; but before this is done there is pressed on the cloth a composition of cork and linseed oil, which makes all the difference in wearing qualities.

This composition was first introduced about thirty-seven years ago. It is known in the factories as cement, being worked up to the consistency of a paste before being pressed on to the cloth as it is passed through immense rollers. The analysis of this cement ready for use would show that nearly half its weight is cork, thirty-seven per cent. or so is linseed oil, and the remainder gum and resin and ochre, the last to give it a suitable colour for the final painting. The cork has to be ground into powder, being first cut up into small pieces, and afterwards

passed through millstones similar in every way to those used for grinding flour before milling machinery was introduced. It will be understood that if the pieces of cork are too large the linoleum would be an unsatisfactory product. The grains of cork are therefore hurled against a fine screen by a fan; only the smallest grains can pass through, all others being left for treatment again between the millstones. The cork powder is thus ready for mixing with the oil.

The oil requires to be brought to a semi-fluid state, and in this process much of the cost is involved. In Germany and Russia it is boiled, a system which has the merit of cheapness—a dominant factor in many continental works—but the elaborate arrangement carried out in this country gives a more uniform and reliable substance. Just as no grain of cork should be distinguishable in the cement, so no drop of oil should be discernible. It is thoroughly oxidised. For this purpose tall buildings are erected with pipes arranged horizontally under the roof, having holes perforated in them in the same way as water sprinklers now in use to combat outbreaks of fire. Oil is pumped through these pipes and drops through the holes on to large sheets of calico hung diagonally under the pipes. It trickles down the calico, or "scrim," as it is called in the factories, and as a strong current of air blows through the building oxygen is absorbed and much of the oil thus oxidised remains on the calico.

This process is continued for several days, the oxidised oil accumulating on the calico. The fumes of the oil are not pleasant: in such a town as Kirkcaldy, where much of the world's linoleum is made, the whole atmosphere is redolent of linseed oil. The danger of fire in the factory is so great that this building is always in an isolated position; a careless smoker can easily arrange a conflagration of short duration but all the more luminant. The trickling of oil continues for about two months, when the thickness on the calico, or scrim, is perhaps half an inch. It is, however, calico no longer; the action of oil and air has made it rotten, and the oil, now in a semi-plastic state, drops on to the floor in little pieces. I might suggest its resemblance to some beloved gelatinous confection if I did not wish to interfere with the reader's enjoyment of such succulent delicacies.

The long time taken, the necessity for extensive buildings to provide sufficient oxidised oil to keep the machinery going, and the desire to reduce fire risks, have suggested the substitution of steam instead of air as an oxidising medium, and the time in this process is two days, not two months; but it is too soon to speak from experience of the durability of the linoleum thus made. The plastic oil is next crushed in rollers and then put into a steam-heated pan with Kaŭri gum, resin and ochre, where all four ingredients are effectually mixed. The result is a sort of jelly of almost sufficient consistency to be cut into little bits, and in this form it goes forward to the mills to be mixed with the cork powder.

This mixing, which recalls the effort of the housewife when making pastry out of butter and flour, involves a series of machines which have been brought to perfection only after long experience. Four different types are in use, and in large mills they are placed one above the other, the product dropping through shoots from one to the other, so that one man may almost superintend the working of all four. The oxidised oil is first rolled along with the cork powder, then the mixture is beaten up into small pellets, the third machine being another form of mixer, not unlike a kitchen portable meat mincer. It consists of a series of knives revolving at a great speed in little grooves with barely the sixteenth part of an inch of space between the blade and the side of the groove. There are as many as a hundred knives in some of these machines, and the stuff goes in at one end of the enclosing cylinder and is subjected to the cutting and crushing and mixing action of all the knives in succession before it oozes out at the other end, and even here there is a knife revolving with great rapidity and cutting off the stuff into very small pellets. Finally, there is another rolling or grinding machine to ensure that it will pass as a homogeneous sticky paste on to the rollers which firmly coat the jute cloth with the "cement," thus making linoleum.

There is no need to describe the preparation of the jute cloth. Jute is the fibre of an Indian plant, and its use for this purpose as well as for sacks and in a few cases for fishing-boat sails has brought some revenue

to India. Until 1870 the wider fabrics, up to eight yards, were woven in hand looms; but the power-loom for such broad cloths was then introduced by a Dundee firm. The favourite width for linoleum, however, is four yards, although floor-cloth is made in greater sizes. Just as Kirkcaldy has for long been the chief centre of the linoleum and floor-cloth industry, so Dundee monopolised the jute trade; but recently much capital has been expended in constructing weaving mills in India, close to the jute growing plantations, so that here, as in other directions, there is a tendency towards a great migration of the industry. Uniformity in thickness is very necessary, and for this an interesting type of cropping machine is used. Its principal feature is a pair of rolls with spiral blades, like those on land mowers, and the cloth passes between them while they are revolving at a high speed. Care has to be taken in weaving, to ensure also uniformity of texture. The jute cloth is in long webs, and is fed on to the linoleum calendering machine from a roller.

Some of these calendering machines are of great size, extending to 20, 30, or even 40 feet. There are two pairs of rollers, of considerable weight. The jute cloth slowly travels over the first roll and between it and the second, while the oil and cork composition or cement is fed along the whole length of the roller—from edge to edge of the cloth. Any thickness of linoleum can be arranged for by varying the distance between the two rollers. It never exceeds half an inch, and varies down to an eighth of an inch. The thicker material is really known as cork carpeting, and is specially suitable for infirmaries, hospitals, or libraries where silence is demanded. Of course the pressure of the rolls forces the cement into the texture, and as the roll on the face of the cloth or linoleum is finely polished a very smooth surface is ensured. The second pair of rolls through which the linoleum is passed is to "set" or face the linoleum, which then passes to the drying room. The thicker cloth passes through the rolls at a very slow speed—1 yard per minute—but linoleum an eighth of an inch in thickness will go through at the rate of 4 or 5 yards per minute. This latter speed may be better appreciated if stated at a mile in six hours. The rolls, too, are heated by steam constantly passing through the interior; this is to facilitate the setting of the cement on the jute cloth foundation.

In the drying room, whither the linoleum passes, it is hung on poles near the roof, the height being sometimes 90 feet, and the building is heated so that the material is soon prepared for printing in about twenty-four hours. The great lengths dealt with necessitate a railway system through the drying and printing rooms. After being dried the linoleum is cut into 25-yard lengths, and several coats of "size" are applied at the back to prevent the linoleum stretching or bagging when being printed. Although many improvements have been effected in mechanical processes most of the linoleum made is still hand-printed. It must not be assumed that this is done in the same way as a work of art for the walls of the Royal Academy; we have not quite reached that stage of luxurious æstheticism. But the designing of the patterns printed is perhaps as lucrative an occupation as the efforts of some Academicians, for on the success of the design depends the popularity of the product.

The design made is cut in brass, which is mounted on a wooden block, and with this the linoleum is stamped. The area covered by one operation is, as a rule, about two square yards; but for each colour in the design there must be a separate block and separate printing. The different blocks must be pressed in the exact position, so that the colours may "register" truly. To ensure this result the linoleum rests on a table, the two square yards to be printed being carefully fixed. The blocks and the ink tables are moved along on rails, so that the printer has to hand at once the block he requires. If the linoleum is six yards wide then the block is applied successively three times on each two yards of the width. First, the ground colour is put on, then the green, the red, the pink, and the others to make up, say, a garland of roses. Sometimes mechanical pressure has to be applied, but as a rule the weight of the block is sufficient.

Machines, however, are now being extensively used. There is one at Kirkcaldy with drums thirty feet in diameter for carrying the linoleum. Around it is a series of printing rollers, each for different colours, and the distance between each is adjusted

so that the colour it applies falls properly into its place in the design. There are two drums on each machine; while the linoleum on the one is being printed, the other is being again prepared, so that the machine is constantly in operation, and thus one can understand the enormous production of some of the factories.

A word may here be said as to the printing of floor-cloth. The jute cloth in this case is stretched on strong wooden frames, making a vertical screen seventy-six feet by twenty-four feet, ready for the application of the paint. It consists of raw linseed oil, whiting, and yellow ochre or dry oxides, according to the ground colour desired. Instead of being put on with brushes, it is of such a consistency that trowels are used, while the men work on platforms at various heights. Three coats are successively applied in this way, three or four days being required. The printing of the pattern is done very much in the same way as with linoleum, and after this both products are left for about three months to dry in a heated room. The edges are trimmed or cut by hand.

All linoleum made is not block-printed with artistic or mosaic design. Most of the "cork carpeting" and much of the linoleum for public places is sent to the market showing only the original colour of the "cement" over the jute cloth. There is an advantage in this arrangement, for with wear a printed pattern often disappears. This led to the introduction a few years ago of what is known as inlaid linoleum. I have indicated that it is easy to give the cement any colour, and thus it was tried successfully to lay and afterwards to press pieces of cement variously coloured on to the jute cloth in the same way as mosaic pavement is made, each bit of colour being represented by a different piece of cement. This process has now been greatly improved. The cement itself is rolled out to the desired thickness. First there is the part coloured to suit the ground for the complete design. Supposing again it be a garland of roses, the shape of these is stamped out. Then from other sheets of cement, coloured red, white or blue, or some other hue, the various parts are stamped out. This is done as a rule by mechanically driven rollers. The several pieces to form the patchwork design are secured to other rollers, where they are welded together and to the foundation cloth of jute by pressure from additional rollers. The machinery is somewhat complicated, and need not here be described.

The advantage, as I have said, is in the retention of the appearance of design, even should the linoleum be worn; but it is said that when the surface is worn off there is not much more durableness than with the ordinary type of linoleum. Again there is this defect, that the welding of the parts, although secure, does not give those clearly defined lines which are necessary in designs of small patterns. For mosaic or mathematical lines it is very suitable; but it is well that floral decorations should be on a large scale, and, after all, the range of ornamentation is somewhat limited, and the effect a trifle indefinite. The inlaid linoleum is, however, in demand, and the large manufacturing firms are busily occupied in perfecting the product, so that it would be a mistake to prejudice the result at this transition stage.

"They drew up the canoe and lit a fire"

BESIDE A SUMMER FIRE

By WILLIAM CANTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

ONE of our favourite haunts is the old quarry. Though it is scarcely more than half a mile from the village it is among the loneliest places in the world. It is one of the greenest too, and one of the stillest, for no sound seems to reach it, except, it may be, the song of a lark overhead, or the noise of the shallow brook across which we have to pick our way to enter it.

Nobody can tell me when it was last worked, or why it was abandoned. I suppose some of the older houses were built from its red sandstone; perhaps some of the illegible slabs in the graveyard were hewn out of it. No one can say.

Up in the fields above, a fence runs along the brink to keep the cattle and sheep from falling over. Around it there are rowans, larches, hazels, bushes covered with dog roses in June, and the grass has grown thick over the litter of chipped stone, and lichens have tinged with curious colours the big blocks which were ready for lifting but were never carted away.

In the face of the perpendicular rock there is a hole which looks like a cavern that might lead into the heart of the hill, but we have never ventured to explore it. It is too uncanny, too menaceful. One of us is too old, one is too young to be so recklessly adventurous. We are content to gather dead wood and light a fire beneath one of the larches. We watch the smoke curl up in blue wavering puffs and wreaths, and we sit beside our wild summer hearth, and spread our lunch—venison from the King's vert, we pretend, which we have brought down at peril of our heads.

How is it that we both take such delight in a handful of fire under a tree in a blazing summer day? As I lie and listen to my companion's merry chatter I wonder at the curious feeling of contentment, of freedom, of romance which I experience. Then I endeavour to account for it, but I find myself baffled by the prosaic common sense which I presume must accompany all our modern attempts at reasoning. I ask my companion to explain. She, who is so young yet, so much nearer to Nature and the Ancestors, ought to be able to give some intelligible account of the matter. I can see by her smile that she knows, but it becomes manifest that she cannot find words for things so elusive. I make out that she thinks we ought really always to live like this—under the blue, in the clear sunny air or in the clear shadow of trees. It is nicer than a house, it is the real house; a house is a sort of clay modelling of this larger home —good enough in winter, but a very inferior imitation when it is warm and one has no Kindergarten to attend.

Then fire is a most beautiful creature; more wonderful really than dog-roses, though they, too, look like a kind of fairy fire. Still it is not solely the beauty of the fire which delights us. It appears rather to be its companionableness. "Lightning is quarrelsome; but fire is friendly," she thinks. I imagine she is right. Through long centuries men and fire have been house-mates, and mates when there was never a house.

Can this really be the clue to the mystery —that for ages and ages, beginning far away back in the houseless nights and skin-clad days of the ancient life, our ancestors have loved the cheerful face of fire; that the antique joyous association of burning wood and the savage woodland was so long a habit that the civilisation of our historic centuries has been unable to obliterate it completely? I can scarcely resist the conclusion that it is so. I remember the desert islands of my boyhood, and I know it was not merely a wish to put into action the books of adventure I had read which made me a little savage who caked his hair into a spire with clay from the river. At any rate it is no desire to play at pirates and outlaws which thrills me today with the dreadful atavistic joy in a tramp's fire and free life under the greenwood tree. No, we are the children of the Ancestors, and their blood in us beats true to the old forest paths and the laws of the wilderness.

"Father, you said it was true"

As we loaf by the dull embers and white ashes my companion asks for a story. Well, does she know where the Fens are? Why, yes, and they were drained long ago. Just so. Well, once upon a time there was a savage hunter who came with his little girl up the river in a canoe hollowed out of a tree and paddled to a little piece of beach on the edge of the forest; for in those days there were no Fens, but there was a mighty forest of great oaks and firs and alder and birch and willows. And they landed and

drew up the canoe, and they gathered sticks and dead leaves and lit a fire, just as we had done. And the little girl went away in among the trees to look for berries and wild fruit, and the father piled more wood on the fire. And when the little girl had been away a long while and the father heard no crackling of dry branches or rustling of bushes he called to her, but she did not answer. He grew uneasy, and went into the forest to seek her, and kept calling and calling, but she never replied. So he went deeper and deeper into the wilderness of great oaks and firs, and continued to call her name till the sound of his voice died away.

And the fire beside the canoe went out, with only half the wood burnt. And the forest grew older and older and older; and the great trees decayed and fell down with age, one by one, till nearly all the forest was dead; and storms tore up the other trees and water lodged among the fallen trunks, and reeds and marsh plants matted them together, till great peat bogs covered the country many feet deep.

Then the sea broke in and flowed over the bogs, for the land sank down; and sand and sheils and sea-weed were drifted together in thick sheets. And all this took hundreds and hundreds of years to happen. And at last when the sand and sea-warp grew high enough, the country became the Fenland, and the Romans, when *they* conquered Britain, made a roadway across it with trunks of trees and a bed of gravel, and that was fifteen hundred years ago.

"True?" Why, yes. How did I know? Because not long ago when people were digging in the Fens they found the canoe, and the wood piled for the fire and the burnt embers in the middle of it.

And the little girl? Well, she wandered into the forest and her father went to seek her. And hundreds and hundreds of years went by.

And they never came back? Not to the Fenland. But she wandered on and on till she came to an old quarry, and there she lit a fire, and when she had done she turned round, and there was her father sitting beside it.

My companion laughed incredulously "Father, you said it was true!"

PITY, THE REVEALER

I WAITED long for Love: my spirit drooped
Beneath the withering darts of men's dispraise,
As faints the unshaded flower on sun-parched plain
'Neath tropic rays.

I waited long for Faith: my doubting soul
Was like a helmless barque when tempests roar,
And stars are hid, and only breakers' foam
Reveals the shore.

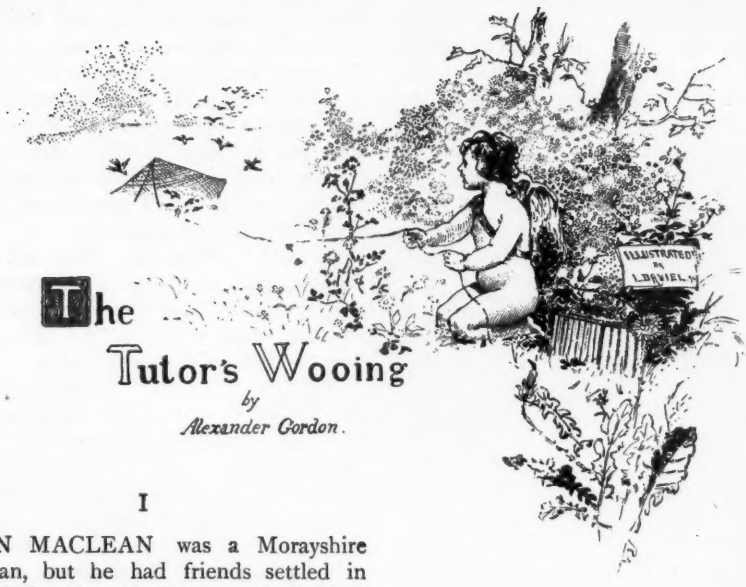
I waited long for Peace: my troubled heart
Was like a fort besieged yet faction-torn;
Each passion promised safety, but betrayed
To keen self-scorn.

Then Pity came with gaze of liquid light,
And cleared my eyes to sight of others' pain;
'Neath burdens great my brethren groaned, their brows
Dropped blood like rain.

I snatched perforce the weakest struggler's load,
(His grateful smile made light its seeming weight)
I sang the others songs; they stepped in time,
Erect, elate.

And, as we marched, my petty, long-nursed grief
Was made as by a magic spell to cease,
For Love divine shone through their eyes, and Love
Brought Faith and Peace.

J. G.



The Tutor's Wooing

by

Alexander Gordon.

I

JOHN MACLEAN was a Morayshire man, but he had friends settled in Edinburgh, and that was why he had gone to the University there, instead of gravitating in the natural way to the College at Aberdeen.

He had now completed his four years' course, had taken his degree with honours, and been duly "capped" at the close of the winter session.

What to do with himself he scarcely knew. He might have hastened away, if he so chose, to the little croft in his native Moray, to feed on oatmeal cakes and fresh butter, home-made; to renew his acquaintance with the broad "haughs" by the dashing Spey, now bursting into green; but for various reasons his purpose did not incline him thither just at this moment. It is true that in the ordinary course he would have spent the summer and autumn there, going back next November to the University as a student of divinity, but certain events had happened in the meanwhile which caused John gravely to doubt whether his vocation rightly lay in the direction of the Kirk. He was a poor speaker—that he had found to his cost in a certain students' debating society—and his nerve had given way at the thought of perhaps becoming a "stickit stibbler" and a disgrace to those whose hopes were fixed upon him.

But in addition to this John Maclean had fallen in love—over head and ears in love—and the circumstance had affected all his plans.

It was a mild evening in May as he went for a stroll down the sloping Mound and into Princes Street. The sun had just set and the first shadows of night had already fallen on "Scotia's darling seat." A pleasant breeze crept about, gently rustling in the trees and shrubbery of the gardens spreading on his left at the foot of the Castle hill.

A peaceful night it was—full of the promise of the coming summer eves; the kind of hour in which men forgot their cares and bade sorrow take its flight. But John's trouble was in his heart. It travelled with him whither he went, and would not be set aside. He saw the face of his loved one down in the gardens yonder in a frame of leafy green; the very street disclosed her form; and her voice thrilled his ear. Yet she was scores of miles away, and had suddenly left the city without giving him his final chance of saying what he desired to say.

After a long perambulation John again came back to Princes Street, and from thence went home to his lodging.

A morning newspaper lay upon the table. It had not, to-day, been opened. John lighted his pipe, sat down in his armchair,

and in a careless manner took the paper up.

His eye had fallen on the first page, which was crowded with small advertisements, and scarcely knowing what he did he plodded through the columns in a mechanical sort of way. His attention, however, was instantly aroused when he came to lines that read thus: "Tutor.—Wanted for three months a young gentleman (Scotch graduate preferred) as tutor to two boys aged 17 and 15. Reside in family. Fee for the period £25. Apply at once Willett, Manor House, Edelthorpe, Lincolnshire."

John Maclean got up from his seat and paced the room at a great speed, blowing the smoke from his mouth in short, spasmodic puffs. Here was the very thing he desired. Bertha Miller, the girl of his love, had gone to Lincolnshire as governess in a wealthy farmer's family, at a place in the heart of the fen country. He suddenly stopped in his pace around, and from a heap of books and papers, ill-arranged on the top of a tall chest of drawers, he hunted out an old map of England, and set himself to ascertain the distance that lay between this Edelthorpe and Melton-over-Gray, which was the postal address for Grange Farm where Bertha Miller now resided. From their positions in the map he judged they were thirty miles apart. But that was a journey which could be taken easily; it was but a short run in the same shire, and would not prevent him from seeing Bertha (and perhaps meeting her occasionally) once he got settled in his expected quarters. Besides, the three months would give him space in which to consider his future plans; and the fee itself was not to be despised.

"Apply at once," the wording ran. There was no time to be lost therefore, so John sat down again, and immediately wrote his answer to the advertisement. Then he went out and posted the letter himself.

The next two days were an anxious time, for John's heart was firmly set on obtaining this tutorship. But the third morning a letter arrived announcing the acceptance of his services, and asking him to come without delay.

II

"THE wretch!" cried Mabel Thornton in a voice of affected rage. "The false, deceitful wretch!" she exclaimed again. Mabel was the second daughter of Brooke Thornton, the owner of Grange Farm in the fen country where Bertha Miller was residing.

On a sunny day in early June, the governess sat with her two eldest pupils in a little summer-house almost hidden in holly leaves, at the foot of a green lawn extending in front of the farm mansion, which was a red building three storeys high—large, roomy, and old—the home of Thorntons for several generations. Brooke Thornton, the present head of the family, was spoken of as the "Squire," for the land which he tilled was his own.

"What is the matter, Mabel?" the governess inquired.

"His attention, however, was instantly aroused."

"Why, this," said Mabel, a girl of seventeen, with bright, flashing eyes. "Edward Waverley is proving one of the falsest, most unfaithful men of whom I ever read. He's forgetting his love for Flora McIvor and is going to take up with Rose Bradwardine. What a wretch!"

"Of course I don't blame Rose," Mabel went on, "for she always loved Waverley, nor do I blame Flora either, for she never quite loved him at all, but it's a case of downright jilting on Edward's part, and I hate such men." Mabel Thornton closed the book and threw it on the seat. The constant lover was her ideal, and for want of this constancy the charm of "Waverley" was now for her at an end.

"Oh, but jilting is very common," said Dinah, the sage younger sister. "Don't you know that the curate, Mr. Jones, with that sweet face of his, is not such a saint after all? He made love to Jessie Biggs, the grocer's daughter, till the poor thing lost her head, but they say he has given her up, and will marry the rich Widow Dodd, a stout woman of forty-five. And cousin Katie, was she not an *awful* flirt? The letters she wrote to Dick Staples—tons of them—and the letters he wrote to her, were enough for twenty lovers. I have seen Katie and Dick myself kissing and cooing a hundred times. And yet Katie jilted him and married Captain Bates. Ah, jilting is very common indeed, both in man and woman."

THE GOVERNESS

"Did *you* ever flirt, Miss Miller?" asked Mabel Thornton turning her large, dreamy eyes with an arch inquiry full on the governess's face.

The blood rushed into Bertha's cheeks, and a sort of tremor went through her frame, for at the same moment the tall form of Roger Thornton, the farmer's second son, came within her sight as he passed from the front door, with a gun upon his shoulder, round to the farther end of the house.

Knowing that she blushed so deeply Miss Miller bit her lip till a little cut appeared. "Certainly not," she exclaimed in reply to Mabel's question. "Certainly not, I should scorn to do such a thing." But she blushed again at the guilty consciousness of having told a nasty lie.

The three sat in silence for a few minutes without speaking a word.

Bertha Miller was angry with herself, and yet her thoughts were of a pleasant kind. A certain event had happened yesternight which gave a new meaning to her life. Roger Thornton, in this same summer-house, had spoken words of love to her, and she had half confessed a newly-developed love for him. The image of the poor bashful student, John Maclean, with whom she had flirted in Edinburgh, rose before her as an object of pity now.

The governess was a small woman, with a slim and dainty figure. Thick curls of raven hair played about her brow, and her

dark eye had a sparkle in it that, even in his dreams, thrilled the heart of John Maclean. But in this clear, penetrating eye which, when it turned in wrath on one of the girl pupils for some duty neglected or some misdeed that had been done, made the culprit quail to her inmost soul, other people less enslaved than John might have seen something which he failed to see. Her own Scots father had told her in reproof years and years ago:

"Ye're a fickle lass, Bertha, and, sal, ye've nae ower muckle he'rt."

"Come, my dears," said the governess, suddenly rising up, "it is time to begin lessons again."

With her two scholars Bertha Miller hurried inside the house.

III

A GLORIOUS summer day was passing into a calm and silent night.

Darkness was creeping up the lanes—the winding Lincoln lanes, with great hedges growing on either side—and across the level meads, where lazy cattle strayed, wading deep in grass of the richest green, there came on the soft evening air a faint sound of the distant sea, whose waves broke with lengthened swell on the broad shores at the edge of the marshy fens.

John Maclean was making his way along one of these narrow lanes. He had come from Edelthorpe for the purpose of seeing Bertha, and at a certain gate near the top of this lane, on the borders of Grange Farm, she had promised to meet him at nine o'clock.

A couple of letters had passed on either side before Bertha had made up her mind as to how she would treat John. During the weeks of her sojourn at the farm, when she thought of him at all, it had been as a lonely lodger living in Edinburgh, or as a student on holiday wandering by the Spey. The fact that he was in England and within thirty miles, as announced by his first letter, had thrown her into a mental flutter which lasted several days. She was now plighted to Roger Thornton by many solemn vows, and the sudden advent of John, either as anxious wooer or disappointed, angry lover, might lead to complications and the disruption of her hopes.

She guessed why he desired to see her. He had gained courage at last, and was going to tell her what he should have told long ago—that he loved her with all his heart. It was too late now; and Bertha, indeed, in her present frame of mind, thought that if there was no other man in the world sighing for her love she could never again regard with favour the quiet, modest student. Roger Thornton was of a different type—bold, obtrusive, self-possessed—and Roger's future was assured. Though but a second son he had a small fortune of his own, and he had promised to marry Bertha within a couple of months, and none should say him nay.

But she was proud, this little woman, as proud as she was fickle, and it flattered her self-conceit to know that at one and the same time she was adored by two men; the first, a handsome English farmer, and the second, though not just to her mind, a very passable Scotsman, and a clever man besides. Yes, she would see John, that was her decision after much reflection; see him secretly, unknown to Roger, hear his acknowledgment of love, and in her own queenly way, tell him he had come too late. Bertha had "nae ower muckle he'rt" but she never lacked pluck.

Accordingly, in her second letter to the tutor, she had fixed this place and hour for the meeting which he desired.

In a leisurely manner John strolled up the lane, in the cool summer eve. It was a public path, but not much frequented at this hour by village or other folk, as Bertha well knew.

At ten minutes to nine John had gained its upper end, and taken his stand at the trysting-gate. The darkness gathered slowly round and a few stars began to shine in the blue, unclouded heaven.

When he had waited for five minutes or so there came to his ear the sound of approaching footsteps, and then, a certain way off, he began to discern a female figure hurrying down the footpath that led across a field from Grange Farm to the top of this lane.

His heart beat with vigour now, for in another second or two he would be face to face with Bertha! In his impatience he opened the gate, passed inside, and stood prepared to welcome her, if the chance arose, with open arms. He had come to woo her, with high hopes of winning.

"Stood prepared to welcome her"

And the chance did seem to arise, for the girl never paused in her haste, but came quickly forward, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. "Dear John, I'm so glad to see you," she said.

"My own Bertha," he murmured, as he clasped her to his breast.

But the next moment she started back, and John started back too. "Why it's not John at all!" the girl cried with a little scream. "I have been sadly deceived." Then, like a frightened bird, she turned and flew back more quickly than she came.

This was not the lady's John, and the lady was not Bertha Miller. Bertha herself never appeared that night, though John tarried long.

IV

TWELVE months went by, and in the meanwhile a good deal had happened.

It was a wet evening in Edelthorpe town, and at the Manor House which lay in a well-wooded park at the head of the main street. All day long the rain had poured, but as it came at the close of a spell of drought when the hot sun had been scorching blade and leaf, it was indeed a rain on thirsty ground, and the eye rested with pleasure on dripping trees and shrubs, and the parched grass reviving now on the smooth lawn and in the many-acred park.

Major Willett and John Maclean sat together in the library, looking out on the cool, steady rain.

At the end of his three months' engagement John had not gone back to Scotland. Before that term ran its course he had become so friendly with the family with whom he was residing, that they begged him to remain for a longer period. And then when the health of his eldest pupil, Godfrey Willett, broke down at the beginning of a severe winter, and the doctor advised a change to the warmer south of France, John was deputed to accompany him, in order that the youth might have the benefit of his companionship and the advantage of such tuition as his own state of health would permit him to receive.

From their stay by the Mediterranean, and a subsequent tour through Italy and Greece, John and his pupil had just returned. The

Major had exhausted his vocabulary of thanks for all the care the tutor had bestowed upon his son, and in the form of a cheque which he had just offered, had shown his gratitude in a more substantial way.

And, indeed, John deserved all the thanks he got, for through more than one dangerous week he had nursed the youth by night as well as day, and to the joy of his parents, Godfrey Willett had now come home with a ruddy face and looking like one who had taken a new lease of life. The Major was in great spirits to-night.

"By the way," said he after a long talk on the subject of John's travels, "I think I must tell you, Mr. Maclean, you will meet at dinner this evening a girl who takes a great interest in you."

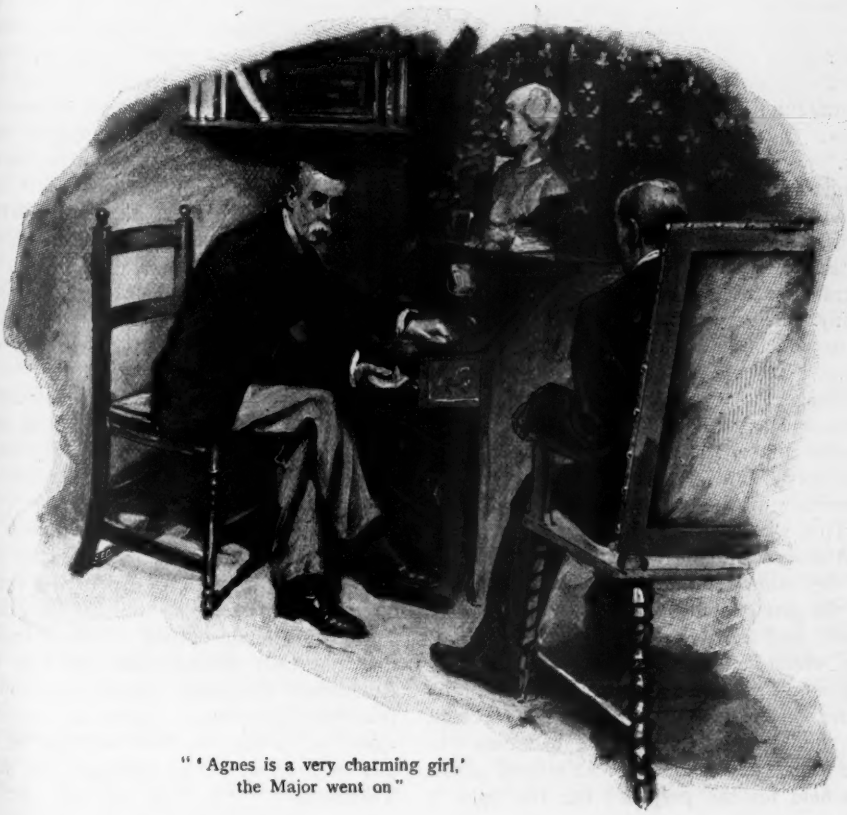
"Indeed," said John with some surprise. "Who may the young lady be?" A fear came over him lest this were Bertha Miller.

"She is a dear friend of ours," said the Major, "Agnes Thornton by name, the eldest daughter of Squire Thornton, who lives at a farm near Melton-over-Gray, about thirty miles from here. They call him 'Squire' in that neighbourhood because he is very wealthy and the farm is freehold ground."

"Agnes Thornton," John reflected, "the farmer's eldest daughter; surely it cannot be the girl who——" and here he blushed to the very ears as he remembered the strange *rencontre* by the farm.

"Agnes is a very charming girl," the Major went on without noticing John's confusion. "In her own parish at home she is a sort of heroine. It came about in this way. There is a certain Widow Blake, who has six small children. She was taken ill with typhoid fever and none of the neighbours cared to enter the house. The news came to Agnes, and she went and nursed the widow, minding the children, too, till the poor woman got well again. Her praise is in everybody's mouth."

"You have drawn a paragon, Major," John



"'Agnes is a very charming girl,' the Major went on"

exclaimed, "but you have not told me yet why the young lady has chosen to concern herself with me."

"It was the 'Letters,' man, that did it; those splendid 'Letters' from Italy and Greece, which you wrote to the *Edelthorpe Mirror*. Agnes is clever, you must understand—has done a bit of writing herself, and admires yours very much. I believe she knows the 'Letters' word for word. 'Communion of spirit' my wife calls it."

John now laughed outright. "Really, Major, you are making fun of me," he said.

"Not a bit," the Major cried. "I am speaking the plain truth. There is great power in the pen," he went on; "it beats the sword hollow. Let me tell you, Mr. Maclean, that the two special articles which you wrote recommending your humble servant as chairman of the new County Council, and which the editor inserted in the *Mirror*, have already had the desired effect, and I am to be nominated for the office. Ah, there is great power in the pen, whether in politics or in love."

"Love," cried John, "who spoke of love?"

"I did," said the Major quietly. "That 'communion of spirit' does a good deal, you know. Then there is my wife—women *will* talk."

The Major paused, but it was only for a moment.

"By the way," said he (using his favourite phrase), "Agnes's brother Roger married a countrywoman of yours—a governess in the family. They were an ill-assorted pair, he an overbearing boor and she a regular spitfire. Though it was only a year ago that the wedding took place, their quarrels had become so frequent, and created such a scandal, that at last they decided to emigrate, and have gone to America to try life there on some farm in the backwoods."

This was indeed news to John. Many and many a time he had thought with pain of the calm summer night when he waited by the gate at the top of the lane by Grange Farm, and Bertha never came; of the letter, too, which he got next day telling of her engagement, and forbidding him to write any more. Her reason for failing to keep tryst he then learnt as well. She had meant to see him as arranged, and had started across the field for the purpose; but the sight of that other girl hastening back from the spot caused her to turn her steps and not venture forth again.

John had loved her tenderly, with the strength of an honest nature, and the revelation of her character then thrust upon him had cost him hours of bitter sorrow. But change of scene and other interests had come to his relief, and he was heart-whole again. Yet though he had no love left for her, it was with real grief that he heard of Bertha's troubles.

And now if the Major spoke the truth some other girl was perhaps about to cross his path! He was half-amused and half-angry at the manner in which Major Willett had spoken on such a subject.

The Major himself was not quite at ease. He had something else to say but the words seemed to stick in his throat. He rose and went to the other side of the room.

John sat silent, watching the rain as it pattered against the window panes.

At length the Major spoke in a low and somewhat trembling voice. "I owe you much, Mr. Maclean," he began, "but I am so selfish that I do not wish to part with you. I should greatly like to have you living here besides us as a friend, and there is just this I wish to say: The head-mastership of Edelthorpe Grammar School is about to become vacant. I am one of the Governors, as I think you know. I have a commission from my colleagues to offer the post to you. There is a good house attached to the school, and the endowment and fees yield some £500 a year. Kindly think the matter over. We can wait a month for your decision."

With these words the Major hurriedly left the room, leaving John in a state of mind which prevented him from fully comprehending the nature of the offer that had been so kindly made.

Major Willett went straight to his wife and told her what had passed. That good lady and he, in their desire to do well by one who had done so well by their ailing son, had already settled in secret council that not only should John Maclean have Edelthorpe Grammar School, but, on the principle that it was not good for man to be alone, he should also have for wife the best girl they knew. And this girl was Agnes Thornton.

V

At dinner, which began shortly afterwards, John Maclean sat next to Agnes, who was the only guest staying in the house.

The first moments of their meeting had sufficed to assure John that this was indeed the girl who by mistake had rushed into his arms when he waited for Bertha Miller at the top of the lane, twelve months ago, at Grange Farm. One glimpse of her face he had caught then, and it had dwelt within his memory. She, on her part too, had recognised him, and the discovery thus made had upset her very much.

Never was a clever young woman so silent, uninteresting, dull, as Agnes Thornton at the dinner table this evening.

And John himself was woefully quiet and reserved. He pitied the girl, for he readily guessed the cause of her confusion.

"John begged her to sing again"

But no confusion or reserve could rob Agnes Thornton of the beauty that was hers. She was not tall—reminding John in that respect of Bertha Miller—but while Bertha was dark Agnes was very fair. Brown hair with a glint upon it that almost made it glow like gold, rose over a brow of purest white; and a pair of blue eyes, sad and troubled now, spoke of a soul in the girl's breast with a power to feel and love. Her cheeks had the warm flush of health in them, and the fit child of sunshine she seemed though the shades were on her face to-night.

John Maclean was sorely puzzled as from time to time he glanced at his new acquaintance's face. She had kissed him and he had kissed her, and there was a certain pleasure in the recollection. John was a great logician and a mathematical problem was "bairns'" play to him, but his heart was like a child's, soft and pliable as wax. No one had yet appeared to fill the place in his life that Bertha once had filled.

But the place remained—and it was vacant! Would Agnes Thornton step in and fill it? John, in his imaginative way, was already speculating on the chance. She had read his "Letters" too in the *Edelthorpe Mirror*, and taken an interest in them, as well as in the writer, and what flattery could be more subtle than that? Also, when she did speak, though it was only now and then, her voice, soft and low but richly sweet, had a strange charm for him.

Was he in danger of really falling in love with her? Scarcely that, he told himself; for did he not remember that she was another of the fickle womenkind, who had perhaps cast off that former lover when she got tired of him and had been planning an idle flirtation with himself?

When dinner was over and they returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Willett took occasion to whisper to her husband with a glance towards John and Agnes, "A very bad beginning."

But this match-making dame had set her heart on "bringing these two together," and she was not beaten yet.

"Do sing that favourite air of yours, Agnes," she said when they were all comfortably settled in the room. "It is Scotch, and Mr. Maclean will like it."

Somewhat half-heartedly Agnes arose and went to the piano. She had not yet regained her wonted self-composure. But when once she had struck a few chords, the spirit of music carried her away, and for the time she forgot everything that annoyed her. Then she sang in a sweet, clear voice that trilled like a bird's piping a happy note in the green glade in summer:

"My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
Sae deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry."

John listened carelessly at first, but as the song went on his interest increased. Into the quaint air Agnes threw her whole heart, and she sang as one who *felt* the words of her little song. And, indeed, she did feel them, for they spoke of a love to which her entire nature throbbed, though such a love had never yet been given to herself.

When she had finished, John thanked her, and begged her to sing again. Nothing loth she continued, and went on for the better part of an hour. Then she suddenly stopped, and on looking round found to her surprise that the tutor and she were left alone. The rest had withdrawn from the room—another of Mrs. Willett's nicely planned manœuvres.

Agnes's troubles immediately returned. Her face had become flushed with the energy of her singing, but now it became a trifle pale. Yet, as the opportunity for an explanation, which she fervently desired, had apparently come sooner than she had dared to expect, she summoned all her courage and at one essayed the task.

"I think we have met before," she began, a deep blush overspreading her dainty cheeks and brow.

"I believe we have," he said, with a smile.

"In a field at the top of Thorn Lane thirty miles away?" she continued.

"There," said he.

"You must think me a strange girl," she went on. "You know what happened when we met." This she said in a trembling voice and with eyes fixed upon the floor, but with just a little smile playing around her mouth.

"I remember," said he—and there was pleasure in the thought. He could feel even then her arms around him and the pressure of her lips. She was the only woman that he had ever kissed. During the past hour he had been thinking of this, and a thousand other things, and a regret already possessed him that the kiss had not been meant for himself but for some more lucky man.

Agnes raised her head and her eyes met his. Then she laughed—a light, silvery laugh that broke on his ear like the sound of a rippling wavelet by the side of his own Highland Spey.

"You should not have been at that spot," said she in a serio-comic key.

"I could not help it," John naïvely rejoined.

"I think I understand," she said, and again her face became somewhat pale, caused apparently by her reflections. "Now, for whom do you think I took you?" she continued.

"A sweetheart, doubtless," said he with just an accent of reproach.

"A sweetheart, no," she exclaimed with another little laugh. "'Twas for my own brother, John! Oh I am so glad I have had the chance of explaining this to-night. It has upset me all the evening, for I knew what you were thinking. I must tell you, Mr. Maclean, my eldest brother, John, quarrelled with his father. He was a kind of black sheep, you know, and for a time he left the house. But I was very fond of the 'black sheep' and met him occasionally in secret just to speak a word of cheer. My father and he are reconciled now, however, and he is living at home again. See, here is a letter I had from him yesterday in which he refers to our meetings in the lane." Agnes took a letter from her pocket, and handed it to John.

In his anxiety to be assured of the truth of her words John did not hesitate to receive the letter, and glance through its contents. When he finished reading, a great load was lifted from his breast. "I am so pleased you have told me this, Miss Thornton," he said, with bright, sparkling eyes. "I am so pleased, indeed."

"Why are you so pleased?" the girl slyly asked.

This was a question the answer to which would have carried John at the present time just a little beyond his depth, but happily, at that instant, Mrs. Willett, followed by the Major and her sons, re-entered the drawing-room.

"'I am so happy,' she murmured"

VI

A MONTH swiftly glided by—the happiest month of John's life, for it was spent in Agnes's company. From the first night he had begun to love her, and as the days went on his love deepened.

With the keenest delight the Major and his wife watched the growing attachment. The train industriously laid by them, Cupid himself had fired.

On a beautiful summer evening, about four weeks after their first meeting, John and Agnes were walking together under the trees in the many-acred park. The rays of the setting sun glimmered upon the leaves, and now and again they fell on Agnes's face, throwing a gleam across it that delighted

John to see. He would have taken her arm in his, but the time for that was not just yet.

"Do you know, Miss Thornton," he said, "you have never yet asked me why I came to be in the field that night at the top of Thorn Lane?"

"I guessed the reason," said she in a low voice with just a note of sadness in it.

"You did!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied. "I think you came to see Miss Miller, who was a governess then, but shortly afterwards became my brother Roger's wife."

"I did," said he, colouring to the ears. "I had known her in Edinburgh."

"Did you love her—much?" she sharply asked.

"A little," he meekly owned.

"Do you love her *now*?" she pursued, turning her eyes towards his.

"No," said he emphatically. "I was undeceived that night, and indeed Bertha was never vowed to me."

They walked for a long while in silence.

It was Agnes who first spoke again. "Are you going to leave us soon," she inquired, "or have you decided to stay in Lincolnshire?"

"I am going to stay," he said. "I have to-day accepted the mastership of the Grammar School."

That red, low-roofed building now came in sight, lying in grounds of its own just outside the park. Beside the school was the master's house, a small but many-gabled, many-windowed structure, with ivy trailing up its walls, a smooth lawn in front, and rich gardens at the back.

"I shall be very dull there," he said.

"Why so?" said she. "Your friends will be close by, the Major and Mrs. Willett, and the two boys who worship you."

"Yet I shall be very dull," he repeated.

Agnes sighed, as if at the thought, and her eyelids slowly drooped. John saw that his time had come. Gently his arm slid around her waist. "I should not be dull with you, Agnes," he whispered. "I love you with a great and true love. Will you come, my own, and brighten the old house? Will you be the master's wife?"

A little sob escaped her. The joy that filled her heart seemed more than she could bear.

"Do you really mean it?" she whispered back.

"Yes, with my whole soul," he said.

"I am so happy," she murmured as she rested her head upon his breast.

* * * * *

"Hurrah!" cried the Major, when his wife told him the news.

"We have managed well," said the lady. "Two young people just suited for each other brought happily together, and our boys' dear companion retained here beside them! Yes, it is a good month's work. But what of the old 'Squire'? His consent must be secured."

"Leave that to me," said the Major. "I know how to manage him."

The wedding was not long delayed, and John, though a very busy teacher, is one of the happiest men in Lincolnshire. He sometimes laughs as he thinks that by the accident of marriage, Bertha Miller—now Mrs. Roger Thornton—is a "relative" of his. But Bertha tarries across the ocean.

WELLS CATHEDRAL CHURCH

By the Rev. Canon CHURCH, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON

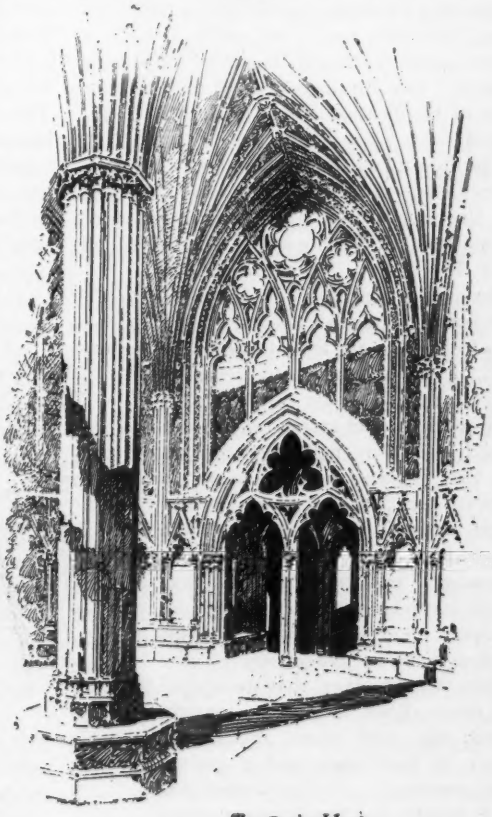
CONCLUDING PAPER

Declension and Reconstruction

CHANTRIES, or memorial tombs, on a grand scale of architectural pomp and beauty, are the characteristic features in the church of the fifteenth century. Bishop Bubwith, who had passed through the Sees of London and of Salisbury to Wells, has left many memorials of his love for his last resting-place, not only in the north-western tower, but in the foundation of the library over the eastern cloister, and in the endowment of the alms-house, which still bears his name. He left also endowments for chaplains to say masses in his chantry which was erected about 1450. The chantry of Bishop Bubwith is on the site of the altar which stood at the north side of the choir door in the early screen, before which Bishop Haselshaw, in 1306, was buried with special distinction. On the corresponding site, on the south side, the later and more ornate chantry of Treasurer Sugar was built over the altar dedicated, in 1249, to the memory of St. Edmund of Canterbury. There had been a wooden chantry raised by Bishop Erghum in the earlier years of the fifteenth century, and taken down by Sugar, with licence from the chapter to raise upon it this more ambitious, but very beautiful monument, at the close of the century. And midway in the century, the chantry of Bishop Beckyngton was built on the south side of the sanctuary. A painful interest attaches to this chantry, from the minute account which we have in the bishop's register, of the careful devotion with which the bishop dedicated his last resting-place, and from the careless irreverence with which the chantry has been desecrated in these later days.

There, on January 13, 1452, at 5 A.M., he had consecrated the altar on the south side of the sanctuary "in honour of the Blessed Virgin and St. Thomas the Martyr," and, two days after, in the robes in which he desired to be buried, he consecrated the place of his grave, on the south side of this altar, where Godwin says, "a goodly tombe was built by himself in his lifetime." One who was present officially when, unhappily, the monument was moved, and the canopy over this altar was taken down in 1849, thus writes his recollections:

"Beckyngton's coffin was never disturbed, but a curiosity, entirely without irreverence, moving Dean Jenkyns to inspect it, under



The Chapter House

The Chain Gate and Oriel

his orders an attempt was made, under my constant watchfulness, to reach the coffin and, with the Dean present, to remove the lid. The difficulty of carrying out this project was excessive, for the grave had been filled not with earth but with blocks of stone, strongly bound together with hard cement. On the discovery of this singular form of fortification the attempt was abandoned."

Another memorial chapel of great magnificence once stood in the southern ground, on the site of the "Lady Chapel by the cloister," of early date—the chantry chapel built by Bishop Stillington about 1480. Excavations made in 1894 laid bare the foundations of a chapel 120 feet in length from the western wall of the cloister, and revealed the richness of its architecture. But when the chantries were abolished and their endowments taken by the Crown in the reign of Edward VI., the support of this great addition to the church was felt to be a burden too heavy to be borne, and in 1552, a contract was made between the Bishop and the Chapter on one side and Sir John Gates, then in possession of the palace, on the other, that the chapel be taken down, and "the ground made fair and plane within the space of four years and a quarter next ensuing." Probably there was little reason to cherish the memory of Bishop Stillington, a political intriguer who was a State prisoner at Windsor during his episcopate.

The bishops of the latter part of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who bore the title of Bath and Wells, have left no mark on the cathedral church of Wells, though their names are well known elsewhere, and in other Sees, and in kings' courts—Fox at Winchester, Oliver King at Bath. Adrian de Castello resided at Rome, and was involved in the plots of the infamous Borgia family. Wolsey, who by his own confession, gave to his ungrateful master more of that service which should have been given to God, was never resident in the palace at Wells.

A picture of Wells at this period before "the glory of the first house" had departed is given by a native of Wells, Thomas Chandler, Chancellor of Wells in 1452, and chaplain to Bishop Beckyngton. He is pointing out to his friend, a visitor from Oxford, the beauties of Wells: "The most lovely Church of St. Andrew, where is the throne of the learned and munificent prelate, Thomas, first of the name—the palace surrounded on all sides by flowing waters, and bulwarked by its circlet of battlemented walls and towers. Is not the city rightly called Wells, where fountains gush out on every side, which both make and beautify the city?"

Wells Cathedral from Market Square.

In the troubles of the seventeenth century Wells was brought under the harrows of Puritan tyranny. The choir was closed, the chapter-house was put up for sale at the price of £160; all services were forbidden except the preaching of Cornelius Burgess, who occupied the Dean's house, and called himself "minister of the late cathedral."

When the Restoration came, an Act of Chapter, dated July 6, 1664, records that the Cathedral Church, brought to ruin in the late civil troubles, had been restored by the resident canons "almost from its foundations," at an expense far beyond the means of the Chapter, and now they "desire and ordain that the non-residentiary canons who have not contributed at all, not even a farthing, towards the repairs of the fabric should restore and beautify their own stalls, at their own expense, for the glory and honour of the church, for their own comfort and dignity, for an example to posterity." A list of prebendaries holding the fifty stalls follows, with marginal notes in another hand marking a few donations of £2 2s. each. In answer to this appeal there was a liberal expenditure on the part of clergy and laymen of the church. Dean Creyghton gave the glass in the west window, probably brought from Holland, and the great brass lectern, which bears his name and inscription. A new organ, which was in use until 1850, was given mainly by him, and hangings for the east wall behind the high altar. He also bore his part in the restoration and furnishing of the library at a cost of £300, and gave many valuable books. Dr. Busby, the treasurer, more known to fame as the great headmaster of Westminster School, was also the giver of more than £300 at different times towards the bookcases and furniture of the library, besides many books which he says he contributed as a self-imposed fine for defect of "residence." To him also the church owes the large silver-gilt "alms-dish" in use to-day.

Among the "gifts and perquisites" in the Communars' Account of 1664 occur the following entries: "Sir W. Portman, £20 towards the organ; Sir John Coventry, £20; Francis Pawlet, 'for the decoration of one stall in the said church, £2 2s.'; John Hall, ditto; Dr. Byam, Prebendary of Compton Dundon, 'for decoration of his stall,' £2 2s.; and similar sums by five other prebendaries."

Scarcely twenty years had passed after the restoration of the church when the mob of Monmouth's rustic followers invaded and damaged the building. A record is preserved in the Chapter Acts of July 1, 1685. While this storm was sweeping over the church and town, Chancellor Holt held the quarterly Chapter meeting alone with the notary in the chapter-house on that morning. He sorrowfully protested against the desecration of the church by "the rebellious fanatics, who that very morning were in the act of destroying the furniture, breaking up the organ, and had made the house of God the stabling for their horses." Then he adjourned the Chapter and all affairs until that day four weeks, between the hours of 9 and 12 A.M., hoping that within that time "this tyranny will be overpast." Nor was that hope disappointed. The next words in the book of Chapter Acts record that within six days the rout at

Weston Zoyland in Sedgmoor had put an end to the rebellion, and the minutes of proceedings close with an outburst of thankfulness:

"Deus, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

Bishop Ken's saintliness sheds a halo over Wells at this time, but soon calm and torpor settled down upon cathedral life.

There is nothing to record of building or restoration which changed the character or look of the exterior.

The cyclone of 1703, which was so fatal to Bishop Kidder in his palace, was merciful comparatively to the fabric of the church, though the fabric accounts for 1704 and 1705 show a heavier expense in repairs than for several years before and after. Altogether the averages of expenditure upon the fabric during the century show that the Dean and Chapter were mindful of their charge in its maintenance.

But in the interior of the church the minutes of Chapter Acts in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries enable us to trace the gradual invasion and occupation of the choir by seats and pews and galleries, destructive of the older work, and marking the revolution which had taken place in the ordering of the Church services. Carpenters made rude havoc of carved work and delicate tracery when every available space in the choir, which now was "the church," was required for "sittings," to hear rather than to worship.

"Wives and daughters of gentlemen or clergymen in the Liberty, and not foreigners, are to sit in the stalls," was the order of the day.

In 1681, while Dr. Bathurst was Dean and Ken was Bishop, a seat is to be provided for the dean's lady "in the grates." This privileged seat was a curtained pew enclosed within "the grates," of fifteenth-century ironwork, and under the richly carved and coloured canopy which stood over the altar consecrated by Bishop Beckyngton in his chantry. The canopies and tabernacle work of the old stalls of the fourteenth century were ruthlessly truncated in order that a gallery might be built above them, and between the arches on either side of the choir, with a frontal of panelled and painted woodwork. The lower row of seats below the prebendal stalls was divided into enclosed pews, but the old seats of the prebends still remained in their places with their "misericords" underneath, the slender dividing shafts supporting the carved hoods of each stall. The line of the stalls was in advance of the columns, which were completely hidden, even to the capitals, by the galleries; the choristers' desks and benches greatly narrowed the central gangway. Pews occupied the presbytery; the monument of Bishop Berkeley stood at the north side of the sanctuary until it was removed to make way for the more pretentious memorial of Bishop Kidder; Bishop Still lay on the south side, where the sedilia now are. Those who saw the choir at this period, in 1848, record that it presented an unusual amount of colour. "Under the coatings of whitewash and 'yellow dab,' which lay thick on the choir walls, were frequent evidences that the whole had been decorated with patterns, and the mouldings and mullions of the windows had been treated with painted rosettes. The throne of the bishop was entirely painted over to represent green marble; on the panel at the back was a rude

representation of a landscape. This paint, being in oil, was extremely tenacious, and gave much trouble in removal, and the effect produced by the change was extraordinary. The stalls and the panelling over them, Bishop Beckyngton's canopy, Bishop Still's monument were coloured. The pulpit was draped with crimson; the reredos, or wall behind the altar, was draped; the pew sides and bench ends, and altar rails, and sounding-board to the pulpit were of dark oak, a great contrast to the white stone which has succeeded."

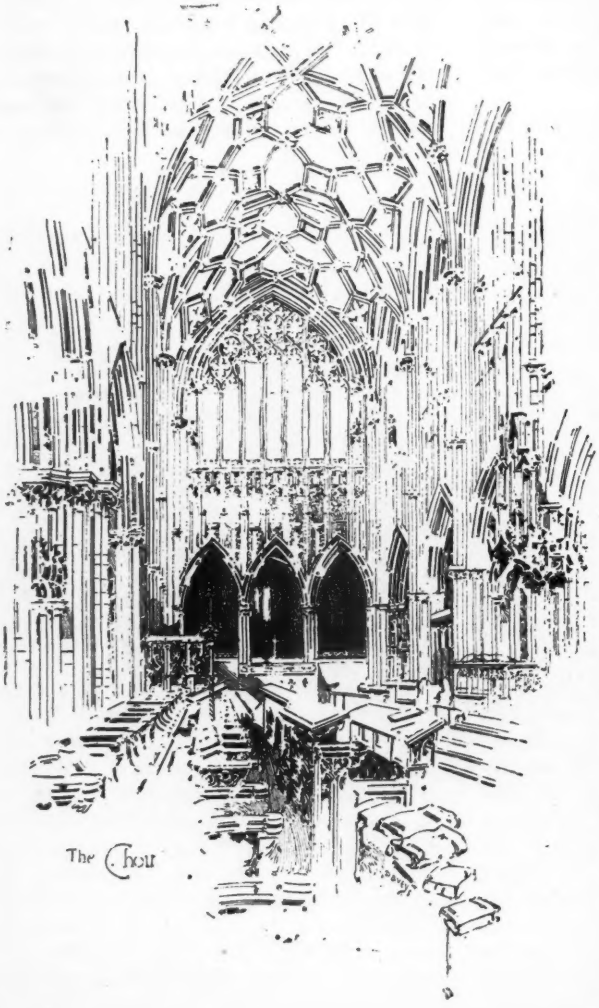
In the Lady Chapel, wood-panelling or wainscoting covered the east end; when this was removed, niches and canopies of a reredos were found in the wall, their facing cut down smooth. This reredos, of later workmanship than the chapel, was restored as far as might be to its original form in 1845.

The old glass in the windows, which had been taken out probably at some time for preservation, retained its beautiful colouring, but all designs were lost. Two high monuments of comparatively obscure persons were raised on each side of the altar against the windows, which they disfigured and partially blocked up.

In the middle years of this century a reconstruction of the choir was made with a zeal not always according to later knowledge, and innovations both in the ancient order and in the material and the designs of the stalls were introduced.

The wooden stallwork was removed altogether, both the upper galleries and the old oaken stalls. Stalls of stone, with elaborately carved canopies of excellent workmanship, were built into the structure; but, beautiful as they are, some will regret the loss of wood, as the more appropriate material for furniture and as giving colour, and the destruction of the oaken stalls of early design and of historic interest. The seats of the prebendal stalls were preserved, but they were removed from their places in the upper row and were transferred to the lower row, where they were fitted by rude hands into places for which they were not originally constructed. The stone stalls were thrown farther back on the stone bench between the columns in order to give more width to the choir, and to display the columns to their bases. But by so doing the continuous line of the prebendal stalls has been broken and a consequent loss in the number of the stalls is involved. There are now only forty stalls instead of fifty. Ten prebends are without stalls—or by a clumsy and inconvenient arrangement one and the same stall is assigned to two prebends, and the prebendaries are left to dispute the priority of their claims, or to follow the famous precedent, which Mr. Freeman was never tired of quoting, of the two archbishops claiming the same stall, when Roger of York set himself down in the lap of Richard of Canterbury, and was furiously ejected by the men of Canterbury.

But, happily, while the canopied stallwork has perished, many of the seats have been preserved, containing specimens of excellent and quaintly carved woodwork in the remarkable series of "misericords" on their under sides. The obscurity of their position during later centuries of disuse has preserved them from injury, and in some cases they are as fresh as when struck off by the hands of the carvers. Sixty-four seats remain, of which fifty belonged to the prebendal stalls of the upper row; all have been deposed from their original and proper positions in the upper row, where seats of new and uncarved woodwork have been inserted between the stone sides. These seats are called "misericords" because, when turned up on end, they took pity (misericordia) on the weary at the long offices, and gave them rest as they stood. They remain the memorials of those early times of the fourteenth century, and of another phase of religious life, when long offices by night and at early morning hours, and throughout the day, and watchings oft, and fixed times of duty and discipline, were the understood conditions to all who entered "religion," as well in secular as in monastic foundations. The carvings combine with the early semi-Norman sculpture and the grotesque capitals on columns in the nave and transepts, and with the solemn figures and imagery in stone on the western front, to complete a continuous series of mediæval carving in the church of Wells, remarkable for the blending of grim humour and playfulness, loving study of homely and natural subjects, with grave dignity and solemn and mysterious meaning.



In this slight sketch we have attempted to trace the history of the Church of St. Andrew by the Wells.

We have seen the little Saxon church, first planted by the waterside, grow into the Early English church of the thirteenth century under Jocelin, and then completed with Lady Chapel and loftier choir and tower under Ralph in the fourteenth century. And under all these changes of growth the architectural features of the eastern end of the church have been reflected day by day for a thousand years in the still pools of St. Andrew's spring.

Now we leave the church by the western door. We follow the procession on some great festival of the thirteenth century, as clergy and choir with banners, singing hymns or reciting litany, passed out of the north door of the presbytery round the

eastward processional path, down the southern aisle of choir and southern transept into the cloister, and then, after the prayer for the dead in the "Cemetery of the Canons," they passed round the cloister walks and out westward into the "Cemetery of the People," in the ground before the western doors of the church.

There, standing on the green sward which once was hallowed burial-ground, and looking up to that high western front peopled with array of sculptured figures, some hundreds in number still remaining after ages of decay, we seem to enter into somewhat of the meaning with which "this glorious work of fine intelligence" was raised in days when Art was servant to Religion, and the Church was teaching by appeals to sight and sound the mysterious presence of the unseen world, and of God and His saints, in the common life of man upon earth.

Here, as men laid their dead to rest, each in their graves, they might look up, and see, and read this "sermon in stones," telling, in one tier of sculptures, the story of man's creation and his fall, his redemption and his resurrection to life. In another tier they might see the commemoration of the faithful departed, kings and bishops, mailed warriors, and ministers of the sanctuary, queens and holy women, types of the honourable of the earth who had served God, standing in their places in life. And then, higher up, these are seen rising from their graves on the resurrection morning, to stand before the company of heaven, angels and archangels and the Twelve Apostles of the Lamb, and before the Son of Man seated on His throne, "high and lifted up" above all, in judgment. Faintly now can we imagine the impressive dignity and glory of this sculptured front, as the western sun glowed upon these stately figures, some of matchless grace, as they stood out from under the canopies of their niches, the shadows in the background darkened by artistic colouring.

We go away solemnised by the thought that we are here in presence of one of the monumental records of man's genius and art, mysterious in its origin, antedating the time of the great workers in sculpture and painting in Southern Europe—telling a story in stone of the unseen world, such as Dante sang in undying verse later in that century which produced this creation in our midst.

And the thought recurs again of the many generations of restless life which have passed in review beneath the eternal silence of these sightless gazers into the western sky; here again is

> "Central peace subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation."

Nowhere are such natural thoughts more truthfully expressed than by a poet of that western world where everything is so new and as yet unmellowed by the softening hand of time, whence men come to gaze with such delight and depth of feeling upon these fragments of an older world of art and of religion:

> "Looking up suddenly I found mine eyes
> Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
> I stood before the triple western port
> Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
> Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
> Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
> 'Ye come and go incessant; we remain
> Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past:
> Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
> Of faith so nobly realised as this.'"*

* Poetical Works of J. R. Lowell, "The Cathedral." I have ventured to substitute "western" for "northern," as it is written.

WHAT I SAW OF THE MATABELE OUTBREAK

By DANIEL KEARNS

DURING the closing months of 1895 and the opening months of 1896, preceding the late Matabele rebellion, I was working for the Inseza Nellie Reef Gold Mining Company, Matabeleland. Our camp was situated on the centre belt of the famous Nellie reef, which lies about sixty-five miles north-east of Buluwayo in one of the most mountainous and thickly timbered parts of all Rhodesia, and about ten miles due north of the famous Matoppo hills. Our party consisted of four white men—Mr. Thomas Maddocks, our local mine manager, John Hocking, and John Hosking, two Cornish miners, myself —and about thirty Kaffirs. Since the vein of reef had opened up pretty well in the different prospecting shafts and trenches, we had stopped all prospecting work, and for about two months prior to the outbreak were sinking two large working incline shafts for the purpose of properly developing the whole estate. Owing to the scarcity of native labour during the months of January, February, and March, we were only getting away slowly with the work in hand, but on Saturday, March 21, 1896, Mr. Maddocks received word through a native policeman from Mr. Fynn, the native commissioner for the Inseza district, that he had thirty-five "boys" awaiting him at Cummins's store, four miles distant from our camp. This welcome news put new life into the old man, as he now saw a prospect of pushing on the work with a view to flotation. And as he was a large shareholder in the property, it was easy to understand his great anxiety to do so.

Off he quickly set to bring back his numerous and dusky charge, and as the sun was low in the heavens that evening, back he arrived with them, he leading the way and they forming a long line behind as they marched in Indian file. With their fantastic head-dresses, many-coloured blankets, native water-bottles, musical instruments, knobkerries, &c., they formed a strange and interesting sight to the new chum.

The next day, Sunday, was made very lively by the new boys in their native war dances, the white men greatly enjoying the sight of their frantic jumping and capering. But had we known what was to follow in less than twenty-four hours' time, our joy would have been turned to sorrow.

Monday morning came, and Hosking set off to No. 2 shaft with a party of boys, Hocking taking a similar party to No. 1 shaft, to start the day shift. No. 1 shaft lay off about one hundred yards, and No. 2 shaft about a quarter of a mile, north of our camp. I stayed back for the night shift in No. 2 shaft. Nothing eventful happened until the time came for me to relieve Hosking, and at six o'clock that evening I set off with my boys in the direction of No. 2 shaft, leaving Hocking, who had finished his shift in the near shaft, sitting beside Maddocks on a log of timber, both enjoying an evening smoke, and seemingly at peace with themselves and all the world, little knowing what in less than fifteen minutes' time was to befall them. A sharp walk soon brought me to No. 2 shaft, and I at once relieved Hosking, who proceeded to camp, leaving his boys down the shaft until my boys should descend and relieve them.

I will now have to drop myself for the present and follow Hosking, in order that I may put before my readers more clearly what actually took place during my short absence from the camp.

Hosking had just reached the camp when a party of eighteen or twenty Matabele reached it from an opposite direction. They came right on to where Maddocks and Hocking were sitting, and the leader, no doubt to throw the white men off their guard, represented himself as a native policeman, bringing the other Kaffirs to work in the mine. Maddocks was about to question him, when this leader shouted down something in the Kaffir language to the native huts where the mine boys slept. The boys there answered back. The leader at once cried "Shya" (Strike), and before the white men could judge that anything was wrong, Maddocks was killed ere he could rise from his seat—brained with one blow from a huge knobkerrie. Hocking was attacked

with a native battle-axe, and received a terrible gash, extending from the temple to the chin, just cleaving the corner of the left eye; he also received three ugly cuts on the top of the head, besides being beaten black and blue about the arms and legs with numerous blows from knobkerries. All this was the work of a moment. Hosking, who had been taking a drink out of a canvas water-bottle which we always kept hanging at the hut door for the purpose of keeping it cool, rushed inside for his revolver as soon as he saw the attack on Maddocks. When he appeared again, Hocking was lying on the ground trying to guard off with his arms the numerous blows that were being showered down by the bloodthirsty wretches standing over him. Hosking at once fired in amongst them, bringing down one of their number; but while he was doing this, he received an ugly wound in the back part of the head from a Matabele who, seemingly, had been standing outside awaiting his return from the inside of the hut and who cleared off as soon as he saw the revolver. When they saw their comrade fall the other Matabele made for the bush also, out of range of the revolver, though they themselves were armed with a gun of some sort. Hosking was just in the nick of time to save Hocking's life, and as sure as firearms are destroyers of life that little revolver was the means of saving life; for undoubtedly, had it not been in Hosking's possession on that memorable March 23, 1896, there would have been four white men murdered on the Nellie Reef instead of one. Moreover, it was the opinion of many old pioneer prospectors, who occupied our laager during the following week, that all the mining camps on the Inseza district would have been cut up if no one had escaped to give the alarm.

Now to return to my own story. As soon as Hosking left me at No. 2 Shaft, I descended the ladder-way with my boys to the bottom of the shaft, stopped the day shift boys from working and sent them up the shaft. I was proceeding to point out to the night-shift boys their work for the night when Hosking's boys, who by this time had reached the top, shouted down, "Pesula! pesula!" (Come up! come up!) and instantly all my boys made for the top of the shaft, some up the ladder-way, others in their hurry climbing the timbers like black monkeys. I shouted to them to come back to their work, but the more I shouted the quicker they went up until at last I was left standing in the bottom of the shaft by myself.

Knowing by this time that something unusual had occurred, I quickly ascended the ladder, and on reaching the surface I saw that the whole of the boys, fourteen in number, had cleared away. My attention was at once arrested by loud shouting coming from the direction of the camp and, thinking that the new boys had broken out on my partners, I caught hold of a long hand-drill and set off at a run for the camp. When about halfway I heard the report of firearms and a moment after a second report. The first was from Hosking's revolver, who was firing through a small window, or air-hole, in the mud wall of our hut in the hopes of keeping the Matabele back until help should arrive from some place. The second report was an answer from the rebels in the bush whose bullet cut a hole through six of the projecting parts of the corrugated iron that formed the front of Mr. Maddocks's storehouse. But when I heard the reports, I thought they both came from Hosking's revolver, or I should have tried to reach the camp in a different manner to the way in which I was going about it. I kept on but could see nothing, owing to the trees and thick bush, until I got within ten yards of the hut when Hosking put his head, which was streaming with blood, out of the door, and cried for me to run in, for God's sake, or I should be shot. I made a rush and reached the hut in safety, much, as he afterwards told me, to his relief and astonishment. Once inside the hut, a sickly sight met my view. The floor was covered with blood from the two wounded men, Hocking, especially, presenting a terrible sight, while near the door, stretched beside the log of timber on which I had left him sitting, lay poor Maddocks dead. Hosking soon told me all that had happened during my absence from the camp, and before we had time to decide what at the moment was best to do, we heard loud talking going on quite close to us, in the bush. We rightly guessed that a second attack was being arranged, and as Hocking was rapidly getting weak from loss of blood, something must

be done and that quickly, or we should all be cut up. After a short consultation it was decided that I should try to reach Stephens's store, about a mile distant from the camp, to give the alarm and bring back help. Unfortunately, there was only one door to the hut, and that part of the bush occupied by the Matabele was directly opposite to it. But the venture had to be made, as everything seemed to depend on my escaping to bring back help, Hosking hoping in the meantime to keep the Kaffirs at bay with his revolver until assistance should arrive. Before I left the hut, Hosking strongly advised me to creep on my hands and knees through the bush, until I got out of sight of the rebels as one of them was armed with a gun. I did as he advised for about twenty yards, but I was so excited that I could do so no longer. I raised myself upright and ran for it as fast as I could. I had not gone thirty yards when a gun went off, seemingly close behind me, the bullet whizzing through the trees over my head, and cracking the dried twigs as it flew past. I stumbled forward, and nearly fell on my hands and knees with downright fright and shock. It was well for me at this particular moment, and no doubt for many others, both in the first and second, or rather, the continuation of the first Matabele war, that the Matabele generally aim too high when using firearms. Pulling myself together again, and never once looking back to see whether any Matabele were after me, I still made for the store though my legs seemed to be getting too weak to carry me. My route lay along a narrow path with trees and thick bush on either side, and at every step I was expecting a blow from some sable warrior hiding in the bush. But I reached the store in safety and found there three white men, Mr. Stephens, the owner of the store, Mr. McAlphine, the local manager of the Adventurer mine, and a prospector named Saunders. As soon as I had got breath to do so, I told them what had happened. Stephens and McAlphine at once saddled their horses, and rode off with a loaded rifle each, Saunders and myself following with a loaded shot-gun each, and as there is little or no twilight in these semi-tropical latitudes darkness was now quickly closing in.

Looking towards the camp I saw a huge flame ascending and lighting up all around. At the same time loud shouting could be distinctly heard coming from the same direction. I knew at once that the Kaffirs had returned and set fire to the grass roof of the hut in order to burn out my two partners. I cried to the horsemen to hurry on as they were burning them out, and they at once put spurs to their horses and set off at a gallop. When Saunders and I reached the camp, the heavy grass roof o the hut, one mass of fire, had fallen to the ground, and even the dried mud walls were burning to such an extent that we could not approach within yards of them. On the appearance of Stephens and Mr. McAlphine, the Matabele retreated into the bush; and as we could not see any signs of Hocking and Hosking, we thought that they were underneath the fallen mass of fire. We considered it foolish to delay any longer about the camp, as, standing in the glare of the fire, we made an easy mark for any armed Matabele that might be lurking about in the bush, so we hastened back again and reached the store unmolested. McAlphine at once set off for Cummins's store, three miles farther on, to inform Mr. Fynn, the native commissioner, of the murder. Fynn immediately despatched messengers on horseback to the different mining camps and farms in the surrounding district warning all white people to turn into laager at Cummins's store. Happily all in the Inseza district to the north of our camp reached the laager in safety, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Longfort, whose dead bodies were afterwards found horribly mutilated. But in the Inseza district to the south of our camp, all, with the exception of a storekeeper named Croft, and a prospector named Johnstone, were cut up. The whole of the Cunningham family, eight in number, whose farm lay about four miles south of our camp, were murdered; and as the Matabele that murdered Mr. Maddocks came from the direction of Cunningham's farm when approaching our camp, no doubt it was the same party that committed both ghastly deeds. It was the opinion of several old colonists well versed in Kaffir ways and doings that it was the intention of the murderers to attack every camp, store, and farm along the Inseza line of reef if they had not received a check; and as all the camps were from one to five miles apart and some with only one white occupant, one camp

could have been easily cut up without the next camp knowing anything about it.

That night, to my delight and astonishment, Hosking, half leading and half carrying Hocking, who was almost exhausted from loss of blood, turned up at the laager. Hocking's wounds were quickly washed and dressed by the only white woman in laager.

And here I may pause to give a word of well-earned praise to this noble young woman, not only for her timely and kindly aid to the wounded, but also for her brave and courageous conduct throughout the whole of the trying ordeal, from her first arrival in the laager to our arrival in Buluwayo. She was the wife of a farmer named White who had trekked up from the Colony to try his fortune in the new Eldorado.

After Hocking was laid in bed, Hosking explained to me the way in which they had escaped. They had seen the Matabele follow me with the gun, heard the gun go off, and seeing the Kaffir return to his companions in the bush they at once gave me up as shot, and thinking that no help could come through me, and believing that it would be certain death to remain in the hut any longer, they decided on making a last effort for life by stealing out and hiding in the bush. Fortunately they got from the hut unobserved, and after creeping on their hands and knees for about one hundred yards through the bush Hosking ventured to rise up as it was now closing dark and the first thing that met his view was the flames of the cabin which they had just vacated. They lay still until darkness had properly set in and then made their way through the bush to Cummins's store. Hocking, who was suffering fearful pain, lay down at times and begged Hosking to try and save himself. But Hosking was prepared to sell his life before deserting his companion.

The next day, Tuesday, when the roll was called in laager we were found to number twenty-nine white men with ten rifles, five shot-guns, a few revolvers, and about five hundred rounds of ammunition. Mr. Fynn taking command, the store building, which was built with green brick having a thatched roof, was quickly made into a fort, the grass roof was at once taken off by willing hands and carried to a safe distance, several loop-holes were made through the walls on every side of the store, and at night pickets were stationed all round the building at a distance of fifty yards to give the alarm should a night attack be made by the Matabele. An hour before daybreak all hands were ordered to stand to arms, as it was the opinion of the old colonists in the party that should an attack take place it would be at the break of day.

Wednesday morning came and passed without the expected attack. Wednesday night the usual precaution was again taken. At daybreak on Thursday morning there was still no attack; but as the Matabele could plainly be seen massing on the breasts of the surrounding hills, and as we had fully expected relief from Buluwayo reaching us before Wednesday night, the suspense in laager was becoming unbearable. It was now feared that Cummins and Edwards, the two men who had bravely volunteered on Monday night to try and reach Buluwayo on horseback to give the alarm, had been met by the Matabele and murdered. Things were in this state of painful uncertainty when I was relieved from doing my two hours' picket duty. I was on from 4 A.M. to 6 A.M., and two such anxious hours I never experienced before in my life, and it is not my wish ever to do so again. Hosking and I were stationed about sixty yards away from the front of the store, two Cape boys were placed immediately behind the store, and four more white pickets made up the watch for the night. Our duty was to be continuously on the march, meeting each other at the centre of our line of watch, then retracing our steps, and meeting the side pickets at the angles of the quadrangle which we formed about the laager. Our orders were: in the event of seeing the Matabele approach, to fire the alarm and run for the laager, and though all along we were greatly in dread of being cut off from the laager by the Matabele, should they make the attack, we dreaded still more the thoughts of being shot by one of our own men who, in the excitement of the moment, might blaze away through the loopholes, and shoot us instead of the foe. And we had good reason for our fears; next morning when the attack did actually take place, a coloured man, a native of Jamaica, who had driven the Cape cart that accompanied the relief party from Buluwayo, and who had spent the night in the mule stable opposite the front of the

store, was shot dead by the bullet of a white man within four yards of the storehouse door while trying to reach the store from the stable. Such uneasy thoughts as the above, combined with the warning of the old colonists that, should an attack be made, it would be at the break of day, supplied me with plenty of food for reflection. I would be on duty until 6 A.M., and daylight would appear about 5.30 A.M., and as the eventful half-hour approached completion—the half-hour which might be my last in this world—my mind was torn with the thoughts of death and the thoughts of home. It was not a question with me whether an attack would take place, for my mind was fully made up that an attack would take place on that particular morning, and it also was the general belief of all hands in laager that Thursday morning could not pass without an attack, as all day on Wednesday the Matabele could be seen massing almost within rifle range of the laager. Fortunately for us and unfortunately for themselves, the Matabele timed their onslaught for a day later.

Six A.M. came, and with it broad daylight, release from duty, and from that terrible state of mind that was almost unbearable to all of us. Before leaving this part of my narrative, I must mention an incident that occurred during our watch.

Just before daybreak one of the side pickets who met Hosking at the north angle of the square, and whose mind had been worked into a state of excitement by the thoughts of the forthcoming fight, placed his rifle to his shoulder, and crying, "John, there they come," was about to fire at an object that could be seen in the dim light a few yards away Hosking pulled the rifle from his arms, for he was about to fire at a small tree that he must have seen many times during the day before. The incident may be amusing in itself, but had that shot been fired the sequel might have been serious.

After being released from duty, I did not wait for breakfast, but made my way up to the top of the kopje, from which a look-out was kept during the daytime. I could not rest until I had one more long look over the veldt in the hopes of seeing in the distance the approach of the relief party from Buluwayo. I stayed with the picket for over an hour, straining my eyes to the horizon in the direction of Buluwayo, but yet the welcome sight did not appear. Tired of watching, I began with a heavy heart to make my way downwards over the rough boulders that formed the sides of the kopje. I had descended about twenty yards when the man on the look-out cried, "Here they come!" The words were no sooner out of his mouth than I was standing by his side again feasting my eyes on the welcome sight of horsemen approaching about two miles away. After a hurried glance through the field-glass in charge of the picket, I hastened down to the laager and told the good news, which put new life into all. In less than twenty minutes' time there arrived at the laager the Hon. Maurice Gifford, Captain Brand, Captain Gray, Captain Wrey, with eight other prominent Rhodesians and twelve mounted policemen, and with them a Cape cart filled with arms and ammunition. The relief party on the way out from Buluwayo had passed a mule waggon with sixteen mules speared to death in their harness, and numerous other signs of a general rising. Night came on, and once more every precaution was taken to repel an attack should it be made. An hour before daybreak on Friday morning all hands were called to arms, and just at the break of day bang went the rifle of one of the pickets, and with a wild war-whoop on came the Matabele with a rush. Corporal Strutt, of the Matabele Mounted Police, who gave the alarm, had his arm pinned to his side by an assegai which pierced through right into his ribs. For the next twenty minutes nothing could be heard but the bang of the rifles until the Matabele, numbering it was thought two hundred and fifty, turned and fled in a body up the rocky side of the kopje, leaving thirty of their warriors lying dead and wounded round about the laager. Our losses were Sergeant-Major O'Leary, of the Matabele Mounted Police, and a Cape boy killed, and seven white men and three Cape boys wounded. O'Leary, who was shot through the lower part of the body while taking aim at a Matabele, was one of Dr. Jameson's troopers, and had accompanied Jameson on his memorable ride to the Transvaal. On the release of the troopers at Pretoria he returned to Buluwayo, and

had just been there two days when he got orders to proceed with his men to relieve the Inseza district.

The engagement, though short, had considerably reduced our stock of ammunition, and the leaders at once decided to make tracks for Buluwayo, as another such engagement would place us in the undesirable position of having to fight with empty guns. Two bullock teams were quickly inspanned, one waggon being reserved for the wounded men and the other for provisions for the march. The whole party marched in the following order: the horsemen formed the van, rear, and outside guard, while the footsloggers formed an inside guard on each side of the waggons, the whole party being under the command of the Hon. Maurice Gifford, who had endeared himself to each and all of the company, not alone by his display of pluck and bravery during the fight, but also by the kindly and generous way in which he treated all classes in laager. The march was a forced one while daylight lasted.

As darkness closed in the party formed into laager for the night, the long waggons forming the sides, the ends being filled in with tree-branches cut down for the purpose. Pickets were told off for the night, and were placed at a distance of about seventy yards from the laager. Nothing of the enemy having been seen during the night all was in readiness for a start on Saturday morning at break of day, and the leaders hoped to reach Buluwayo before dark on Saturday night; but Friday's march under a burning sun had taken the go out of both man and beast, the footsloggers especially, their marching giving one the impression that they were all wearing boots about three sizes too small. When darkness closed in on Saturday night we were still fifteen miles from Buluwayo, and there was nothing for it but to laager up for the night. The laager was formed, and pickets told off as usual. No enemy appeared during the night, and daybreak on Sunday morning found us on the march again. We reached Buluwayo at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the townspeople turned out *en masse* to give us a hearty welcome.

Many were the lamentations over the death of poor O'Leary, who lost his life in trying to save others. He was well known and much respected as a brave officer, and had escaped the deadly bullets of the Boers only to come back and, as his comrades mournfully put it, get "knocked" out by a nigger.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR NOVEMBER

By the Editor

FIRST SUNDAY

THE UNCONSCIOUS EVIDENCES OF A NATION'S CHARACTER

THE most interesting subject in the study of history is to discover what that was which men chiefly thought upon in bygone ages. Even where there may be no literature, it is not difficult to form a general conception of prevalent thought from other sources, because men cannot help impressing their works with what they themselves are. From the testimony afforded by the lake dwellings, and the caves into which our savage ancestors huddled for protection, we can estimate the character of prehistoric times. From the floors imbedded with flint implements and the bones of wild animals we learn that what these old denizens of Europe thought chiefly upon was the sustenance of a precarious existence against a thousand perils, and we notice the success of the warfare as we discover the gradual use of improved weapons in bronze and iron. But we gain richer lessons when temple and statue afford vivid expression of the higher thoughts which dominated mighty epochs. Even if we had no inscriptions or papyri we could form some adequate conception of what the ancient Egyptians thought on as we gaze on the great pyramids, the temples, the

statues, all gigantic, and consecrated to the memory of some mighty personage or embodying some religious belief. These monuments are silent witnesses to the magnificence of the despotism which could employ armies of slaves, and to the influence of the priesthood which guided the worship whose grandeur still lives in the ruins of Karnak and Luxor. How clearly does the lavish skill bestowed not on works of utility but on things of beauty tell us how the thoughts of the old Greeks dwelt on perfect form and loveliness. Very different is the story told by the long aqueducts spanning the Campagna; by the strong roads spreading like a net work from the Forum and reaching to the most distant regions; by the huge circus and the palaces and the temples representing many nationalities which Rome contains; these speak of vast empire and firm government, and of a people whose rewards consisted in measureless wealth and material prosperity.

We may be certain that we ourselves are, in like manner, consciously or unconsciously stamping our thoughts and character on every work of our hands, and we may ask what would be learned if a similar test was applied to our cities as that with which we judge the remains of former civilisations. Remembering Lord Macaulay's picture of the New Zealander pondering on the ruins of London we may imagine what it would be if London or Manchester or Glasgow was submerged in such a catastrophe as overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum, and that millenniums after this their streets and buildings were laid bare, and the question asked as to what such relics indicated regarding the things we ourselves are chiefly caring for now. Suppose the inquiry taking place at a time when the kingdom of God had actually come and when the Christian ideal was realised in Society. There would be much to excite an admiring interest. Schools and colleges would tell of the widespread desire for knowledge; railways and telegraphs would speak of far-reaching intercourse; factory and workshop would reveal industry and ingenuity; the multitude and frequent shabbiness of modern churches in contrast to the grandeur of the few old cathedrals would indicate the change from the power of a priesthood to individualism, or perhaps from dependence on a ritual to a more purely spiritual worship. Arts and manufactures would have their own tale to tell. But methinks it would be a sad verdict which would be given when the contrast between the housing of the poor and of the wealthy was considered; when the dens and rookeries were viewed here and the palaces of millionaires there; when the magnificence of the piles consecrated to commerce, to the banks and exchanges, was duly weighed as against the garret of the "sweater" and the cellar of the starving; or when the eye of the future antiquarian fell on the hundreds of houses dedicated to the sale of intoxicants and to other forms of vice; or when he examined the character of our products and compared the scamped works of our handicraft with the faithfulness evident in that of other generations, every unseen detail being as perfectly finished as what was meant to catch the eye. "Did these people," he might ask respecting ourselves, "think chiefly on whatsoever was true and venerable, and noble and pure and loving? Are those monuments stamped with the character of the Christian ideal that was professed, or do they indicate a mere struggle for success and for wealth, in which those who won the prizes kept them to themselves and left a fearful wreckage of poverty and coarseness to perish in its own dens?" Would not the verdict be that the dominant idea of this civilisation of ours was money-making and selfish indulgence rather than that of the kingdom of God and of His righteous and loving will?

This is no idle fancy. It may be far from likely that any of our cities will ever become as another Pompeii. But we are building monuments which necessarily must carry a reflection of our national character. Wherever our empire reaches we are achieving results which are shaped by what we chiefly think upon. Shall it be that the advance of our people is being marked, like that of Spain in Mexico and Peru, by a selfish destruction of weaker races and by an unprincipled greed which, with poisonous gin and cruel powder as the medium of its exchange, is carrying disease and death among barbarian races? Or shall we leave the unmistakable traces of a people who thought first and chiefly on things that are righteous and helpful? Shall the future historian be able to point to remains which shall in mute eloquence

speak of the high aims of our statesmen and merchants, of the widespread courts of even-handed justice and the relics of a Christian civilisation which had carried its own best possessions into the poorest and most outcast tribes? We may be assured that whether we do so or not we are now writing our own history, and that the words are spoken as plainly to the nation as to the individual, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are comely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

SECOND SUNDAY

UNCONSCIOUS EVIDENCES OF INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER

THE same principle which we have applied as a test of national character is equally effective in the case of the individual.

The surroundings which we create for ourselves, the kind of work we give ourselves to and the manner in which we perform it, the characteristics we stamp on our daily toil, are all revelations of what we chiefly think upon, and that is but another name for what we are. We are the unconscious producers of things which, like mirrors, reflect our inmost souls, so that we may form an estimate of what we really are by contemplating the outcome of our thoughts in the shape taken by the matters we have to do with.

To take an ordinary example. Enter this person's house and note the selection that has been made of objects for daily use and enjoyment. What an unconscious picture do they afford of what the people are who chose them! When you look around the room you can at once decide whether it is literature, art, and high culture that are cared for, or whether it is ostentatious luxury and the vulgar parade and glitter of wealth, unrelieved by any motive beyond what successful mammon worship has inspired. Or, again, examine this other abode, where money is but slightly in evidence, but where there are traces of duties lovingly fulfilled, in tokens of sweet order, anxious care, and of tastes touched to fine issues in things comely and fitting. From such details we can determine what is chiefly thought upon by those who dwell there, for they reflect character.

Or, let us treat our daily lives in the same way, and project, as by a lantern on a screen, a picture of our habits, and learn thereby what it is we chiefly think upon. Bringing the highest of all ideals to measure our attainments, let us begin at the privacy of our retirement, and pass on to a contemplation of our common life, and consider what there is to be found which indicates thoughts that are fixed on what is Christ-like. He loved God and man, and went about continually doing good. What do we do in a similar spirit? Select any brief period for review, the last month or week, and see whether there has been any work which has been stamped with this divine love. Christ sweetened the most ordinary relationships by breathing into all the atmosphere of a heavenly helpfulness. How far have our own homes been made brighter and happier and better, and our companionships elevated by our unselfish kindness and considerateness? Christ said that it was His meat to do the will of His Father; how many instances can we recall when we actually tried to please God and to do what we believed His will? Christ went to the poorest and worst; do the paths of our life ever lead us into helpful contact with the miserable? Christ suffered for righteousness' sake; have we ever run any risk of failure or of loss because we have placed what is right and honest first and put success and comfort secondary?

If we are to judge what we chiefly think upon from what we actually do, and examine our lives to see how far they indicate the influence of the Christian ideal, we may be startled by the revelation. When we lay bare our works, as we supposed the monuments of a buried city to be laid bare, and judge ourselves by what these works of ours indicate, we learn lessons full of the most solemn instruction.

Our Lord gives us in the Sermon on the Mount a vivid picture of what that character is which He identifies with His kingdom; and St. Paul gives us another in his glorious chapter on the nature of that love without which all other virtues are vain; and he, with equal directness, leads us to the realities of spiritual salvation when, in the passage previously quoted, he tells us to think upon "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever

things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are of good report." For to think on these things is, in a sense, to think upon God, whose majesty is goodness. It was on such things that Jesus Christ always thought, and His life was governed accordingly. Nay, so completely did he believe that there is no good and perfect gift which is not from the Father of Lights, that the apostle delighted to wander beyond the limits which at that time separated Gentile from Christian morality, and taking the terms which were characteristic of the schools of the Stoics rather than of Christ, he adds, "if there be any virtue or any praise think on these things." The word translated "virtue" is never elsewhere used by him, for it was usually understood in a non-Christian sense as expressing self-reliance; and "praise" was also the meed sought for by the Greek as a chief reward. But St. Paul did not hesitate to give them a place among the matters whose pursuit led us nearer God, for all things noble and dutiful were in his eyes divine. And so he boldly told the early believers that there were things worthy of their best thoughts to be learned from those they might be tempted to call heathen.

All goodness is of God, and if we are to make our lives Christ-like and impress the highest characteristics on all the matters with which we are called to deal, then St. Paul's advice is, "Think on the noblest ideals; let no mean, selfish, impure, or dishonest thought govern you, but let mind and heart be filled with what is loveliest and best; for all such things are of God and must lead you nearer the Highest, even to Him in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead and the perfection of all goodness."

THIRD SUNDAY

WASTE OF LIFE

HAVE you ever thought of the number of lives which appear to be without any aim that is worth living for? Their horizon is narrowed to the pettiest circle of interests; things control them, instead of their controlling things; they never seem to ask why they exist, or what they intend to make of it all; they lack the power of individual conviction. How enormous is the waste of power in society! Almost limitless possibilities of noble living and noble doing are involved in every unit which goes to make up the crowd, and the crowd moves on composed of such people, who are swept on *en masse* by force of circumstance, and as much without determined personal effort as leaves whirled along on the stream. There is no endeavour to strike off from the beaten path and to follow some worthy ideal. It is not by the vegetable world alone that the puzzling question is suggested, why

> "out of fifty seeds
> God often brings but one to bear."

It is far more fearfully true of the seeds of human life and character. Of fifty, nay, of a thousand lives, how is it that scarcely one seems to bear any fruit that is fit to be called the purpose of its being? For the possibilities implied in humanity, however commonplace the surroundings, are almost measureless. We cannot anticipate the power which any man or woman may exercise for good, if there is but the heart to love and live in earnest. Most persons assume that there is no use in their attempting to be what they term "different from other people," and accept the conventional as if it were a necessity. When young they had, perhaps, dreamed dreams of a worthier future. When their enthusiasm caught fire as they read the lives of the great and good they then hoped for some worthy task. The girl then pictured something better than years frittered away in the fulfilment of those absorbing "nothings" which are termed the duties of society. The young man imagined a higher career than to be chained to the wheels of Mammon, and had the ambition to stamp some noble characteristics even on his common toil. But as time went on and tyrant custom exercised its sway all these ideals vanished—or, perhaps, only partially vanished; for evermore they may rise in memory, and, like the ghost of Banquo, make what the world calls success appear a moral tragedy. If we could but examine deeply enough, I believe we should be surprised at the amount of unhappiness which is the doom of those the world calls prosperous, but whose lives, according to the best standard, have been largely wasted lives. The pessimism which is the curse of many sections of society is the result of this loss of faith in every ideal. And, without

professing pessimism, there are thousands who, in the midst of luxury, pine for something better than the monotony of comfort to which their lot in life has assigned them. Their best aspirations are not satisfied. They feel that their lives are being wasted, and they long for some work which would afford worthy aims and deepen their human interests. At present they bitterly confess to themselves that they are of no earthly use in the world. Even when they are busiest, there are men who painfully feel that their work has nothing noble in it; it is all for themselves; and they know also that the drudgery of business is absorbing the kindlier dews of the heart. They are becoming the slaves, instead of the masters, of their increasing fortunes.

Many excuse themselves on the ground of circumstance. According to them, it is by the force of circumstances, or by some native greatness, that others have struck out a path that has led to nobler victories than material success; but they say that their circumstances are so different that nothing personal can be expected from them. And yet it requires but slight knowledge of the facts of life to learn that some of the greatest triumphs in the war of goodness and love over sin and misery have been won by those whose circumstances were all against their achievement. We could give instances from all classes, from the rank of the wage-earner to that of the busy merchant and the nobleman, and were we to place these fruitful lives side by side with those which we term wasted existences, we could see how inexcusable they are. The "idle and unprofitable servant" cannot but stand speechless as he listens to what the faithful have been able to make of the great talent of life which God has entrusted to all. It is too terrible to calculate the mass of useless, featureless lives which make up the bulk of so-called Christian society, and to consider the possibilities that are lost. How beautiful would this world be made if all the power which is now wasted was turned to effective employment in the kingdom of God!

FOURTH SUNDAY

FROM THE EARTHLY WE LEARN THE HEAVENLY

CHRISTIANITY has two sides; one being its manifestation in the lives of believers, and the other the unseen, heavenly source which can alone account for the results we thus see. Practical experience of the effects, and theology which deals with the causes, are in this way indissolubly connected. Christ appealed from the visible effects of the new life to enforce belief in the spiritual and divine powers which had produced them. You cannot tell, He said, whence the wind comes and whither it goes, which tosses the trees and bends the wheat, but there it is; you judge it by what it works. So is it in things spiritual. "We speak that we do know and testify what we have seen." There are men who possess a life that is evidently not of the flesh. They once were under the dominion of the visible and temporary. How do you account for the new enthusiasm and joy, for the love of God and of others which now possesses them, except on the ground that a new kind of life has been inspired, a birth from above? But if you will not acknowledge the evidence of such facts and perceive the meaning of the actual phenomena of experience, why should I enter on the divine side? "If I have told you of earthly things and ye believe not, how shall you believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"

In other words, He would have us learn that the most convincing evidence for the preternatural, the theological side of religion is to be found in the results of religion; and that, therefore, the greatest hindrance to faith may be found in the manifest inconsistencies of the so-called religious world, and the apparent inefficacy of the doctrines professed to produce the results promised. Gibbon, in a famous chapter in his history of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," attempted to account for the extraordinary victories of the early Church by enumerating five causes which he asserted were adequate without presupposing the claims of Jesus Christ. But when we examine these causes, we discover that he is really describing results, for the causes he assigns require themselves a cause to account for them. What he states is vain as an explanation of the spectacle of a society rising up in the midst of the ruins of a former civilisation, and at a time of utter moral corruption and despair, consisting of men dedicated joyfully to the service of God and

of humanity—holy and loving men who asserted that their changed lives arose because of One who was Son of God and Son of Man, who had touched their hearts and had baptized them with the Holy Ghost, so that new motives dominated them. It was power from on high, they all acknowledged, which had quickened this love and enthusiasm, and made them ready to die for the risen Lord. It was undoubtedly the character of that early Church which arrested the attention and finally won the sympathy of the Gentile world. Had there been nothing more than the declaration of the doctrines of the new religion; had St. Paul or St. John, Clement or Polycarp, with their followers, been men who merely propounded a creed, while their habits of life were no better than those of the surrounding paganism, their ministry would have been robbed of all power. Christianity with its exalted dogmas would, if remembered at all, have been no more than one of the many "superstitions" which rose and disappeared during the later years of the Empire. That which really told on society was the lives of the believers. It was what Christ had made them become which led the world to Christ. The earthly aspects of Christian character compelled men to listen to the heavenly doctrine. When slaves who had been thievish and debased, as was the slave Onesimus whom St. Paul converted, became heroic; when weak women were armed with courage to brave cruel martyrdom; when there was in evidence a holy brotherhood filled with mutual love and happiness, and lives made lovely with the beauty of holiness; then no cause seemed adequate which did not assert that it was because Jesus "being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth that which ye now see and hear."

And it is a similar kind of proof which the world requires now. It is when men can scoff at the inconsistencies of the Church that scepticism is armed with its most powerful weapon of attack. "Look at these believers," it used to be said by the early Christian apologists; "see how pure and loving they are! They are not found in the purlieus of vice. They are honest and true. See how they love men and try to feed the hungry and nurse the sick and are ready to suffer if they can only bless some child of man."

And, thank God! the modern apologist can also largely appeal to similar instances. For who are they who are at this hour readiest to serve humanity, who go forth to every land, not to make money, but to teach the ignorant, to heal the lepers, and to raise the fallen? Who are they who are exercising a ministry of mercy in every city in this country, and are willing to be brothers and sisters to the poor? Are they the agnostics and positivists and materialists and pessimists whose pens are the pens of ready writers, and whose cynical epigrams are the admiration of the stylists? No; public charity is in the main Christian; the army of mercy consists, throughout every rank, of Christian soldiers. However unwise it may sometimes be in method and inadequate in volume, yet the work of those who labour in the name of Christ is the grandest moral phenomenon of our civilisation. Christian men and women are still the very salt of the earth.

Let those who sneer at the failures of Christianity try do do as much on other principles. If, as they say, there is no Christ, no gospel of divine love, and no Holy Spirit of life and power, then let them, discarding such beliefs, try the powers they do believe in, and let us see what cures their medicines will work. Let them go down to the drunkards and roughs and the fallen women on the streets, and see whether they, too, can change such as these into the sober, earnest, self-denying labourers who ever and anon are falling into the ranks of those who are toiling for the redemption of the lost. But, if they have no such power or any gospel of life to declare, then let them consider what the cause is of the results which are every day seen. Or, taking a wider survey, let them compare what Christ is at this hour accomplishing through His Church with what any "school of thought" or any other religion is accomplishing for human elevation; and from the earthly phenomena methinks they will be compelled to recognise the heavenly cause.

If it is facts like these which form the best practical proof of the power and truth of the faith, no less is the absence of such features the great hindrance to belief. It is a sad reversal of what we have been describing when the cynic can point the finger of scorn

at those who call themselves Christian while their lives contradict the profession. It is terrible when he can ask with a smile, What good does your religion do? Does it make the Christian merchant, because of his Christianity, more honest than the Parsee or Mohammedan merchant? Is being a communicant a guarantee for purity, sobriety, righteousness, and goodness? Does your faith produce such brotherliness that class separations are unknown where it is held? Can you say even of your ecclesiastics, Behold how these love one another? It may be said that these things exist in contradiction to the religion which is confessed, but that makes the condemnation all the greater upon those whose inconsistencies give ground for the reproach. The evil done by the manifest coming short of the ideal on the part of those who name the name of Jesus and do not depart from iniquity ought to stir us up to a deeper sense of responsibility, so that from the earthly manifestation of the vital power of the Christian spirit, as seen in our lives, men may be led to believe in Him Who is the source of all.

THE LIFE OF LORD TENNYSON*

By WILLIAM CANTON

THERE is not a sentence in these volumes to belie or belittle the popular ideal of the supreme figure in the last sixty years of English literature. The man as we find him here delineated was greater than his work, and his life was the fitting complement of his poetry. No phrase in the unguarded moments of correspondence or in the nonchalance of private life, no trait revealed by the reminiscences of his friends detracts from a conception of his personality which may be said to have been the tradition of three generations. Nor can I detect any undue reticence on the part of the biographer. We appear to have been told all that we were warranted in wishing to know; and after all it is not in startling revelations but in little slips of the pen, in chance clues which have escaped supervision, that the reader catches disenchanting impressions and guesses at flaws of temperament and defects of nature. In this respect few works in the long catalogue of biography have been more satisfactory than the present. What these volumes do supply is the warm element of a common humanity, which is apt to be lacking in our idealisations; and if from this point of view the book contains nothing strange or exciting, it is a singularly gracious and peaceful record of a life steadily devoted to one lofty and beautiful pursuit; freshened in the earlier chapters with pleasant airs from an epoch beyond our experience, and enlivened throughout with delightful glimpses of a succession of distinguished men and women, many, if not most, of whom have now vanished from our midst.

As I write I find myself thinking of the interesting episode of Tennyson and his wife taking their little son Hallam to see old Samuel Rogers, who had once had his hand on Dr. Johnson's knocker but was too shy to knock and had run away without seeing the great man. That reaching back into the past has a curious charm of its own; the fact, however, serves to throw up into relief the wonderful duration of Tennyson's poetic activity. There is truth in the old phrase that the beloved of the gods die young; there is more in the thought that Providence entrusts a divine mission to the strenuous old age of genius and goodness. Think of all that the existence of Tennyson has stood for in English life and literature—courage in despite of poverty and physical depression, aspiration and tenacity of purpose, love of truth and beauty, fortitude and modest stillness and gracious dignity: these in his own person; and in his poems all things of fair repute, chivalry and duty and reverence and self-control, patriotism and love of liberty, the sweetness and purity of home, simple faith and the large trust of hearts in sorrow,

* "Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir." By his Son. Two vols., with portrait and illustrations. Macmillan & Co.

confidence in the struggle with spiritual doubt, and a serene anticipation in the presence of death. Surely it is a divine dispensation that through the shocks and changes of over half a century here and there high beacons should burn steadfast above the fleeting crowds of the earth.

For the actual story of the poet's life the reader must be referred to the biography, which is largely made up of letters, extracts from diaries, and reminiscences contributed by several old friends, accompanied by a number of admirable portraits and other illustrations. Here I can only touch on one or two features of special interest—the poet as his friends and others saw him; his art and his love of nature; his religious attitude.

Shortly after the poet's death the late Lord Selborne wrote of him: "Lord Tennyson realised to me, more than any one else whom I have known, the 'heroic' idea. Even in person, he was such a man as I could conceive Thiodolf the Icelander. . . . The consciousness, which he could not but have, of his great vocation, and of the work which he had done, was tempered by a vein of modesty almost childlike. . . . He was noble, simple, manly, reverent as well as strong, with a frankness which might at times seem rough, but which was never inconsistent with the finest courtesy and the gentlest heart." About fifty years earlier the grim and veracious seer of Chelsea had written of him: "Alfred is one of the few British and foreign figures (a not increasing number I think) who are and remain beautiful to me, a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say 'Brother.'" One of the finest looking men in the world, the sage thought him; a solitary man, too, and a sad, as certain men are, "dwelling in an element of gloom, carrying a bit of Chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos." Mrs. Carlyle also thought him a very handsome man, and a noble-hearted to boot, one with whom ladies might be expected to fall in love upon the spot. Affection is the key-note of the letters of Thackeray, old Omar Fitzgerald, Jowett, Browning, and a score of other correspondents. Indeed even her Majesty the Queen graciously subscribed herself, "Always yours affectionately." One reads without surprise of his physical magnetism and his striking mesmeric influence. Why thousands loved him for his poems with an intense personal feeling many of us can understand from our own experience. It was the most natural thing in the world that lonely women in the wildest bush of Australia should write to him while the children were asleep, and thank him for the light and joy his words had cast about their lot; that the son of an old Somersby bricklayer should tell him from 1500 miles west of New York, "Ah sir! perhaps no man in America knows as well as I where you first heard the wrens twitter, the blackbirds, thrushes, and robins sing;" that his mother's poor old blind servant should congratulate him on his elevation to the peerage; that he should be greeted on his eighty-second birthday with "'Long life to your honour,' as Irish peasants used to say, and so say I, the man who was working the State quarry on the Island of Valencia, when you spent a few days there in 1848, Chartist times in London and Fenian times in Ireland. I remember you telling us, not without some glee, how a Valencian Fenian stealthily dogged your footsteps up the mountain and coming at last close to your ear, whispered, 'Be you from France?'" Nor is it strange that he should have valued and preserved these evidences of attachment.

For the sake of the divine gift of laughter it is perhaps as well that the Laureate had occasionally experiences of a very different description. It seems incredible, but it is apparently the fact, that among the early reviews of "In Memoriam," one critic in a leading journal considered that "a great deal of poetic feeling had been wasted," and "much shallow art spent on the tenderness shown to an Amaryllis of the Chancery Bar"; while another achieved the following unimaginable appreciation: "These touching lines evidently come from the full heart of the widow of a military man." On the appearance of "Maud," a revolted admirer wrote as follows:

"SIR,—I used to worship you, but now I hate you. I loathe and detest you. You beast! So you've taken to imitating Longfellow.

"Yours in aversion,

"* * * *."

The little poem, "The Spiteful Letter,"

was, we are told, a reply to no letter in particular. Tennyson received not a few; but it is a startling revelation of the malignity of a little nature that for forty-two years the poet had received an anonymous abusive letter, evidently from the same writer, on the appearance of every new volume. "We generally contrived to burn them," says the biographer, "so that he knew nothing of them. One such letter arrived this spring (1892), and he saw it and was 'sorry,' he said, 'for the man who had so much spite.'"

One word as to the honours which the Laureate declined and accepted. As far back as 1863 her Majesty asked what she could do for him, and received the characteristic reply: "Nothing, madam, but shake my two boys by the hand. It may keep them loyal in the troublous times to come." One thinks of "Esmond" and of the delight Thackeray would have taken in such an answer. When a baronetcy was offered him ten years later, he replied again in language worthy of a lineage which dates back to mediæval kings, "I hope that I have too much of the old-world loyalty left in me not to wear my lady's favours against all comers, should you think that it would be more agreeable to her Majesty that I should do so," but for himself and his wife they would rather that they should remain plain Mr. and Mrs., and that for the sake of Arthur Hallam the title should, if it were possible, be assumed at some future time by their son. When he accepted a peerage, yet again ten years later, the thought of the Queen's wish to do him honour and the thought that in his person literature was recognised, counted for more than any personal consideration. (And here let me introduce parenthetically a story — over which Tennyson must have laughed consumedly—of a farmer who saw a painting of the Tennyson arms, in which the supporters are two leopards, and who said, "Why, I thought only one leper returned to give glory to the *Lord*.") He could scarcely have been less touched by the tribute paid to him at Lucknow when his son Lionel (who died on his journey from India) visited the city and the old flag used during the defence of the Residency was hoisted on the flagstaff by General Wilson, and the soldiers who still survived from the siege were all mustered on parade in honour of the poem on the defence. There must have been a deep pleasure, too, in the knowledge that the chief poet of Japan, an old man over eighty, who had copied out pieces of "In Memoriam," loved their music though he did not know their words, and felt that they two "talked to each other across the world."

It is not easy to conjecture the sources from which Tennyson drew his exquisite vocabulary. Less than most literary artists does he seem to have been indebted to his predecessors. He was "dominated by Byron till he was seventeen," but after the "Poems by Two Brothers," he "did not think he had taken any one for master." Indeed, the limitations of his reading in certain directions were somewhat curious. "I am very unlearned not only in Spenser, but in most of our old poets." Of Vaughan he knew "absolutely nothing," with the exception of "They are all gone into the world of light," and he had seen only a chance quotation of Gower. At one time the industrious little minds that delight in detecting resemblances brought heavy batteries of parallelisms to bear on his work, but with little effect. "Tennyson suspected of plagiarism!" Browning exclaimed. "Why you might as well suspect the Rothschilds of picking pockets." Occasionally, it is true, very striking coincidences did occur. On page 61 of the second volume the biographer quotes from a poem by Joshua Sylvester, the translator of old Du Bartas, a passage which is curiously suggestive of the "Miller's Daughter," and in the first volume one finds that two lines of "The Voice and the Peak" occur almost word for word in an unknown untranslated Chinese poem. These things he thought "must always occur;" and indeed it would have been easier for him to invent than it would have been to steal a beautiful thought or expression. What was an exceptionally rare gift in him was the seeing eye coupled with the power to crystallise his vision into a single felicitous phrase. No one watched Nature more keenly and closely; no poet did more, not even excepting Shakespeare, to fix the changing cloud, the unwrinkling leaf, the marbling wave in living verse; and in this work he delighted to the end. In 1892 he

would sit down to rest half-way in his walks and note the flight and song of birds, the toil of small insects in the grass, the beauty of the flower of the spurge. His poems are as full of human experience and of outdoor life as a tree is of leaves and the blue air of heaven. One remembers the smoking yew, the fire reflected in the window-panes at night and looking like a flame raging in the woodland without, the jewel-flash of the morning after a night of clinging mist, the great fall drumming through the thunder of the smaller cataracts, and the hundred vignettes of the sea—that sea which he loved so well that when a boy he could not reconcile himself to a future in which there would be no more sea.

There are many remarks in these pages which will be read with interest by the student of poetic art. Few poets have been more subtle metrists, or have bestowed more care on technique, or have brought more freshness and originality to the production of verbal music. Was he the first to perceive that there was quantity as well as accent in English verse? Even now the fact is not generally understood, much less generally recognised. One of the notable things in his poems was the way in which much of his later work was rooted by little threads in the dreams of boyhood or early manhood. "The passion of the past," which occurs in that "very personal" poem "The Ancient Sage," appears in an early letter of Arthur Hallam's; and the "far, far away" which had always a strange charm in his boyish ears, makes a haunting melody in one of his latest lyrics. Space does not suffice for me to dwell on the splendid use he made of the results of scientific discovery. And here, too, the awful vision of the range of stellar space seems traceable to boyhood. "Fred," he observed to his brother, when as an Eton school-boy he felt shy of going to a dinner-party, "think of Herschel's great star patches, and you will soon get over all that." Nor is it possible to do more than refer to the noble epical intention of "The Idylls of the King," which had haunted him years before he gave the idea shape, and which he meant to be "the dream of man coming into practical life and ruined by one sin. Birth is a mystery and death is a mystery, and in the midst lies the table-land of life, and its struggles and performances. It is not the history of one man or of one generation, but of a whole cycle of generations." In connection with what is said on this matter the reader will do well to read Mr. Stopford Brooke's vivid and delightful study and the interesting paper, "The Building of the Idylls," in the second volume of "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Thomas J. Wise. Two other things remain to be mentioned. "Catullus says," Tennyson once remarked, "that a poet's lines may be impure provided his life is pure. I don't agree with him: his verses fly much further than he does. There is hardly any crime greater than for a man with genius to propagate vice by his written words." On another occasion he said: "It is the authors, more than the diplomats, who make nations love one another."

Was there ever a true poet who did not feel the mystery, and love the wistful innocent beauty of childhood? The man who wrote "Sweet and Low" and "What does little birdie say?" could not fail to do so. Take this saying of his about babies: "There is something gigantic about them. The wide-eyed wonder of a babe has a grandeur in it which as children they lose. They seem to me to be prophets of a mightier race." And here is the Rama-cry of loss. After speaking of the birth of his third boy, he adds: "The first we had was born dead (a great grief to us), really the finest boy of the three; and I nearly broke my heart with going to look at him. He lay like a little warrior, having fought the fight, and failed, with his hands clenched, and a frown on his brow.... If my latest born were to die to-night, I do not think that I should suffer so much as I did, looking on that noble little fellow who had never seen the light. My wife, who had had a most terrible time lasting near the whole of one Easter Sunday, never saw him. Well for her." And the children, too, when they had outgrown their overwhelming prophetic stage, were a delight to him. "On feast days he would blow bubbles and then grow much excited over the 'gorgeous colours and landscapes, and the planets breaking off from their suns, and the single star becoming a double star,' which he saw in these bubbles. It was a red-letter day when an Italian organ-grinder

came, as he did more years than one, and was asked to warm himself by our bonfire of leaves and wood, while my father and he told stories of Savoy, Piedmont and Lombardy." One picture lingers in my memory, that of the old Laureate driving with his little grandson (on the nurse's lap) and an American guest, Mr. Fields, through the Aldworth lanes. "Little Alfred, aged three, had on the great Alfred's black sombrero, and the child's straw hat with a blue ribbon was stuck on the top of the poet's huge head, and so they drove gravely along."

Of the external influences which widened and deepened his sense of religion and which sustained his faith in a time of perishing traditions and dissolving convictions and failing lights, we may guess, but only he could have told us how much he owed to the devotion of his mother, to the loss of his friend Arthur Hallam, and to the companionship of his wife.

Little more than a glimpse of the first is given us in these volumes. In the poem of "Isabel" included among his "Juvenilia" the poet has sketched her, with "eyes not downdropt nor over bright" and "accent very low in blandishment," as

> "The stately flower of female fortitude,
> Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead."

"One of the most innocent and tenderhearted ladies I ever saw," according to Edward Fitzgerald; and so full of pity "for all wounded things" that the boys of a neighbouring village used to bring their dogs and beat them under her windows in order to induce her to buy them or to bribe their tormentors to leave off. "Few things delighted me more," another friend writes to the biographer, "than to see the mother and son together. You cannot remember your grandmother, I think. She was a perfect picture, a beautiful specimen of the English gentlewoman, loving and lovable, 'no angel but a dearer being,' and so sensitive that touch her feelings ever so lightly and the tears rushed to her eyes. Then it was we used to hear your father say, 'Dam your eyes, mother, dam your eyes!' and then she smiled and applied the white pocket-handkerchief and shook her head at her son. He often jested with her about Dr. Cumming and his 'bottles,' the bottles being the seven vials of St. John's Revelation! You have heard, I dare say, that your grandmother confined her reading at that time to two books, the Bible and Dr. Cumming's work on Prophecy. He used to jest with his mother about her monkey, a clever little black thing, that was generally seen in the garden perched on the top of a pole. Your father naturally christened it St. Simeon Stylites. I once ventured to ask him whether his mother had not sat for the picture of the Prince's mother in 'The Princess,' and he allowed that no one else had.

> "'Happy he
> With such a mother! faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
> He shall not blind his soul with clay.'"

On the publication of "The Idylls of the King," his mother, then on the verge of eighty, wrote to him about his "last beautiful and interesting poems." "It does indeed give me the purest satisfaction to notice that a spirit of Christianity is perceptible through the whole volume. . . . O dearest Ally, how fervently have I prayed for years that our merciful Redeemer would intercede with our Heavenly Father, to grant thee His Holy Spirit to urge thee to employ the talents He has given thee, by taking every opportunity of endeavouring to impress the precepts of His Holy Word on the minds of others. My beloved son, words are too feeble to express the joy of my heart in perceiving that thou art earnestly endeavouring to do so."

The influence of the loss of Arthur Hallam is not confined to the "In Memoriam," though it is most fully expressed in that immortal elegy. The "Two Voices" was begun under the cloud of that overwhelming sorrow, "which, as my father told me," the biographer records, "for a while blotted out all joy from his life, and made him long for death. . . . But such a fast friendship and such a loss helped to reveal himself to himself, while he embalmed his sorrow in his song." The splendid strenuous fortitude of "Ulysses" sprang from the same source. It was written, the poet once said, "soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in 'In Memoriam'"

And the living spirit of his lost friend moved across the great stage of "The Idylls." In that fine Celtic rhapsody, "Merlin and the Gleam," which Tennyson thought "would be enough of biography for those friends who urged him to write about himself," the poet blended the two Arthurs, the "flower of kings" and "the man he held as half divine:"

> "Clouds and darkness
> Closed upon Camelot;
> Arthur had vanish'd
> I knew not whither,
> The king who loved me
> And cannot die."

In passing it may be permissible to glance here at what appears to be the first germ of the great elegy. It was in the sad winter days of 1833–4 that the following lines were written in the poet's scrap-book:

> "Where is the voice I loved? ah, where
> Is that dear hand that I would press?
> Lo! the broad heavens cold and bare,
> The stars that know not my distress!
> * * * * *
> "The vapour labours up the sky,
> Uncertain forms are darkly moved!
> Larger than human passes by
> The shadow of the man I loved,
> And clasps his hands, as one that prays."

What shall be said of the wife? "Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?" he had half-playfully asked her, as moving "like a light across the woodland ways," she with Arthur Hallam had come upon him in the Fairy Wood at Somersby. A long ten years had to elapse before he was in a position to marry her, in the June of 1850 at Shiplake-on-the-Thames. "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her," was his testimony in after years. She became his Muse and his adviser. "I am proud of her intellect," he wrote. With her he discussed what he was working at; she transcribed his poems; to her and to no one else he referred for a final criticism before publishing. It is pleasant to read an entry in her journal under July 9, 1857:—"A. has brought me as a birthday present the first two lines that he has made of 'Guinevere,' which might be the nucleus of a great poem. Arthur is parting from Guinevere and says:

> "'But hither shall I never come again;
> Never lie by thy side; see thee no more—
> Farewell!'"

Seven years later she is an invalid, "almost entirely confined to her sofa," and again, after a lapse of six and twenty years more, we read under June 13, 1890: "My parents kept their fortieth wedding-day. He gave my mother a pretty posy of roses, rosemary and syringa, and was very merry." Writing of her a little while before his own death, the late Master of Balliol said: "The greatest influence of his life would have to be passed over in silence if I were to omit her name. . . . During the last thirty years and more, she has preserved not only life, but almost youth, on her sofa. . . . I can only speak of her as one of the most beautiful, the purest, the most innocent, the most disinterested persons whom I have ever known. He once told me—as indeed he told some things to everybody which others keep to themselves—how she said to him, 'When I pray, I see the face of God smiling upon me.' Such is the spirit of this remarkable life."

And now let us turn to some of the expressions of faith, or assurance, or trustful hope which fell from the poet's lips, and which underlay his work, if they did not actually find utterance in it.

At Mablethorpe, when he was a young man, he lodged with a Methodist family. On asking the mistress of the house what news there was she replied: "Why, Mr. Tennyson, there's only one piece of news that I know, that Christ died for *all* men." "And I said to her," the poet continues, "'That is old news, and good news, and new news;' wherewith the good woman seemed satisfied."

In London he writes: "And indeed, what matters it how much a man knows and does, if he keep not a reverential looking upward? He is only the subtlest beast of the field."

In a page of reflections on sin and suffering, he asks: "Can we say that God prefers higher happiness in some to a lower happiness in all? It is a hard thing that if I sin and fail I should be sacrificed to the bliss of the Saints. Yet what reasonable creature, if he could have been asked beforehand, would not have said: 'Give me the metaphysical power; let me be the lord of my decisions; leave physical quietude and dull pleasure to lower lives'? All souls me-

thinks would have answered thus, and so had men suffered by their own choice."

"Annihilate within yourself these two dreams of Space and Time. To me often the far-off world seems nearer than the present, for in the present is always something unreal and indistinct, but the other seems a good solid planet, rolling round its green hills and paradises to the harmony of more steadfast laws."

"Through darkness and storm and weariness of mind and of body is there built a passage for His created ones to the gates of light."

The following passages belong to later periods.

"This is a terrible age of unfaith. I hate utter unfaith; I cannot endure that men should sacrifice everything at that cold altar of what with their imperfect knowledge they choose to call truth and reason. *One can easily lose all belief*, through giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things."

"Yet God *is* love, transcendent, all-pervading! We do not get *this* faith from Nature or the world. If we look at Nature alone, full of perfection and imperfection, she tells us that God is disease, murder and rapine. We get this faith from ourselves, from what is highest within us, which recognises that there is not one fruitless pang, just as there is not one lost good."

On reading the eighth chapter of Romans, he said he thought St. Paul fully recognised in the sorrows of Nature and in the miseries of the world a stumbling-block to the divine idea of God, but that they are preludes necessary as things are to the higher good.

"If God were to withdraw Himself for one single instant from the universe, everything would vanish into nothingness."

"My most passionate desire is to have a clearer and fuller vision of God. The soul seems to me one with God, how I cannot tell. I can sympathise with God in my poor little way."

Speaking of the "mystic seizures," the kind of waking trances he had often experienced from boyhood upward, in which individuality seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, he said this was "not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life."

"The reason why men find it hard to regard prayer in the same light in which it was formerly regarded is, that *we* seem to know more of the unchangeableness of Law; but I believe that God reveals Himself in each individual soul."

"Prayer on our part is the highest aspiration of the soul—

> "A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
> And touches Him who made it."

"O Thou Infinite, Amen," was the form of prayer which he himself used in the time of trouble and sorrow.

"In Memoriam," he said, contained his confession of faith, and his belief in Christ was expressed in the thirty-sixth section.

"After all," he asked, "what is matter? I think it is merely the shadow of something greater than itself, and which we poor short-sighted creatures cannot see. Depend upon it, the spiritual is the real: it belongs to one more than the hand and the foot." And again: "Spirit seems to me to be the reality of the world."

"I think I can see as far as one can see in this twilight, that the nobler nature does not pass from its individuality when it passes out of this one life."

"I dread the losing of forms. . . . There must be forms, yet I hate the need for so many sects and separate services." Yet he regarded the particular form of creed as of slight import in the long run; the question would be, "Have you been true to yourself, and given in my name a cup of cold water to one of these little ones?"

Assuredly, says his biographer, religion was no nebulous abstraction for him. He constantly emphasised his own belief in what he called the Eternal Truths; in an omnipotent, omnipresent, and all-loving God, who has revealed Himself through the human attribute of the highest self-sacrificing love; in the freedom of the human will; and in the immortality of the soul. Nothing worth proving admitted of proof; "we have but faith, we cannot know." He would rather be the most miserable wretch on earth with a God above than the highest type of man standing alone.

And thus, as the earthly record of eighty-

two years was being brought to a close, the poet in his serene and beautiful old age spoke peacefully of the end: "What a shadow this life is, and how men cling to what is after all but a small part of the great world's life." On Wednesday, the 5th of October 1892, says the biographer, "his last food was taken at a quarter to four in the afternoon, and he tried to read but could not. He exclaimed, 'I have opened it.' Whether this referred to the Shakespeare opened by him at

> 'Hang there like fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die,'

which he always called among the tenderest lines in Shakespeare; or whether one of his last poems, of which he was fond, was running through his head I cannot tell:

> 'Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that
> Power which alone is great,
> Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the
> silent Opener of the Gate.'

"He then spoke his last words, a farewell blessing, to my mother and myself.

"For the next hours the full moon flooded the room and the great landscape outside with light; and we watched in solemn stillness. His patience and quiet strength had power upon those who were nearest and dearest to him; we felt thankful for the love and the utter peace of it all; and his own lines of comfort from 'In Memoriam were strongly borne in upon us. He was quite restful, holding my wife's hand, and, as he was passing away, I spoke over him his own prayer, 'God accept him! Christ receive him!' because I knew that he would have wished it."

As one closes this story of a great and blameless life a passage in the earlier pages of the first volume recurs to memory. What a strange pathos there is in the playful and yet not wholly playful prophecy in Arthur Hallam's letter to Emily Tennyson written nearly sixty years before, when the Laureate had but recently attained his majority:

> "Many years perhaps, or shall I say many ages, after we all have been laid in dust, young lovers of the beautiful and the true may seek in faithful pilgrimage the spot where Alfred's mind was moulded in silent sympathy with the everlasting forms of nature. Legends will perhaps be attached to the places that are near it [Somersby]. Some Mariana, it will be said, lived wretched and alone in a dreary house on the top of the opposite hill. Some Isabel may with more truth be sought nearer yet. The belfry, in which the white owl sat 'warming his five wits,' will be shown for sixpence to such travellers who have lost their own. Critic after critic will track the wanderings of the brook, or mark the groupings of elm and poplar in order to verify the 'Ode to Memory' in its minutest particulars."

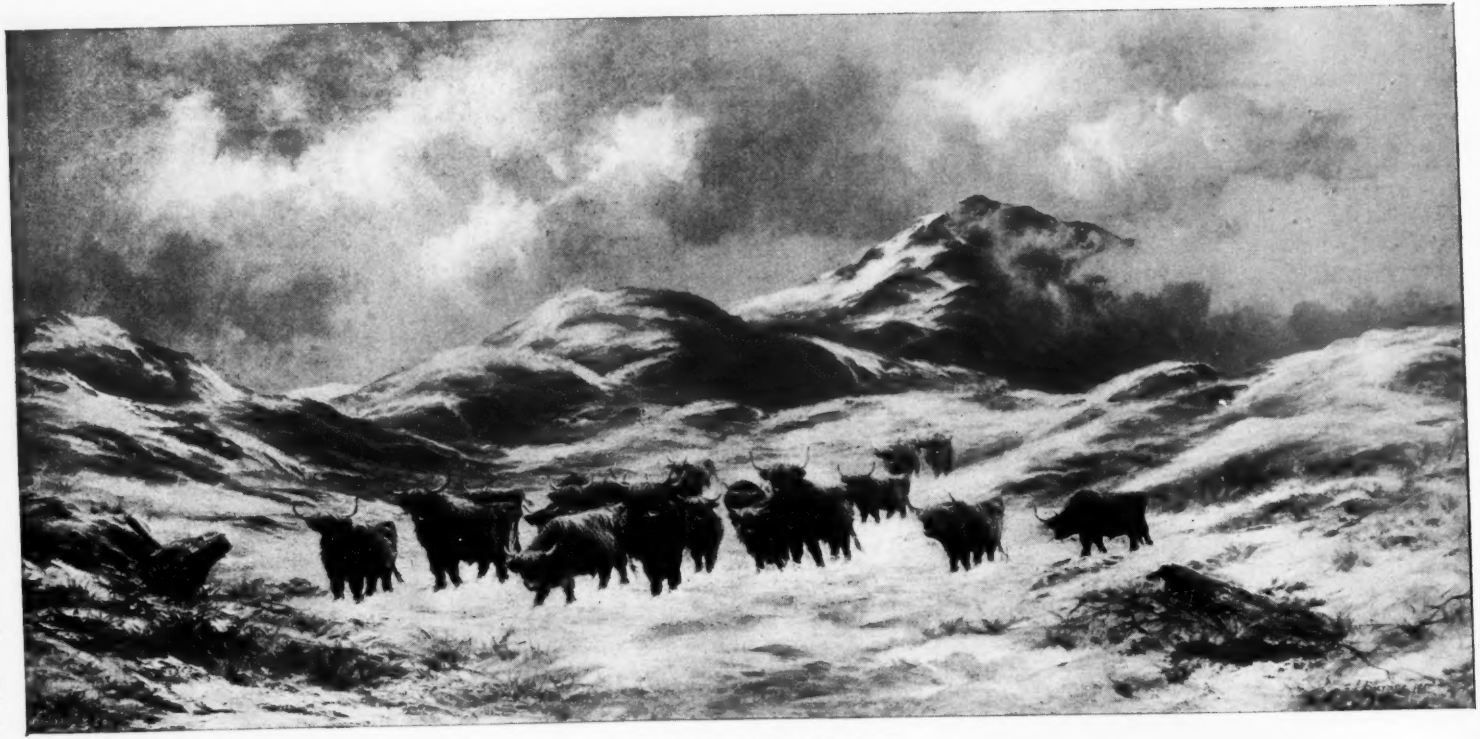
"TALITHA CUMI"

By VIDA BRISS

Eyes wet and hearts bleeding,
We laid her to rest—
Her little hands, pleading
The cross, on her breast.

Tho' bitter our weeping,
No murmur we made;
We knew in whose keeping
Our darling was laid.

We trusted, heart-broken;
Tear-blinded, we smiled;
And carved for a token
"Talitha"—our child.



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HARD TIMES

By S. J. Barnes

"You have broken my daughter's heart, madam"

WAYFARING MEN

By EDNA LYALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

"Thou goest thine, and I go mine,
Many ways we wend;
Many days, and many ways,
Ending in one end.
Many a wrong, and its curing song;
Many a road, and many an inn:
Room to roam, but only one home
For all the world to win."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"World's use is cold—world's love is vain,
World's cruelty is bitter bane;
But pain is not the fruit of pain."

E. B. BROWNING.

IF life during the past three years had been difficult for Macneillie, it had been tenfold more difficult for Christine Greville. As every one had foreseen, her position called for a strength of character which she did not possess, for a power of endurance which she was only learning by slow degrees, and for that sound judgment and prompt womanly wisdom which had never been her strong point.

She had, indeed, resigned the cares and anxieties of management, but this also meant that she was obliged to put up with whatever arrangements commended themselves to Barry Sterne at the theatre; and though he and his wife had always been good friends to her she was often unable to agree with his way of looking at things.

They had nearly come to a serious breach when he engaged Dudley, the comedian, assuring her that the man had quite lived down his past. And though time had more or less reconciled her to this belief, she was never quite without the instinct which had made Myra shrink from the man in Scotland. She grew to feel a little more confidence in him when one day he happened to mention Ralph Denmead in her presence. It was not so much what he said, but rather his tone and expression when referring to Ralph.

"So young Denmead is to play Hamlet at Stratford next month, I see," he observed one morning before rehearsal. "That boy will do well, if I'm not mistaken. There was a touch of genius about him even when I knew him as a half-starved novice in Scotland."

"Did you know him then?" said Christine, for the first time volunteering an unnecessary remark to Dudley. "He used to tell me, when I was acting with him in Edinburgh, what straits he had been reduced to during the spring."

"Yes, we had a rough time; but he was always a plucky, good-natured fellow ready to take the fortune of war. I'm glad he has fallen on his feet. Macneillie has been the making of him."

"They say Macneillie's health has broken down," said another actor strolling up. "He has gone to Scotland to recruit."

"He has been roaming about the world too long," remarked a third. "I wonder he doesn't give up his travelling company and settle in town. It would be better for him in every way."

"Well, he's doing very good work," said Dudley. "As a matter of fact, his company and Lorimer's are the only training-schools we have for the stage. How can the rising generation learn otherwise in these days of long runs?"

The arrival of Barry Sterne checked the conversation at this moment, and Christine turned away, sick at heart, to get through her work as well as she could to the tune of those haunting words: "His health has broken down!"

Was it true, or had some lying paragraph in a newspaper set afloat a false report?

Her whole nature seemed to rise up in rebellion against the miserable ignorance of his movements to which she was doomed. It tortured her to think that dozens of people who were wholly indifferent to him knew all, while she was racked with anxiety and fear on his behalf.

She went home feeling wretched beyond expression; even Charlie's eager greeting could not bring a smile to her face or ease her pain.

"Auntie," he exclaimed, "there's a lady in the drawing-room waiting to see you. She has been here a long time, and she would wait for you. Susan says she looks as if she were in great trouble."

"What name did she give?" asked Christine, her mind still full of Hugh Macneillie's illness and a terror seizing her that some bearer of ill-news had come.

Linklater handed her a card which bore a name quite unknown to her—Mrs. Bouvery. She rose with a sigh of weariness.

"Don't wait for me, Charlie," she said. "I am not hungry, and will interview this lady first."

Everything in Christine's drawing-room was in the perfection of taste. There were no bright colours, no incongruous mixtures. The prevailing tint was a quiet, low-toned blue. Birds sang in the window, and everywhere her love of growing plants manifested itself. Nothing could have been more restful and harmonious than the effect of the whole, and probably no one could have seemed more tranquil and self-possessed than the graceful, fair-haired woman who came forward to greet her visitor, though all the time beneath the surface her restless heart was full of passionate pain.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long," she said, her clear, musical voice making each syllable a separate delight to the ear. As she spoke she looked wonderingly into the hard, grief-worn face of the elderly lady who had risen as she entered and had coldly acknowledged her greeting.

There was an uncomfortable pause.

"Can I do anything for you?" said Christine, wondering whether her visitor had called for a subscription or whether she was perhaps the mother of some stage-struck girl come for advice.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bouvery, "you can listen to what I have to tell you. You have broken my daughter's heart, madam; you have ruined her life."

Nervous terror began to fill Christine's mind. Surely this lady must be mad! She instinctively measured the distance from the place where she was sitting to the door.

"I do not understand you," she faltered. "There must be some mistake. I do not even know your name."

"Your name, unfortunately, is only too familiar to us, however," said her visitor, remorselessly. "My daughter was engaged to be married to Captain Karey, and until

he had the misfortune to see you on the stage she was perfectly happy. From that day, however, all her misery dated. He was infatuated about you, and you lured him on to his death."

"Madam," said Christine, pale with indignation, "you do me a very great wrong. I never encouraged Captain Karey. On the contrary, his persistent attentions annoyed me very much."

"Oh, so you say! so they all say!" said Mrs. Bouvery, choking back a sob. "But I don't believe a word of it. You actresses are all alike. As long as your vanity is satisfied, you don't care what wretchedness you cause to others."

"Is it possible you really believe that I encouraged a mere boy, who must have been nearly eighteen years my junior?" said Christine, incredulously. "The moment I saw there was the least risk of anything serious, I would have nothing more to do with him. Every one of the presents he tried to give me were returned immediately. What more could I do?"

"You could retire from a profession which is unfit for any woman; you could refuse any longer to make your beauty a snare and a peril to men."

"I think," said Christine quietly, but with a ring of indignation in her voice, "you forget that some of the very best of women have been on the stage. Is Art to be crippled and are we all to retire to nunneries because some men are weak fools and some men vicious knaves?"

"I do not care to argue with you," said her visitor coldly. "The fact remains that you have spoilt my daughter's whole life."

"Indeed I am very sorry for her," said Christine with a sigh. "I can't blame myself for what has happened, but I can feel very much grieved about it."

"Whether you blame yourself or not," said Mrs. Bouvery, "Captain Karey's death will be laid to your account at the last day."

"His death?" cried Christine with dilated eyes, "what do you mean? I have heard nothing."

"Oh, you have not seen it in the papers? Yes, he died three days ago from an overdose of chloral. It was brought in as 'death by misadventure.' I do not envy you your feelings at this moment. It was a sad day for him when he first saw you, for him and for my daughter."

Christine did not speak a word. She was horror-struck by the news so abruptly told her; it was no time to assert her own blamelessness, nay, she could pardon the poor grief-stricken woman for reproaching her so bitterly, for insulting her by such cruelly false imputations. The admirer whose love-letters had greatly annoyed her, whose infatuation had for some time past been difficult to baffle, had been driven out of his senses by his unhappy and overmastering passion, and had died, leaving the girl who had loved him to her desolate sorrow.

Had Mrs. Bouvery been less hard and bitter Christine could have opened her heart to her, and made her understand how distorted a view of the case she had taken; but as it was they parted almost in silence, and she could only resolve to find out a little more about the daughter, and if possible, to write to her later on.

But for many days after that the story haunted her and made her miserable. Afterwards, too, in her depression, the thought of Mrs. Bouvery's cruel words returned to her.

"Had I not been a solitary woman she would never have dared to attack me like that," she reflected with tears in her eyes. "A woman without a protector is at the mercy of any one who chooses to torment her. Were I not worse than widowed, Lord Rosscourt and men of his type would be unable to persecute me with attentions that are insults. They would not dare to send me letters which one can hardly glance at without feeling defiled."

It happened that among her best and most trusted friends was a certain literary man named Conway Sartoris and the sensible middle-aged sister who kept house for him. She had known them for the last ten years, and they had been the first to discern how very miserable was her married life. During the difficult years that followed her separation their entirely unaltered friendship had been a great comfort to her. Conway Sartoris was not only a brilliant writer and an advanced thinker, but a most delightful companion, full of dry humour and shrewd common sense, and his sister had a genuine affection for Christine, and

always gave her a warm welcome at their pretty old-fashioned house in Westminster. She was dining with them on the following Sunday, and found it a great relief to tell them of the tragedy with which so unwittingly she had become connected, and of Mrs. Bouvery's interview.

Alas! in seeking comfort she only met with fresh trouble. For the next evening on her return from the theatre she found a long letter from Conway Sartoris in which he frankly admitted that his friendship had some time ago deepened into love, that he was sure her life would always be difficult and perilous without a protector, and that he would do his utmost to make her happy. In blank dismay Christine read his proposal that they should enter into a union which would virtually be a marriage; he quoted instances in which such unions had been after a time condoned by society and had proved eminently happy, and he argued very plausibly that the best way to bring about a speedy reform of the present unjust and unequal law under which she suffered was to add another instance to the cases in which it had been deliberately and conscientiously broken.

His pleading, as far as he himself was concerned, proved, of course, quite useless. Christine could only write in reply that her friendship and respect for him must always remain unaltered, but that her heart was still with the lover of her youth—the man who through her own weakness and ambition had been so cruelly sacrificed years ago.

To this she received a very straightforward and kindly answer, and Conway Sartoris entreated her not to allow what had passed in any way to affect their friendship. But this was more easily said than done. His avowal had put an end to the perfect ease and rest of their intercourse, and she felt more than ever alone in the world.

Another result of this episode was that his arguments were constantly recurring to her mind. Surely there was great force in the suggestions he had brought forward in his masterly, clear-headed way. Were there not bound to be exceptions to every rule? Was not Hugh Macneillie's notion of obedience, even to an unjust law, because it was the law of the land, an overstrained nicety? It might be a counsel of perfection, but surely it could not be the actual duty of each citizen? Hugh had such an element of austerity about his life; kind and genial and tolerant as he was with regard to others his own notions of right and wrong were so rigid. He was certainly old-fashioned, not up to date, not able to accommodate himself to *fin-de-siècle* conditions.

"I will not let him wreck his life!" she thought, pacing with agitated steps up and down her room. "My heart is breaking for want of him, and he is ill and alone. What do I care for the tongues of narrow-minded, conventional people who know nothing of our real story? Let them rave! He is mine and I am his. All the unfair, unequal laws in the world can't alter that."

Just then she happened to notice a letter upon the mantelpiece, which by some oversight she had left unopened.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, glancing through it. "An invitation from Mrs. Hereford to lunch on Sunday, to meet Ralph Denmead and his wife? Yes, I will go. From them I may at any rate learn how Hugh is."

Her stay at Monkton Verney had led to her becoming a friend of the Herefords; she had an unbounded respect for them both, and at their house in Grosvenor Square she invariably enjoyed herself. Charlie, too, liked nothing better than to go there with her, and there was something in the atmosphere of the household which was curiously refreshing and invigorating. They were busy people, but they never bored others with their work, and always seemed to have time for merriment, and for keen appreciation of the interests of their friends.

On this Sunday, however, she was more taken up with the Denmeads than with her host and hostess. There was something in the mere happiness of the young husband and wife that appealed to her, and she had a long talk with them, and heard all that she craved to know. Macneillie, they judged by his letters, was still far from well, and even the visit to his own country had failed to do him much good. He was to go on the following day to Stratford, and for the sake of quiet would stay just outside the town at a curious old-fashioned house called the Swan's Nest. He would remain there probably until the Birthday week, when they were to rejoin him for the performances at the Memorial Theatre.

Then Evereld had much to say about the manager's kindness to them, of Dick's devotion to him and all the many little details which her womanly instinct taught her would be to Christine what bread is to the starving. It was all told naturally and simply and as a matter of course, there was never any uncomfortable consciousness that they knew all about her past and could guess how bitter was her present. It was only when thinking it over afterwards that Christine felt sure that the Denmeads knew the whole truth, and she loved them for their tact and considerateness.

But all through the night that followed she was haunted by the thought of Hugh Macneillie ill and alone, unable even to find comfort in his mother's society, beyond the cure even of his native land.

It is during wakeful nights that burdens usually grow unbearable. And Christine had now reached the point when every consideration but the one prevailing idea is crowded out of the mind.

"I cannot let him suffer any more," she thought. "At all costs this intolerable state of things must and shall be ended. I am free all this week, free till Easter Monday. To-morrow I will go down to Leamington with Charlie and the servants, and the next day I will see him."

CHAPTER XXXIX

"The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him."

J. R. Lowell.

The following Tuesday proved to be as fine a day as Christine could have wished. Charlie was delighted to fall in with her suggestion of driving from Leamington to Warwick, and she left him with Linklater and his beloved camera to spend a long afternoon in seeing the castle, the church, and the many picturesque places to be found in the old town.

"I have to pay a call in the neighbourhood," she explained, "and will meet you here at six o'clock. See that he has plenty to eat, Linklater, for we made a very early lunch."

When they were safely within the castle gates she ordered a victoria at the hotel and drove in to Stratford. Up to that very moment she had felt eager and alert, ready to dare anything in her desperation. But now when there was no longer anything to do, she lay back in the carriage feeling utterly spent, unable to find the least comfort in the soft spring air, or in the beautiful expanse of country, or in the hedge-rows just bursting into leaf, or in the joyous song of the birds. It was not until they were close to Shakspere's town that her spirit returned to her once more, and as they passed the Roman Catholic Church she sat up and called to her driver.

"I will get out here," she said, adjusting her white gossamer travelling veil. "You can drive on and put up at the Shakspere Hotel until I come there."

The man obeyed, and she walked on until upon the left she saw Clopton Bridge, at the further side of which she knew the Swan's Nest was situated. As usual, she was dressed with scrupulous quietness; there was nothing in her black serge coat and skirt and sailor hat to distinguish her from hundreds of other women, and no passer-by would have recognised her through her veil.

Nevertheless her heart failed her somewhat when the little old-fashioned inn with its red-brick walls and tiled roof came into sight. She fully realised that she was taking a desperate step. But then did not desperate diseases require desperate remedies? And had not Hugh Macneillie in the letter he wrote her three and a half years ago entreated her to let him serve her if ever she found herself in difficulty?

No one else could help her now. He only could shield her and make her life worth living. And was not he ill and in need of her? Was she not fully justified in seeking him?

She had paused involuntarily on the bridge, lost in thought, and now just for a moment the exceeding beauty of the view drew her attention away from her perplexities.

The silvery Avon, crossed a little further down by an old bridge of red brick, the irregular buildings of the little town, the finely proportioned Memorial Theatre standing in its gardens upon the river's brink; facing it a lovely pastoral bit of green meadows and budding trees, and in the

distance the old church spire with rooks circling about it.

In the opposite direction lay peaceful fields, and all along the bank pollard willows overhung the stream which curved round in a way that delighted her eye. In the bend of the river, moored to a willow tree a small golden-brown boat was to be seen. It was empty but on the bank just above it lay the figure of a man with his head propped on his arm and a book in his hand. She could not distinguish his features at that distance, but from something in his attitude she at once knew that it was Hugh Macneillie. Moreover she could see a corner of the plaid which he had invariably taken about with him, the dark blue and green of the Macneil tartan with its thin alternate cross lines of white and yellow. It was the very same one that in old days had often been spread over her knees on some cold wintry railway journey.

Somehow the sight of this restored her failing heart; she swiftly made her way down to the river-side, and youth and hope seemed to come back to her as her feet touched the springy turf and passed lightly over the white and gold of the daisies.

Macneillie, just glancing up from his book, saw a lady approaching clad in the costume which is almost a uniform; he devoutly hoped, after the fashion of celebrities on a holiday, that she would not recognise him.

Christine could so well read his thoughts and understand his slightest gesture that she could hardly help laughing. She put up her veil and walked straight towards him, her brown eyes full of that soft love-light which for years he had not seen in them.

As she paused close to him he involuntarily looked up once more, and with a cry sprang to his feet.

"Christine!" he exclaimed, taking both her hands in his. "Is it indeed you?"

Just for one exquisite moment he forgot everything, was only conscious that she was beside him, and that they loved each other, with a love which surpassed even the first bliss of the early days of their betrothal. The next moment with a horrible revulsion he remembered the barrier that lay between them. Neither of them spoke; in the stillness they were each conscious of the clear birdlike whistle of an errand-boy crossing the bridge. He had caught up one of the prettiest airs in "Haddon Hall"—"To thine own heart be true!"

"Hugh," she said softly, "you told me if ever a time came when there was no one else who could help me more fitly that I was to come to you. I am driven almost desperate and I have come to claim your promise. Where can we talk quietly?"

"If you will not find it too cold, I could row you up the river towards Charlcote," he said. "Later in the week Stratford will be full of excursionists, but there is no one on the river this afternoon; we shall be quite unmolested."

She thought this an excellent plan, and let him help her into the boat, and spread the plaid over her knees.

"It was by this dear old tartan that I recognised you—at least, chiefly by that," she said.

"Like its owner, it has seen its best days," said Macneillie, with a smile. "But I have the same feeling for it that the fellow in Gounod's song had for his old coat.

> 'Mon viel ami,
> Ne nous separons pas.'"

And he sighed a little as he remembered how in the days of their betrothal he had often taken her under his "plaidie."

A strangely dreamy, unreal feeling crept over Christine as she leant back in the stern while Macneillie, with his strong arms, rowed her up the winding river. She almost wished his strokes had not been so long and steady, for it seemed to her as if this heaven of peace and repose would end too swiftly. At last he paused.

"We couldn't well find a more lovely place than this," he said, glancing over his shoulder, and dexterously guiding the boat in between the grassy bank and the branches of an overhanging willow.

"I never saw such a wonderful colour as these new spring shoots of the willow," said Christine, as he drew in his oars, and sat down beside her in the stern.

Not a breath of wind stirred the leaves. The flies came out and made a cheerful droning sound, as though summer had already come; a lark was singing far up in the blue vault above, and everywhere the quiet of perfect peace seemed to brood.

Macneillie felt that longer silence was

perilous; he had learned to allow himself scant leisure when temptation was rife.

"Tell me now what your trouble is," he said quietly.

"Oh!" she cried vehemently, "it seems like sacrilege even to speak of it in such a place as this where all is so peaceful."

Macneillie, who was very far from being at peace, smiled a little involuntarily.

"The place is well enough," he said, glancing round. "But now that we are actually among the 'pendent boughs,' it reminds me rather too much of

'There is a willow grows aslant a brook.'

It might be the identical spot where Ophelia was drowned."

"I wonder if it is!" she said, diverted for a minute from her own anxieties. "Poor Ophelia! Somehow I have never cared to play the part of late years. You spoiled me for all other Hamlets. I have often wondered since, Hugh, how you contrived to get through that last season in London."

"Well, it was a rough time," said Macneillie, "for, like the Danish Prince,

'In my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep.'

By the end of the season I was as nearly mad as Hamlet feigned to be. But no more of that. It is of the present we must talk, not of the past. How can I help you? Has any one been molesting you?"

"Yes," she faltered. "I will tell you all, and then you will understand."

So in her musical voice, and with that extraordinary charm of manner which made her irresistible, she told him simply and truthfully all the difficulties she had had to contend with. Lastly, she told him of Conway Sartoris, and of the arguments he had used in his letter.

"They seem to me quite unanswerable," she said, "and he is a man every one respects. He is far more intellectual than we are, and he doesn't merely theorise; he knows the difficulties of real life. The more I think of it the more it seems to me that you and I are wrecking our lives and suffering so cruelly all for a mistaken idea—a sort of fetish-worship for the law of the land."

Macneillie had grown very pale, his hands trembled, but from long force of habit his voice was well under his control.

"Sin is lawlessness," he quoted in a low tone.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly, "but this law that parts us, that makes our lives a hell—you say it is an unjust law, and ought to be reformed. You said that in your letter."

"I long for its reform with all my heart," he replied. "And the greatest of living statesmen, and the most devoted of English churchmen, did his utmost in 1857 to prevent this wicked double standard of morality from ever finding a place in the Divorce Law. He said he would deliberately prefer an increase in the number of cases of divorce to the acceptance of this shameful inequality between men and women."

"And are we patiently and tamely to go on enduring it?" she cried. "Why, surely, all reforms have been won by those who were not afraid to break the bad laws that had no business to exist. Think of your Covenanters who gloriously broke the law, and saved their country from tyranny! Almost all heroes and martyrs have broken the law when it deserved to be broken."

"Yes, that is true," he said. "But they only broke it out of obedience to a higher law; they did not break it for their own gain. My dearest"—he took her hand, and held it closely in his—"though this law cries aloud for reform, let us be law-abiding citizens, and wait."

Her eyes filled with tears, her voice quivered pitifully when after a while she spoke.

"You talk of waiting; but when one sees how truth and justice are set at naught in parliament, how with people agonising and dying, and with so much that is wrong to be righted, our representatives will haggle miserably for months and years over useless questions; how from sheer spite they will waste the time of the nation; how from party-jealousy they will thwart measures; the thought of waiting grows intolerable."

"But reform is bound to come," said Macneillie. "Most of the fair-minded people who have studied the matter, and who know anything of practical life, desire it. Virtually we have against us only the narrow-minded and the men of vicious life."

"You say *only!*" exclaimed Christine, with a laugh that was half a sob. "But it is just the narrow good and the vicious bad

who work all the misery of the world. Oh, Hugh, I am not strong and brave like you; I am weak and tired and worn out. I cannot live longer without you. I have tried to bear it, but I have come to the end of my strength."

She covered her face with her hands. He could see great tears slowly falling between her slender white fingers, and the sight wrung his heart. Yet he did not respond to her appeal. It was not because he failed to understand that bitter cry of exhaustion; it was because he understood it so well, had been, indeed, for the last few weeks so drearily conscious of just the same feeling, that he could endure no longer, that his strength was gone. It was well that Christine could not see his face, for the agonising struggle which was going on within him was only too clearly visible. In the intense stillness of the calm sunny afternoon, it seemed to him that all nature was at rest save themselves, and as in moments of great physical pain some very slight detail will attract the sufferer's attention, so now, while he passed through the most cruel ordeal of his life, Macneillie was watching, half-unconsciously, the pretty movements of a little water-rat, which had run up the stem of a tree growing close to the river, and was evidently enjoying itself to the best of its ability. The birds, too, were singing as though in a perfect ecstacy of joy.

Their song contrasted mockingly with the torturing thoughts which filled his mind, and yet, nevertheless, it was through the joyousness of these lesser creatures that his help was to come. For it carried him back to the thought of a great Teacher who, when speaking to "an innumerable multitude of people," average men and women, tempest-tossed as he was now, had told them that not one single bird was forgotten by God, and had said, "Fear not, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

With that highest courage which in times of dire dismay can rise from what seems like certain defeat, and kindle hope and strength in others, and win in a desperate fight, Macneillie gripped the words to his heart and was strong once more with that trust in God which *is* man's righteousness.

"I know exactly what you mean," he said as Christine at length looked up and dried her tears. "Many a time I have felt at the end of my strength. It's just a device of the devil's own making. Depend upon it, God won't take away His gift just when it is most needed. Is it likely He would do that?"

"It seems to me that the devil rules," said Christine. "I can believe in little but evil in the wretched life I have had to live. Here with you it is different. I seem another being altogether. You can make me good."

There was truth in what she said. He had always had over her the best possible influence. Without each other they were incomplete.

"And yet," he said, "it is just because I so love and honour you that the arguments of Conway Sartoris which you mentioned just now, clever and plausible though they are, seem contemptible. Shall I let the one I love best in all the world bear shame and reproach? Shall you and I who have tried all these years to be a credit to the profession, give such a handle to its enemies? Shall we dare to bring down upon innocent children the curse of illegitimacy? And all because we were too weakly impatient to wait, or too cowardly to suffer? Forgive me, my dear one, I put these things in a blunt way, but are they not things we must think out clearly if we would come safely through this ordeal?"

She looked up in his face. It was singularly beautiful just at that minute, in spite of the havoc which time and suffering had wrought in it. She fancied that he would wear that look of manly courage, of noble strength, in his resurrection body. The thought seemed to give her new life. Quietly, indeed with a calmness which surprised herself, she slipped her hand into his; it was done spontaneously, as a child slips its hand into that of a trusted companion.

"You are right, Hugh, quite right," she said. "We will wait. You must forgive me for having come here to-day."

"You were only keeping your promise," he said, "and perhaps to talk things out was best for both of us."

He was silent for a few minutes, wondering what could be done to render her life a little more bearable. What was it that had been his own greatest relief during the last few years? Well, undoubtedly, it had been the companionship of Ralph and his wife

and little Dick. They were a very fascinating trio, and carried about with them an atmosphere of youth and brightness, which was pleasant enough to middle-aged folk sorely burdened with care and trouble. A sudden idea flashed into his mind. Many people are ready to assert that they would lay down their lives for those they love. Macneillie seldom protested in words, but had a way of quietly giving up his most treasured possessions—so quietly, indeed, that most people hardly noticed that he did it at all.

"And now," he said, "I am going to ask you to do something for me. Do you recollect a young fellow who was acting with you at Edinburgh four summers ago, Ralph Denmead by name?"

"Why, yes, to be sure. I met him only last Sunday at the Herefords. What a nice boy he seems, and I lost my heart to his dear little wife."

"I am glad you saw them both; they are a delightful couple. Well, now, could you possibly get him a London engagement? Would Barry Sterne have any opening for him? It seems to me that there is a very good chance just now for a young romantic actor. We have no really satisfactory Romeo or Orlando."

"But surely you are in no hurry to part with him? I hear he is very popular everywhere."

"For myself, I am in no hurry," said Macneillie. "But I should be glad for him to get a London engagement. He deserves it, and then this wandering life is a little hard on his wife and child. They had better settle down, and if they were somewhere in your neighbourhood you would perhaps befriend them. Evereld is a dear, little woman. You would like her, and she has the greatest admiration for you."

Christine's face brightened. It pleased her greatly that he should have asked her to do something for him. She resolved to leave no stone unturned and to do her utmost for his friends.

"I should like to have them near me, you can't think how lonely it often is," she said. "If it were not for my work and for Charlie's companionship, I don't think I could have endured it all this time. The best plan would be for Barry Sterne to see him act. I wonder whether there would be a chance of getting him to run down for one of the performances in the memorial week?"

"Solemnly spun a threepenny bit"

"That is a good idea," said Macneillie. "By-the-by, Sterne will scarcely remember it, but Ralph Denmead did go to him some years ago when he first made up his mind to be an actor. I have often heard him describe the interview. He got cold comfort from Sterne and a most discouraging letter from me. But nothing daunts your real genius. He plodded on and starved and struggled till things took a turn. And some day, if I am not much mistaken, he will be one of our leading actors."

"His own opinion is that he owes everything to you," said Christine, with a smile. "I heard a great deal about you on Sunday, from both of them. I shall be so glad if I can really do anything for people you care for, Hugh. The Denmeads will be quite a new object in life for me."

Those words, and the look which went with them, were Macneillie's comfort when shortly after he parted with Christine. But to stay any longer at Stratford with nothing to do had become impossible for him. The river was a haunted place; he dared not go on it again. Everything which on his arrival had seemed so peaceful, bore upon it now the ineffaceable stamp of the bitter struggle he had passed through.

To go back to his work was directly against the doctor's orders, but go somewhere he must. He packed his portmanteau, and tried to think of any place in the world he wished to see, but could not care even to return to his own country. All things were "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable."

"Fate shall decide," he said to himself, with the ghost of a smile playing about his lips. And dragging out an ancient atlas from the pile of books on the sitting-room table, he opened at the map of Europe and solemnly spun a threepenny bit. After threatening to come to an end in the middle of the German ocean, it finally settled down in Holland.

"Via Harwich and the Hook," said Macneillie, pocketing the arbiter of his fate. "So be it. I will run across and see if the bulbs are coming into bloom."

CHAPTER XL

"The grace of God, the light and life that flow from His indwelling, can lift the very weariest and hardest driven soul into a dignity of endurance, a radiance of faith, a simplicity of love, far above all that this world can give or take away.—*The Spirit of Discipline.*

Dean Paget.

The entire change of scene, the vigour of his own mind, and the sturdy resolution with which he laid aside care and anxiety soon restored Macneillie to a great extent. He recovered his power of sleeping, and returned to Stratford to find Ralph and Evereld already settled there and awaiting him with a warmth of welcome which did his heart good. To hear him telling comical stories of his adventures among the Dutch as they lingered over the supper table that first evening, no one would have believed that he had passed through any ordeal whatever, and he seemed quite ready for all the hard work that lay before him.

Indeed Ivy Grant thought him unnecessarily vigorous.

"It's all very well for Mr. Macneillie who has been enjoying a holiday all these weeks, but it's rather hard on us," she protested, "to be kept rehearsing every day till four o'clock, just when we wanted a little free time, too."

For Ivy was rejoicing in the presence of Dermot and Bride O'Ryan, who had come down for the Shaksperean performances, Bride on pleasure bent, and Dermot chiefly to see Ivy and to write a series of articles for his paper.

Evereld was delighted to have her friend with her, and thoroughly enjoyed her first experience of the memorial week. Stratford had naturally very happy associations for her, and though the weather was not quite so perfect as it had been during their brief honeymoon, it did not affect the audiences, which were always large and enthusiastic.

One evening towards the end of the week, Bride and Evereld were as usual setting off together for the theatre. There had been rain during the day, but the evening was bright and clear, so that there was nothing to prevent them from going by the river.

"There is something so delicious in just stepping into the *Miranda* and being rowed to the very door," said Evereld, as she took her place in that same boat in which only a little while before Macneillie and Christine had had their last interview. "It must be like this at Venice."

"Minus the Shaksperean associations and plus the smells," said Bride, with a smile. "Here come these vicious swans that look so picturesque, and are really so bad-tempered. One of them nearly made an end of Dick the other day, according to Bridget."

They glided on peacefully, watching the mellow sunset sky and the church spire and the stately trees surrounding it, until the landlord rowed them up to the steps in the garden surrounding the theatre, and here as they climbed the grassy bank they were surprised to come across Macneillie walking to and fro with some one they did not recognise. Evereld wondered much how it came that he was deep in conversation at such a time, for it was nearly time for the performance to begin. He seemed somewhat relieved when he caught sight of her, and introduced Mr. Barry Sterne; then,

telling her to see that the attendants gave him a good place, and arranging to meet him later on, he hurried to the stage door, leaving Evereld and Bride to enjoy the talk of the new-comer.

"This looks something like Shakspere worship," remarked Barry Sterne, glancing round the perfectly built theatre which was already well filled. "I wish I had here with me the curious old fossil I met to-day in the train. There were a couple of Americans plying him with questions about Stratford; they set upon him the moment we left Euston, and wanted to know everything. The old gentleman couldn't get in a word edgeways for some time, what with the tunnels and the sharp fire of questions. At last he remarked stiffly, 'I have never read any of Shakspere's plays myself, but I have always understood that he was a most immoral writer.' You should have seen the faces of the two Yankees! It was as good as a play. And the old fellow was quite unaware that he had said anything extraordinary, and blandly went on reading a religious newspaper!"

The play was "As you like it," and for the first time Ivy was to play the part of Celia, so that even Evereld's thoughts were more with her than with Ralph, whose Orlando she had many times seen. She wondered much what Barry Sterne thought of the performance. He was rather silent at the close of the second act, and she was half afraid that he had not approved of it, until she found that he had been listening to the criticisms of the people immediately behind them.

"It is to me about the most amusing thing in the world to hear the comments of the public," he said to Evereld. "Your amateur is always such a merciless critic. The less he knows the more scathing will be his fault-finding. Now Macneillie's Jaques is about as fine a piece of acting as one could wish to see; I don't know any one who satisfies me so well in the part. But those wiseacres behind are carping away because they think it shows what cultured mortals they are."

"It is much the same at the Academy," said Evereld. "The less people know about painting, the more severe are their comments."

"If Lear wrote a modern version of his nonsense alphabet it ought to be, C. was the carping, cantankerous critic, who cavilled and canted of culture," said Barry Sterne, with a laugh. "Your husband makes an excellent Orlando. I suppose you have often seen him in the part before?"

"Oh, yes, very often. The last time," she smiled at the remembrance, "was in the autumn up in the north of England. I shall never forget it. Exactly opposite the theatre, on a bit of waste ground, a wild beast show was being held, and it had the most noisy band imaginable. All through the wrestling scene it was braying out 'Daisy Bell,' and the next night Hamlet had to soliloquise to the strains of 'The man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo.' It was the funniest thing I ever heard."

Barry Sterne capped this story with a reminiscence of the days when he had been in a travelling company, and by the end of the evening Evereld was ready to consider him the best *raconteur* she had ever met.

He went round afterwards to Macneillie's dressing-room, and Evereld was escorted home by Dermot and Bride, who would not, however, accept her invitation to supper as they were already engaged to meet Ivy at the Brintons'. The night had turned chilly. Evereld was glad to find a fire awaiting them, and she curled herself up comfortably in an arm-chair waiting for the return of the men-folk and finishing Black's charming story, "Judith Shakspere."

"How long they are to-night!" she exclaimed when the last page was turned and Judith, whose grave she had seen in the chancel of Stratford church only that morning, had been left happily with her lover, Tom Quiney. "I shall starve if they don't come soon. What a fire this is for toast! I will make some to pass the time."

After a while steps were heard on the stairs, and in came Macneillie and Ralph with apologies for having kept her so long. Macneillie, who always had a strong shrinking from any sort of change in his surroundings, felt a pang as he reflected that soon there would be no bright-faced little housekeeper waiting to welcome him, and making a home out of each place they stayed at in their wandering life. He stood warming himself by the fire, noticing dreamily the mute caress which passed between husband and wife, the funny way in which Evereld divided her attention between the perfect

toasting of a particular slice of bread and the discussion of the way in which Orlando had supported Adam in the forest banquet scene, and then her half-anxious glance in his direction which seemed to say: "I know you are tired and out of spirits, but you shall not be bothered with questions; you shall be fed."

She made them laugh at supper over Barry Sterne's travelling companion, who had been sure that Shakspere was a most immoral person; but she could see that something was troubling Ralph, for instead of being the life of the party he was silent and abstracted. It was Macneillie who at length solved the mystery, and turning to her with one of his humorous smiles, said: "I am sure you would think to look at him that he had dismally failed, or had been half slaughtered by the critics. I assure you, my dear, it's nothing of the sort. He has just had the offer of a very good London engagement."

"What, from Mr. Sterne?" asked Evereld, in amazement.

"Yes. They brought out a new piece, you know, on Easter Monday, and it seems that Jack Carrington is again going to prove Ralph's good genius by failing altogether to get hold of the part he has to play. The fact is Carrington is excellent as far as he goes, but his range is limited. He feels that he will never succeed in this play, and Sterne sees it too. They are parting quite amicably, and he wants Ralph to take his place."

"I can't leave you, governor. You have done everything for me," said Ralph, with a vibration in his voice which made the tears start to Evereld's eyes.

"Oh, no," she said eagerly, "don't let us go. Why, we belong to you now."

"My dear child," said Macneillie, "don't you go and encourage him in refusing an offer which he ought to jump at. We have been arguing the matter ever since we parted with Barry Sterne at the station, and nothing can I get out of Ralph but protests which quite take me back to Mrs. Micawber. The fact is, you two read Dickens to such an extent that you are quite saturated with him. This is an excellent offer, and ought to be accepted."

"But I never will—no, I never will desert Mr. Macneillie!" said Evereld, merrily. "Why are you so anxious to get rid of us? You always pretend that you miss us when we are away."

"So I do, my dear; there's no pretence about it," said Macneillie. "But, joking apart, it really would be madness to refuse such a chance as this just because we are the best of friends and are very happy together. Moreover, there are two special reasons why I want you to accept it. The first I will tell to you now, and the second shall be for Ralph presently. I don't deny that I shall miss you horribly, but I shall be happier in the long run to think that you have a home of your own, and I should always reproach myself if Ralph neglected a chance which will probably lead on to fortune. You and I must consider what is best for his career. If he were my own son I should insist on his going. As it is, I can only strongly advise it."

They talked for some little time over the proposed change, and then Evereld went to her room, leaving the men to argue the matter out at still greater length over their pipes. In her own mind she began to have some vague suspicion of the reason why he was so anxious for them to accept the offer, and later on Ralph confirmed her in this idea. She was still brushing out her sunny-brown hair when he came in.

"Well, darling, I believe we shall have to go," he said. "Hateful as it will be to leave Macneillie it is, of course, a step upward, and he seems really anxious that we should not lose such a chance. Moreover, it is not alone of us that he is thinking. It is of Miss Greville."

"I felt somehow that it was. And yet what difference can it make to her?" said Evereld, wonderingly. "I admire her more than I can tell you, but of what possible use can we be to her?"

"It's hard to say, but she seems to have told Macneillie that she had taken a great fancy to you the other day when we met her at the Herefords; and then I think he said something about the possibility of some opening in London for me, and, naturally, she would like to help his friends. Then, too, from what he told me she must be awfully lonely, and, though she tries to lead as retired a life as possible, yet difficulties are always cropping up."

"Where does she live?"

"She has had a flat in Victoria Street, but is leaving, Barry Sterne told us. I think he said she had got another flat at Chelsea."

"Could we afford to live in such a neighbourhood as Chelsea?"

"Yes, I think we might if we can find anything suitable. My salary will be better than it is now, and we could furnish by degrees."

"Oh, Ralph, what fun!" cried Evereld, her eyes lighting up at the prospect of furnishing, for she was a true woman. "We would do it very, very economically. We would begin, like Traddles and Sophy, 'on a Britannia metal footing.' There would always be the memorial spoons for visitors, you know."

And thus Macneillie's plot prospered exceedingly, and though the wrench of parting was hard, Ralph and Evereld soon settled down very happily in their new quarters. They took a snug little flat at the very top of the same building at Chelsea in which Christine Greville occupied the first floor, and she could see as much or as little of them as she liked. She liked to see a great deal of them, as it happened. Evereld and Dick, moreover, were always ready to come in and companionise Charlie when she was at the theatre, and Ralph proved himself a most trusty knight-errant, and the happiness of the young husband and wife cheered Christine as it had cheered Macneillie. Those whose lives have been clouded by some grievous trouble are supposed theoretically to hate the sight of happiness, but that is merely a popular fallacy. With the great majority it is an intense relief to come across happiness; the mere sight of it does good, and the happy confer on the sorrowful a real boon by their mere existence.

CHAPTER XLI

"As Thou hast found me ready to Thy call
Which stationed me to watch the outer wall,
And, quitting joys and hopes that once were mine,
To pace with patient steps this narrow line,
Oh! may it be that, coming soon or late,
Thou still shalt find Thy soldier at the gate,
Who then may follow Thee till sight needs
not to prove,
And faith will be dissolved in knowledge of
Thy love."

G. J. ROMANES.

It was in July, while Macneillie was spending his summer holiday at Callander, that his mother's sudden death made him more than ever alone in the world. They had passed together a particularly happy fortnight, and though he could see that she was gradually getting more infirm, she had never known a day's illness, and her loss came as a terrible shock to him.

Ralph and Evereld were able to come down to the funeral, for the London season was just over, and he was glad to have them with him for ten days before he started once more on tour. He was thinking of selling the house and furniture, but Ralph who knew what pains he had spent in building it, and how sad the dispersal of all his old home belongings must be, persuaded him to leave things much as they were and content himself with letting it as a furnished house for the summer months.

For a time the presence of the Denmeads cheered him a good deal. He enjoyed hearing every detail of their life in London, and he insisted on taking them to the Pass of Leny that he might show Evereld the exact spot where he had first come across her husband. Each morning, too, they used to tramp up the road leading to the well, and Ralph would read aloud from "Marius the Epicurean," while Evereld made a sketch which Macneillie had long wished for;—the rough moorland road in the foreground leading to the crest of the hill, on either side a stretch of purple heather, the hint of a valley down below where Callander lay hidden, and in the distance a range of blue Scottish mountains, which he said would make him breathe "caller" air only to look at.

"I shall take it with me wherever I go," he said. "There is no reason why wayfaring men shouldn't have a few possessions of their own. Besides, I have foresworn the travelling clock. It is no good to me since you have gone, for I can never remember to wind it, so there is one thing less to pack."

"It was here in this identical place that you coached me that summer after I was ill," said Ralph. "I connect it with Florizel, and Claudio and Fabian, and with that play of Blanco's which Miss Greville was acting in at Edinburgh."

"Yes, and taking him altogether he was a very amenable pupil," said Macneillie, smiling at Evereld. "I wish I could say as much for his successsor."

Helping "lame dogs over stiles" had always been Macneillie's custom, but they were usually somewhat uninteresting mongrels. Only once had the "lame dog" proved to be a genuine St. Bernard.

A second Ralph Denmead was not forthcoming, and the new juvenile lead was far from satisfactory. Macneillie had a very discouraging time of it all through August and September. The weather, too, was unusually hot, and, even in the watering-places that they visited, the audiences were seldom good.

Then came a spell of very wet weather, but the houses were still poor, and it seemed that no one cared for Shakspere, that old English comedy ceased to attract, and that the restless spirits of modern people required something much more highly seasoned.

Nourished on skimmed newspaper, hashed review articles, minced magazines in the form of summaries, and short stories of dubious morality, was it likely that their brains could be in a condition to receive good, wholesome, literary food?

Macneillie had long been aware that a wave of evil tendency was passing over literature and the drama. He had struggled on, never allowing it to influence his choice of plays, sure that in time the "evil on itself would back recoil," and faithful to his own conviction of what was a manager's duty. But he began now to think that before the force of this wave of uncleanness had spent itself, it would altogether submerge his fortune and leave him a ruined man.

One of the things that tried him most severely was the timidity of those who should have been his best supporters. The clergy, with a few noteworthy exceptions, fulminated against the evil plays, but failed to support the good. He knew that hundreds of them would troop to Washington's Theatre when they went to London, but they were generally conspicuous by their absence from the theatres in their own towns where their presence might really have done much good. Personally they respected him, and spoke of him in warm terms, but very few of them at all understood how hard a fight this man was making in a time of exceptional difficulty, or how bitter it was to him when those from whom he reasonably expected much held aloof.

At the beginning of October the company found themselves once more at Liverpool. They were giving the plays they had performed at Stratford during the Memorial week, and this made Macneillie feel the loss of Ralph more acutely than ever. To turn straight from a pupil who had been extraordinarily receptive, always good-humoured, always ready to study and to work, and grudging no pains in the effort to please his instructor and conquer his own faults, to a man of exactly the opposite type, was hard indeed. It was all the more annoying to Macneillie because Ralph's successor had excellent abilities, but was cursed with the conviction that he already knew everything a little better than the manager, and moreover had been born with one of those touchy and wayward natures that are so hard to deal with. He lived in a perpetual state of taking offence, and though Macneillie apparently ignored this and went quietly on his way, it nevertheless chafed him a good deal.

Then, too, all the many vicissitudes of a travelling company, the illness of one, the home troubles of another, seemed to worry him more now that he was alone and had no one to discuss things with. The very rooms he occupied in Seymour Street were full of memories to him. He had stayed there more than once with Ralph and Evereld; it had been there that they had first come to him after their marriage, and the place looked horribly blank without them.

By the Thursday morning of their stay he was in the lowest spirits. For three nights they had played to wretchedly poor houses, owing to counter attractions elsewhere; his old trouble of sleeplessness was returning, and he felt ill and horribly depressed as he walked down through the wet, dingy streets to the Shakspere Theatre.

There was a rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet," and the insolent manner and insufferable conceit of the juvenile lead proved just the last straw.

After going through some great agony in life, and going through it well and bravely, we are sadly apt to break down under some quite trifling strain. A petty thing will irritate us absurdly in the reaction after great distress, and Macneillie lost his temper now and scolded the offending actor right royally.

When an habitually quiet, self-restrained man does lose his temper he usually does it

with great thoroughness. Romeo was impressed as he might have been by a sudden thunderstorm on a winter's day; but those who really knew the manager were troubled at such an unwonted scene, and Ivy glanced at him with the conviction that his health was again breaking down. It was an uncomfortable rehearsal, and Macneillie went back to Seymour Street doubly depressed. His thoughts turned to that April afternoon at Stratford on the river. He had been strong then, but

"It is very good for strength,
To know that some one needs you to be strong."

Christine's presence, though in one sense it had been his most severe trial, had been in another an incentive to endure. To-day, in his lonely room with food before him which he could not touch, with a brain exhausted by want of rest, and harassed by a hundred cares and annoyances, he came perilously near to yielding. For that was the worst of it. The struggle was not one to be gone through once and for all; it was constantly recurring. He might live perhaps for days in a fairly even cheerfulness and strength, but it was only to be plunged again into the horrible suffering and conflict. And always he had the consciousness that Christine's reverence for law was weaker than his own, that she would quickly yield to his lightest word. It was, moreover, so fatally easy to go to her, so hard to be loyal to that shamefully unfair law of the land which should be reformed.

To check his thoughts he took up one of the London papers. The first thing that met his eyes was the announcement that Sir Mathew Mactavish had died in the distant place of refuge which he had succeeded in gaining. And almost immediately afterwards he noticed a paragraph in which was a brief account of the marriage of the Honourable Herbert Vane-ffoulkes to Lady Dunlop-Tyars, widow of the late Sir John Dunlop-Tyars, Bart.

He smiled a little over the memories evoked by those names, but the dark cloud soon stole over him once more.

"Villains can die," he thought to himself, "and empty-headed fools can marry, but I must still drag on this death in life!"

Then fiends' voices began to urge him to give up; mocking fiends who jeered at his obsolete notions of right and wrong; practical fiends who would have had him cease a vain endeavour to keep up an impossible standard of morality, and from thenceforth pander to the depraved taste of the public; shrewd fiends who argued plausibly enough that his health was breaking down and that it was high time to yield.

Macneillie with an effort roused himself and for a while baffled them by taking a brisk walk. It was cold and wet and dreary, but the exercise was a relief, and by the time he had reached the Seaforth Sands he had regained his composure. The struggle was for the time over, but existence looked to him as wretched, as cheerless, as that wild, desolate country at the entrance to the Mersey. The rain, too, began to come down remorselessly, and he made his way to the station of the electric railway and returned by the docks to the city.

As he was walking along Church Street he chanced to come across Ralph's friend, George Mowbray.

"I am just going to the Art Gallery," he observed. "Bicycling is hopeless to-day, the tyres do nothing but slip."

"I will come with you," said Macneillie; not because he cared in the least to see the pictures, but from sheer dread of having spare time on his hands.

He had never before contrived to see the Walker Art Gallery, and as he wandered drearily round the place, seeing yet hardly heeding the treasures it contains, his attention was at length arrested by Poynter's well-known picture "Faithful unto Death." He was of course familiar with the story of the sentinel of Pompeii whose skeleton was discovered hundreds of years after, standing on guard at his gate. But he never realised till he saw that picture how awful must have been the man's temptation to escape and save himself, as all the rest were doing. Behind him were only two or three flying figures; most of the citizens must already have fled; but before him, and drawing very near, was the awful lurid glow which meant certain death. The sentinel stood facing it; he was perfectly upright, perfectly calm, only in the strong tension of the muscles of the hand one could see how instinctively he gripped the sword which could now avail him nothing. In his dilated eyes there was no abject terror, but a great awe, an intensely human look of dread of the swiftly approach-

"Evereld made a sketch which Macneillie had long wished for"

ing fiery foe. It would have been an easy thing to desert his post and disobey orders. Had it ever come into his mind as he gazed across the campagna to Vesuvius, that self-preservation was permissible under such circumstances—that a soldier need not always obey his captain's orders? Perhaps it had. But nevertheless he had stood firm and had died, in what no doubt seemed a useless fashion, out of reverence to mere law, never dreaming that his example would give courage and strength to millions of people in the ages to come.

Macneillie turned away thoughtfully, his mind at work on that old, old problem of evil and suffering, of the possible gain to others through the inexplicable pain of the world.

The thought of it haunted him as he wrote business letters in his lonely room, as he went about his work that night at the theatre, as he looked with a sense of dull disappointment and depression at the rows and rows of empty stalls, and reflected how much hard toil and careful preparation had been thrown away on an enterprise by which he was daily losing money.

Some one brought an evening paper into the green room. He glanced hurriedly at an account of the new play shortly to be produced by Barry Sterne, he read a few lines as to the part Christine was to take, and was pleased by a brief allusion to the success Ralph had had in the summer. But as he walked back to his rooms a weary distaste for his work in the provinces came over him, he longed as he had never longed before to be back in London, to be working once more with his old comrades.

The dismal rain still fell in a drizzle, the flaring lights in the public house at the corner of Wild Street were reflected garishly in the wet pavement. A little further on as he crossed London Road he came upon a small crowd grouped about a tram-car, and paused listlessly to see what was wrong. The horses were vainly struggling to make good their footing on the slippery road, they stumbled and plunged and strained, but the uphill way was too much for them; the car slipped back and for a minute the passengers seemed in some peril.

Macneillie drew nearer and spoke to the conductor who was at the horses' heads doing his utmost to urge them on.

"Is the load too heavy for them?" he asked.

"Bless you, no sir!" said the man; "they have done it scores of times, but it's a strain on 'em when the road's slippery, and this 'ere roan 'e's afraid of coming down. It's just panic, sir, nothing more; 'e can do it fast enough."

Macneillie stroked the neck of the frightened horse; he had a fellow-feeling for it.

"We can't have the line blocked or the passengers upset," said the driver, with an oath which appeared to refresh him greatly. "Come on, mate, he must do it. Take the whip and keep alongside of him thrashing him as we go."

At last with much ado the car was in motion once more, and the poor roan, kicking and plunging, was dragged and flogged up the hill.

"Oh, how could you let them be so cruel, Mr. Macneillie!" said Ivy who, on her way back to her rooms with Helen Orme, had witnessed the same scene.

"Well, my dear, I liked it as little as you did," said the manager. "But what was to be done? The load was not too great; it was merely that the horse was frightened, and there was no persuading it that it would not come to grief. Like the rest of us, it would insist on thinking of the hill in front of it, instead of concentrating its mind on the next step. You see, while you anathematised the driver, I, like the melancholy Jacques, did moralise this spectacle."

They laughed and bade him good-night; but Ivy looked rather anxiously after him as, having seen them to their door, he recrossed Seymour Street to his lodgings a little further up.

"Nell," she said to her companion, "how very ill Mr. Macneillie looks to-night. I think he will break down altogether."

"Oh, I hope not," said Helen Orme. "I think he is only depressed. He has lost his mother lately, you see, and besides I'm sure there is plenty to account for depression with such houses as we have had lately."

Meanwhile Macneillie had reached his desolate rooms. He had been thinking of the Stratford performances, of Ralph's brilliant success, of the crowded theatre; it seemed to him that he ought now to have found a sweet-faced little housekeeper sitting by the fire and making toast, that there ought to have been a welcoming glance from Evereld's truthful blue eyes. Instead there was an empty room, and a fireless grate and a solitary meal awaiting him.

He sat down and ate dutifully but quite without appetite. He forced himself to remember how much better it was that Ralph and Evereld should be near Christine; but the more he thought, the more that horrible craving to be there too assailed him.

And presently, for the first time in his life, a feeling of deadly faintness came over him; he staggered into his bedroom. The gas was turned low, the window which was at the back of the house had been left wide open; he breathed more freely and leant for some minutes against the shutter, vaguely conscious of the night sky and of the dark outline of the adjacent buildings. In his eyes there was the same look of awe—of a great human dread—which makes the eyes of the Pompeiian sentinel so pathetic. He had endured long and patiently, had thought little of the effect on himself; but now the dread of an utter failure of health seized him, and he knew that it was no idle

"Faithful unto Death"

fancy but a very real peril which must be bravely faced.

And yet better, a thousand times better, the wreck of body and mind than the failure to be a law-abiding citizen. Better this cruel absence from the woman he loved than faithlessness to what he knew to be right.

"There is not a pin to choose between me and that tram-car horse," he reflected, pulling down the blind and turning up the gas with a humorous smile flickering even then about his pale lips. "The way is slippery and there's a hill to be climbed—it is collar-work—but a step at a time may do it safely after all. Anyhow,

'To a stey brae, a stubborn back.'"

He paused for a minute to look at Evereld's water-colour sketch of the moorland road, and to breathe "caller" air as he glanced at the heather and at the blue mountains beyond the hidden valley.

He would go on patiently as a wayfaring man should do; and perchance, in time—oh, how he longed and prayed for that time!—the unjust law would be reformed, and he and Christine might find rest and a home in that hidden valley of the future. In any case, no one could rob them of their inheritance beyond.

Not, however, until he turned the picture over and read the quotation from "Marius the Epicurean" which he had written at Callander on the back of it, did his usual look of quiet strength return to him.

The words were these: "Must not the whole world around have faded away from him altogether, had he been left for one moment really alone in it? In his deepest apparent solitude there had been rich entertainment. It was as if there were not one only, but two wayfarers, side by side."

THE END

A LARK'S SONG

L'ALOUETT', l'alouette monte en haut,
The lark flies up the heavenly stair,
Pour prier Dieu qu'il fasse chaud,
To pray God send it warm and fair
For three wee downy laverocklings,
Pour ses trois petits pâtureaux,
Who have not either cloaks or wings,
Qui n'ont ni ailes ni manteaux.

VIDA BRISS.

PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES

THE COLLECTION OF JAMES ORCHAR, ESQ., OF BROUGHTY FERRY

By I. M. W.

"PICTURES are a set of chosen images, a stream of pleasant thoughts passing through the mind. They are scattered like stray gifts through the world, and while they remain earth has yet a little gilding left, not quite rubbed off, dishonoured and defaced." So says Hazlitt, and to-day we are to look at the "stream of pleasant thoughts" in the collection of Mr. Orchar.

Mr. Orchar's collection is mainly national. He has loved to gather around him the work of English and Scottish artists, and particularly the work of his fellow countrymen. All the best known of our Scotch painters have found a home for their pictures with Mr. Orchar, and the result makes one proud of what Scotland has produced in the last thirty years. The army of Scotch painters has all along been remarkable for the glowing colours it produced and it is interesting to remember that Mr. Stopford Brooke has pointed out the same intense feeling for colour and warmth in the *poetry* of Scotland. A foreign artist who was once amazed by the glory of a fiery sunset lighting up the purple heather hills at Pitlochry, exclaimed, "Ah, now I see where you Scotch painters get your colours." I do not know if that is the true explanation—but the fact remains that the Scotch painters *have* found colour. Looking round Mr. Orchar's walls, one has a satisfied feeling of warmth and mellowness. The canvases are rich and full of tone. We are first struck by a very perfect and highly finished sketch of the Kepplestone "Social Eddy," by Mr. Orchardson, and another drawing-room piece in the same style, the beautiful "First Dancing Lesson." His magic hand gives us the pretty girl swaying in obedience to the dancing-master's instructions, and the soft melodious colouring of the walls against which the dark stained spinet and the groups of admiring spectators stand out. It is full of grace and delicate individual charm. From him too, there is a fine full-length portrait of "A Revolutionist," who swaggers down the street in cocked hat as if he were master of all he surveyed. And perhaps, more interesting than any of these, a something of Mr. Orchardson's which we are rarely privileged to see—is a sketch, a real sketch this time, of a Chinaman, which Mr. Orchardson achieved in three hours work. It is full of life; the expression and character are admirable and the colour of the orange robe and blue pottery vase is after Mr. Orchardson's own heart. I can imagine with what delight he

(*W. Q. Orchardson*)

A FRENCH REVOLUTIONIST (1793)

must have dashed off this clever sketch. I know he has a horror of being interrupted for any length of time during the production of a picture. He will then rarely finish it. "The eggs get cold," he will say. But there was no chance of such a thing happening here.

Of Mr. Pettie's work we again find examples in his two utterly different styles, and again his quieter fancies, by their charm and grace, are the more pleasing. His "Highland Outpost"—a fierce Highlander in dramatic attitude, with target and spear in hand, ready to slaughter the advancing foe—reminds me that I once heard a brother artist say of him, "How is it that the good John Pettie, than whom there breathed no more gentle and loving soul, could revel in treating sanguinary subjects and descriptions of treasons, stratagems and spoils?" But in Mr. Orchar's picture of "The Laird," Pettie thoroughly charms us. It is a large peaceful canvas. The old last-century laird, in his blue coat and drab breeches, walks with his dog in the golden cornfields. Reapers are at work in the adjoining fields, while far away stretches a Highland landscape of low-lying hills and russet woods. Its simplicity delights us and brings back the flavour of a bygone age.

(*W. Q. Orchardson*)

THE CONNOISSEUR

From Mr. M'Taggart's brush, Mr. Orchar has many land- and sea-scapes as well as portraits. The finest is a large picture of a swelling sea, on which fishing boats are scudding before the wind.

> "Now the great winds shorewards blow,
> Now the salt tides seawards flow,
> Now the wild, white horses play,
> Champ and chafe and toss in the spray."

It is all grey—a grey sea "moaning with memories"—a grey sky drowned in mist; a grey feeling of loneliness. It is strong and broad in execution. Mr. M'Taggart has all his life been striving after light and atmosphere. He sees the *aliveness* and endless motion of nature. He wants to get vivid colouring and large massive effects into his work. He was an "Impressionist" long before the days of Impressionism. I have seen pictures of his which seemed almost too breezy to stay within their frames! But his aim is always right. And Mr. M'Taggart was one of those whose early works showed a faithful and painstaking delineation of nature. As can be seen in Mr. Orchar's collection, his brushwork from 1860 to 1870 was tight and careful and it was only after many years of such preparation that he allowed himself to indulge in a larger, freer treatment.

In the same way Mr. MacWhirter began with reserved care. There is here an example of his early work—a water-colour of a harvest-field—in which the trailing bramble sprays and wild flowers in the foreground are painted with a Pre-Raphaelite precision, strangely different from his later developments. His painting at this stage attracted the attention of Mr. Ruskin, who used to lecture to his students about the delicate accuracy of Mr. MacWhirter's wild

(Colin Hunter)

ON THE COAST OF IRELAND

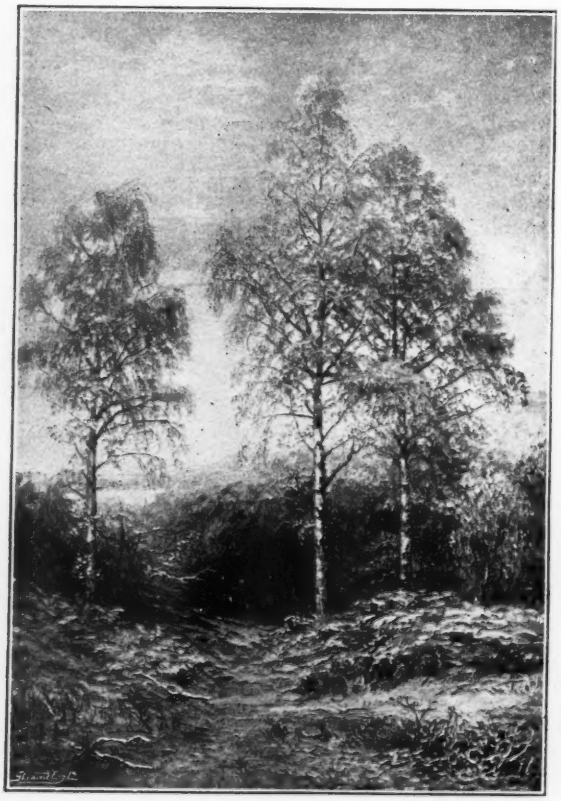
flowers. Mr. Orchar can show us Mr. MacWhirter in his stronger and later period as the lover of Highland scenery, one whose "brothers were the craggy hills," whose "sisters larchen trees." And the large picture of "Glencoe," where a fiery sun sets behind the mountains, gives us a typical example of Mr. MacWhirter's present bold style.

We have seen portraits by George Paul Chalmers in other collections but no example of his landscape art. Mr. Orchar has at least one typical specimen of his outdoor work. As one would expect, Chalmers saw Nature in a

(William M'Taggart)

THROUGH WIND AND RAIN

somewhat dark sombre mood. He loved to paint the evening shadows creeping over the bare deserted fields and leafless trees. The poetry of such scenes appealed to him. No smiling sunny landscapes came from his brush. They are sad and silent and subdued. "Loch Lee" at Edzell is a tone-study, in which the sheet of dark water, the empty boat and the brown hills struggling through mist, bring out the intense desolation of the Highland scene. Mr. Orchar possesses, too, a brilliant little study of the head of an old woman. Chalmers painted old age with a wonderful tenderness and subtlety. The sweet faded eyes, filled with that mist which is a mystery, look out from above the spectacles. There is a far-away peaceful expression on the face; she has ceased to wonder and question. She is only waiting for the night which will soon come. The canvas is tiny, but large enough for a wealth of delicate modelling and breadth of touch. And yet I suppose that over this brilliant bit of workmanship poor Chalmers was in gloom and despondency. How he suffered during his work! How consumed with melancholy he would become. Do any of us ever realise what artists go through? We are apt to accept their pictures calmly as things made for our pleasure. But do we remember that they are nothing less than bits of their creator's lives, and that the best of head and hand and heart has been given for us? I have heard how one of the greatest portrait-painters of the day, whose work looks nothing if not facile, will sigh and groan in agony, and lay aside half a dozen attempts until he makes a beginning that pleases him. "You will see my studio and how I grumble and struggle over canvases and panels," writes Josef Israels from The Hague, and he goes on to say: "It is and remains a difficult calling, the artistical way, you have to go ahead without looking backward or forward, and nothing than your own conscience for guide." Another artist writes: "Into the making of every picture comes a period of despair." And so Chalmers, like all great artistic spirits, worked and worried. His friends had great difficulty in making him put an adequate price on his pictures. He himself thought so little of them that he would let them go for almost nothing. I remember a tale of a lively scene in his studio where some artists pinioned Chalmers to a seat, while another brandished a red-hot poker before his face, and in this alarming way they wrung out of the unfortunate victim a promise to demand a sum fairly worthy of his work.



(*John MacWhirter*)

THE THREE GRACES

Another link in this chain of Scotchmen is Hugh Cameron, the lyrical painter of child life. He has given us some of the purest and loveliest songs of innocence. Sydney Smith used to say: "The haunts of happiness are varied, but I have more often found her among little children by home firesides

(J. P. Chalmers)

LOCH LEE

than anywhere else." And that is where Cameron found her. He has painted children sleeping in their cradles, lovingly guarded by cottage madonnas, children piping and playing in the fields, children paddling on the sea-shore, and they are always sweet, wholesome, happy children. No artist has given more delicate fragrance to the simple scenes of everyday life than Cameron. He invests his humble cottage interiors with a poetic charm, making them at the same time perfectly true to life. And his colouring is as fresh and delicate as his subjects. Among the many examples of his graceful work in Mr. Orchar's collection are the charming "Waiting for the Wave," "The Toilet," where a little girl washes her face in a basin perched on a chair, and "Crossing the Brook," a pretty scene of a mother carrying a child.

George Manson, whose name will be unknown to many, was another idyllic painter of child-life. His life's story was epitomised by his biographers as "a tale of earnest labour, tender, lovely production and early death." He was one of those devoted lovers of art, who give up their lives for it. He struggled and laboured to the last and died at the early age of twenty-five. He was born in 1850, in Edinburgh, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to Messrs. R. and C. Chambers. His wood-engravings for that firm have become famous. His lines are as simple and direct as Bewick's. All his spare time was spent in night-classes. He joined a sketching club, the object of which was to make drawings of all the old interesting buildings in Edinburgh which might later fall into the hands of vandalising restorers. To get time for this Manson would rise at three o'clock—sit for several hours, sometimes with the snow thick on the ground, and his paints freezing on his palette, and then betake himhimself, without breakfast, to his work at Chambers'. These hardships soon injured his constitution. In 1871, he was allowed to break off his apprenticeship, and worked for some years in the School of Art. But consumption had laid cruel hands on him, and in 1876 the gentle spirit passed away. George Manson had a passionate love for Nature.

His poetic temperament betrayed itself in all his works and in all his ways. In his diary on April 22, 1869, the anniversary of Wordsworth's death, he scribbled, "Went out to paint the poet's favourite flower, the lesser celandine." He painted and loved only the scenes that lay around him. He was a delicate colourist, and, like Hugh Cameron, found the most perfect colour in the human face and chiefly in the soft dimpled cheeks of children. Mr. Orchar is rich in the possession of two pictures of Manson's children. In "The Cottage Door," a ragged little girl stands wearily on a doorstep, holding in her arms a tiny, placid baby. The face of the little mother is anxious and worn. Too soon she has heard the "still, sad music of humanity"—too soon has she been brought face to face with the struggles of life. A contrast to this sad little story, although, unlike Manson's usual work, it is steeped in mystic meaning, is found in Mr. Orchar's charming water-colour called "What is it?" A fluffy-haired child, dressed in a soft grey-blue frock, is seen gazing wonderingly at a clock—that material representation of the gliding away of time—asking the question which no one in the world can tell her: "What is it?" The silent answer may lie in the fantastic carvings of the dial, in the serpents, in the wings of the birds. Large folios typical of learning, and a rosary suggesting the comfort of religion, are on the table. The clock case is sombre and brown, while crimson, orange, blue and green mix in the table-cloth. It would be difficult to find two more charming examples of this gifted young painter, of whom these lines might have been written:

> "For early didst thou leave the world with powers
> Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
> Firm to their mark, not spent on other things,
> Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt
> Which much to have tried, in much been
> baffled, brings—"

From Mr. Colin Hunter comes a large, breezy example of his vigorous sea-painting, and from Mr. W. E. Lockhart, a brilliant sunlight study of a market-place in Spain, bathed in the colour and atmosphere of the land. An Aberdonian, Alexander Burr, who followed after David Wilkie in his choice of subject and in his treatment, is also represented, and it would indeed be difficult to name many Scotch artists whose works cannot be studied in this patriotic collection.

And besides, we find a large, glowing landscape, by Bosboom, a little picture of St. Mark's, by Miss Clara Montalba in

(*Hugh Cameron*)

WAITING FOR THE WAVE

(*George Manson*)

WHAT IS IT?

which she gives us another page out of her wonderful Venetian book of colours, and many examples of Sam Bough—that Englishman who belonged to no school. He is a favourite with Mr. Orchar, who can show us Sam Bough at his best. For Sam Bough was very unequal and often unsatisfactory. His work in oils is tight and hard, and it was in water-colour that he found scope for his freshness and originality. He led a curious vagrant life in his early days, and then started as a scene-painter for a theatre in Manchester. From there he went with his company to Glasgow, where Sir Daniel MacNee discovered his real artistic abilities and induced him to work at landscapes. He settled in Edinburgh and for twenty years worked steadily and produced much that is charming. A trace of the scene-painter lurks in his pictures. He loved broad treatment and atmospheric effects. Sometimes his colouring is defective and lifeless. But Mr. Orchar's examples are all very happy. A tender, soft, green landscape, where the painter has "annihilated all that's made, to a green thought in a green shade," is very poetic and pleasing, and so is a charming little picture of "Maclean's Cross," at Iona. But his largest and most important of Sam Bough's works is the well-known "Whitekirk Sands." It is an evening scene at a busy seaport. The whole picture is suffused by a rich, sunset glow, which breaks through the mist and illuminates the ships, the horses, and the distant town. A striking contrast to this evening effect is a brilliant work, "Kirkwall Harbour," where the atmosphere is bright, the sky and waters blue and clear, and where the silver sails and silver sea-gulls sparkle in the sun.

These are some of Mr. Orchar's art treasures, but it must be remembered that he is a generous benefactor to Dundee, and that many valuable canvases have been presented by him at various times to the Dundee Art Gallery.

LA FERME À MARIE

A TRUE STORY OF 1870

By L. H. YATES

IN the valley of the Meuse, within a few kilomètres of Commercy, was situated one of the most prosperous farms of all that fertile *pays*. It had been held by the Robillart family for generations, and it did credit to their care and pride in its cultivation. In those summer days of 1870 the fields lay smiling under their crops of ripening wheat and barley, and while the land all about was being laid under tax and the unwilling labourers enticed away, the flocks that belonged to Père Robillart were left unmolested. But not so the homestead. One evening the grey-haired *propriétaire* sat alone in his doorway, trying to seek comfort in his smouldering pipe. The dreaded *appel* had come that day, and his two stalwart sons had answered to it, not without reluctance it is true. They were valiant fellows, they would make fine fighters no doubt, and some day they would return with the red cross of honour on their breasts, unless—but of the other alternative he dared not think.

The *appel* had sounded through the valley and withdrawn from it all the stoutest workers—who now would reap the fields already growing white? The toil would fall heavily on the few feeble ones left, and the women.

Only one thought had reconciled him to parting with his strong men; the *gendarmes* who came to see that their country's call was obeyed had said that the Prussians were advancing daily—they were within sight of the frontier now, and it was doubtful how much longer the line of *franc-tireurs* would be able to keep them at bay. It was every man's duty to help to defend his country, and the farmer agreed, when he thought of his fields being laid waste by Prussian hordes. "It would be well to set about the reaping soon," he said to himself, and rose to communicate his thought to the wife within.

In the gathering dusk the glow from the hearth made the big flagged kitchen almost a cheery place, and the clatter of dishes incidental to the laying of the supper-table was pleasant hearing.

The farmer's courage revived as he watched the movements of Marie going about her duties. She at least was young, strong, and brave as any man; it was well that the army did not call upon the women folks. He grew almost jocose as he told this happy thought, and noted the colour rise in Marie's round cheek.

"I say it is well that Marie is left to us; what should we do without *la bonne?*" he said to the wife who came in at that moment.

"*Ça ne me plait pas, cette plaisanterie la,*" the dame answered coldly—her heart was sore at the loss of her sons, and she was in no humour for jesting. Moreover, though Marie was indispensable, she was but the *bonne* after all.

The three sat down at the table and they talked of the work that must be begun without delay, now that workers were so few. By the break of day they began as they had planned and the *récolte* went on with speed. Within a week much of the wheat was cut and bound in sheaves, and the threshing machine stood ready to receive the bundles thrust into its hungry mouth. The farmer almost forget his troubles, so eager was he to store the grain.

In the midst of their labour a panic seized the workers. A flying messenger brought the news that the Prussians were in possession of Strasbourg and occupying all the farms in the immediate district. There was no one to offer them resistance, the French encampments were not yet brought up to the frontier, and evidently the outposts had been vanquished.

Robillart trembled, his courage began to ooze away. He looked at his wife, and for the first time seemed to realise to the full the age and frailty of them both. He laid down his tools and went into the house, the women following him.

Marie looked from one to the other, both so grey and so incapable of resistance—what

was to be done? It did not enter into her head that being only the *bonne* and bound to them by no tie of blood or law she might think of her own safety first.

"Listen, Monsieur," she said, "if the Prussians come you cannot fight them, and if they find you here they will insult or probably kill you. Do you take Madame and go to Verdun by the *cariole* to-night, if not quite safe there you can go by train to Chalons afterwards."

"*Mais la propriété!*"

"*Soyez tranquille*, I shall stay here and take care of *les bêtes*. If the Prussians come and find only *la bonne* in charge they will not do much mischief, they will not kill *me*."

"No, they will want to marry you instead!" the farmer said with an attempt to regain his usual tone. He made no demur, however, at leaving the girl in charge; she had proved herself capable in many ways of late. The instinct of self-preservation was strong in the old man yet, and there was money to his credit at Verdun that it might be well to look after.

In the dusk the *cariole* was brought round and the two old people mounted to the seat, while Marie bestowed away in the depths the collection of treasures they feared to leave in her care. Plenty of injunctions were given her with regard to the poultry, the cows and the bees, the pork that was waiting to be pickled and the onions that should be dried. She promised faithfully for them all. It did not enter into their minds to bid her take care of herself, and she knew that she would have no time for such a consideration.

"Adieu, monsieur, adieu, madame," she said, as they at last picked up the reins.

"Adieu, Marie, be sure not to forget!" but the rattle of the wheels on the pavement drowned the latest injunction.

One week went by, and then another, and Marie pursued an even busy way. She fed the cows and milked them, made the butter and sent it away to market, gathered the eggs and stored them, pickled the pork and garnered the remaining sheaves of wheat. If it had not been for leaving the house alone, she would have essayed reaping the remaining fields. No signs of the enemy had been seen so far; but one morning, a day or two later, an impressive stampede of horsemen in the courtyard brought her to the door in haste.

The commander of the troop of calvary looked at the unshrinking figure of the girl, then he rode forward. "In the name of the General of the Prussian army, I take possession of this house," he said, "send the owner to me."

"Monsieur," replied Marie bravely, "my master is away; he bade me offer you hospitality in his name; I am alone, but I will serve you with whatever you require, if you will bid your men do no harm to my master's property."

"Very good," said the officer and saluted her respectfully; then he wheeled his horse sharply round. "The man who does harm to this girl or to anything in this place pays for his act with his life," he said, and the words were passed on.

The horsemen dismounted and stabled their horses, the troopers took possession of the barns and outhouses, spreading out the new straw for their beds and giving the corn to their animals. The captain and his subordinates entered the house and requested food to be laid before them. Marie brought out her stores and made them what they asked, then quietly continued her work in the dairy.

Day after day went by, the girl pursued her usual course unmolested and undisturbed. She waited upon the officers and they treated her with respect, their example being followed by the men. Nothing on the farm was injured, although they took the fruit and grain as their right, but they did little, if any, damage to the place.

On the sixth day of their occupation, the captain called Marie aside and announced his intention of moving on. He offered to leave a corporal as a protection if she wished, but the girl wisely thought there was as much safety in solitude as with one guardian only, and declined the offer.

As they filed out of the courtyard, the men gave her the true military salute, and the commander raised his helmet; bashful and blushing Marie, for a few minutes, was lifted to a pinnacle of honour.

"*Mais ces des bons gens; des gens fort honnêtes*," she said, as she turned back to her lonely interior, which now seemed doubly forlorn. She missed the friendly "enemy" at every turn; she had really grown to like them—these Prussians. Whatever might be the reason for going to war

with them, it must surely be a dreadful cruelty to cut down such brave fellows by the sword.

A few more days passed and not a soul came near the farm, not even a curious neighbour, then at last the clink of spurs and rattle of muskets sounded again in the courtyard and Marie hastened out thinking her quondam protectors had returned.

"*Ah, la voilà! c'est elle, sans doute, traitre—moquese—à bas avec sa fausse tête!*" hissed and cried a score of hoarse voices. Bewildered the girl shrank back, though the voices were those of her own countrymen, the hatred in their eyes terrified her.

The sergeant in command of the band of *franc-tireurs* grasped her arm with violence and thrust her forward into their midst.

"Where is your master, girl?"

"I do not know."

"There, that will perhaps help you to remember," and he pricked her arm with his bayonet. She gave an involuntary scream of pain.

"I do not know, I tell you, and if I did know I would not tell!"

"No! you would keep all your news for the Prussians as you kept your master's corn and his wine. *Sacré!* but you are a *bonne sachant tout faire, par exemple!*" and he leered in her face.

Marie essayed to free herself, but they only pressed the more closely round her; sorely frightened at heart, she managed to keep a brave face.

"At least the Prussians had better manners than you, and they did my master no harm, nor to his property. I have not betrayed my trust," she said firmly.

Seeing that he could not intimidate her the sergeant redoubled his wrath. He ordered his men to form a ring at a few paces distant, leaving Marie standing in the centre. "There is only one punishment for traitors," he said grimly, "and that you may guess. You have ten minutes grace; time to confess where your master is hiding, and where his gold is placed, unless you gave it all to the Prussians?"

Marie's face was growing as white as the cap on her hair, but she only answered by a look of utter scorn.

"Five minutes gone. If you speak you may have a free pass to Verdun as your reward. We will take up your charge." The smile that was meant to be coaxing only made his face more sinister; the girl closed her eyes to shut it out of her sight. Suddenly she opened them again.

"If you take up my charge you will perhaps remember that the fowls will want their grain at four o'clock and the cows will come to be milked at seven, one of the horses is blind and will want leading to the stable, and Loulou, the sheep-dog, must be unchained at dusk," here a spasm as of pain crossed her face, and she stopped abruptly feeling the tears in her throat.

A grin, then a roar of laughter went round the circle of men, "*c'est fin drôle—quand même*," they said.

"One minute more," the sergeant said grimly, the men might think it a farce, he at any rate was in earnest.

Some sense of the ridiculous horror of her situation crossed Marie's simple mind. At any rate they should not make game of her, she would die as became a respectable woman. Mechanically she straightened the cap on her head, and drew the pleats of her *caraco* into place, smoothing her apron also. Then she folded her hands and waited.

"Once more will you give in?" demanded the sergeant.

"*Non*," answered the girl steadfastly.

Then came a sharp command that she did not understand, a sickening rattle of musketry and the ping of a score of shots. Involuntarily Marie had closed her eyes, and she dropped as a bird falls at the sportsman's feet.

The sergeant turned on his heel and entered the house which he now felt at liberty to rifle as he pleased. One or two of the least cold-blooded stayed behind and lifted the body of the girl to take it to a less conspicuous place. At the gate of the orchard they laid it down again, "Perhaps the fowls and the cows and Loulou will come to cry over her; what a pity she was so obstinate!" they said.

Having ravaged the farm and destroyed it at their will, the *franc-tireurs* departed at sundown, leaving the disconsolate cattle to mourn the fate of their mistress.

After dark, a little group of people bearing lanterns crossed the fields in Loulou's wake, the faithful creature had roused the countryside. He led them straight to the spot where Marie's body lay.

"This is the enemy's work!" they said, as they lifted the poor girl to carry her indoors.

But one wiser than the rest, who had heard of other deeds dark as this, said:

"*It is the work of our compatriots*, the Prussians would not have done this!"

* * * * *

Père Robillart returned to rebuild his house, and his sons came back, when the army was disbanded, to help in tilling the fields, but though the owners are the same and nothing apparently is changed, the *propriété* now bears another name. It is now known not as *La Ferme Robillart*, but as *La Ferme à Marie*.

THE FIRST STEP OF A MIGHTY FALL

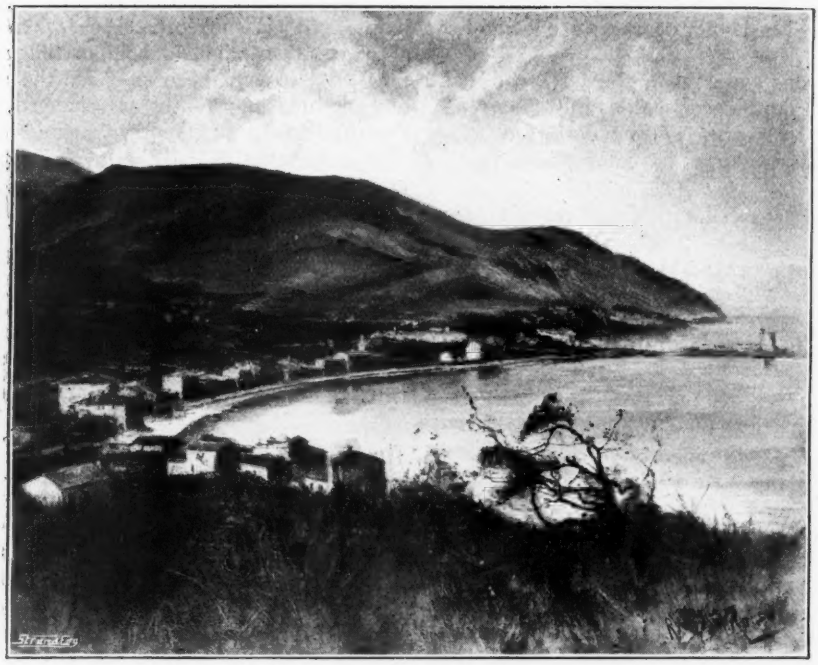
By ISABELLA M. ANDERTON

"*Le premier degré d'une chute profonde*," says Victor Hugo, speaking of Elba in connection with Napoleon. And it is impossible to remain in the island long without conjuring up the figure of the fallen prince hurrying hither and thither with one or two attendants, building his villa, inquiring into the agricultural and mineral wealth of his new kingdom, collecting his taxes and his customs duties, strengthening his fortifications, holding the tiny court of which the people of Portoferraio were so inordinately proud, carrying on his *amours*, chatting with the peasants and the proprietors—and under the mask of all this activity enlisting men, collecting stores, conducting a continuous secret correspondence with Naples, with Corsica, with France, undecided whether to make himself King of Italy or to go back to be Emperor of the French.

Elba, towering above her satellites Pianosa, Monte Cristo, S. Stefano, Giglio, with the rocky islet of Palmaiola as sentinel in the very narrow channel towards Piombino, is an excellent place to plot in, and a very difficult place to watch. Napoleon, as was but natural, took in the advantages of his position at a glance. He had hardly arrived in Elba before he claimed the neighbouring islands as part of his domain, and began to establish outposts on them. Thus he surrounded himself with a barrier within which no foreign ship could penetrate without violating the independence secured to him by the Treaty of Fontainebleau; and which at the same time afforded him a valid excuse for short sea-trips and for a constant movement of small vessels eminently adapted to conceal secret negotiations of every kind, and especially his intercourse with Corsica. In this most favourable position, shut off from prying eyes by diplomacy and nature combined, within easy communicating distance on the one hand of Tuscany and of Murat, on the other of Corsica and France, Napoleon remained from May 4, 1814, to February 26, 1815. With his political intrigues during that time we do not propose to concern ourselves, nor with the vexed question raised by some disappointed French, who seem to have understood neither the Treaty of Fontainebleau nor the geography of Elba, as to England's complicity in his escape; rather we would picture him in the places with which we too are familiar, would shadow him forth not as the banished Emperor of France, but as Monarch of Elba.

By the time the English frigate, the *Undaunted*, that bore him, reached Portoferraio, Napoleon had decided on the line of conduct he intended to pursue: that of a monarch on a small scale, intent on developing the resources of his kingdom, firm in exacting respect for his new flag from all maritime powers. And so well did he play his part of miniature kingship that even Sir Neil Campbell, English Commissioner in the island, thought that he was contented; and more than once opined that if Napoleon were well supplied with money—as he should have been by the terms of the treaty—he would remain quietly where he was; but he was such a very eccentric person that, if he ran short, there was no knowing what improper conduct he might pursue.

He assumed this position at once on his



MARCIANA MARINA

arrival in the harbour of Portoferraio. He refused to land until his new subjects should have had time to prepare an ovation suitable to the reception of a monarch, and he issued an address to General d'Alhesme, then commanding in the island, in the following terms:

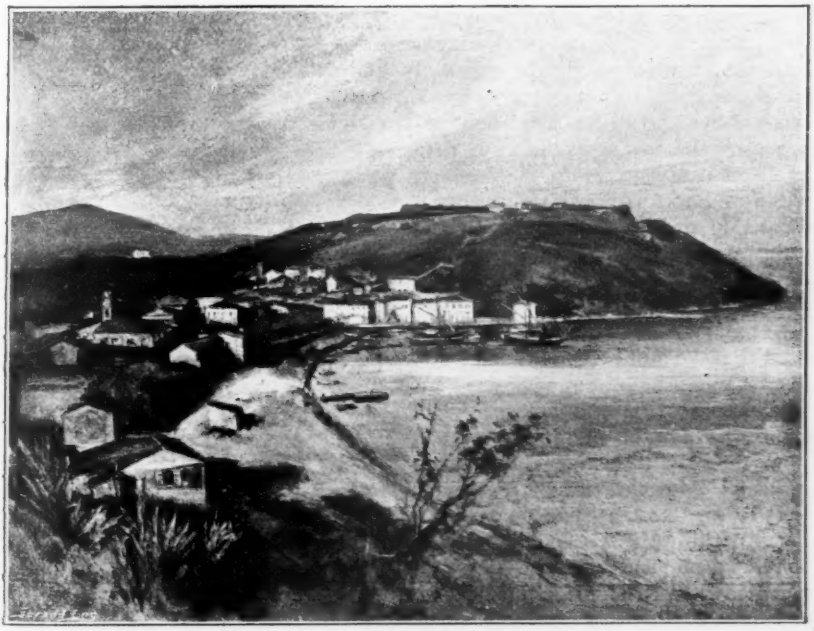
"General! I have sacrificed my rights to the interests of my country, reserving the sovereignty and possession of the island of Elba. To this the Powers have consented. Have the kindness to make known the new state of things to the inhabitants, and the choice that I have made of their island as my abode on account of the mildness of their customs and their climate. Tell them that they will always be the objects of my warmest interest."

The Portoferraiesi took the Emperor at his word. They were overwhelmed with gratitude at the honour he showed them. They received him with flags, with fireworks and with Te Deums; they sent deputations to wait on him; they presented him with a map of his dominions—a very bad one, by-the-bye—on a silver tray; they gave up their best furniture to furnish, provisionally at least, the Palazzina dei Mulini, just under Forte Falcone, where he was to live; they took his officers into their homes; they put on their finest dresses and went to receptions in the town-hall in the evening, telling themselves that their city already seemed like one of the capitals of Europe. And Napoleon fostered their delusion. He proposed to readopt the name given to the city by Duke Cosimo de' Medici, and to call it Cosmopoli; deriving the first part of the word, not from Cosimo, but from the Greek *kosmos*, world, declaring that his Cosmopoli was to be the *City of the World*. At the same time he built and altered extensively in and around his house, adding another storey, planting a garden, forming a library, erecting a tribunal and theatre; he shipped over furniture from the mainland; he prepared a residence close to his own for his mother; he bought land and built a country-house not far from Portoferraio; he sent for his sister Pauline; he prepared extensive stabling; he established a lazaretto in the harbour, which was to compete with that of Leghorn:

everything pointed to complete acquiescence in his position.

He had, in fact, scarcely landed before he began to take possession of his new dominions, as a good monarch should do, and had soon visited the places of importance in Elba and its dependant isles. His corpulence rendered climbing and even walking difficult, but his active spirit overcame all difficulties; and the Elbans who met him, his officers and attendants, continually on the roads and mountain paths, felt quite convinced that the Emperor was devoting himself to their welfare.

One of his first expeditions brought vividly before him the extent of his fall. He had visited all the forts and surroundings of Portoferraio, had collected information concerning the salt manufacture (a Government monopoly) and the tunny fishery; and turning to the left from the land gate of Portoferraio, had pushed as far as the iron mines of Rio—then, as now, Government property—and the fort of Longone; but he had not yet climbed the hills that shut in his capital at the back. These are crossed by a few bridle-paths and by a road, sheer up and down, paved now with the native rock, now with loose, rolling stones, and known as the Colle Reciso. About half-way up the Portoferraio side of this road, a breakneck path leads to the right, up the face of a hill called St. Lucia, whence the Etruscans once drew copper for their bronze. The Emperor, Colonel Campbell, General Bertrand, and their attendants, riding to the top of this hill, found themselves among the ruins of a very large ancient castle. The towers lie prone in enormous masses of masonry, the walls have partly fallen in, partly been quarried for surrounding buildings; of roof there is no trace; the place is simply a large grass-grown square surrounded by naked, ruined blocks of masonry. Not quite abandoned, either, for in one corner is a tiny church with a couple of rooms built on to it in which a hermit once lived and died. Here the party halted and looked round. They were dominating the narrowest part of the island. Right and left the hills stretch away in barren, fantastic peaks now crowned with ruins, now sheer with granite cliffs; before and behind the sea is visible in four different places. Napoleon looked around for a little while,



LONGONE

THE PROPOSAL TO "BELL THE CAT"

taking in the principal points of the landscape, and then, turning to Campbell, said, with a quiet smile: "*Eh, mon île est bien petite.*"

Later on he would often follow the Colle Reciso down into the fertile, vine-covered plain of Lacona, which lies at its foot on the southern side. This plain has two beautiful beaches, one of white sand, the other of fine gravel, separated by a picturesque headland known as Capo di Stella. The headland is narrow and low at its base, but rises and swells as it advances into the sea, and becomes a wild rocky hill, with sheer precipices down to the water, covered with lentisks, with aromatic herbs, with great silvery shining thorn-bushes known to the inhabitants as *prune caprine.* It is the home of hares and innumerable birds. Here Napoleon proposed to make a preserve for game; and actually went the length of arranging matters with the proprietor, Jacopo Foresi, and of making some show of beginning the wall which was to span the isthmus, cutting off the headland from the rest of the estate. Needless to say that the game on Capo di Stella was not in reality profoundly interesting to Napoleon, and that the plan was never carried out. There is an incident recounted of the Emperor in these parts, commemorated by an inscription affixed by the present proprietor, Mario Foresi, to the walls of the house of one of his peasants. A certain Giaconi was ploughing when Napoleon came along, and in his character of one interested in everything, took the ploughshare out of the man's hands and attempted to guide it himself. But the oxen refused to obey him, overturned the share and spoilt the furrow. Foresi's inscription runs as follows:

napoleone il grande
quivi passando nel MDCCCXIV.
tolto nel campo adiacente l'aratro d'un contadino
provavasi egli stesso ad arare
ma i bovi rebelli a quelle mani
che pur seppero infrenare l'europa
precipitosamente
fuggirono dal solco.*

Farther along the coast, to the west of Lacona, and separated from it by a semicircle of almost pathless hills, is the beach and village of Campo, where are extensive

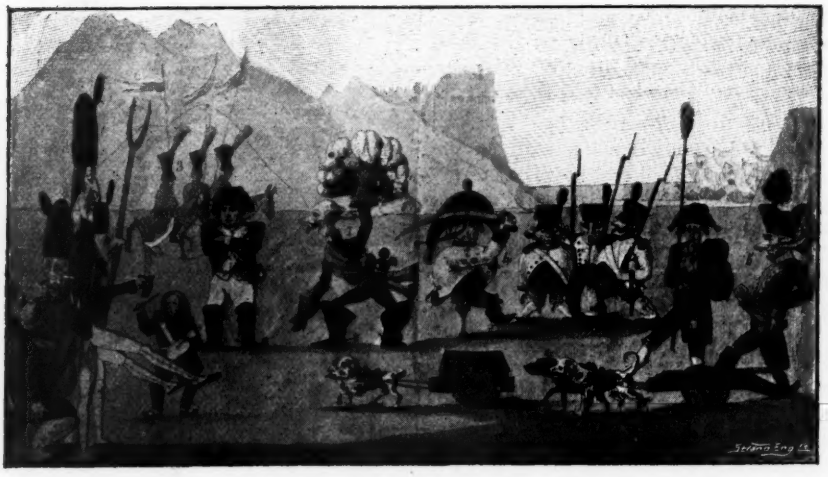
* napoleon the great
passing by this place in MDCCCXIV.
took in the neighbouring field a ploughshare
from the hands of a peasant
and himself tried to plough but
the oxen rebellious to those hands
which yet had guided europe
headlong
fled from the furrow.

granite quarries. To this place also Napoleon paid several visits, and caused a road to be made winding round the base of the hills and joining it with Portoferraio. Must he not develop the resources of his island by providing for the carriage of their granite? Or rather, would not such a road be extremely convenient for keeping up communication with the outlying island of Pianosa, where he was collecting troops and training cavalry? The room where Napoleon passed the night on one of his visits to the village is still shown; an old man, too, blear-eyed and tottering, is listened to with a certain respect by the villagers as he relates how he was nursed and caressed by the Emperor. His father had been a sailor in one of Napoleon's fleets, had been taken prisoner by Nelson, had spent many years in England, had been ultimately accepted as sailor on an English ship, and had made his escape from Genoa. Napoleon visited the man, made him relate his experiences, and showed himself affable with the children, as was his general way in Elba.

AS GERMANY SAW NAPOLEON IN 1814

AN INORDINATE APPETITE

Most thickly do reminiscences of Napoleon cluster round the lovely village of Marciana. The road leading westwards from Portoferraio skirts the seashore. On the left hand rise cliffs densely overgrown with white heather; below, on the right, lies the shore in a succession of bewitching bays and headlands. A trot of between two and three hours brings one to a village lying along a graceful curve, backed by dense chestnut woods, over which hang the frowning precipices of Monte Capanne, the highest mountain in the island. This is Marciana Marina. Behind it a steep, boulder-paved path, running along a ridge above the chestnut woods, where *cicale* sing all day long to the sound of falling waters, leads to Marciana Alta, a fortified place defended once by a huge castle. The castle is now a mere shell within which fowls are penned; they pick up a living among the heaps of *débris*, and drink out of the two halves of the large iron crown which once hung proudly above the Medici arms. To the right of Marciana Alta, a long Via Crucis leads to a church known as the Madonna del Monte. The road is absolutely breakneck, formed of blocks of stone, which devout visitors to the



A GRAND REVIEW IN THE ISLE OF ELBA

shrine have hammered into the soil at their somewhat eccentric pleasure. The church is one of the richest in the island, possessing beautiful massive silver chalices and lamps, rich vestments, vineyards and fields. It stands in a wood of magnificent chestnut trees, and has at the back a charming semicircular wall of grey stone, divided by pilasters into three sections, each of which contains an ancient stone mask spouting the coldest, lightest of water. Close by the church is a little house in which a lay hermit lives. What wonder that Napoleon should take a liking to so picturesque a place, renowned throughout the island for the excellence of its air and its water? What wonder that he should love to retire thither, and to wander through the woods to the truculent little village of Poggio that stands up so defiantly on its granite prominence? That he should even like to picnic on the road in the fold of the hills where the five springs keep up a continuous splashing? That he should choose this place to receive that mysterious lady (in reality, the Polish Countess Walewsky) whom the unlucky mayor of Marciana wanted to fête as no less a person than the Empress Marie Louise in person? Surely all this was harmless and natural enough. But follow up the path that leads off to the right of the hermitage, pass out of the shade of the trees and across the granite boulders to the promontory that commands the coast of Elba, the mainland, and Corsica. There two huge masses of rock tower above their comrades. Between them is a little stairway, partly natural, partly artificial, which leads to the top of the outer rock. This presents a natural platform shielded along part of its length by a natural parapet. The parapet has been added to with brickwork, and a deep hole big enough to hold a large flagstaff has been driven into the platform. This was a favourite resort of Napoleon's. What place could be better for taking the air? And what place could be better for signalling to Corsica, the window-panes of whose villages glitter at so short a distance? After Napoleon left the island, the people of Marciana put up a pompous inscription on the outer wall of the church. It runs as follows:

napoleone I
vinti gli imperi
i regi resi vassalli
da rutenici geli soprappreso non dalle armi
in questo eremo
per lui trasformato in reggia abitava
dal 23 agosto al 14 settembre 1814
e ritemprato il genio immortale
il 24 febbraio 1815
da qui slanciossi a meravigliare di se
novellamente il mondo.

il municipio di marciana,
con animo grato e riverente
a tanto nome
decretava di erigere questa memoria
il 18 febbraio, 1863.*

Of regular residences Napoleon may be said to have had three in the island of Elba: the Mulini in Portoferraio, the country-house at St. Martino, and a house at Longone. The Mulini is a small, two-storeyed house, with a garden behind it, and a winding path leading down to the sea; the path ends in a little grotto known as "Napoleon's bath." The Emperor occupied the lower storey, giving the upper one, which he himself had built on, to his sister Pauline. No trace of the illustrious occupant now remains: the furniture has been entirely removed, some of it, as in the case of a bed in my possession, having left the island altogether; even the library, presented by Napoleon to the town, and lodged in the town-hall, has been to a great extent scattered, owing to the carelessness of the municipal authorities. Only one tangible record of the Emperor remains: the bronze mask in the chapel of the Misericordia. Antonmarchi, Napoleon's doctor, made in Paris three bronze masks from the plaster cast which he had taken immediately after the death in St. Helena. One of these masks passed through the Murat family into the hands of the sculptor, Hiram Powers, in Florence, and is now exposed for sale in London. The second I have not been able to trace. The third is at Portoferraio, kept in a handsome sarcophagus, and exposed to the public gaze every 5th of May, when a funeral service is performed over it. The face, as shown by the mask, is thin and drawn, the brow heavy and projecting; the likeness to the bust of Julius Cæsar in the British Museum is quite extraordinary.

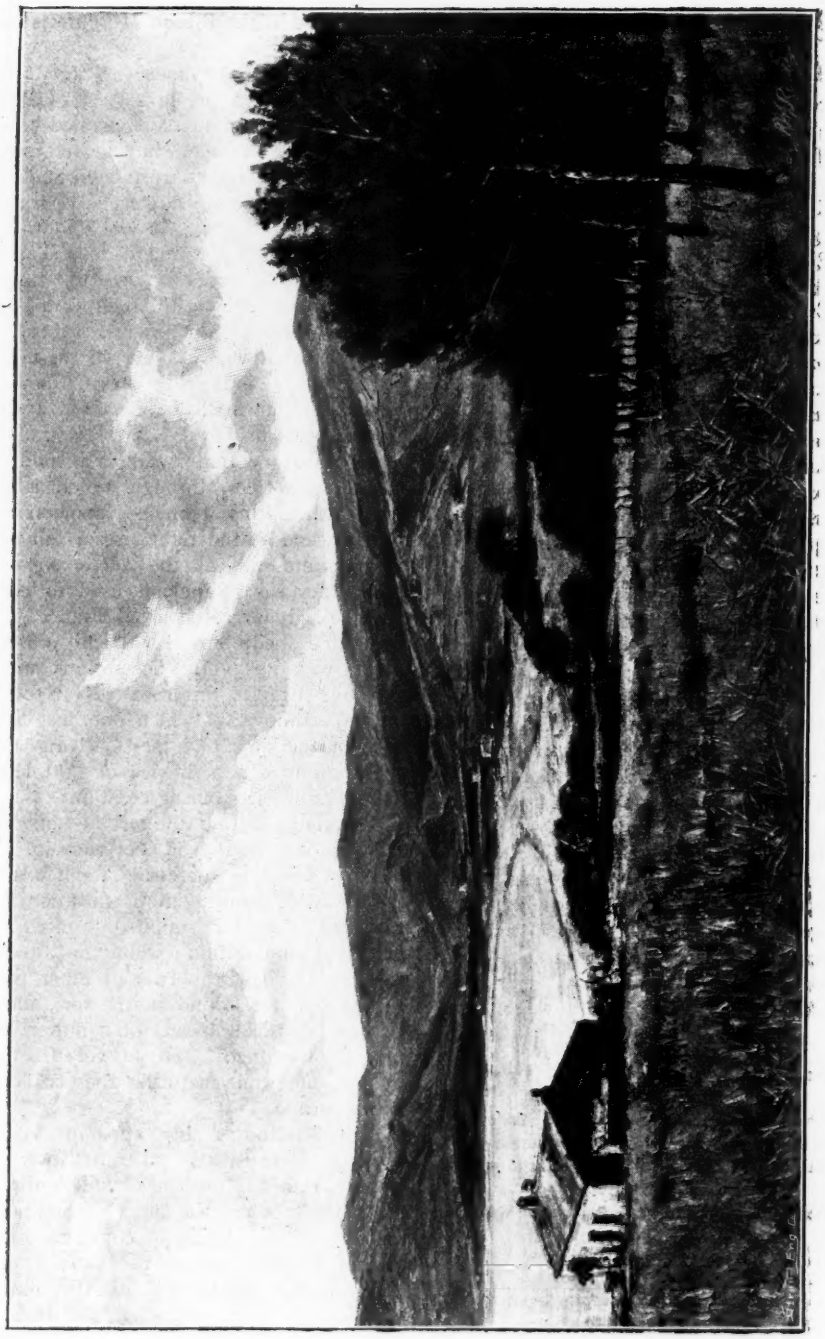
* napoleon I.
having conquered empires
reduced kings to vassalage
overcome by the snows of russia not by arms
in this hermitage
through him transformed into a palace
dwelt from the 23 august to the 14 september 1814
and having tempered afresh his immortal genius
on the 24 february 1815
hence darted forth to amaze anew the world
at his daring.

The municipality of marciana
with grateful and reverent soul
to so great a name
decreed the erection of this memorial
the 18 february 1863.

Napoleon's country-house at St. Martino lies in the fold of the hills west of Portoferraio. The building of it enabled him to play to perfection the *rôle* he had determined to adopt. He bought up the ground from the small proprietors who owned it, respecting, however, the rights of one old woman who refused to sell; and as soon as the works were well under way was continually to be seen riding along the road from Portoferraio to inspect their progress, supervising everything, chatting with everybody, talking to the children and giving them money. A tree is still shown which he is said to have planted with his own hand. Round the house, which was quite small, is a wood with fine old ilex-trees, through which a path leads to the spring at which Napoleon loved to drink, and to the right rises a hill which the peasants still call the *hill of sighs*, because, they say, Napoleon used to go up there to sigh for his beloved France. The Emperor's bedroom has been preserved intact, with its pretty decorations and its charming Empire furniture. Near the bed are two windows, of which one, just at the level of the eyes of a person lying there, opens on to a superb view of Portoferraio, the sea and neighbouring coast-line.

The house within the fort at Longone is now as bare as that at Portoferraio. The place, however, is interesting, for it was with the excuse of repairing the fortifications there that the Emperor supplied himself with guns and ammunition; while the ostensible sale, at Genoa, Leghorn, and other places, of the old iron found in the fort, afforded him an additional means of communication with the Continent. He was very frequently at Longone while maturing the final details of his escape.

Notwithstanding his apparent affability towards the Elbans, intended, we must believe, rather to mislead outsiders than the people themselves, Napoleon was not popular in the island. Being in continual want of money he was obliged to tax the people beyond their resources; and they naturally saw clearly that, whatever he might say and however condescending he might show himself, the money he drew from them



BAY OF LACONA

was by no manner of means applied to the improvement of their position. His tax-gatherers were insulted; riots took place in the very churches when the priests gave out the date by which the taxes were to be sent in; in one village troops were billeted on the inhabitants until the last penny should be paid. The cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which had originally greeted him on his various expeditions, ceased to be heard.

Before matters reached a veritable climax, however, Napoleon had played out his part, and had left the island in which he had landed with so many fine promises. He had shown himself a clever actor, a skilful intriguer to the outside world of European diplomacy; debauched, tyrannical and exacting to the inner Elban world, into which foreign diplomats could pry with difficulty. In his vices, in his astuteness, in his ambition, Napoleon, as he revealed himself in the island of Elba, moves backwards through history, and takes his place beside the Borgia, the Orsini, the Medici of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The illustrations on pages 824, 825 and 826 are reproduced from caricatures of the period. Of these the most interesting is the grimly ingenious German portrait of the Conqueror, to which the following explanation is attached: The hat is the Russian eagle which has gripped with its talons and will not leave go; the face is composed of the bodies of some of the thousands he has sacrificed to his ambition; the collar is the torrent of blood shed for his vain-glory; the coat is a bit of the map of the confederation arrayed against him and of his lost battle-fields. On his shoulder, in the guise of an epaulet, is the great hand of God, which plucks the cobweb and destroys the spider that fills the place where a heart should have been.

THE CAVES AT COVESEA

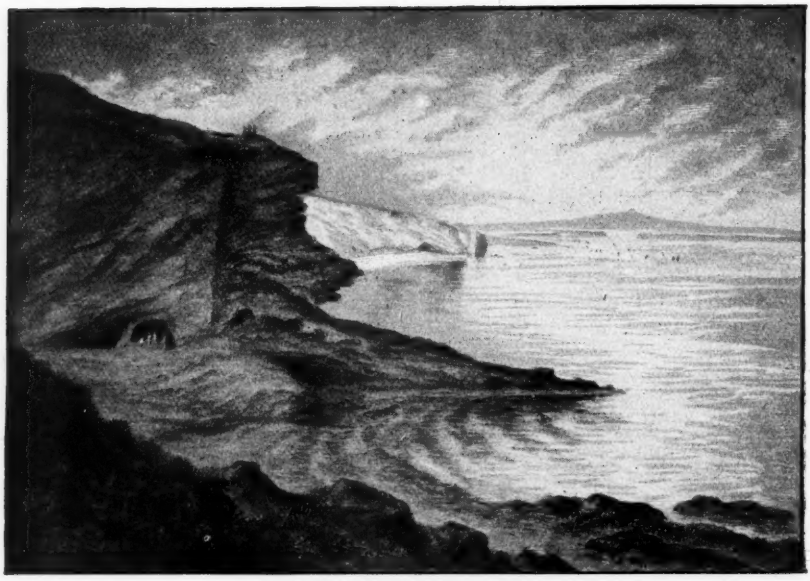
By C. F. GORDON-CUMMING

AMONG the minor disappointments of a conscientious pilgrim to places of note, I must reckon my visit to Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight—a name familiar in many an inland cottage from the specimens of its coloured sands, arranged in quaint bottles. From these I had formed an impression of richly tinted, sandstone crags, doubtless (from their fame) far surpassing those so familiar in my own earliest memories—crags which extend from about three miles along the shores of the Moray Firth, about five miles from the old Cathedral City of Elgin,* and forming the grand natural bulwark of my father's seaboard estate of Gordonstoun.

As seen on a sunny day, these sandstone crags afford a feast of colour, which, so far as my pretty wide experience goes, is unsurpassed in any corner of the world. It ranges from deep Venetian red, and brown madder shot with the gleaming green of wet weed within some of the great gloomy caves, to the most vivid sienna and cadmium, glowing in the sunlight, and varied with pearly grey, all harmonised by grey-green and golden lichens. At the base of the crags lie masses of dark-brown rock fringed with yellow and olive seaweed, with here and there stretches of pale sand-hills, partly covered with coarse bent, partly with rich turf, which in the spring-time is starred with delicate primroses, and these in due season are replaced by tall spikes of rosy foxglove.

Smooth, yellow sands meet the clear blue and green waters, and with the blue distant hills seen beyond the Moray and Cromarty Firths, and the soft, blue sky overhead (varied by dark leaden-grey or dazzingly white clouds), combine, even in the prosaic light of noonday, to produce effects of colour which must rejoice all true lovers of beautiful nature. Doubtless these unconsciously

* It is a moot point whether the possession of a picturesque ruin still entitles the burgh of Elgin to this honorary title—a doubt carefully expressed by a conscientious young revivalist in his prayer for a special blessing "on this City of Elgin—*if it be a city!*"



THE SCULPTURE CAVE, COVESEA

influenced our childish minds, when those cave-pierced crags formed the delightful playground of a happy band of brothers and sisters in the joyful days of our early youth.

> "Oh, the radiant light which girdled
> Field and forest, land and sea,
> When we all were young together,
> And the earth was new to me." *

Great was our delight when, in the long summer days, the family forsook for awhile the lovely woods and gardens of Altyre, our beloved inland home—one of the oldest homes of the Cummings, as Gordonstoun was of the Gordons. Altyre (which is about sixteen miles from Gordonstoun) lies near the Findhorn, which, with its tributaries, the Dorbach and the Devie, forms the loveliest group of all Highland rivers. There too, Nature revels in colour. The course of the Findhorn is singularly varied: for some distance near Altyre deep-red sandstone cliffs crowned with dark fir-trees, rise to a height of about two hundred feet from the rich brown river (the colour of which I can best describe as that of London porter, coffee scarcely supplying the full depth of tone).

* From "The Buried Flower," Aytoun's "Lays of the Cavaliers."

Further up stream, the sandstone is abruptly replaced for many miles by crags of grey gneiss clothed with the loveliest hanging woods—the graceful white-stemmed birch, the alder, the wild cherry, the bird-cherry, mingling with dark Scotch fir and with an undergrowth of heather and bracken—a scene exquisitely varied at all seasons, but in autumn combining to form for the wondrous brown waters a setting of orange and gold, crimson, scarlet, dark green, purple, and sienna.

As it nears the sea, this beautiful and romantic river totally changes its character, and those who know it only from crossing the railway bridge near Forres see but a wide, often shallow stream flowing seawards through level sands, very soon to form the placid Findhorn Bay, guarded from the full force of the tide by a bar of its own creation.

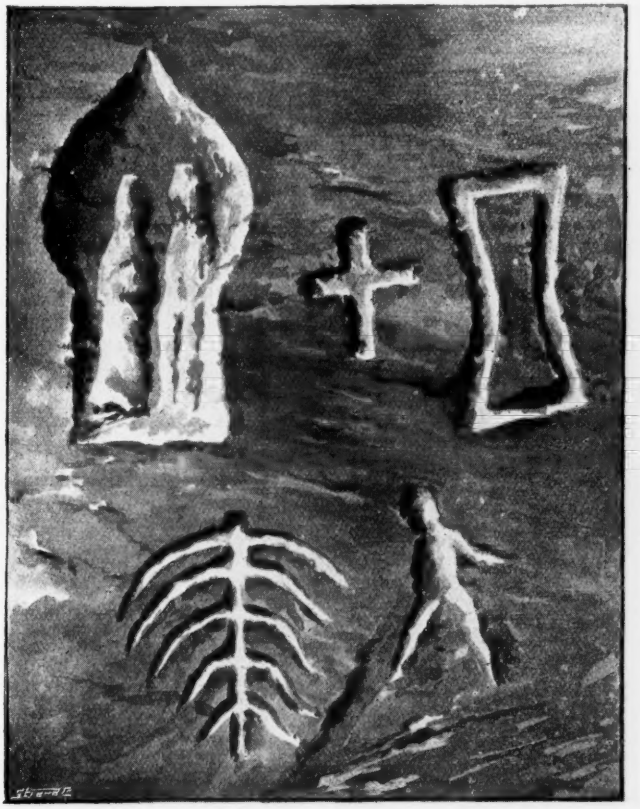
From this estuary a belt of most singular character stretches along the sea towards Nairn—an expanse two or three miles wide of arid yellow sandhills, for ever shifting and changing their form as the strong winds sweep the fine, light sands, beneath which lies buried land once so fertile that it was called "The granary of Moray."

The earliest mention thereof is the record of how in the fifteenth century, Egidia Moray, heiress of Culbyn, bestowed her hand and her lands on Sir Thomas Kynnaird of that ilk. In 1695 his descendant, Alexander, last of the Kynnairds of Culbyn, petitioned the Scottish Parliament for relief of cess and taxes, showing that the two best parts of his estates of Culbyn were quite ruined and destroyed by "an inevitable fatality, occasioned by great and vast heaps of sand which had overblown the same, so that there was not a vestige to be seen of his mannor-place of Culbyn, yards, orchards and mains thereof . . . . and the small remainder of his estate, which yet remained uncovered, was exposed to the like hazard, and the sand daily gaining ground thereon, where-through he was like to run the hazard of losing the whole."

According to tradition the waving crops were ready for harvest when a mighty tempest arose, and a strong, northerly gale, and in a single night the fields lay buried beneath two feet of fine, white sand. Over a great part of this desolate region there is not a trace of vegetation, but here and there are tracts dotted over with broom and whins, all nibbled by the countless rabbits, as if clipped by the hand of some fanciful gardener. Elsewhere the hillocks are clothed with dry bent (coarse sea-grass with long roots and fibres which do their best to bind the loose sand).

Sometimes the wind lays bare the once arable land, now so hopelessly buried, and reveals the ridges and furrows once carefully ploughed. In the early parts of this century the tops of apple trees and even the chimneys of the old mansion house have been seen, but a few hours later all trace of them had vanished. In some places you come on tracts of soil and shingle rounded and polished as if by the action of water, but exactly recalling patches of the Egyptian desert, where beds of pebbles polished by the ceaseless friction of wind and sand reflect the sunlight like countless rounded mirrors.

In my childhood this dreary region was haunted by innumerable foxes, which here reared their young undisturbed, finding abundant food in the natural rabbit-warren, varied by clever captures of wild geese and ducks, whose slaughter called down no vengeance from any farmer. For further to the West lay a swampy marsh interspersed with little lochs, bordered with rank grass and water-weeds, and those were the favourite feeding grounds of wild-fowl of all sorts, including rare varieties of wild duck, flocks of geese, and of wild swans.

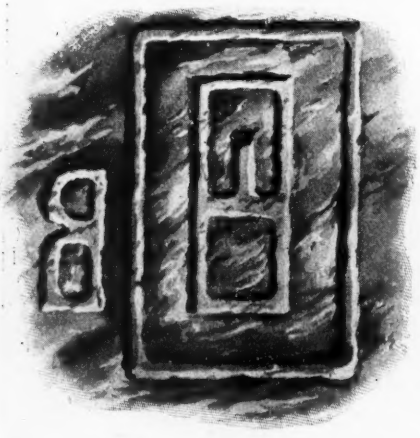


SCULPTURES IN A CAVE AT COVESEA

But now all has been drained to such an extent that the strong deep heather and sedgy marshes are replaced by plantations of fir trees and fields of oats, and even the sand-hills have been in a great measure conquered and reclaimed.

I know no corner of the world where the face of the earth has undergone so many remarkable changes within historic times as along the shores of the Moray Firth, between the mouths of the river Nairn and the Spey (the Covesea Caves of which I spoke, lie just half-way between these rivers). Probably the strangest of all, are those which successively transformed the beautiful Loch of Spynie from an arm of the sea into a great fresh-water lake, and finally into rich pastures and cornfields; and all these changes have occurred since the Bishops of Moray built their stately palace overlooking the fisher's village —a palace which for centuries has been left desolate, overlooking a half-drained inland loch.

And on the other side, extending westward towards Findhorn, it is said that where the bright sands now lie crisp and firm, there were formerly wide reaches of alluvial mud, rich in oysters; and it is certain that along the now treeless expanse towards Burghead, there stretched a great forest which supplied the Danes with timber for their shipbuilding, when, early in the eleventh century they occupied Burghead. At that time an inlet of the sea extended some distance inland, and it is said that the name of Hell's Hole (by which one of the finest caves is known), is really a corruption of Helis Hale which described "the head of the harbour." The harbour now lies considerably to the west, at the little fishing town of Hopeman, which now rejoices in its newly acquired boon of a branch railway, connecting it with Burghead and Elgin.



SCULPTURES IN A CAVE AT COVESEA

The cave with this uncanny name lies at the westernmost extremity of the wave-worn cliffs which extend thence for three miles along the coast. Strange to say, this fine mass of sandstone crops up quite suddenly in the midst of a wide stretch of white and level sands. Just below the little village of Covesea (or the Coissey as it is called in old records), the cliffs and sea-weed covered rocks end abruptly, or rather, the cliffs leave the shore and form a great horseshoe enclosing a wilderness of bent-covered sand hills, a paradise for rabbits, curving round a beautiful bay of fine white sands which form a most delightful shore for young bathers. Many a gleesome hour did we spend there in happy days long, long ago, rejoicing in the brine-laden breezes. With childish awe we looked to the beacon which at high tide seems to rise from the waters off the further end of the bay and which marks the treacherous Black Skerries, so dangerous to shipping until a tall lighthouse was erected on a solitary cliff rising from the sand hills just opposite the Skerries, and now its ruby and diamond flashes gleam far over the Firth to warn seamen against venturing too near.

But our never-ending pleasure centred in the Caves. Some are always accessible in every stage of the tide, others can only be reached when the receding waters suffer us to pass certain headlands, and to be hemmed in by the tide at certain points involves a good many hours' detention, though, happily, no risk of drowning. Indeed, in most of the little bays a tolerably expert scrambler can contrive to gain the summit by carefully following natural fissures, several of which have now been artificially improved so as to afford secure foothold. One of these is known as "the lummie" or chimney, suggesting a very steep and narrow way—which, indeed, it is—an almost corkscrew stair.

Many a time have I scrambled up and down it, but it was not till very recently that I had to prove its true value in the hour of need. Of course, in order to enjoy a

MIRROR SCULPTURES IN A CAVE AT COVESEA

leisurely walk, especially if time is to be allowed for sketching, it is wise to secure an outgoing tide and so avoid the risk of unpleasant adventures.

Only last summer, I myself narrowly escaped being held prisoner by neglecting this precaution, or rather, by rashly assuming, from the appearance of the seaweed-covered rocks, that the tide was receding. So, nothing doubting, I made my way to perhaps the only bay from which at high water there is positively no means of escape, and climbing a sandy hillock, entered a cave known as the "Sculpture Cave," by reason of certain rude carvings on its rocky walls, and was soon deeply engrossed in securing drawings of these. My sketching materials being somewhat bulky, I was happily escorted by a trusty helper, David Grant, who, after duly inspecting the interior of the cave, chanced to look out and exclaimed in dismay, "The tide is coming in fast." It was too true; and though we were in no danger, I knew what anxiety would be caused should we not return for so many hours. Without a moment's delay, after hastily packing the sketches, we ran along the sandy bay to the projecting crag which closed it in on the side nearest Covesea.

That crag has been hollowed by the ceaseless action of the waves, and forms one of the finest caves, with three great arches, two of which face the sea. We entered by the third, hoping to be able to pass out by one of the others, but though we quickly took off our boots and stockings, hoping to be able to wade, we were too late—already the water was far too deep. I thought we were effectually trapped, when to our joy, my companion observed a fourth, very low opening on the further side, which neither he nor I ever remembered having noticed before, but which we now know as Davie's passage. By stooping very low, we found we could just make our way along the little passage, and were soon safe beyond that crag. But we had still a considerable distance to scramble over the slippery rocks, sometimes above our knees in water, ere reaching "the lummie" and right thankfully we climbed that steep rock-stair, and found ourselves safe on the summit where we could rest awhile on banks of heather and crowberry. Thence, an hour later, I watched great crested waves breaking on the shore, while the rocks along which we made our way were more than six feet under water. Defying a most fatiguing breeze, I took up a good position on the top

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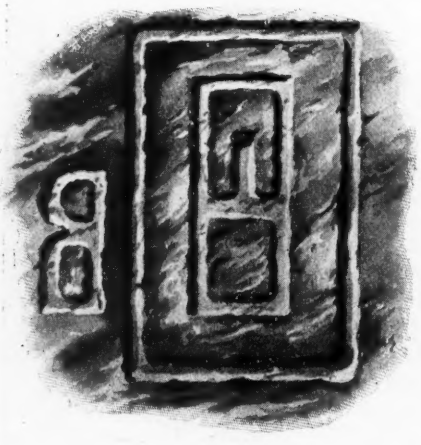

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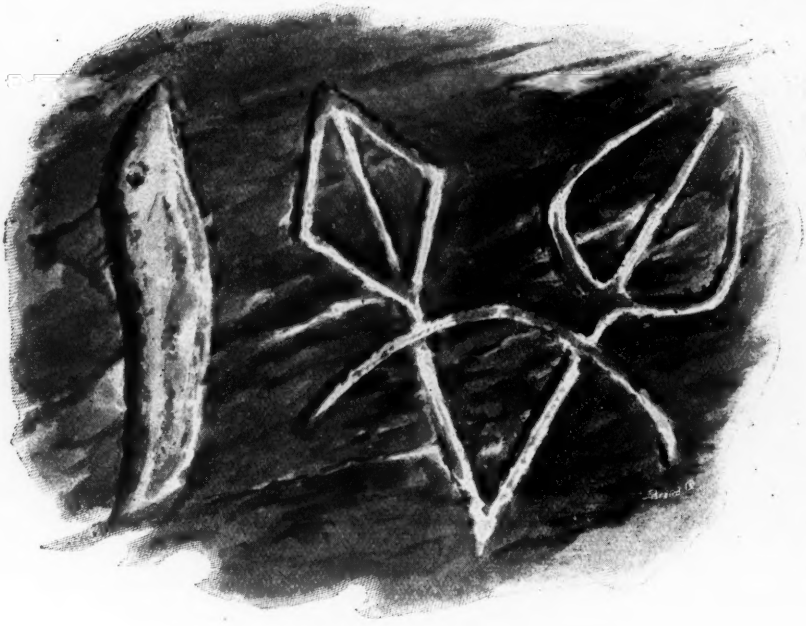


SCULPTURED FISH SCULPTURED SPECTACLE ORNAMENT

of the crag within which we had so recently endured such anxious moments, and there secured a picture of the cliff within which is the Sculpture Cave, with its singularly square entrance. Beyond it, a further stretch of crag ends in a detached mass of rock, which, in our young days, was always called the Tailor's Castle. Still further lie the headlands of Hopeman and Burghead, whence many a day I have watched the fleet of herring boats starting for their night of hard toil. Far in the distance Ben Wyvis rises blue above the two Sutors, which form the entrance to Cromarty Bay. Concerning these there is a legend to the effect that in days of old a sutor or cobbler sat on each headland, and as they had only one awl between them, they skilfully threw it backwards and forwards across the Firth.

Very charming is the walk all along the top of the cliffs, peering down into their dark recesses, or watching the endless changes of light and colour on the wide ocean, while now and again resting on the brow of some specially attractive crag. These, in springtime, are rosy with delicate sea-pinks nestling among grey lichens, and in autumn they glow with tufts of rich purple heather, contrasting with the vivid green of the luxuriant crowberry, with its little, hard, glossy, black berries, the search for which wiles away many a lonely hour for the laddies who herd the too venturesome sheep.

Descending the steep cart-road from Covesea village to the caves, the first point of interest is the Dripping Well, where the villagers leave their cans standing to collect the clear sparkling water which drips, drop by drop, from an overhanging rock. A well just above the bathing bay yields their regular supply, entailing many a weary travel up that steep, grassy hill. Never was there greater need to obey the good old counsel "Set a stout heart to a stey brae," words of wisdom which come to our aid at many a stiff turn of life.

The dripping well which supplies such excellent drinking water, is a good deal further from the village, but people in those parts do not expect to find everything ready to their hand, and the luxury of obtaining hot and cold water in abundance with no

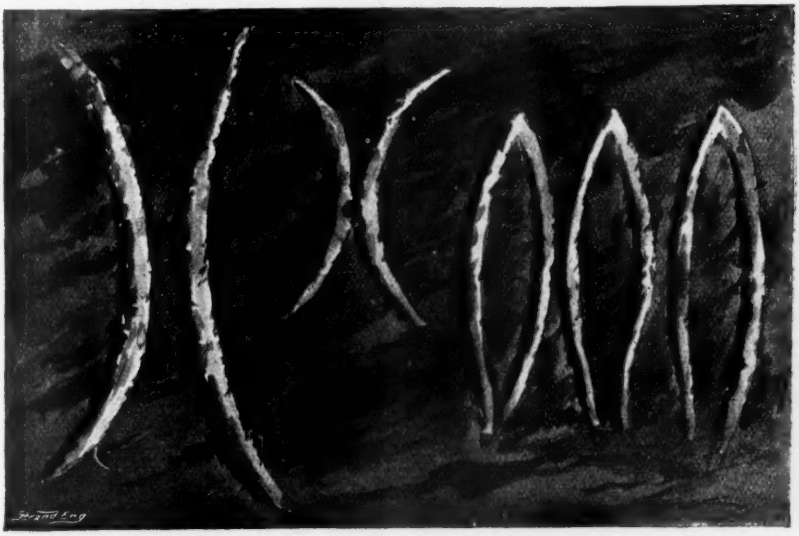
further trouble than turning a tap, would seem to them like a fairy tale.

That steep cart-road over the well-worn rock, is suggestive of many a toilsome journey, for by it the loads of heavy, wet seaweed, cast up by the waves, are brought from the shore to manure the fields above. Following its track, we enter a fine large cave which, in common with several others, affords such secure shelter from wind and storm, that it is a favourite camp for certain tinkers —a quiet inoffensive tribe—who from time immemorial have frequented these shores, coming and going as fancy dictates, and selecting their cave for the time being, facing east or west, with due regard to the prevailing wind. Their favourite haunt, however, is the fine cave (a marvel of vividly orange colouring), to which I have already alluded as "Hell's Hole," and which to these wandering folk, has all the charm of a loved home—an attraction which the most comfortable house made with hands, fails to exert. Their earliest associations are with their cave dwelling, and in sickness and in death they yearn to be brought back here.

Very pathetic was this craving as exemplified a few years ago, when the aged mother of the tribe was so very ill that she had submitted to be taken to the excellent county hospital for treatment. There she received such care and comfort as in all her life she could never have dreamt of, but she pined, and was so miserable, that at last, yielding to her entreaties, her people brought a cart with straw, and therein carried her to her beloved cave, that she might die in peace within sound of the waves.

Some of the far-receding caves are haunted by solemn, black cormorants—"scarts" the country-folk call them—which dart out with angry cries, as if resenting our intrusion; and blue rock-pigeons also find here a congenial home. (It is strange how creatures adapt themselves to circumstances. Among the Culbyn sand-hills, where no crags and caves are available, these rock-pigeons occasionally startle the ferreters, by darting out from rabbit-burrows in which they have made their nest!)

Among the charms of many of these caves are the numerous water-worn openings which tempt one to much scrambling in order to peep out at the sea from new angles, and to catch new glimpses of richly coloured crag. Passing through the first cave of which I spoke and out by another entrance, we find ourselves at the foot of a great solitary rock-mass, in form something like a gigantic body on two thick legs. This is generally called the Gull's Castle, and a somewhat similar mass further on is known as the Tailor's



SCULPTURES IN A CAVE AT COVESEA FISHES

Castle; each has evidently once formed part of a great cave which has fallen in, and its fragments have been dispersed by the waves or buried beneath the sand.

Overlooking the Tailor's Castle, and well raised above the sea, is the Saint's Cave, supposed to have been the chosen cell of an anchorite of old. A rudely squared stone receives the water which slowly drips from the roof, and may have supplied the lonely man with drink or with water wherewith to baptize his converts. Many a peaceful hour have I there spent watching the slow and silent influx of the tide, as it quietly stole onwards over weedy rock and gleaming sand, till it bathed the base of the tall "Castle" and the pile of fallen rock and shingle below the cave.

Behind the Gull's Castle grassy hillocks nestle round the base of an amphitheatre of rock, and, well concealed by these, a low, artificially squared entrance marks a small cave, known as Sir Robert's Stable, a well-founded tradition being that here, in the days of Jacobite troubles, Sir Robert Gordon was in the habit of concealing his best horses so that when "the Rebels" came to Gordonstoun to requisition his steeds, they found only common cart-horses.

The Stable Cave is now only a dark, damp place, very different from most of the neighbouring breezy caves, daily washed by the green waves, but it was then probably in better order. According to tradition, there was in those days an underground passage thence, all the way to Gordonstoun House —a full mile—but if such ever existed, all trace of it has long since disappeared.

It was not for live stock only that the caves afforded a secure hiding-place. In those days when smuggling was so much in fashion, the facilities offered by such a shore as this were not likely to be overlooked. Consequently, even among old family documents of some of the neighbouring gentry, letters have been found proving very plainly how many lovers of good wine, brandy, and tobacco profited by all chances of landing their share of cargoes which had contrived to elude the obnoxious excise duties. Doubtless, such illicit stores may, in some cases, have had to lie hidden for a considerable period ere a safe opportunity arose for transporting them to their destination; and, in some cases, it may have been necessary to trust largely to the honour of the country-folk, who might very well have discovered and appropriated the hid treasure.

Hence, in the interior of the aforesaid Sculpture Cave, which stands well above high-water mark, thus forming a very secure storehouse, there is inscribed on the rock, in large, well-cut letters, this ban:

CURSED BE THEY Y^t PLINDER

with the initials JH, the date Mar. 1655 or 1677, and a peculiar ornamental scroll. Further in the interior the same date and scroll are repeated with the well-cut name JHorn. Curiously enough, I find that in 1672 James Horne was Minister of Elgin. Was it he who here reminded his outlying flock of the sin of theft, and had he any personal interest in the safety of hidden treasure?

That cave (which is entered by a double mouth, seeming as though it must have been artificially squared) has been a favourite haunt of many successive generations, and is the only one on which they have left their rude designs. Unfortunately, the rock is of so friable a character that it crumbles at a touch, and the marvel is that any of its very primitive sculptures should still be discernible, more especially as with lamentably bad taste many visitors have proved their own hopeless vulgarity by deeply cutting their own, or their friends' name or initials, generally in letters so large that it now requires careful observation to trace out the fainter carvings so interesting to the archæologist. I took the trouble last summer to note the most offensively conspicuous of these names with the intention of publishing them for public indignation, but, fortunately for the culprits, a sudden gust of wind carried away my paper while I was subsequently sketching from the summit of the crags.

Of the inscriptions one bears date 1370, but the designs are undoubtedly pre-historic. Such are the fish fourteen inches long and the curious symbol which, for want of a better name, is, I believe, known to antiquarians as "the spectacles." Another is "the looking-glass," which figures in so many stories of divination in the old folk-lore. Others seem to be simply the rude symbols of three fishes, double crescents, and curiously blended double triangles; also crosses and an hour-glass, all of which have their counterpart among the rude sculptures in the caves of

Fifeshire. One, however, is, I believe, peculiar to this cave, namely two figures within a shrine, the whole fifteen inches high.

Strange, indeed, are these traces, faint but unmistakable, of the handiwork of those long-forgotten people. Yet lingering survivals from heathen times are scarcely yet wholly extinct among us, and the neighbouring fishing towns of Hopeman and Burghead have, happily, retained some picturesque customs directly linking this prosaic nineteenth century with those ancient days when fire-worship and well-worship here prevailed.

Thus, at Burghead, on New Year's Eve, reckoned according to old style, the old ceremony of burning the Clavie is still kept up. The fisher-folk and seamen assemble, as they have done for unknown centuries, and make a portable bonfire, formed of half an old tar-barrel filled with firewood, and securely attached to a long handle. Though a nail may be used for this purpose, it may on no account be struck with an iron tool, but is driven in with a stone. Nor may a modern lucifer match be used to ignite it, but a burning peat; and when once ablaze, the strongest lad present is told off to the honour of carrying the Clavie round the old part of the town, regardless of the streams of boiling tar which, of course, trickle all down his back. Should he stumble or fall, the omen would be held unlucky—indeed, both to the town and to himself.

When the first man is tired out a second succeeds him in this post of honour, and perhaps a third and a fourth, till the circuit of the town is completed. Formerly, the vessels in harbour were likewise thus safeguarded for the year. Thus is a direct link with the Yule Fire-festival still kept up.

At Hopeman, the Holy Well (though now only called the Braemou' Well) continued, till very recently, to be a favourite gathering-place on May morning and on Hallowe'en (the spring and autumn festivals), for it was firmly believed that at those times the well had healing powers for those who reverently drank its waters, washed therein (in a very modified sense), and left a small gift for the spirit of the well.

A little further inland, on my father's estate of Dallas, it is an undoubted fact that, so recently as about fifty years ago, one of the farmers having a murrain in his cattle, actually sacrificed one of his oxen as a burnt offering to the offended spirit of disease.

Speaking of cattle, I must record a good story told us by the Rev. Richard Rose, D.D., who, in his later years, was minister of Drainie (near Gordonstoun), namely, that when he was appointed to Dallas as his first charge, he knew an old man who remembered a celebrated "cattle-lifter" who was considered by his neighbours to be a very pious man, because, before setting out on a cattle-lifting raid in "the Laich," or low country of Moray, he laid his blue bonnet on the ground, knelt down on it, and prayed that the Almighty would keep him from robbing the fatherless and the widow, and would guide him to the flocks of rich folk, such as Duff o' Dipple (ancestor of the present Duke of Fife)!

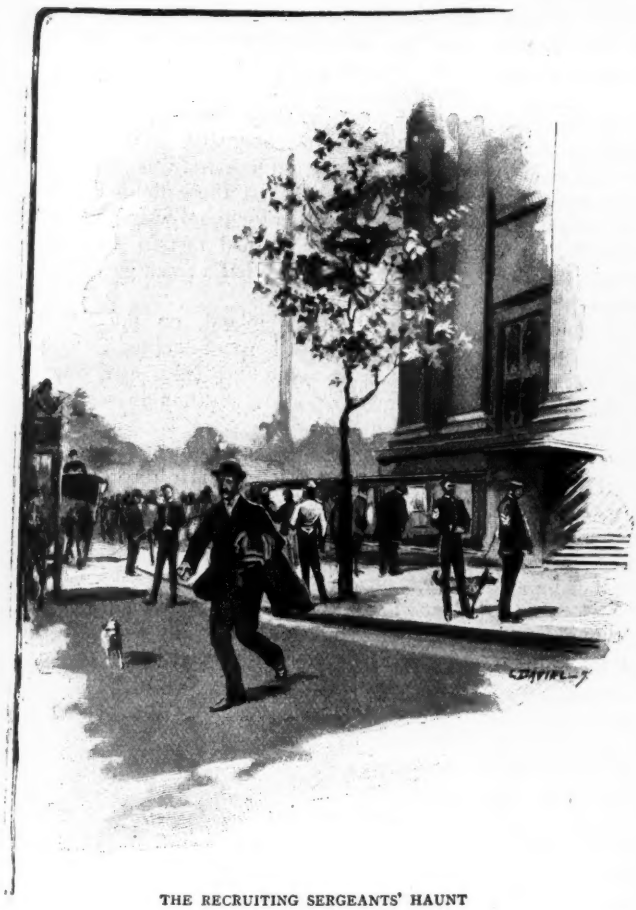
The old rocks have led me into old tales, tending to show that Scotland is by no means lacking in rich, local colour of various sorts!

RECRUITS AND RECRUITING

By LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL

THAT triangular piece of pavement which lies at the back of Trafalgar Square, in front of the new Portrait Gallery, is an interesting spot on a fine morning. Here it is that the coy recruit takes his last stand, having so far resisted the blandishments of the recruiting sergeants, who stroll in splendid leisure to and fro. With half a dozen companions, grouped round a convenient lamp-post, he discusses



THE RECRUITING SERGEANTS' HAUNT

the pros and cons of the situation, casting sidelong glances the while at the smart uniforms and devil-may-care carriage of the recruiters. But the sergeants—arch strategists that they are—have lost all interest in the "promising lads" in whom they showed so keen a concern half an hour ago. They have said their say, and are in a take-it-or-leave-it mood. Two who stand near are plainly absorbed in discussing the principles of fortification, the law of projectiles, or some other abstruse military topic. Still it is noticeable that they exchange glances from time to time, as floating scraps of the conversation reach them. Also they show no disposition to resume their promenade.

The talk of the little knot round the lamp is chiefly biographical, dealing with celebrated characters at some time in the service of the Queen. One lad, with an uncle, a Crimean veteran, is listened to with particular respect. Most of them have relatives who are, or have been, in the army. Those not so fortunate quote from the lives of local military heroes, more real to them than Marlborough or Wellington. Presently, the group having worked itself up to the proper pitch of warlike ardour, moves towards St. George's Barracks. Out of five or six there are perhaps two or three defaulters, who decide to give their luck another chance. If fortune remain unkind, they will be back in a day or two. The sergeants join the recruits, and they disappear through the gates together.

Soldiering is very infectious; recruits often come in two or three at a time. If one man in a workshop should enlist, you are almost sure to get others. One of the London vestries not long since suffered severely from the epidemic. The youth who goes down alone to the barracks must be submerged indeed. If a lad has no friend to dare with him, there will still be two or three admiring friends to see him take the plunge. There is, during the busy hours of the day, always a little waiting crowd of this kind about the gateway. The parade-ground is a dreary waste of gravel enclosed by blank walls, and there is nothing to look at, except the sentry, for the barracks lie to the right, quite out of sight. Occasionally, an awkward squad of the Grenadier Guards, who have quarters there, can be seen going through their evolutions, but they are too far off for criticism or real enjoyment. The loungers are animated by a spirit of pure friendship.

Recruiting sergeants speak regretfully of

the good old days, when the "bringing in" money was £1 a head all round. They get five shillings now, or half a crown, according to the branch of the service for which the recruit is enlisted. There is one exception: a premium of £3 is paid for a man for the Household Cavalry. This is a piece of good luck, however, which cannot often fall to the recruiting sergeant; only one hundred and ninety-five men of this class were enlisted last year at all the depôts throughout the Kingdom. The standard is a high one; physically perfect men, from five feet eleven inches to six feet one inch high, are not often met with.

The War Office does not allow the staff as free a hand as it did. There are, no doubt, still recruiting sergeants with the gift of imagination, but they must not exercise it too freely. The authorities themselves appear to disdain the use of it altogether; their strength is statistical. The official guide-book, "The Advantages of the Army," bristles with hard facts, numbered, paragraphed, and tabulated — a disappointing publication to the young Alexander in search of inspiration. It is most businesslike, most depressing. You are informed that though quarters, bedding, fuel and light will be provided without charge, yet you will have to pay for your washing and hair-cutting! There is hope, however, of something which, whilst accurate, will be a little less dry-as-dust. An illustrated pamphlet is in course of issue. The coloured posters already in existence are here and there a trifle less prosaic. Besides, "pictures" lighten the heaviest text. The Royal Marines avow that their barracks are "most comfortable, have all the latest improvements, and are open till 10 P.M.; if a man wishes to stay out later, passes are freely granted." Further, that sixteen men out of every hundred are allowed to marry—the proportion of the whole army is from four to seven per cent.—whilst a shooting-gallery, recreation-room, canteen, theatre, coffee-bar, and skittle-alley are provided for hours of idleness. Then the document seems to rise to the occasion. Since every ship in the Royal Navy, it says, carries a detachment of marines, a most favourable opportunity of seeing the world is afforded, whilst prize-money in large amounts is sometimes made. Here is a touch of the romance of war, a suggestion of ships grappling and the rush of boarders.

The business of deciding whether a recruit shall be enlisted does not usually take long.

TAKING DIMENSIONS

DREAMS OF GLORY

Having first ascertained the corps he wants to join, the recruiting sergeant takes his dimensions—his height and girth round the chest. If they are up to standard, he is passed on to the doctor, whose examination is of the most searching description. Each candidate, stripped to the skin, is put through all sorts of motions, to test his muscles and general condition. He is politely requested to hop across the room on one leg, an embarrassing and ludicrous method of locomotion. He is weighed, sounded with the stethoscope, and his constitution subjected to a thorough overhauling. If he passes this, he is then taken before the recruiting officer to be sworn. Later, he is finally approved—or rejected—by the officer commanding the depôt, and may then be despatched to the regiment in which he has enlisted. He receives his railway ticket and a day's pay before he starts. When the conducting sergeant has seen him off from the station, and the authorities at the other end have been advised of his arrival, the recruiting department has done with him. It is but seldom that men desert on the journey, though it was common enough, during the first days of enlistment, at the beginning of the century. No wonder, when men were raised drunk or sober, induced by all sorts of subterfuges to take the Queen's shilling.

The recruiting sergeant was more of a public character then than now. He was an approved popular orator. When they drew up on the village-green, having marched in, the band playing and colours flying, it was his duty to make speeches. There was probably more force than depth in what he said, but he was no mere copyist, he created. In short, he lied like any Trojan. His talk was all of "gentlemen soldiers." Wealth, glory, and the smiles of beauty were inseparable from the profession of arms. The pitiful clodpate who stayed at home had full measure of his scorn. Trade and commerce were for hucksters, not for men of spirit.

Physical fitness is not the only qualification for the modern recruit. Every applicant has to give an account of his antecedents, to furnish references as to character if necessary. The age qualification is the one over which the staff has the most trouble. From eighteen to twenty-five is the limit in nearly all branches of the service. Exceptions are made in favour of highly skilled labour; men may be enlisted up to forty in the submarine mining reserve of the Royal Engineers, military mechanists up to thirty-five years of age. There is often wilful misrepresentation by those not up to, or in excess of, the standard. It is not always easy to determine whether a growing lad is eighteen, or less, or a young man over or under twenty-five.

Anthropometry is now, however, so far a science, that the medical officer can often detect an impostor by comparing his age with his weight, general appearance and development.

Every recruit must be a British subject; the enlistment of an alien is, of course, contrary to international law. He must be unmarried. Shrewish wives have driven many men into the ranks, but not with the consent of the authorities. The married man who represents himself a bachelor is liable to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. They were not so particular in 1808. A delicious piece of doggerel published in that year represents a recruit taking leave of his wife and family.

> "Farewell to you, dear Nancy,
> Likewise my children three,
> Behold I come to take my leave
> Of friends and family."

Nancy suggests selling her cloak and the furniture to pay his "smart money." But "Jack" replies that he has been attested. Smart money won't do, and he must cross the main.

> "You will see me roll in splendour
> When I return again."

Have you views on vaccination? You must give up the idea of going a-soldiering or your convictions. "Are you willing to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated?" the interrogatory runs. At last the oath is reached: "I, Thomas Atkins, do make Oath, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to Her Majesty, Her Heirs, and Successors, and that I will as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend Her Majesty, Her Heirs, and Successors, in Person, Crown and Dignity, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of Her Majesty, Her Heirs, and Successors, and of the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God!"

Fifty years ago there were deserters by

BEFORE

profession. They went about the country enlisting to-day and deserting to-morrow. The inducement was the bounty, now abolished. It was a perilous calling; if detected they were branded with hot irons on the back or breast. Deserters not uncommonly re-enlist nowadays. Though desertion is properly treated with rigour, there are sometimes extenuating circumstances. A despotic sergeant may make a man's life so unbearable that he will take "French leave" of one regiment and join another.

The chest measurement is the most frequent cause of rejection, defective eyesight comes next. A good many break down over their teeth, though the test is by no means as severe as in the navy. Bad teeth and a weak heart often go together. Men, specially eligible in other respects, have sometimes been passed conditionally upon their providing themselves with a false set. A soldier with artificial teeth seems an anomaly, at the first blush, but on second thoughts, why not? The percentage of those rejected for various ailments is pretty constant, it has stood at twenty per cent. for the last five years. The total number of rejections was from twenty-three to twenty-four per cent. for the same period.

Recruits are, of course, apt to make light of their defects and exaggerate their physical advantages. An Irishman did it rather cleverly. Asked whether he had ever had an accident, his reply was: Yes, he once took a cold.

The army is still recruited mainly from the working classes. In London a great many shop assistants and clerks are raised. Their numbers, however, are inconsiderable when merged into the common total. The proportion last year was only seventy-three per thousand. Eleven others were of professional standing, students mainly. The agriculturist, not necessarily the agricultural labourer, still forms nearly two-thirds of the grand total, the factory hand comes next, the mechanic next. The Scotch gamekeeper is regarded as the very highest type of recruit, and is correspondingly difficult to capture. Scotsmen generally, on English testimony, make the best soldiers, but they do not enlist so freely as the English and Irish.

The variations in the recruiting barometer are fairly constant. Christmas is the dullest season of the year. There are not many men without a table to put their legs under at that time. Come January, and business grows brisk; the intending recruit, like the rest of us, makes a fresh start with the New Year. All holidays are followed by a rise. The Jubilee sent up the mercury with a bound. Was this a spontaneous outburst of loyalty, or had they been merry at the expense of to-morrow? Probably a little of both. Men join the army for a variety of reasons. From love of pomp and circum-

AND AFTER

stance, from patriotism, for profit, because they have quarrelled with their sweethearts, or cannot "get on" at home. Lack of employment is still, however, the principal factor. In bad years recruits flock to the depôts, in good years men claim their discharge. This is not, perhaps, as it should be. It is a poor occupation in civil life which does not bring in more than fifteen shillings a week, the average rate of pay in the army. The cavalry and the artillery find good material amongst the carmen and vanmen. They are used to handling horses, and to roughing it in all sorts of weather for about twelve shillings a week. Men who are unsuitable for the cavalry, by the way, are often passed on to the artillery. If the riding-master, at the end of the nine months' course, finds he can make nothing of them on the back of a horse, they are put to driving them instead. Some men are so built that, with all the nerve and will in the world, they would never make good horsemen.

Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Henty, and M. Jules Verne have much to answer for. The recruiting authorities are continually pestered by Emerson's "soaring human boy." He comes not in single spies but by battalions, dying to serve his country, if it would only let him. He is referred to the regimental commanding officers. The supply is always largely in excess of the demand; only a limited number is required. Preference is not unnaturally given to the sons of men already serving in the ranks. From fourteen to sixteen is the prescribed age; they make trumpeters, drummers, buglers, and, alas! sometimes tailors of them. The consent of parent or guardian has first to be obtained.

No man who has set his soul on soldiering need lose courage because he is rejected at his first attempt. That unjustly contemned branch of the service, the militia, is in a dual sense an auxiliary of the first line. An undersized recruit for the regulars has, after forty-two days' training with the militia, "pulled up" half an inch in height and an inch and a half in girth. If this is all that is required to qualify him for a real soldier he may enlist into a line regiment as soon as he pleases after the conclusion of the training.

Recruiting is not only governed by the seasons, it has also a local character. In London, for example, Hoxton, Stratford, Bow, and the Tower Hamlets supply the pick of the drafts. Deptford men, for some reason which Deptford must explain for itself, are in the main a weedy lot, though good soldiers are raised in other districts on the south side of the Thames.

There is a popular impression that there is a great difficulty in obtaining recruits. This is not so; in January of last year each arm of the service was up to the authorised strength, with the exception of the Foot

Guards, Royal Engineers, Colonial Corps, and Departmental Corps. There were only a few vacancies in these. A further misconception dies hard—that the authorities have been obliged to lower the standard, as they could not get sufficient recruits owing to a steady decline in the national physique. The alleged cause is peculiarly absurd in face of the great physical revival of the present day. Gymnasia, schools of arms, and athletic clubs are springing up all over the country. Places which twenty years ago supported with difficulty a single institution of the kind now have half a dozen, all flourishing. The strong man, who at that time was satisfied with a booth at the country fair and an audience at a penny a head, now, with a princely salary, makes a triumphal progress from one leading place of entertainment to another. The cavalry standard was, it is true, reduced an inch. It had nothing to do with an "effete civilisation." The fact was that the recruits were found to develop and increase in weight too rapidly, which brought about an undue strain upon the horses in mounting the heavy men. The standard of the Royal Artillery was raised half an inch in September 1896. Further, the instructions under which recruits of the line a quarter of an inch below the height and half an inch under chest measurement might be specially enlisted without reference to headquarters, have been suspended from time to time.

There is good reason to believe that drill is now taking its proper place in the training of the recruit. The report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting refers favourably to the results of "the new system of gymnastic training, which was specially drawn up with a view to the gradual development of the young soldier." One would have thought that special lures would have been laid to get volunteers to enlist in the regular army. They have the taste, and many possess unique qualifications. No preference is at present shown them; about two thousand enlist annually under the existing conditions. The number of recruits who, within the first three months, find soldiering does not agree with them, for some reason or other, is not very large. A thousand men annually pay the £10 fine which is imposed, and return to civil life. More leave in the fourth month at an expense of £18. The rate of desertion gets lower every year. The English territorial regiments have the best record; between the Scottish and Irish there is little to choose. It is curious that the ratio should be so much greater in the unkilted Scottish corps. Is it that they rebel at those absurd plaid trousers? It is scarcely to be wondered at.

There is without doubt a revived interest in military life. The print-shops are full of the panoply of war—Mr. Atkins mounted, Mr. Atkins on foot, Mr. Atkins and the inevitable nursery-maid. What he is really like in private life it is given to but few of us to know. But there are Mr. Kipling and John Strange Winter to choose from. Mr. Kipling would have us believe that heroism is always more or less touched with profanity, whilst John Strange Winter's soldier is so decorous a person that he sometimes verges perilously on the genteel. If we strike a mean between the two we shall probably get within reasonable distance of the real man.

A SOLITARY RÉMOIS

By D. WATERSON

THE fire of genius has often burned brightest in a garret, the broadest-minded philosophers flourished in narrowest circumstances; but the ordinary person in lodgings, unsustained by dreams, finds it exceedingly hard to keep his heart as light as his purse.

I, personally, on cold mornings, unsustained by genius or philosophy, find getting up a great trial. I have my fire to light, and although I conduct this operation on scientific principles, it is not a success. For a few minutes it flares up cheerfully. I put on my kettle and go to dress. I return, the fire has collapsed and only one little flame is creeping round in a furtive manner. The poker being coaxingly inserted, the coal falls down on either side, and I ultimately breakfast by the warmth of a small spirit lamp, alternately rubbing my hands and chopping pieces off the frozen butter.

In the evening, when the room is warm, life goes more smoothly. One can sit quite close to the stove, toast one's bread, pursue pleasant reverie to the singing of the kettle, and finally sit down to tea with any author living or dead. True, in one's interest one occasionally turns over the milk jug instead of a page, and jam sometimes goes on to one's clothes instead of into the mouth, and the draught from the window just catches one's ear, it being of no use whatever to shift one's position, for there is another coming under the door and quite a mysterious wind which issues from my cupboard.

My street is, to all appearance, one of the narrowest and dullest in Reims. I see neither sun nor moon, but during these winter months Cassiopeia sits up by the opposite chimney pots, and by leaning out of the window I can contemplate Orion in his beauty.

The house opposite is condemned by the town council to come down. Like the blind beggars it has evidently "seen better days," and its high-pitched red roof and small barred casements are picturesque. Both the rising and setting sun tinge this roof in glowing colours, and my room shines in reflected brightness. There is one lozenge-shaped window with cross bars, and one day, while I was thinking it looked very prison-like, the faces of two grubby but dear little girls appeared thereat. They looked like two captive princesses, and since that day I watch always for my little neighbours.

Then I am favoured in having all the town notices stuck up on a corner wall, besides glaring advertisements of patent medicines and foods. Man must possess a wonderful constitution to live so long in defiance of all the things which, according to advertisements, are absolutely necessary to ensure longevity. I have another pleasure gratis—the bells. The cathedral is close at hand, and by its chimes I am made aware that worshippers are gathering, that a wedding is being celebrated or a citizen setting out on the last long journey. The town clocks have races during the week; sometimes St. Remi comes in first on Sunday, sometimes the Hôtel de Ville, but they never agree concerning the time. I could manage without a clock, for the street criers are so punctual. "Rémois In-de-pendante" calls out the newspaper man at seven A.M. "Char-r-r-bon," cries the coalman, tootling on his horn at eleven. "Peau-lapin-peau," comes afterwards, but each hour seems to have its particular cry.

I lunch out at a restaurant called the "Dainty Cat," and study the book of human nature while eating. I have no trouble of inviting or entertaining guests; my table is always full of such who amuse me. There is the medical student who relates his latest operation; the reporter, who carries a kodak and shows photos of recent doings at table; and the chemist's assistant whose talk is always of theatres. A melancholy man comes who eats as though he suspected poison, and casts gloomy glances at his neighbours. On market days there are stout ladies with innumerable wraps and parcels, who look as if they had dined before they begin, but become still redder under the influence of hot *bouillon*.

When I have lunched, my carriage is ready, for my coachman is at my door every

five minutes, and my horses, rather bony ones, always willing. True, I have to share my vehicle with nineteen other persons, which fact has its drawbacks when they have eaten onions, or walked long in macintoshes and get in with dripping umbrellas; still, it is a carriage all the same. My coachman has a bad habit of whistling whenever we turn a corner, but one must put up with a few faults in a good servant.

Living alone makes one more keen to observe one's fellow men. The street, the shop, the market, becomes a theatre. Unattached to any household one takes a kindly, if wistful, interest in watching families, and quick to notice should any one feel lonely or neglected. I often wish, as I turn into my own street and insert the latch-key, that there were some one to welcome me; that instead of entering a dark room and fumbling for matches I could find a kindly glow of firelight and pleasant company. Solitude is very well five days in the week, but too much for seven, and one can be as lonely and quiet in Reims as Crusoe on his island.

As I write night draws on. The street noises die away; a light has appeared in the garret opposite, the curtain is drawn. I will draw mine also and get a book, first sending this paper into a world of which I know little, and which certainly knows nothing of me.

NOTABLE DOGS OF THE CHASE

THE GREYHOUND

AT the end of the reign of Henry VI. the "lady Prioress" of the Nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, was Dame Juliana Berners, described somewhere as "a second Minerva in her studies and another Diana in her diversions." Let this be as it may, she wrote, among other works, a "Book of Hunting" (better known, perhaps, as the "Boke of St. Alban's") in doggerel verse, and there is probably no passage in all the literature of the Dog more hackneyed than her description of the "Grehoun." But as no article on the breed can be considered "complete without it" (and as I have actually something quite new to say about it) I give the first six lines out of the twenty:

> "A grehoun shold be heeded lyke a snake,
> And neckeyd like a drake,
> Footed like a catte,
> Tayllyd like a ratte,
> Syded like a teme,
> And chynyd like a beme."

Now it is a fact, and a very curious one, that out of all the people who have criticised this description there is not one, as far as I know, who has understood the second line. They nearly all praise the simile (than which none could be worse, if "drake" meant "mallard"), while some make bold to suggest that goose or swan would, perhaps, have been better! But Dame Juliana we may be sure never suggested that a greyhound should have a roley-poley neck, the same size all the way down like a water-fowl's. When she wrote "drake" she meant *dragon*. I doubt indeed if the word drake for a he-duck was known in the fifteenth century. And it is certain that Shakespeare a century later never used the word. To say that a greyhound should have the neck of a mallard is ludicrous. To say that it should have the neck of a dragon —a familiar beast enough in the days of Henry VI. but now unfortunately extinct— is to describe it precisely, namely, tapering to the throat and widening gradually to great depth at the chest.

Whether the sporting Prioress really wrote the lines herself or was merely quoting current doggerel who shall say? But in Wynkyn de Worde's "Treatise on Hawking, Hunting, &c.," published in 1496, very soon after the Dame's work, the passage occurs without any acknowledgment of her authorship and with the (excellent) alteration in the sixth line of reading "bream" for "beam." This looks very much as if the worthy Wynkyn were quoting from memory, and his omission altogether of two lines goes to confirm the idea.

Whenever an enthusiast writes about these beautiful dogs he is sure to tell us how King Canute forbade any but rich men owning "greyhounds," how the Normans

made killing a "greyhound" as heinous as homicide, how King John sold estates for "greyhounds," and many more such matters, all to the honour and glory of the "greyhound," and it is a thousand to one that we have the Welsh proverb thrown in that "you may know a gentleman by his horse, his hawk, and his *greyhound*."

But, unfortunately, there is little reason for assuming that the "greyhounds" mentioned in all these interesting and venerable details were the same animals that we call by that name to-day. It is much more likely that the dog held in such high regard was what used to be known as the Irish wolf-dog, or what we now call the deerhound but formerly called the greyhound, "the gude graie dogs" of Johnie of Beardislee that chased the boar, the wolf and the stag — as in "Chevy Chase."

> "The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
> To chase the fallow deere"

—not the light, slight, wind-footed satin-coated animal that is now used exclusively for coursing hares.

On still more dangerous ground do those tread who quote Solomon in honour of the greyhound—"there be three things which go well, yea, four which are comely in going; a lion which is strongest among beasts and turneth not away; a greyhound; an he goat; also a king against whom there is no rising up," for the words translated as greyhound do not signify any sort of animal, but "one that is girt in the loins," perhaps a human athlete or a wrestler, while marginal readings offer us "horse," the Septuagint suggests a strutting cock, and commentators a leopard or a zebra. How the translators came to choose the greyhound will ever remain a mystery, for it is, surely, extremely unlikely that in translating the Holy Writ the reverend translators would pay a compliment to their royal employer, King James, who was crazily fond of greyhounds.

Because coursing with dogs is one of the most ancient of sports it does not follow that the animal that has been "always" used for it is the modern greyhound. Nor, because Arrian in the second century described coursing with great fidelity, and Egyptian engravers long before Arrian engraved sharp-nosed and long-legged dogs, does it of necessity follow that there were greyhounds in those days like the greyhounds of the Victorian era.

Again, it should not be overlooked that though "coursing" nowadays means chasing only hares with smooth-coated greyhounds, in the north the red deer used to be (and occasionally still is) "coursed" with rough-haired deerhounds—Prince Albert was very fond of this form of sport—while in Russia, for instance, they "course" the wolf, in Persia the antelope, in the Soudan the gazelle, with long-haired dogs of three very different types. So the modern writer who goes into raptures about kings and princes of old who went a-coursing must not take it for granted that they went out to hunt hares (an animal held in considerable contempt by the mediæval sportsman) with greyhounds. The Pharaohs went a-coursing, it is true, but it was with dogs like great foxhounds, and their quarry was lions.

But surely if anything might suggest that the name cannot represent both the ancient and the modern dog it is the name itself. For when were "greyhounds" *grey?* Certainly not in the Egyptian sculptures, where they are generally pied. Equally certainly not in England four hundred years ago, when "graie dogs" and "graie bitches"—for instance, in describing hare coursing, Joshua Sylvester (1600) speaks of "Minks and Lun, graie bitches both"—are used as synonymous with coursing hounds and meant what they say, of a *grey* colour, which the "greyhound" never is, and the deerhound nearly always was.

Up to about three hundred years ago "greyhounds" were the shaggy grey-coloured dogs used in the chase of large game. After that the name was transferred, sufficiently absurdly, to the black, white, blue, and yellow, but generally spotted or bi-coloured and *never grey*, dog that is now so popular for coursing hares. It is very odd that no one, writing about the dog, should have insisted upon so obvious an absurdity. On the contrary, a great many writers who have written very wisely about the word "grey," have tried to explain away its simplest meaning by referring to Celtic, Gaelic, and Saxon roots; but considering these two animals were called indifferently "grey dogs" or "grey hounds"—in two words—when our language first came to be written, and that in those days "dog" and "hound" were absolutely synonymous, it seems to me

as great a waste of wisdom to try and prove that "graie," "gray," or "grey," when it is joined with dog or hound, meant anything else but grey, as to say that grey-fly means a fly of princely extraction or grey-beard a champion beard. If I were quarrelsome I should like to pretend that greyhound really means "badger-dog." At any rate I should have sense of language on my side (for gray, grey, graie, or grei are all names for the grey badger) and I would not be more absurd than the rest.

One variant of the name, "grewnd," increases the obscurity of its origin, for though it sounds as if it might be an abbreviation of greyhound and is used frequently for that animal, it is also applied to a species of dog that was apparently, proverbially, superior to the mastiff in strength, ferocity, and endurance. For instance Sir John Harington (1591), in his "Orlando Furioso," writes:

"E'en as a mastiff fell, whom grewnd more fell,
Hath tired, and in his throat now fastened hath
His cruel fangs, yet doth in vain rebel
Though under him, and seeks to do some skath,
For still the grewnd prevails, and doth excel
In force of breath, though not in rage and wrath."

(*Tired* here means "seized to tear.") Here I fancy the reference is to an Irish wolfhound, for I have chanced on the following curious passage from Evelyn's Diary (1670). "The bulls did exceeding well but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, *who beat a cruel mastiff*," and this passage, perhaps, gives us a key to the whole difficulty as, down to, at any rate the eighteenth century, the Irish wolf-dog and the Scotch deerhound were called indifferently greyhounds.

Unlike, then, the other Notable Dogs of the Chase of which I have written—the bloodhound, deerhound, Irish wolfhound, and boarhound—the greyhound belongs to the present rather than to the past, and the interest attaching to it is that of modern not of ancient sport. Whatever swift-footed hound it may have been that helped Man in the second generation (it may even have been in the first, to course wild beasts) it certainly was not the beautiful creature, with satin coat and a form that is the ideal of animal elegance, which we nowadays call "the Greyhound," and which has come to be connected in the public mind with a form of sport that is certainly not aristocratic. Once the minister only to the pastime of kings or the nobly born, once the recognised companion of "the gentleman" only, the greyhound is now the instrument of "sport" for the gambling multitude and the lodestar of the mob. In a few private hands this hound is still kept as a companion: an ornament indoors and a high-spirited comrade in exercise afield. But as far as the vast public is concerned, interest in the greyhound centres to-day in the betting on "the Waterloo Cup."

Famous among the heroes of modern coursing stands Gilbertfield, a rough-coated dog be it noted, which won every course he ran; and Snowball—so called, I believe, because he was jet black, though I read elsewhere that he was pure white—whose amazing speed seems to have inspired all the sporting rhymesters of his day. One outbreak into rhyme takes the form of an epitaph and begins:

"He who outbounded time and space,
The fleetest of the greyhound race,
Lies here."

Another is simply elegiac:

"Fleet dog! for matchless were thy deeds awhile,
No greyhound ever did more worth combine,
And long, like England's proud and matchless isle,
Shall Snowball's merits, like her glory, shine."

A third looks forward to great deeds from his progeny:

"Ah! what remains save that thy breed
May to their father's form succeed,
And when the prize appears in view
May prove that they are Snowballs too."

While a fourth eulogises him in his offspring:

"Who knows not Snowball? he whose race renowned
Is still victorious on each coursing ground."

All but the second, which was written by W. Upton, are anonymous, but the fourth has been attributed to Scott, though there is nothing apparently but the shakiness of the grammar to suggest such distinguished authorship.

Next, perhaps, Czarina, hard to beat in

THE GREYHOUND

her day. "The last match that Czarina ran took place when her owner, confined to the house, was supposed to be watched by an attendant. However, just as the two greyhounds were slipped, Lord Orford, looking wild (as he was) and ill, came on to the field riding his piebald pony and no one could restrain him from his anxiety to view the course and gallop out after the dogs to see his favourite win, which she did. The trial was barely over, when Lord Orford fell from his pony and, pitching on his head, expired almost immediately."

Then there was Coomassie, the smallest greyhound that ever won the Cup, which she did twice; and Bab-at-the-Bowster, an amazing dog that won probably more courses in public than any other has done; and, after her, Master McGrath, who won the cup thrice and, by special command, was taken to Windsor for the Queen to see (not, perhaps, because he was a celebrated dog, but because in his colouring he resembled Eos, the Prince Consort's favourite greyhound); and next comes, Fullerton, the wonderful dog who won the Cup four times. And Fullerton is further remarkable for this, that he has been cited as an example of the exceptional "stupidity" of greyhounds. That these dogs are wanting in intelligence as compared with other breeds is an idea that is widely prevalent, and one that has been stated, as a fact, by many. But even admitting that the exceptional life which most greyhounds lead—having but little human companionship and all their education directed to one speciality only—may have a tendency to stunt the reasoning power of individuals among greyhounds (as among human beings) there is no reason why Fullerton should have been brought forward as a case in point. For he had "all the comforts of home," and plenty of mixed society. But the fact remains that this famous dog got himself "lost" and in spite of constables' bludgeons and muzzling orders, managed to wander about the country for several days, being eventually picked up, starving and wretched, by a rural postman, and returned—on the chance of his being the most famous dog of the century!—to his owner. Why did not Fullerton find

his way home or to some place where he knew his master had friends?

The homing faculty is so very common, indeed almost the rule, among dogs, that the want of it in this case strikes one as remarkable. Of course it may be said, "See what a number of lost dogs are taken every week to the Home at Battersea." But this is no criterion, for these so-called "lost" dogs had, most of them, no homes, while the remainder are seized by the police before they are really lost. Because a dog is philandering a couple of miles or more from his home, he is not "lost," and if given the chance he would be at home again in ten minutes. But the constable does not give him the chance. He catches him and takes him off as lost. Now Fullerton was not caught by the police. On the contrary, the one particular dog in all the kingdom that every constable was on the alert to catch, evaded the whole Force for several days, and eventually became the prize of an enterprising letter-carrier.

My own belief is that poor Fullerton had been trying to get "home" to the home of his puppyhood. This was in Northumberland (where, by the way, the old dog is still alive, having been given back after the death of the Nitrate King to his breeder) and it was a far cry, even for the wind-footed Fullerton, from London, where he was lost, to the land of the Percies. Perhaps this accounts for his miserable condition when captured, and also for the fact of his being found so far north.

There are many other greyhounds that are famous in legend and history, and for three or four of these I may spare a little space. The first of them is Mithe or Mathe, the greyhound of King Richard II.; but I may as well tell her story in Froissart's own words.

"Kynge Richard had a grayhounde called Mathe, who always waited upon the kynge, and wolde know no one else, for whensoever the kynge did ride, he that kept the grayhounde did let hym lose, and he wolde streyght runne to the kynge and fawne upon hym, and leape with his fore feet upon the kynge's shoulders. And as the kynge and the Erle of Derby talked togyder in the courte, the grayhounde, who was wont to leape upon the kynge, left the kynge, and came to the Erle of Derby, Duke of Lancaster, and made to him the same friendly countenance and chere as he was wont to do the kynge.

"The Duke, who knew not the grayhounde, demanded of the kynge what the grayhounde would do?

"'Cozn,' quod the kynge, 'it is a great good token to you, and an evil sygne to me.'

"'Sir, how know ye that?' quod the Duke.

"'I know it well,' quod the kynge, 'the grayhounde maketh you chere this day as kynge of England, as ye shall be, and I shall be deposed; the grayhounde hath this knowledge naturally, therefor take hym to you, he will follow you and forsake me.'

"The Duke understoode well those words, and cheryshed the grayhounde, who wold never after follow Kynge Richard, but followed the Duke of Lancaster."

This story is said (perhaps by those who deny the possibility of such detestable sycophancy in a dog) to be a "political invention," intended to persuade the superstitious public of the time that the downfall of Richard II. was predestined. Indeed that characteristic old Elizabethan, Dr. Caius, seems really to have thought so. He says, "By these manifest circumstances a man myght judge this dogge to have bene lightened wyth the lampe of foreknowledge and understanding, touchying his olde master's miseryes to come and unhappiness nye at hand, which King Richarde himselfe evidently perceaved, accounting this deede of his dogge a prophecy of his overthrowe." But the lover of dogs may, regarding it, share the comfort of the old lady whose equanimity had been disturbed by reading Foxe's "Book of Martyrs"—"It all happened a long time ago and we'll hope it isn't true." And curiously enough, the panegyrists of the greyhound when speaking of the greyhound of one Henry that supplanted a Richard do not remember the greyhound of the other. Yet Henry VII., who wore the crown of Richard III., had white greyhounds as the supporters of his arms, and for one of his badges "a greyhound argent, collared or, the collar charged with a rose gules"—in other words, a white greyhound with a collar of gold set with red Lancaster roses. Henry VIII. occasionally used the same device, but thereafter the greyhound seems to have slipped out of royal blazonry.

Nor, if we take note of the bad character

given to Mithe, is it fair to overlook the very good one given to Gipsey by her royal master, Charles, "of sad memory." It happened one day that the greyhound was shut out of the King's room and scratched for admittance. When let in Charles caressed her for coming to him. "I have heard, sire," said a courtier, "that you like greyhounds better than spaniels." "I confess I do," replied the King, "they are free of a very common court vice; they love their masters, *but they never flatter.*"

I have read somewhere that Gipsey was with the King "almost to the last" but cannot find any proof of the statement. But evidence, I fancy, could be found to prove that the dog was an Italian greyhound.

The other greyhound of special note that I would mention is Eos, the favourite dog of Prince Albert, and honoured by a place at his master's feet on the tomb in the Memorial Chapel at Frogmore. Of the beauty of Eos, Morley's fine picture of the greyhound with her puppies Timor and Mishka convinces us, and of her worth, the Prince Consort's affection is sufficing assurance.

I noticed in one of the newspapers that the King of Siam during his "Jubilee" visit to this country went to Westminster Abbey and that, seeing there the figure of some knight with his dog at his feet, informed his suite that in England "favourite dogs were buried with their masters." It was a pity no one corrected his Majesty, for we may depend upon it that our adherence to the abominable custom—so common in less civilised countries, perhaps in Siam itself—of putting to death the favourites of the dead, will pass into Siamese history as a fact. The dog in question was doubtless a greyhound. As being pre-eminently the knightly dog it was privileged in life to a special place behind its master's left hand at table and after death, in effigy, to a place at its master's feet upon the tomb. Says Colonel Hamilton Smith: "Hounds, shaped like the present, cannot be traced in the old Frankish and Anglo-Saxon manuscripts; they are all coursing greyhounds, and this character is continued, with but few exceptions, as the emblem of fidelity or gentility, usually couched on monuments at the feet of knights, to the last period of the recumbent figure." But the symbol is more far-reaching than this, for the Dog on the monuments of women was the emblem of affectionate fidelity to their husbands; on the monuments of men of unquestioning faith in Providence.

And what is the lineage of this remarkable breed, that produces such miracles of speed and endurance? Extraordinary to say, the greyhound of to-day owes much of its pluck and staying power to the bulldog. The greyhound, says an authority, was brought to the highest state of perfection by Lord Orford and Major Topham; and these celebrated sportsmen owed their unparalleled success to the introduction of a cross with the bulldog After seven removes from the original cross every trace of bulldog appearance had disappeared, but its pluck and endurance remained! "At first sight such a cross would appear absurd for improving the greyhound, but a more thoughtful inspection of the bulldog will show that except for its head and neck it is certainly suitable for the purpose and the result has proved it, for by mating six generations of female whelps with the fleetest greyhounds, the dogs of the seventh were found possessed of the courage of the one breed and the speed of the other."

With the greyhound ends the list of "notable" Dogs of the Chase. The beagle with some slight stretch of courtesy might be included in it, but if the beagle, why not the harrier and the otter-hound? for both are dogs of old-time story. But the line is best drawn at the greyhound, leaving it in the company of the bloodhound and boarhound, deerhound and wolfhound, and thus completing a Pentarchy of notable dogs indeed.

In the Victorian era the fox-hound stands, of course, foremost in men's minds as the dog of sport. But as a fox-hound he is really a parvenu, for it is not so long ago that the fox was mere vermin, was smoked out of its hole (hence the phrases to "fire out" and "bolt out" a person from a place) with nets put at the other openings of its earth, and men with hedge-stakes and packs of mongrels waiting for poor Reynard to bolt. With the ennobling of the fox the hound also received his patent of nobility; but it was not until 1886, when Mr. Samuel Allsopp was created Lord Hindlip, that the foxhound was raised to the dignity of heraldry as a "supporter" of arms in the Peerage.

ST. BERNARD.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR DECEMBER

By the Editor

FIRST SUNDAY

ON FORGETTING THE THINGS THAT ARE BEHIND

THERE is a sense in which it is impossible to forget them by an effort of will. The very attempt to do so would only revive the impression. And why should we try to do so? Memory is our great educator. The recollection even of what is painful has its uses, and many of our sweetest enjoyments spring from recalling the past. From our failures we may learn wisdom, from our sins humility, and from our sorrows we may be led to the unchangeable life in God. Then why should we forget the things that are behind? It is plain that when St. Paul tells us to do so he does not condemn memory, but the wrong use of what memory may recall; the tendency so to dwell on the past that we are hindered in pressing onward towards the fuller life that is before us.

This is the case when we permit the memory of sorrow so to absorb us that we lose interest in the present. There are persons whose delight is to dwell under the shadows of the past. Even when there is the stir around them of movements that affect the world, or when there may be falling on themselves the sunshine of new mercies, they resent, as if it were an insult, any call for sympathy or gratitude and fly, like owls, into their accustomed gloom. They care little for any society but such as will lend an astonished ear to their re-iterated account of every sickness, disease, and bereavement that may have occurred in their unhappy experience. They hug such recollections as a pious duty. Their miseries are regarded as their one claim to distinction, and so they expect a due and solemn respect to be paid to them. Surely St. Paul's exhortation applies to these cases—whether of the extreme type we have described or in a less pronounced, yet morbid clinging to the melancholy of the past. These tendencies hinder usefulness. They are essentially selfish—for true love always tends to self-forgetfulness. I know of few more helpful spectacles than that of a loving heart, which has known too well the bitter trial of great sorrows, but which has thereby become more self-forgetful and readier to enter into the joys as well as the sadnesses of those around. "Be done," St. Paul would say, "with the morbid dwelling on your own sufferings and go forth in helpful sympathy towards others."

Another and similar way in which our past may hinder us is from the tendency to dwell on what we regard as the injuries and injustices we have experienced. How often one finds instances of this spirit among men in the public services whose lives are embittered by the advancement of others they suppose less deserving. Their personal grievances so absorb them that they lose interest in their profession, and make little effort to succeed. Disappointment is allowed to take the spring out of life, and the energies consequently flag. Cheerfulness is a great help to success. Better to forget what is behind and to gird on the armour for the battle of life which still remains. He who has been disappointed in his brother man, finding ingratitude or foul play where he expected loyal service, may be tempted to become a misanthrope. And yet how dare any Christian man yield to such tendencies, when for a moment he lifts his eye from his own paltry wrongs to his Master and Lord bearing the contradiction of sinners against Himself and dying to save them?

There may also be hindrances arising from dwelling too much on the dark memory of past sins. St. Paul knew that tendency, for never to his dying day did he forget that he had been "a persecutor and blasphemer and injurious." The angelic face of St. Stephen seemed ever to haunt him. But the sad past was for him lost in the light of the mercy which had forgiven him. The grace of Christ had taken the poison out of the bitter recollection, and the ever recurring memory of what he had once been only gave increased intensity to his devotion.

There are those who require this lesson. The thought of what they once were is allowed to make them silent and timid, as if it would be something dishonest, incongruous or hypocritical, were they to appear as anything more than spectators of the fight that is being waged between light and darkness. They feel as if the world would smile if they dared to take any place as fellow-workers with God in His Kingdom. But if it is well to be humbled at the memory of a past that fills with shame, it is not well to let that past become a greater curse by making one a coward, and instead of thankfully glorifying Him who has had mercy on them by self-forgetful service to stand idly by in a false humility. Better to let the burden of memory sink into the sea of forgetfulness, and to accept the opportunities and duties to which God calls and which He will give grace to fulfil. Forget the things that are behind; be done with them and look up with a free heart and with a firm voice, heedless of accusing memories; say boldly and fully "What, Lord, wouldst Thou have me to do?"

And a similar forgetfulness of the past should be shown towards such by all good men. "Ye who are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness." The great and generous forgiveness of Christ should live on in His people. It should be no grudging or suspicious forgiveness which in its stinted expression may seem to convey at once a reminder and a reproof. In our dealing with others as well as within the memories of our own past, much, sometimes everything, is gained, when we forget the things that are behind and look onward and upwards to the possibilities which are for us and for all through the grace that is in Jesus Christ our Lord.

SECOND SUNDAY

A PSALM OF PRAISE

"PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights. . . Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy wind fulfilling His word; mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl." Read the whole Psalm,* and mark its grandeur—how it swells and overflows with gladness! Every verse peals bright and clear, each is the call of a trumpet, naming some new subject for praise. As an expression of gladness in God it far excels anything in our hymnology, excepting the *Te Deum laudamus*. It strikes a completely different key from those modern hymns which either put dogma into rhyme or teem with self-consciousness. This is the utterance of a divine poet, and it is all as free as the winds of heaven, full of nature and of God—the outpouring of manly religious health. In its triumphant sense of the goodness and glory of God, the Psalm reaches every sphere of being: the angels and the mighty hosts above; heaven and earth; sun, moon, and stars; the forces around us; fire and hail, frost and snow, and the stormy winds; the beasts of the field, and men of every rank and age—all are combined in a vast chorus of praise—a great Hallelujah of joy in Him whose glory is above the earth and heaven. The feeling about nature which is expressed here is peculiarly near the modern sense of the spirit of beauty in things material, the personal consciousness ascribed to things inanimate which is characteristic, say, of Wordsworth. Indeed a recent critic compares it, not without reason, to his magnificent Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep:
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday.

* * * * *

Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm."

This is grand; but it comes short of the old Psalmist's song, in its direct reaching up to God. He cries out and shouts because he is thrilled with the greatness and

* Psa. cxlviii.

goodness of God. He has no thought but praise. For him everything that has breath praises the Lord.

But some of our moderns seem to detect a flaw in the group of Psalms of which this is one. "See, after all," they say, "your singer is only a narrow-minded Hebrew. It is Israel he exalts as the people near to God. The bigot speaks under the guise of the poet." It is easy for the philosopher in his armchair so to moralise, who has never known the love of loves, and the passionate and heroic patriotism begotten in hours of danger when men have trembled for their country and their home. For if he looks closer into these Psalms, he will see that they are the rebound of the heart after terrible anxiety, a rebound towards the land that by God's good help had been saved from the destroying foe. For these men had not lost faith in a personal God; and however much many of their critics may assume the air of superior people who have attained emancipation from such beliefs, we, at least, acknowledge the infinitely loftier heights on which the old singers stand forth as divine prophets and interpreters of God and man for every age.

And we can enter into his joy when he looked forth on the land he loved, and which seemed to be glad with his own gladness—Lebanon white with snow and the blue sea with its mystery; the fruitful trees, and the strong cedars which God had planted and not man; the mountain ranges and the low hills; the beasts and creeping things, and flying fowl—all seem joyful with the joy of God's people, and join with them in praising Him whose name is alone excellent.

Such a Psalm of gladness and praise may seem scarcely appropriate for our meditation on the last month of the year. "Praise ye the Lord" is not the kind of counsel people expect at such a season. Reflection on the brevity of life, musings on the irrevocable past, recollections of loss and failure, anticipations of the future, and the solemn warnings, in short, which the lapse of time suggests may appear more suitable; and yet as we reflect upon it the call "Praise ye the Lord" is perhaps more truly religious and encouraging, and in its self-forgetfulness healthier and more spiritual, than a pondering on ourselves and on our fears.

THIRD SUNDAY

"BOTH YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN AND CHILDREN"

It may seem difficult to combine young men and maidens, old men and children, in one category, when we think of the passing away of one year and the advent of another, for they must each view the past and future with a different eye.

To the little children every change appears delightful, for life is to them a matter of eager anticipation, a fairyland of abounding hope. Spring and summer and autumn and winter are for them fraught with happy expectations. If there is a passing cloud it is quickly dispelled by the wizard touch of the young imagination which can summon at will all that is desired, and can change even a grimy court in the slums into an arena where lords and ladies, soldiers and sailors, gay equipages and wondrous dramas play their part. For them the ending of an old year is lost in the brightness which heralds the dawn of the new. In like manner the young men and maidens, with a fuller consciousness of what life means, look forward rather than backward. They feel themselves lawful heirs of the world that is to be, and regard the future with hopeful longings to achieve the ends they love, and acquire the joys which life appears to promise.

It is very different with the aged. Their thoughts, as a rule, are busied with the past, and with the memories of scenes and faces that have vanished. The present does not impress them as does the sweet long ago. The things of yesterday are quickly effaced, while those of the early home or of middle life, as by a kind of resurrection, start into vitality. And even when there is a humble yet firm hope of a better life to come, still nature shrinks from the shadows that are gathering on the near horizon. The blessed dawn of the eternal day may be longed for, but it does not hinder the sobering thought of how the night is coming fast on with its chilling frosts, its darkening of the earthly lights, its weakness, solitude and decay.

But there is surely a better lesson at this Christmastide for young men and maidens than to indulge in dreams of a golden future of pleasure or of gratified ambition, and a

better work for the old than to be occupied with the recovery of fading memories or pondering on gloomy anticipations. If there is one season more than another when all are disposed to acknowledge the claims of holy gladness it is when the festival of the Nativity brings us back to the cradle where that life began which has brought tidings of great joy to generation after generation.

For it brings us to the commencement of a life, and to the mystery which invests every new-born babe with wonder. Young men and maidens, old men and little children, can link themselves to that moment when the "Infant of days" lay on His mother's knee, and when one after another asked, as it was asked when the great Forerunner was born, "What manner of child shall this be?" How little did they anticipate that future! How little did they dream of the career which was actually to be His! Had it been given to Rabbi and Scribe to sketch beforehand the life of the expected Messiah how different would their pictures have been from the life whose glory was gentleness, humbleness, love, self-sacrifice—the majesty of the Man of Sorrows, the King in the Kingdom of the Truth. Or had the shepherds who knelt in adoration, or even Mary the Mother tried to answer the question, the reply would have been but the expression of loving and reverent desires, sadly mocked by the stern facts of the future, while far surpassed in the true glory that was revealed.

And is not that contrast between the questioning of loving hearts beside the new-born infant of Bethlehem and the real history that followed, not one which finds a parallel in the retrospect of every life? What father or mother has not asked, "What manner of child shall this be?" as they looked for the first time on their own child, and knew that the throb of that feeble pulse marked the commencement of an existence which would continue as long as God, and which was fraught with possibilities in comparison with which sun, moon and stars are as nothing.

Christmas with its memories of the Babe "set for the rise and fall of many," may therefore well lead to questioning thoughts as to what we have made of our own lives, or as to what we now desire to make of them. We can go back in imagination to the moment when we also lay in ignorance, newly born into the human family, and when it was asked regarding ourselves, "What manner of child shall this be?" Young men and maidens, old men and little children, think of it! and amidst the gladness of the Christmas feast, withhold not the glad thought and the kindly merry-making, while in some quiet hour you reflect on the way God has led you—all this patience and forbearance—and as you praise Him for His goodness, joining in a hymn, deeper in its joy than any Psalmist ever sung, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth, good-will to men," ask Him for grace that, whether old or young, your lives may be made like that life that was passed in Sonship towards the Father, and in loving brotherhood towards men. So can we make all life praise and an unceasing joy.

FOURTH SUNDAY

"LET THEM PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD"

It is well to carry the spirit of Christian gladness with us to the end of the year, and to end it with the Psalm of praise. So we revert to the grand call of the Hebrew singer, "Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord."

"Young men and maidens." Theirs is a splendid age, when in delicious health body and soul reach consciousness of ripening power and beauty. It is then the early summer of life, when the cheek is at its smoothest, the joints supplest, the energies teeming with activity, the eye keen, and when the great world-battle summons them into the strife.

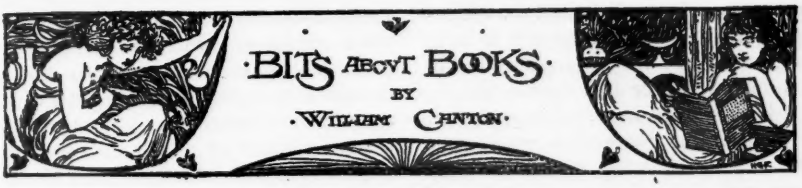
But it will be well for them to ask themselves what they intend to make of this gift of life. What are the good things they chiefly hope for? Has the young man no higher ideal than material success, and to possess the means for "having a good time of it"—as self-indulgence is sometimes euphoniously described? Or has the maiden equally selfish ambitions—the rich settlement, with the means of gratifying vanity and of getting a place in the glittering world of luxury? If so, I pity them. In their case, as in all such, the law holds good

"he that seeketh his own life shall lose it." For he that seeketh the life in self, will lose life in its deepest and best sense—for he will forfeit the immeasurable possibilities involved in that life which God intended him for, and for which Christ redeemed him. Rather let them take the counsel of the Psalmist and recognise life, with its untold treasures of beauty and truth and glory, as coming down, as every good and perfect gift does, from the Father of Light, and use all according to His will. It is sad to see a young brow knit under the dark bar of premature covetousness, or the heart, at the time when its ideals should be loftiest, become coarse and gross and hard through the foulness of animal passion. Rather let them go forth into God's world with the spirit of praise, by walking in harmony with the excellency seen all around, by being pure as the pure air and the blue sky and flashing seas, generous as the great love which blesses them every day, and tender and brave in all duty as was the strong Son of God, the Immortal Son whose very meat was to do the will of the Father. It is not easy, but very hard, so to do, when the blood is hot, and duty seems monotonous, and the world and the flesh and the devil come in tempting shapes. So may it appear easier for the coward to stay at home in selfish sloth, when the roar of battle is heard; yet it is a hard thing to be a coward, and the loss of self-respect is to a true man worse than the loss of life. We must therefore keep self-respect at all hazards, because respecting ourselves as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Nor ought we to accept such a glorious responsibility with a whine, but to praise the Lord, having His joy as our strength and His excellency our song.

No word need be spoken to the little children. They are surely nearer heaven than you or I. If children at all—not spoiled children—and what a word that is!—they will praise God every hour, as the birds praise Him, and the flowers, because they are themselves child-like and pure.

But old age is different, and none perhaps require more the help given in the exhortation, "Praise the Lord," than the aged usually do. Gladness is not easily realised when the pulse is low and the energies flag. Gravity, not lightness of heart, seems to become best the hoary head. Yet praise is not levity, and rejoicing in the Lord is the richest crown to wear when the hair is white, and the knees are feeble. For such praise is the healthy token of interest kept fresh and the heart kept warm. Lovingness—love to children and children's children, and entering into their joys—is one of the best medicines against the ills of age. And it is just such love that will make praise easy. For old age has its temptations as well as youth, and among these there is none greater than to become self-absorbed; to dwell in the past, indifferent to what is going on around; to be querulous and exacting, and to yield to depression. The old require the call, "Praise ye the Lord!" Praise Him for His excellent glory. Praise Him as looking back one can say, "The Lord has been my Shepherd," and looking forward can add, "He will be my guide even unto death." "Yea, though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

For young and old, however, such praise is possible only as we know and love God, and are at peace with Him through the Lord Jesus Christ. Then is it that gladness and hope rest on a sure foundation; then alone do we see fully "the beauty of the Lord" and can rejoice in His salvation. Then alone is it also, that as the transitory years sweep past and all things change, and as we know not what the coming times may bring, we can say with thankful and glad spirits, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."



MR. LANG'S book of Dreams and Ghosts,* has been written in such strong daylight that I fancy the most nervous of mortals may read it till two in the morning without feeling more than a pleasant sense of creepiness. Far be it from me to speak lightly or frivolously on such a subject. In regard to the veridical old-fashioned ghost, Mr. Lang acknowledges that his mind "is in a balance of doubt"; my own attitude is, I fear, a combination of bluff and trepidation, like that of the delightful little girl in *St. Nicholas:*

"Her uncle gave little Nanny
A Jack-in-the-box with a squeak;
But the squeak of the Jack was nothing
To Nanny's terrified shriek.

"But soon she conquered her terrors,
And spoke, though her voice was faint.
'You think you are real,' said Nanny;
'But, truly, you know you ain't!'"

At the same time I must confess to a dreadful atavistic liking for ghost stories and a shame-faced curiosity to talk with some one who has enjoyed the privilege of being on speaking terms with an apparition. I have found in Mr. Lang's pages much to gratify my liking, though few of the stories seem to me to rise quite to the level of that of "The Wraith of the Czarina." In another, and I venture to think an even more effective form, it was familiar to me in my boyhood, but I prefer to quote the version given here, as told to Lady Napier and Ettrick about 1862 by an eye-witness, the Comte de Ribaupierre, and as now remembered by Lady Napier:

"In the exercise of his duties as one of the pages-in-waiting, Ribaupierre followed one day his august mistress (Catherine the Great) into the throne-room of the palace. When the Empress, accompanied by the high officers of her court and the ladies of her household, came in sight of the chair of state which she was about to occupy, she suddenly stopped, and to the horror and astonished awe of her courtiers, she pointed to a visionary being seated on the imperial throne. The occupant of the chair was an exact counterpart of herself. All saw it and trembled, but none dared to move towards the mysterious presentment of their sovereign.

"After a moment of dead silence the great Catharine raised her voice and ordered her guard to advance and fire on the apparition. The order was obeyed, a mirror beside the throne was shattered, the vision had disappeared, and the Empress, with no sign of emotion, took the chair from which her semblance had passed away."

Speaking quite seriously, there are many strange experiences recorded by persons who may have been the victims of illusion but whose truthfulness is beyond question, which it seems impossible to account for in our present state of knowledge. One may dismiss consideration of them with a shrug of the shoulders, or one may endeavour to detect some element common to a variety of examples which will bring them within the range of what is normal and intelligible. In this latter respect Mr. Lang's book contains several conclusions and conjectures which throw a suggestive light on the subject. For example, dreams are so common that no one is incredulous when told that so-and-so dreamed he saw the absent, or conversed with the dead, or even had a glimpse of futurity. And yet "the ghostly is nothing but the experience when men are awake, or *apparently* awake, of the every-night phenomena of dreaming." And here is a striking point. "The comparatively rare cases in which two or more waking people are alleged to have seen the same 'ghost,' simultaneously or in succession, have *their* parallel in sleep, where two or more persons

* "The Book of Dreams and Ghosts." By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.

simultaneously dream the same dream." Indeed there seems good ground for believing that in many cases what appears to have been an invasion of the supernatural is in reality nothing more or less than a dream, for there is ample evidence "that men may sleep without being aware of it, even while walking abroad," that while we think we are awake we may lapse into a condition of semi-somnolence for a period of time almost imperceptible and yet of sufficient duration to permit a long series of imaginary events to happen, or a protracted ghostly interview to take place. Mr. Lang quotes the case of a well-known author who, while smoking his cigar outside his house, saw a stranger approaching, and suddenly the stranger became invisible. The author, who had long desired to see an apparition, rushed into the house to record his experience. "There, seated on a chair in the hall, was the very man, who had come on some business." The author can find no way of explaining the disappearance of his visitor, whom he never saw passing him or waiting at the door, "except on the theory of an unconscious nap." Here was a case of inexplicable disappearance, and, as Mr. Lang remarks, "a disappearance is quite as mystical as an appearance, and much less common." And yet this theory of imperceptible moments of sleep does not carry us far. For instance, the odds against a chance coincidence would be very great in a case in which we saw a "ghost" in one of these imperceptible moments, and the death of the man so seen synchronised with the apparition.

There are dream stories every whit as wonderful as the most wonderful of ghost stories. Take, for example, the dream of Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, one night after poring over some sketches of objects discovered in the ruins of Babylon. His attention had been chiefly taken up with drawings of two small fragments of inscribed agate which were supposed to be pieces of finger-rings dating from eleven to seventeen centuries before our era. Perceiving the character KU on one of the fragments, he guessed it might stand for the old king, Kurigalzu, and so the Professor went off to bed weary and perplexed. Then there appeared in a vision of the night, a tall thin priest of ancient Nippur, who led him to the treasure chamber on the east side of the temple. In the windowless strong-room there was a large wooden chest, while scraps of agate and lapis lazuli lay scattered on the floor. Then the priest explained that the two fragments, which, by the way, had been figured on two different pages by the explorers, were portions of a single stone, and he related their history:

"King Kurigalzu (about 1300 A.D.) once sent to the Temple of Bel, among other articles of agate and lapis lazuli, an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Then the priests suddenly received the command to make for the statue of the god Nibib a pair of earrings of agate. We were in great dismay, since there was no agate as raw material at hand. In order to execute the command there was nothing for us to do but cut the votive cylinder in three parts, thus making three rings, each of which contained a portion of the original inscription. The first two rings served as earrings for the statue of the god; the two fragments which have given you so much trouble are parts of them. If you will put the two together you will have confirmation of my words. But the third ring you have not found yet, and you never will find it."

Now, strangely enough, the actual fragments of agate were in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople; they lay in two distinct cases, and they were of different colours, for when cut asunder in Babylon the white vein of the stone showed on one fragment, the grey surface on the other; and when put together they fitted to each other. The writing on the missing fragment being restored "by analogy from similar inscriptions," the legend on the rings was found to run:

> "To the god Nibib, child
> Of the god Bel,
> His Lord,
> Kurigalzu,
> Pontifex of the god Bell
> Has presented it."

Our psychologists account for these curiosities of slumber by unconscious cerebration and subliminal reasoning; time was when the only conceivable explanation would have been an objective vision.

I am sorely tempted to follow Mr. Lang through the pleasant chapters in which he discourses on wraiths, ghosts (purposeful and

purposeless), haunted houses, and other uncanny matters, but I must content myself with quoting two reassuring paragraphs for the benefit of tremulous persons who feel uncomfortably prone to believe that "there is something in it." The first is from that clear-headed Father of the Church, St. Augustine: "In what way these things come about I know not; but in what way soever they come, why do we not believe it comes in the same way for a person in a dream to see a dead man, as it comes that he sees a living man?—both, no doubt, neither knowing nor caring who dreams of their images, or where or when." The second is a remark of Mr. Lang's: "On the whole, accepting one kind of story on the same level as the other kind, the living and absent may unconsciously produce the phenomena of haunted houses *just as well as the dead*."

It *is* a singular fact that while an exact reprint of the First Folio of Shakespeare can be had for a few shillings, "only one reprint of the English Bible of 1611 (the Authorised Version) has ever been made, a large and costly quarto, long out of print." More singular still that until now* "there has been no edition in which the traditions of seventeenth-century form have been fully thrown aside, and the English Bible printed like a modern book." And yet the latter fact admits of a simple explanation. The Authorised Version was produced in an age of large folios and heavy quartos. When a demand came for a portable volume, an octavo was produced in 1612, and thirty years later a pocket edition, both of which were reduced facsimiles of the original book. Type, spacing, leading, margins—everything was sacrificed to secure a manageable bulk. As years elapsed habit and association so consecrated the very form of the book that any thought of innovation seemed too irreverent for either printer or publisher to risk public indignation. So, as Mr. Mackail acutely observes, we have perpetuated in our Bibles "the scheme and contents of a folio for ages which have definitely rejected folios out of their daily life." The case is unique in literature. Shakespeare, it is true, is still printed in a single volume, but Shakespeare may be had in various *formats*, and at the worst his text suffers no detriment. With the Bible it is very different. The division into verses, an arbitrary novelty introduced in 1560, facilitates reference indeed, but on the other hand "it frequently obscures or thwarts the sequence of thought, the evolution of argument, and the incomparable rhythm of the periods." Let any one turn to 2 Sam. xvii. 27–29, and note how a single sentence is split up into three verses, or to Job x. 15–16, where the concluding words of a sentence are made the first phrase in an independent verse, and he will admit that there is at least something to be said for a literary treatment of the text of the Book which has so endeared itself to hearts of men, that even a modification of typographical presentment is apt to be resented. For my own part, I welcome, and I cannot but think that thousands will welcome for daily use, this first volume of the Eversley Bible, in which the sacred text is treated with the reverence and care with which men treat their loftiest literature. It is printed in a type on which it is a pleasure for the eye to rest. The Authorised Version, regarding which the late Master of Balliol remarked that "in a certain sense it is more inspired than the original," has been followed throughout, with certain typographical changes. For example, italics have been discarded, speeches and sayings have been marked with inverted commas, archaic spelling in certain instances has been modernised, punctuation has been modified, and instead of the old verses the text has been divided into paragraphs. I have compared several pages and have been surprised at the wonderful effect which has been produced by these last two simple changes. The Eversley edition is not intended to displace any existing edition of the Bible, and I do not suppose any edition will supersede in public worship or for purposes of reference that which has been hallowed by the use of three centuries, but I have no doubt that those who once take it up will make it their daily companion, and keep it within reach for constant refreshment of heart and spirit.

* "The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, with an Introduction by J. W. Mackail." Eight vols. Vol. I. Genesis–Numbers. Eversley series. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 5s.

Those of my readers who have made the

acquaintance of Mr. Nimmo's charming edition of "The Household of Sir Thomas More," and "Cherry and Violet," will be delighted with "Mary Powell,"* which first appeared in 1851, and which, to judge from the number of editions it went through, was regarded as the most popular of Miss Manning's graceful and tender historical stories. "Deborah's Diary," which was published some years later, has by a happy inspiration been included within the same covers. For myself, nothing that I have seen of Miss Manning's work quite equals in interest, in beauty of thought and feeling, in depth of tragedy and pathos, the wonderful picture of Sir Thomas More and his family—a book which might well pass as authentic history; but no one can read the story of the first love and first domestic grief of the poet of "Paradise Lost" without feeling that the book is one that lives and deserves to live. What shall I say of the illustrations, which give the story a freshness, an old-world reality, which could only be given by the combined art of Mr. Railton and Mr. Jellicoe? Forest Hill, with its green arbours and bowling-green and fish-ponds, rural Sheepscote, the quaint old London streets, Barbican and Bunhill Fields, and the memorable cottage at Chalfont, the sweet faces and picturesque garb of a bygone time, Milton in his youth, Milton in his blindness—they spring up as one turns the pages like fairy visions of a time made beautiful by retrospect, and bathed in the exquisite light of vanished summers. There could be no more charming Christmas-box than this beautiful volume—unless indeed one added its two predecessors.

It was extremely desirable that we should have Wordsworth's Prose Works† in the same attractive *format* as the poems, for they contain much that is of permanent interest to lovers of Wordsworth. Of much greater importance and incomparably greater charm, however, are the two volumes of Journals,† which give such a unique and interesting picture of the daily life at Alfoxden and Grasmere. Rogers the poet regretted that only fragments of the journal of the Tour in Scotland were published—"it is most excellent and ought to have been published entire"—and, for my own part, I almost regret that the Alfoxden and Grasmere diaries have not at last been given *in extenso*, for it seems to me that it is precisely in the "numerous trivial details which bear ample witness to the 'plain living and high thinking' of the Wordsworth household" that one gets, not merely a curious piquancy of contrast, but that homely literalness of daily routine which enables the reader to realise these poetic recluses of the lonely hills. Is it not as interesting to read of the mending of William's stockings, or of William gathering sticks, as it is to read of William "tiring himself" with a poem, or of Dorothy transcribing it? To my mind there is nothing in literary biography more strangely ideal and tranquillising than these records of a contented yet impassioned existence among the mountain hamlets, each with its "little patch of sky and little lot of stars." The rush and heat and anxiety of cities are so far away, that shower and sunshine, the shape of a cloud, the light on a rock, the song of a bird, the appearance of a flower become events. One chronicles the colour of a leaf, the glitter of a wet pebble, the unfolding of a single honeysuckle bud. The passing of beggars and wanderers, of sailors far from any port, of aged pedlars, of women with little children, becomes almost epical in interest. Of these Grasmere Journals it is good to know, therefore, that more is printed in these pages than has hitherto appeared. They cast a pleasant light on the circumstances in which many of Wordsworth's poems were composed; they illustrate the peasant life of Westmoreland nearly a hundred years ago; they disclose much in regard to the relations of Coleridge with the Wordsworths, and—what is most interesting of all—they give beautiful and pathetic glimpses into the sweet and self-sacrificing character of the writer, who as sister and friend was one of the rare women of the world.

* "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell (afterwards Mistress Milton), and the sequel thereto, Deborah's Diary." With an Introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D., and twenty-six illustrations by John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton. John C. Nimmo. 6s.

† "Prose Works of William Wordsworth." Two vols. 10s. "Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth." Two vols. 10s. Edited by William Knight. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

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